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August 1993 - April 1994

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
SCRAPBOOK MICROFILMING PROJECT

Funded in part by

THE NATIONAL ENDOWMENT FOR THE
HUMANITIES

Grant No. PS-20709-93

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA MICROFILMING PROJECT

**A COOPERATIVE PROJECT BETWEEN THE BOSTON SYMPHONY
ORCHESTRA ARCHIVES AND THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY
(AUGUST 1993 - APRIL 1994)**

This microfilming project includes two collections of scrapbooks housed in two separate repositories. The first set of scrapbooks (80 volumes) resides within the Allen A. Brown Collection in the Music Department of the Boston Public Library (BPL). Their call number is **M.125.5. The second set of scrapbooks (132 volumes) resides within the Boston Symphony Orchestra (BSO) Archives' Press Clippings collection. They have the designation Pres 56.

The BPL scrapbooks begin with the founding of the BSO in 1881 and continue, through 79 seasons, to 1960. Articles consist mainly of reviews and feature stories from Boston and New York newspapers. Occasionally, magazine articles and press releases are also included. The scrapbooks cover most aspects of the BSO.

The BSO scrapbooks run from 1889, the Orchestra's 9th season, to 1973. In addition to local reviews and features, the volumes contain articles culled from national and international publications. The scrapbooks document, in detail, all aspects of the BSO: The Symphony Orchestra (including subscription concerts, tours, and trips), the Boston Pops, the Tanglewood Festival, the Tanglewood Music Center, and Symphony Hall.

The two sets of scrapbooks have been filmed as two separate entities. Researchers wanting to look at specific seasons or subjects must examine both sets of films to ensure full coverage.

The scrapbooks do not represent the complete holdings of either location on the subject of the BSO.

Requests for positive microfilm copies of individual rolls, or of film sets, should be directed to the respective repositories.

**Music Department
Boston Public Library
P. O. Box 286
Boston, MA 02117**

**Boston Symphony Orchestra Archives
Symphony Hall
Boston, MA 02115**

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SCRAPBOOKS

1881-1882 TO 1959-1960

1881-18 to 1915-16 compiled by Allen A. Brown

1916-17 to 1937-38 compiled by Mary A. Brown

1938-39 to 1959-60 compiled by the Music Department

These scrapbooks contain reviews of concerts, articles concerning the Symphony, its players and conductors, interviews with soloists and composers, occasional letters and notes, an occasional autograph, ticket stubs, pictures of conductors, the Symphony, soloists and composers, and caricatures.

In the scrapbooks compiled by Mr. Brown, it is possible to find articles or reviews pasted on a program which does not have the same date. Mr. Brown used multiple copies of programs for his scrapbook "fillers;" the fillers have no relation to the articles pasted on them. The fillers may be partially to completely covered.

These scrapbooks do not contain the complete programs. For the complete program, the researcher must consult either the hard copies found in either the Boston Symphony Archives or the Boston Public Library's Music Department or the microfilm of programs published by KTO Microform (Millwood, New York) and dating from the 1881-82 season through the 1974-75 season.

Generally, one volume represents one Symphony season; the volume and season should therefore match. Depending upon the compiler and the clippings available, some reviews and articles may be found concerning the Promenade Concerts, Boston Pops, the Berkshire Music Festival and Tanglewood.

The Music Department of the Boston Public Library does maintain other materials concerning the Boston Symphony Orchestra in other scrapbooks and files. Please consult with the Music Librarian for these materials.

VOLUMES 11-13

1891-92 TO 1893-94

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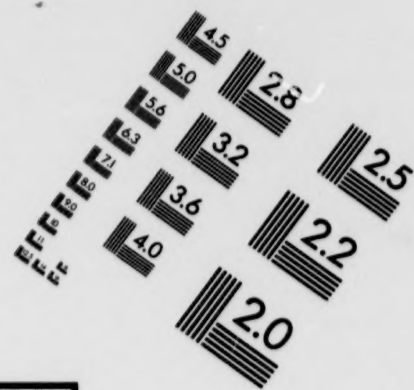
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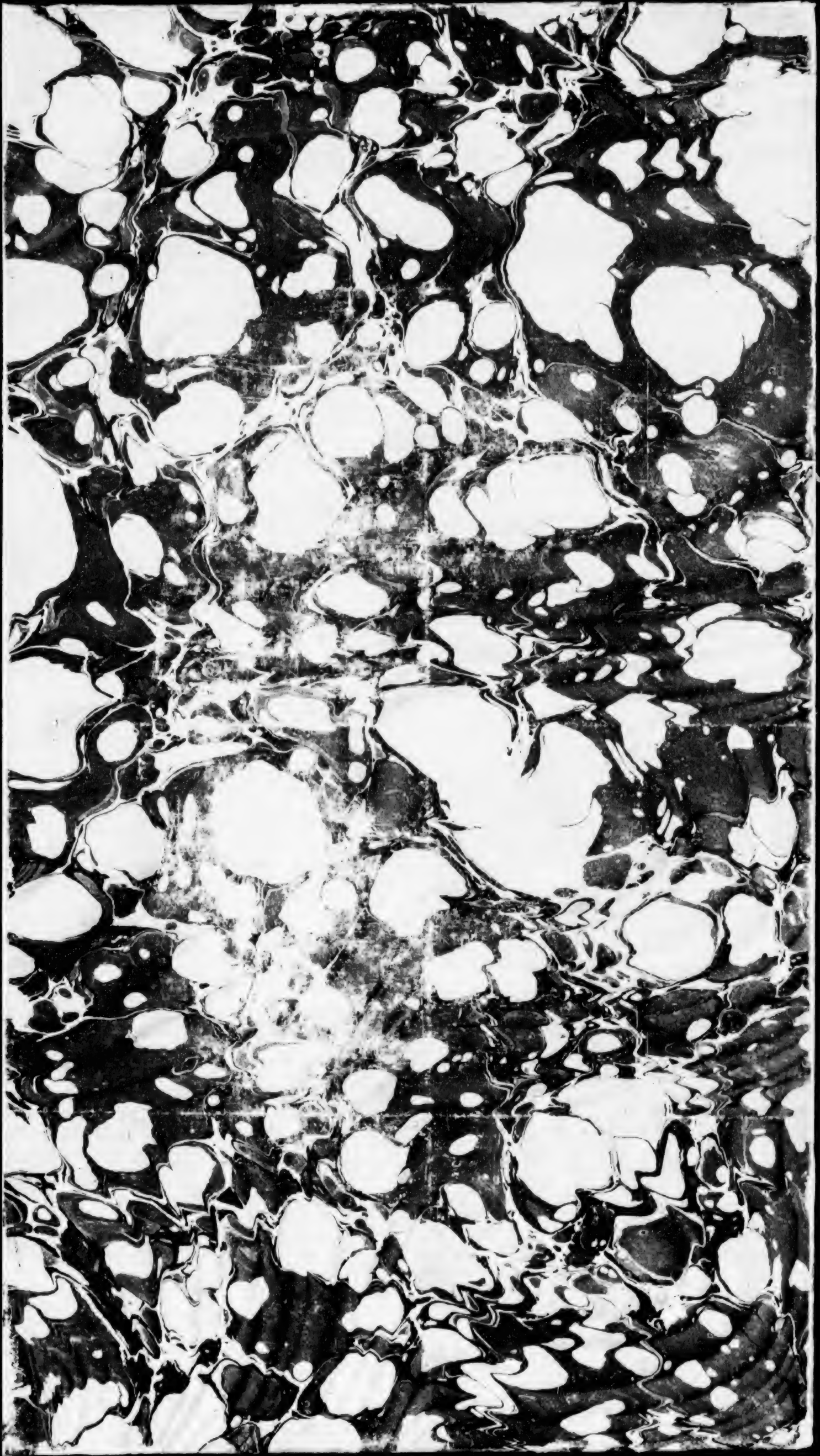
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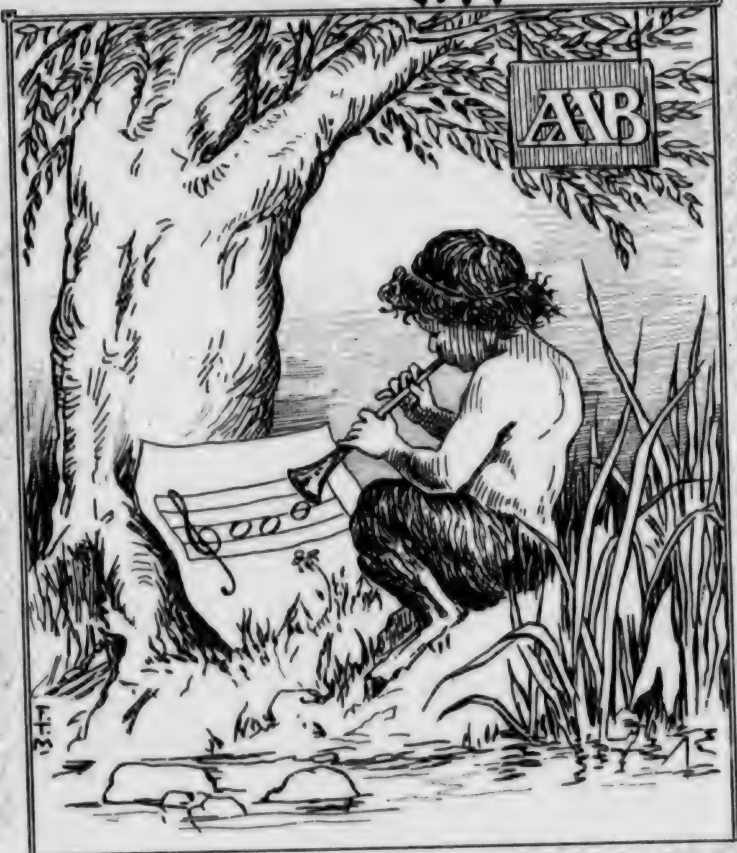
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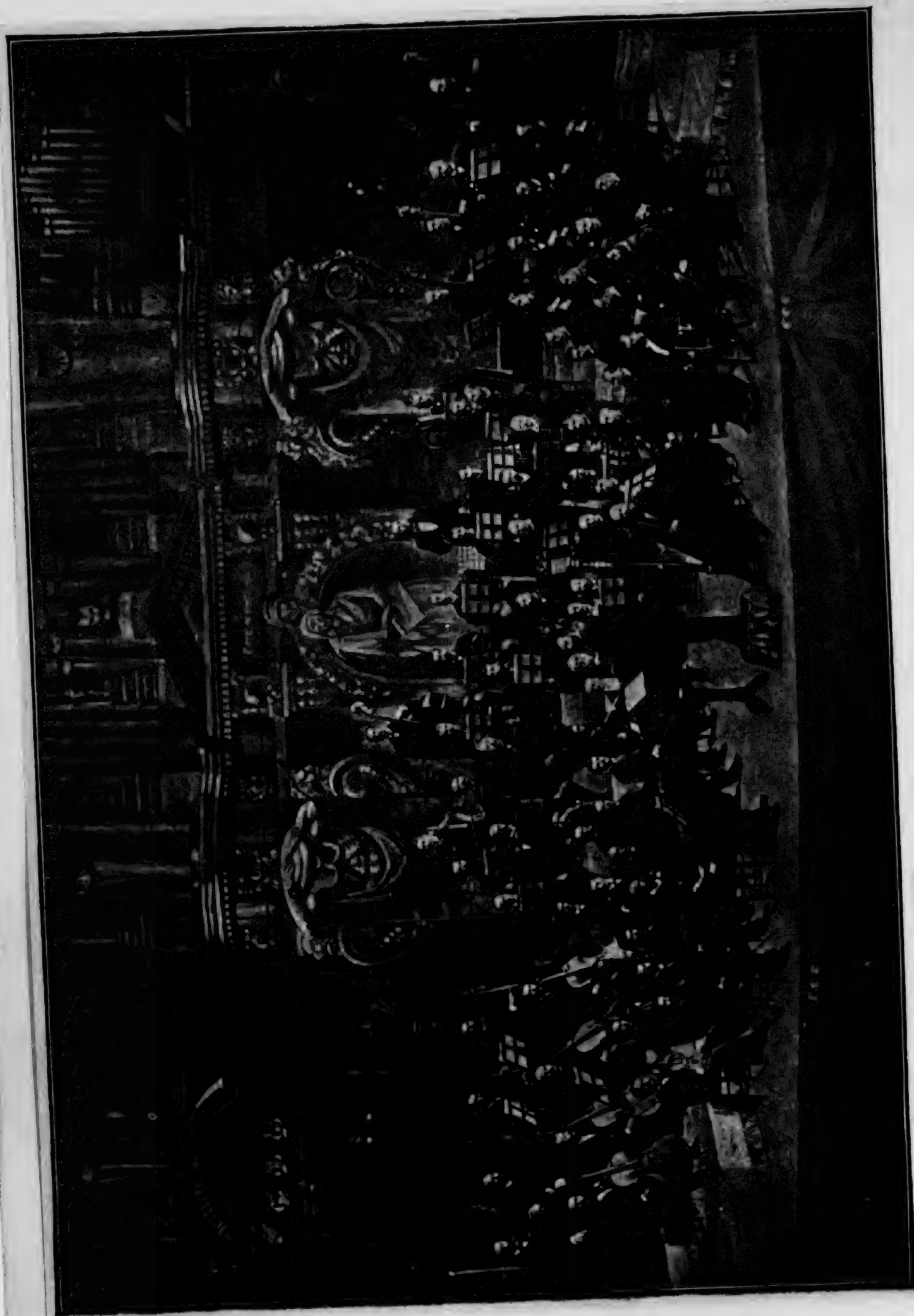
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BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA



SEASON ^{11 M. 125.5}
^{vol. 11}

✻ 1891-1892 ✻

PROGRAMMES AND COMMENTS

COMPILED BY

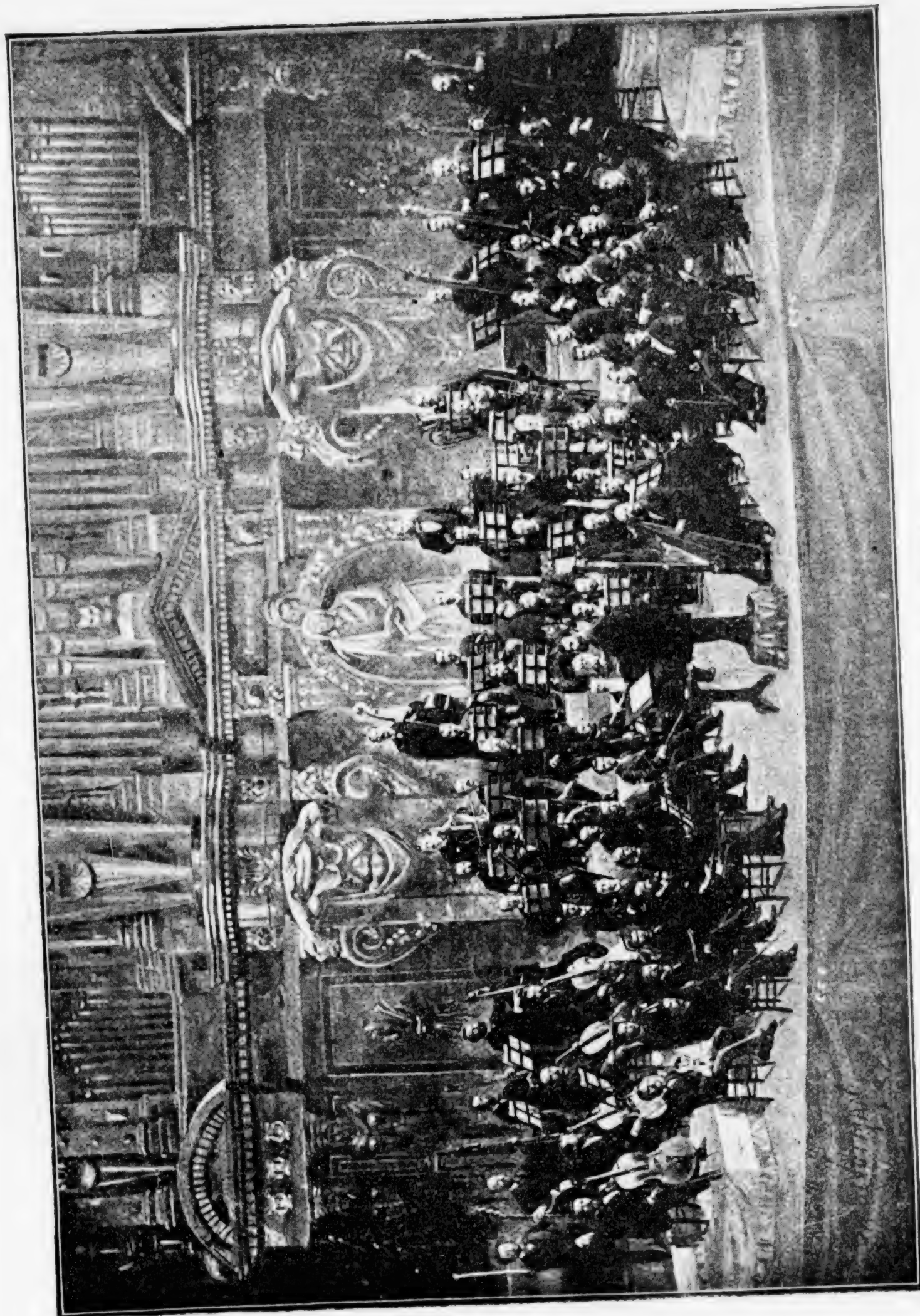
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L. S. Johnson.

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BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

BOSTON
SYMPHONY
ORCHESTRA



SEASON

✻ 1891-1892 ✻

PROGRAMMES AND COMMENTS
COMPILED BY
ALLEN A. BROWN



* No. 125. 5. Vol II

1881-1893

Allen O. Brown

Aug 14, 1894

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Composer	Title of work	Concert	Date	Soloists
Bach J. S.	Sarabande for cello	Extra	Mar 2.92	Alvin Schröder
Beethoven	Symphony No 3	XIII	July 23.92	
	" " 4	VIII	Dec 5.91	
	" " 6	IV	Oct 31.91	
	" " 8	XX	Mar 26.92	
	Over "Dedication of the Home"	I	Oct 10.91	
	" "Lenore No. 2"	XIX	Mar 12.92	
	" "Egmont"	XXII	Apr 9.92	
	Menuetto & Finale 2 nd & 3 rd No 3. (strings)	II	Oct 17.91	
	Concerto Piano & orch No 4. op 50	V	Nov 14.91	J. B. Busoni
	" " " " 5.	XIX	Mar 12.92	Eugen Albert
	Aria "Ah Perfido" with orch.	I	Oct 10.91	Lilian Nordica
Berlioz H.	Symphony "Harold in Italy"	XV	July 6.92	
Bird, Arthur	A carnival scene for orch.	Popular	July 6.92	
Borodini A.	"Eine Steppenskizze"	XVII	July 27.92	
Brahms J.	Symphony No 1. C major op 68	XXIV	Apr 23.92	
	" " 2 D major	XI	July 2.92	
	" " 4 E major	III	Oct 24.91	
	Tragic Overture	XX	Mar 26.92	
	Concerto Violin & orch. op 77	VII	Nov 28.91	Adolph Brodsky
Bruch M.	Concerto Violin & orch in G major	XIV	July 30.92	J. Adamowski
	" " " No. 3 op 58	XVIII	Mar 5.92	Camille Mroo
Busoni F. B.	Symphonische Suite op 25	XVI	July 20.92	
Chadwick F. W.	A Pastoral Prelude	XXV	July 30.92	
Chopin	Concerto in F minor. Piano & orch.	XIII	July 23.92	Mrs H. H. A. Beach
	Impromptu for Piano	VIII	Dec 5.91	Paderewski
	Polse " "	"	" "	"

Davidoff	'At the Fountain' for cello	Extra	Feb 292	Alwin Schroeder	Loeffler C. M.	Suite "Les Vieilles de l'Ukraine" Violin & orch.	VI	Nov 21.91	C. M. Loeffler
Delibes L.	Long "Regrets"	Extra	Feb 2.92	Mrs Wyman	Mascagni P.	Prelude from "Cavalleria Rusticana"			
						orch. with incidental Solo	II	Oct 17.91	Mr. J. Wink
Dvorak A.	Symphony No. 4 G major	XVII	Feb 27.92		Masonet J.	Opus "Phedre"	II	Oct 17.91	
	Three Slavonic Dances	XIV	Jan 30.92			Ballet Music "Le Cid"	Popular	Jan 6.92	
Ferrari	Long "A une fiancee"	Extra	Feb 2.92	Mrs Wyman		Suite "Esclarmonde"	Extra	Feb 2.92	
Floersheim O.	'Prelude and Fugue' for orch.	IX	Feb 6.92			Song "Bonne nuit"	"	"	Mrs Wyman
						Aria "Herodias" with orch.	XXIV	Apr 16.92	Mrs Geo. Henschel
Gluck	Opus "Iphigenia in Aulide"	VII	Nov 28.91		Mac Donnell E. A.	Suite in A minor: op 42	III	Oct 24.91	
	"Reigen Seligen Geister u. Fromm Tonz" orphens	XX	Feb 26.92						
	Aria from "Orpheus" with orch	"	" " "	Miss Annie Jordan	Mendelssohn	Symphony No. 3 Anni. (Scotts)	XXI	Apr 2.92	
Goldmark	Opus "Prometheus"	XI	Jan 2.92			Opus "Ruy Blas"	XVII	Feb 27.92	
	" "Taktatale"	XXII	Apr 9.92						
Handel	Concerto for strings & two Wind orch. in F.	X	Dec 26.91		Mozart	Symphony G minor:	XVI	Feb 20.92	
	" " " "	XV	Feb 6.92			" " " " " " " "	IX	Dec 9.91	
	Aria "Alessandro" with orch.	XXIII	Apr 16.92	Mrs Geo. Henschel		Opus "Magic Flute"	"	" " "	
Haydn	Symphony No. 1 (B. H.) in E s	V	Nov 14.91			Masonic Funeral Music	"	" " "	
	" " 13 " " " " " " " "	XXIV	Apr 23.92			Symph. Concerto Violin & Viola with orch	XI	Jan 2.92	C. M. Loeffler } Franz Kneisel }
						And. & allegro from Concerto for Flute	XXI	Apr 2.92	Charles Mole } Herr: Schenk }
Henschel G.	Suite "Hamlet" op 50	XXIII	Apr 16.92			and Trump			
	Ballad "There was an ancient King" with orch.	VI	Nov 21.91	Miss Mary. Hall		" Dove Sono Figaro	IX	Dec 19.91	Miss Fusch Madi
						Aria from "Don Giovanni"	"	" " "	" " "
Jensen et.	Song "Murmelerde Luftchen"	II	Oct 17.92	Mr. J. Wink	Paderewski J. J.	Concerto Piano & orch. op 17.	VIII	Dec 5.91	Paderewski
Koven R. de	'Dance et Marche des Gnomes' for orch	Popular	Jan 6.92		Paganini	Concerto for Violin in D maj:	XXIV	Apr 23.92	Franz Kneisel
Lalo E.	Opus "Le Roi d'ys"	VI	Nov 21.91		Panic J. K.	Symphony No. 2 in A "In the Spring"	XXII	Apr 19.92	
Leszt J.	Symph. Poem: "Les Preludes"	XVII	Feb 27.92		Raff J.	Symphony No. 5, op 177 "Lenore"	VI	Nov 21.91	
	"Hungarian Fantasy" Piano & Orch	Extra	Feb 2.92	Paderewski		Concerto Piano & orch. op 185	XVI	Feb 20.92	Mr. H. Sherman
	"Rhapsodie Hongroise" for Piano	VII	Dec 5.91	"	Rubinstein	Ocean Symphony op 42 (Original Version)	X	Dec 26.91	
Litolff H.	Opus "King Lear"	Popular	Jan 6.92			Concerto Piano & orch No 4 op 70	IV	Oct 31.91	Alfred Schnittke
					Saint-James C.	Symphonic Poem "Le Rouet d'Orpheus"	XV	Feb 6.92	
						Rondo Capriccioso for Violin	Popular	Jan 6.92	Maud Powell

8	Schubert F.	Symphony No. 9 in E	VII	Nov. 28. 91	
		Unfinished Symp. in B min.	XII	Jan 9. 92	
		Entr' acte "Rosamunde"	XI	Jan 2. 92	
		Moment Musical for cello	Extra	Feb 2. 92	Alum. Schröder
	(Schumann)	"Manfred Music" Complete	XII	Jan 9. 92	
		Mrs. Nikisch & Wynnau, Mess. Hinrich,			
		Meyn, Hay & Sargent & a Chorus			
		by the "Cecilia"			
	<u>Schubert</u>	Song "Der Nengierige"	II	Oct 17. 91	W. J. Winck
		" " "Liebesbotschaft"	XX	Feb 26. 92	Amalie Joachim
		" " " "	VI	Nov 21. 91	Marguitta Hall
		" " "An die Leier"	"	"	"
		" " "Rastlose Liebe"	"	"	"
		" " "Erl König"	XX	Feb 26. 92	Amalie Joachim
	Schumann	Symphony No. 1. op. 38	XXIII	Apr 16. 92	
		" " 3 " 97	I	Oct 10. 91	
		" " 4 " 120	XXIII	Feb 5. 92	
		" " 4 " " Original Version	XIX	Feb 12. 92	
		Over. Scherzo & Finale op. 50.	V	Nov 14. 91	
		Concert Piano & Orch.	Extra	Feb 2. 92	
		Song "Mondnacht"	II	Oct 17. 91	W. J. Winck
		" " "Schöne Frauen meine Lieder"	XX	Feb 26. 92	Amalie Joachim
	Spohr L.	Symphony No. 3 in E major	XIV	Jan 13. 92	
	Strauss, Rich.	Symph. Poem "Don Juan"	IV	Oct 31. 91	
	Stucken, rander	Pagani & Amore	Popular	Jan 6. 92	
	Swendsen J. S.	"Carnival in Paris"	VIII	Dec 5. 91	
	Tschaiikowsky	Andante & Scherzo from Symp. No. 4	Extra	Feb 2. 92	
		Suite op. 55	II	Oct 17. 91	
		Symph. Poem "Hamlet"	XXIII	Feb 5. 92	
		Concerto No. 1. Piano & Orch. op. 23	Popular	Jan 6. 92	Mrs. Aus der Ohe
	Tollmann R.	Serenade for Strings in D	XXI	Apr 2. 92	
		Concerto for Cello with op. 33	III	Oct 24. 91	Alum. Schröder

Wagner R.

"Good Fridays Spell" Parsifal
 "Prelude" Parsifal
 Faust Overture
 Overture to "Tannhäuser"
 Huldigungs March
 Aria "Hall of Song" Tannhäuser
 Wotan's Farewell & Fire Chorus from
 "Die Walküre"

I Oct 10. 91
 X Dec 26. 91
 XIII Jan 23. 92
 Extra Feb 2. 92
 XVI Feb 20. 92
 I Oct 10. 91
 XXI Apr 2. 92

Lilian Nordica
 Heinrich Meyn

Weber C. M. von

Over. "Euryanthe"
 "Oberon"

VIII Dec 5. 91
 XXIII Apr 16. 92

Composers:

with no. of works performed

Bach J. S.	1
Beethoven	11
Berlioz	1
Bird et.	1
Borodin	1
Brahms J.	5
Brecht M.	1
Busoni F. B.	1
Chadwick F. W.	1
Chopin	3
Davidoff	1
Debussy C.	1
Dvořák A.	2
Ferrari	1
Floersheim, Otto	1
Gluck	3
Goldmark	2
Handel	2
Haydn	2
Henschel Geo.	2
Jensen et al.	1
Koven R. de	1
Lalo E.	1

8 Schubert F.	Symphony No. 9 in E	VII	Nov. 28. 91	
	Unfinished Symp. in B min:	XII	Jan 9. 92	
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	" " " "	VI	Nov 21. 91	Marguerite Zell
	" " An die Leier"	"	"	"
	" " Rastlose Liebe"	"	"	"
	" " Erl König"	XX	Feb 26. 92	Annie Joachim
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	" " 4 " 120	XVIII	Feb 5. 92	
	" " 4 " " Original Version	XIX	Feb 12. 92	
	Ouv. Scherzo & Finale op. 50,	V	Nov 14. 91	
	Concert Piano & Orch.	Extra	Feb 2. 92	
	Song "Mondnacht"	II	Oct 17. 91	W. J. Winck
	" " Ichöne trügen meine Lieder"	XX	Feb 26. 92	Annie Joachim
Spohr L.	Symphony No. 3 in E moll	XIV	Jan 13. 92	
Strauss, Rich.	Symph. Poem "Don Juan"	IV	Oct 31. 91	
Stuck, rander	Pagina d' Amore	Popular	Jan 6. 92	
Svensson J. S.	"Carnival in Paris"	VIII	Dec 5. 91	
Tchaikovsky	Andante scherzo from Symp. No. 4	Extra	Feb 2. 92	
	Suite op. 55	II	Oct 17. 91	
	Symph. Poem "Hamlet"	XVIII	Feb 5. 92	
	Concerto No. 1. Piano & Orch. op. 23	Popular	Jan 6. 92	Mrs. Aus der Ohe
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 "Oberon"

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with no. of works performed

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Borodin	1
Brahms J.	5
Brecht M.	1
Busoni F. B.	1
Chadwick F. W.	1
Chopin	3
Davidoff	1
Delibes L.	1
Dvořák A.	2
Ferrari	1
Floersheim, Otto	1
Gluck	3
Goldmark	2
Handel	2
Haydn	2
Henschel Geo.	2
Jensen et.	1
Koven R. de	1
Lalo E.	1

I	Oct 10. 91	
X	Dec 26. 91	
XII	Jan 23. 92	
Extra	Feb 2. 92	
XVI	Feb 20. 92	
I	Oct 10. 91	Lilian Nordica
XX	Apr 2. 92	Heinrich Meyn
VIII	Dec 5. 91	
XXIII	Apr 16. 92	

Liszt F.	3
Litolff H.	1
Loeffler C.H.	1
MacDowell E.A.	1
Mascagni P.	1
Massenet J.	5
Mendelssohn	2
Mozart	8
Paderewski J. J.	1
Paganini	1
Pami J. K.	1
Raff J.	2
Rubinstein	2
Saint-Saens C.	2
Schubert	9
Schumann	9
Spohr L.	1
Strauss, Rich.	1
Stuckow, van der	1
Svensen J. S.	1
Tchaikovsky P.	4
Tolkman R.	2
Wagner R.	7
Weber C.M. von	2

Soloists:
with date of appearance

<u>Piano</u>	
Aus der Ohe, Miss	July 6. 92
Black Mrs H. H. et.	July 23. 92
Buzoni J. B.	Nov 14. 91
D'Albort, Eugene	Nov 12. 92
Grinfield, Alfred	Oct 31. 91
Paderewski J. J.	Dec 5. 91
"	Nov 2. 92
Therwood W. H.	Feb 20. 92

Violin

Adamowski T.	July 30. 92
Brodsky, Adolph	Nov 28. 91
Kneisel, Franz	July 2. 92
" "	Apr 23. 92
Loeffler C. M.	Nov 21. 91
" "	July 2. 92
Powell, Maud	July 6. 92
Urso, Camilla	Nov 5. 92

Cello

Schroeder Alwin	Nov 2. 92	Oct 24. 91
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Flute

Moli, Charles	Apr 2. 92
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Harp

Schuecker, Heinrich	Apr 2. 92
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Vocalists

Fursch-Madi, Mad.	Dec 19. 91
Hall, Miss Marguerite	Nov 21. 91
Hay, Clarence	July 9. 92
Heinrich Mr.	" " "
Henschel Mrs Geo.	Apr 16. 92
Joachim, Miss Amelia	Nov 26. 92
Mayn, Heinrich	July 9. 92
Nikisch, Mrs Arthur	" " "
Nordie, Lillian	Oct 10. 91
Sargent Mr	July 9. 92
Witch, Mrs J.	Oct 17. 91
Wyman Mrs	July 9. 92

Also by the "Cecilia"

Conductor

Mr Arthur Nikisch

Oct. 10 1	Oct. 17 2	Oct. 24 3	Oct. 31 4	Nov. 14 5	Nov. 21 6	Nov. 28 7	Dec. 5 8	Dec. 19 9	Dec. 26 10	Jan. 2 11	Jan. 9 12	Jan. 23 13	Jan. 30 14	Feb. 6 15
<div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between; align-items: center;"> <div style="writing-mode: vertical-rl; transform: rotate(180deg);"> R 15 2d BALCONY </div> <div style="text-align: center;"> <p>BOSTON MUSIC HALL</p> <hr/> <p>The Boston Symphony Orchestra</p> <p>MR. ARTHUR NIKISCH, Conductor.</p> <p>CONCERTS, SATURDAY EVENINGS, at 8 o'clock</p> </div> <div style="writing-mode: vertical-rl; transform: rotate(180deg);"> 15 2d BALCONY </div> </div>														
Apr. 23 24	Apr. 16 23	Apr. 9 22	Apr. 2 21	Mar. 26 20	Mar. 12 19	Mar. 5 18	Feb. 26 17	Feb. 20 16						

BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

Eleventh Season.—1891-92.

THE

Boston Symphony Orchestra,

(85 PERFORMERS,)

MR. ARTHUR NIKISCH, CONDUCTOR,

WILL GIVE A SERIES OF

TWENTY-FOUR CONCERTS

ON CONSECUTIVE SATURDAY EVENINGS, FROM OCTOBER 10, 1891, TO
APRIL 23, 1892, OMITTING NOV. 7, DEC. 12, 1891, JAN. 16, FEB. 13,
AND MARCH 19, 1892, AND

TWENTY-FOUR PUBLIC REHEARSALS

ON CONSECUTIVE FRIDAY AFTERNOONS, FROM OCTOBER 9, 1891, TO
APRIL 22, 1892, OMITTING NOV. 6, DEC. 11, 1891, JAN. 15, FEB. 12
AND MARCH 18, 1892.

TICKETS for the series of Concerts \$12.00 and \$7.50, according to
and for the series of Rehearsals location.

The \$12 Seats for the Rehearsals will be sold at auction, at Music Hall,
Monday, September 14th, at 10 A. M.

The \$7.50 Seats for the Rehearsals will be sold at auction, at Music Hall,
Tuesday, September 15th, at 10 A. M. Any Rehearsal Seats not sold at
auction will be on sale at the Box Office, Music Hall, Wednesday, Sept. 16th.

The \$12 Seats for the Concerts will be sold at auction, at Music Hall, on
Thursday, September 17th, at 10 A. M.

The \$7.50 Seats for the Concerts will be sold in like manner at the same
place on **Friday, September 18th, at 10 A. M.**

Bids will be accepted for seats in their regular order only, and not for the
choice; and no more than four seats will be sold on one bid. The seats open
to competition will be shown on a diagram, and will be marked off as sold.

Tickets will be delivered in the Hall, and must be paid for as
soon as bought, or they will be resold.

All seats remaining unsold after the auction will be on sale at the Box
Office on and after Saturday, September 19th.

Special Notice.

The owner of this ticket will please write name and address on the lines below as an aid to its recovery in case of loss.

Name.....

Alfred A. Brown

Address.....

30 Kilby St. Room 19

This ticket must be presented to the door-keeper at every performance, persons neglecting to bring tickets will be admitted to the hall only by purchasing an evening ticket.

BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

Eleventh Season.—1891-92.

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AND MARCH 18, 1892.

TICKETS for the series of Concerts and for the series of Rehearsals \$12.00 and \$7.50, according to location.

The \$12 Seats for the Rehearsals will be sold at auction, at Music Hall, Monday, September 14th, at 10 A. M.

The \$7.50 Seats for the Rehearsals will be sold at auction, at Music Hall, Tuesday, September 15th, at 10 A. M. Any Rehearsal Seats not sold at auction will be on sale at the Box Office, Music Hall, Wednesday, Sept. 16th.

The \$12 Seats for the Concerts will be sold at auction, at Music Hall, on Thursday, September 17th, at 10 A. M.

The \$7.50 Seats for the Concerts will be sold in like manner at the same place on Friday, September 18th, at 10 A. M.

Bids will be accepted for seats in their regular order only, and not for the choice; and no more than four seats will be sold on one bid. The seats open to competition will be shown on a diagram, and will be marked off as sold.

Tickets will be delivered in the Hall, and must be paid for as soon as bought, or they will be resold.

All seats remaining unsold after the auction will be on sale at the Box Office on and after Saturday, September 19th.

Special Notice.

The owner of this ticket will please write name and address on the lines below as an aid to its recovery in case of loss.

Name.....*Wm. A. Brown*

Address.....*30 Kilby St. Room 14*

Box 1802

This ticket must be presented to the door-keeper at every performance, persons neglecting to bring tickets will be admitted to the hall only by purchasing an evening ticket.



AFTER THE SYMPHONY

A DELIGHTFUL PROSPECT.
Many Musical Novelties
the Symphony
Novelty

BOSTON MUSIC HALL

Sept. 15, at ten o'clock,
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MATTERS.

— Aug 30/91

Concerts--Plans et Sales.

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BOSTON STOCK MARKET.
Boston, April 23, 1892. The following were the sales today, and the closing bids of yesterday and today:

Bonds.					
	Am't.	High.	Low.	Closing.	
	of	est.	est.	April	April
	sales.	pr's.	pr's.	22.	23.
Johnson 4s.....	9000	82 1/4	82 1/4	82 1/4	82
do. incomes.....	11800	57 1/4	56 3/4	57 1/4	56 1/2
do. M. 7s 1904.....	5000	98 3/4	98 1/2	98 3/4	98 1/2
do. Un. Gas. 5s.....					
do. 2d 5s.....	2000	77	77	89 1/4	89 1/4
do. ur. & Mo. non.....	600	105 1/2	105 1/2	78	77
do. hic. B. & N. 5s.....	500	103 3/8	103 3/8	103 1/2	103
do. 2d 6s.....				103	103
do. B. & Q. con. 5s.....					110 1/2
do. sub. 25 p. ct. pd.....	500	109	109		
do. 1st 7s.....	1000	122	122	121 1/2	121 1/2
do. Den. Ex. 4s.....				92 1/2	93
do. plain 4s.....				86	86
do. Iowa div. 4s.....				92 1/2	92
do. M. & S. P. 6s DD.....				116	116
do. J. R. & S. Y. 5s.....	1000	94 3/4	94 3/4	94 1/4	94 1/4
do. hic. & W. M. 5s.....				98 1/4	98 1/4
do. hic. & N. M. 5s.....				92	92
do. Vermont 5s.....	1000	95 1/4	95 1/4	95	95
do. re. & Elk. 6s. un.....				120	120
do. stamped.....					122
do. K. C. Sp. & M. scrip.....	125	70	70		
do. do. 5s.....					61
do. do. assented.....					51
do. K. C. Clin. & S. 5s.....					90
do. K. C. Ft. S. & G. 7s.....				112	112
do. M. H. O. 6s. 1903.....					100
do. Mex. Cent. 4s.....				69	69
do. do. 1st inc.....	3000	35	35	35	35
do. N. Y. & N. E. 6s.....				110 1/2	110 1/2
do. do. 2d 6s.....				105	104 1/2
do. N. E. Tel. 6s 1907.....	1000	105	105		
do. Og. & L. C. con. 6s.....				105 1/2	105 1/2
do. Oregon Sh. L. 6s.....	5000	103 1/2	103 1/2	103 1/2	103 1/2
do. Or. Sh. L. & U. N. 5s.....				79	79
do. Rutland 5s.....				100	100
do. Wis. Cent. inc.....	8000	35	35		
Railroad Co's.					
Atch. & Ton.....	4691	35 1/2	35	35 1/2	35
Atlantic & Pac.....				4	4
Bos. & Albany.....	50	206	205	206	205
Boston & Low.....	6	176	176	175 1/2	175 1/2
Bos. & Maine.....	15	166 1/2	166 1/4		166
Boston & Prov.....				250	250
Cent. Mass. com.....				16	16
do. pref.....				33	33
Chic. Bur. & Q.....	118	108 3/4	108 3/4	108 5/8	108 1/4
do. b. 30.....	100	108 3/8	108 3/8		
Chic. & W. M.....				54	54
Cleve. & Can. pr.....				19	19
do. com.....				5 1/2	5 1/2
Fitchburg pref.....	88	89	88 3/4	88 3/4	88 3/4
do. com.....				19 1/2	19
Flint pref.....	50	85 1/2	85	86	
do. com.....				110	
K. C. Ft. S. & M pr.....				40	
do. com.....				15	
K. C. Mem. & B.....				15	
Maine Central.....				117	
Mexican Central.....	200	18 1/4	18 1/4	18 1/4	18
Missouri Pacific.....	10	60	60		
N. Y. & N. E.....	950	41 1/4	40 3/4	40 1/2	40 3/8
do. s. 10.....	100	40 3/4	40 3/4		
do. b. 30.....	100	41	41		
do. pref.....	55	93 1/2	93	93	92 1/2
Old Colony.....	5	174 3/4	174 3/4		174
Oregon Sh. Line.....				26 1/2	26 1/2
Summit Branch.....				5 1/8	5
Union Pacific.....	600	45	44 7/8	45 1/4	44 7/8
do. b. 60.....	100	45	45		
West End com.....	121	73	72 1/2	72 1/2	72 1/2
do. s. 30 no int.....	50	72 1/2	72 1/2		
do. pref.....	110	86 1/2	86 1/4	86 1/2	86 1/2
Wis. Cent. com.....				17 1/4	17 3/8
do. pref.....	50	40 1/8	40 1/8	42	40 1/4
Land Co's.					
Anniston.....				28	30
Aspinwall.....				9	9
Boothbay.....					10
Boston Land.....				6	6
Bos. Wat. Power.....				3 1/4	3 1/2
Camb. Field.....					4
Cutler Land.....				1 1/8	1 1/8
East Boston.....	55	5 1/2	5 1/8		5
Sullivan Land.....				35	35
West End.....				19 1/4	19
Winter Harbor.....				20	20
Wollaston Land.....	300	2 3/8	2 3/8	2 3/8	2 3/8
Mining Co's.					
	200	75	75	75	75

Manufacturing.	
1 Atlantic Cotton Mills.....	1
10 South End.....	1
10 Tremont Nat. Bank.....	1
Railroad Co's.	
15 Boston & Maine R. pref.....	1
5 do. com.....	1
100 Boston & Providence R.....	251 @ 2
83 Conn. & Passumpsic R. pref.....	119 1/4 @ 1
40 Dover & Winnissee R.....	1
4 New London & Northern R.....	1
4 Norwich & Worcester R.....	1
12 West End R. pref.....	1
5 Ware River R.....	1
Gaslight Co's.	
9 Bay State Gas.....	1
8 Jamaica Plain Gaslight.....	1
2 Newton & Watertown Gas Co.....	1
Insurance Co's.	
20 Firemen's Ins. Co.....	1
Miscellaneous.	
5 H. B. Claflin Co. com.....	1
70 Lombard Investment.....	40 1/4 @
75 Reece Button Hole Co.....	1
City and Town Bonds.	
\$3000 Des Moines 4 1/2s. 1907.....	1
\$1000 Lawrence 6s. 1894.....	1
\$4000 Lansing, Mich., 4s. 1900.....	1
\$2000 do. do. 4 1/2s. 1915.....	1
\$3000 Lewiston 5s. 1907.....	1
\$5000 Minneapolis 4 1/2s. 1913.....	1
Railroad and Miscellaneous Bonds.	
\$450 Bay State Gas income scrip.....	1
\$500 Boston Athletic Asso. 5s. 1908.....	1
\$1800 Bur. & Mo. 6s exempt. 1918.....	115 1/2 @ 1
\$500 Chic. Bur. & No. 1st 5s. 1926.....	1
\$5000 County of Washington, Ill., 6s. 1902.....	1
\$2000 Chic. Bur. & Q. 5s. 1903.....	1
\$3000 Denver City Cable 6s.....	1
\$5000 Det. Lans. & Nor. 7s. 1907.....	1
\$1000 Gr. Rap. Lans. & Det. 5s. 1927.....	1
\$1000 Nashua & Lowell 6s. 1893.....	1
\$6000 Old Colony 4 1/2s. 1904.....	1
\$4500 Real Estate 6s. 1896, guar. by Lomb. Investment Co.....	1
\$3000 do. 6s. 1894.....	1
\$5000 Swift & Co. 6s. 1910.....	1
\$2000 United States 4s. coup. 1907.....	1
\$10000 do. registered.....	1
NEW YORK MONEY AND STOCKS.	
[Special Dispatch to the Sunday Herald.]	
NEW YORK, April 23, 1892. Money on hand has been easy, ranging from 1 1/2 to 2, loan at 2, and closing offered at 2 per cent. Prime mercantile paper is increasing supply, but the demand remains large, no accumulation occurs. Rates are practically unchanged, and 60 to 90-day inland bills receivable are 3 1/2, four months' advances 4 @ 4 1/2, and good single names from four to six months to run 5 per cent. Sterling exchange is quiet and firm, actual business in bankers' bills at 4 for 60-day bills and 4.88 3/4 for demand posted rates are 4.88 @ 4.89 1/2; comme bills at 4.86 1/4 @ 4.88 1/2. Government bills have been dull and steady. Railroad bills have been fairly active and generally Bar silver, 86 3/4.	
Below are the sales of the principal stocks and the highest and lowest prices of day:	
Bonds.	
Apr. 23	Apr. 22
AFTER THE SYMPHONY	

A DELIGHTFUL PROSPECT.

Many Musical Novelties to be Given at the Symphony Concerts This Season—Nordica and Paderewski are Among the Soloists.

Few announcements of coming events arouse such general interest as the statement of the plans for the winter's season of Symphony concerts. In the past attractive programmes have been announced but there has never been a list of novelties that compares with that to be given this winter. The following-named pieces are to be given during the season of concerts and all are absolute novelties in America:

A new symphony by Sgambati; symphony No. 5, Tchaikowsky, also symphonic poem, "The Tempest," and suite, op. 55 by the same composer; symphonic poem, "Don Juan," Richard Strauss; "Rhapsodie Espagnole," Emmanuel Chabrier; "Carnival in Paris," Svendsen; ballet music, "Colombe," Mackenzie; prelude, "Cavalleria Rusticana," Mascagni; symphonic poem, "La Sirene," Mihalovich; "Faschingsbilder," Nicode; a new symphony by Dvorak; symphony in F. major, Felix Draesecke.

American composers will have an unusually prominent position in the programmes of the season, and among the numbers already selected are John K. Paine's "Spring Symphony," Arthur Bird's "Carnival Scenes," and F. Van der Stucken's "Pagina D'Amare," while other works are still to be selected. Other numbers to be mentioned are overture "Le Roi D'Ys," Lalo; "Scenes Alsaciennes," Massenet; "Reformation Symphony," Mendelssohn (seldom played); symphony in C minor, Spohr; "Ocean Symphony," Rubinstein; "Harold Symphony," Berlioz; overture, "King Lear," Litolff; and, as a matter of course, many of the standard works by Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Mendelssohn, Brahms and Wagner.

While the principal attraction of these concerts must ever be the splendid playing of this fine body of musicians, which has been continued for the coming season almost without change, the management is not unmindful of the expectations of patrons as regards soloists. Engagements have been already effected with a number of famous solo artists, among whom are Mme. Nordica, Mme. Joachim, Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, Eugen D'Albert, Ignace J. Paderewski, Alfred Gruenfeld, Mr. Busoin, Alwin Schroeder and others.

As already stated, the twenty-four public rehearsals and concerts will be given on Friday afternoons and Saturday evenings, beginning Oct. 9 and 10, continued each week through the season, with the exceptions of the weeks ending on Saturdays Nov. 7, Dec. 12, Jan. 16, Feb. 13 and March 19.

On Monday morning Sept. 14, at ten o'clock, the \$12 seats for the public rehearsals will be offered by auction at Music Hall, as in former years, not more than four seats being offered at a single bid, the seats being sold in regular order, beginning at the stage line, no bid of less than twenty-five cents being received, and all seats not called for and paid for immediately being resold without reserve.

On Tuesday morning, Sept. 15, at ten o'clock, the \$7.50 seats for the public rehearsals will be sold at the same place and under the same rules.

On Thursday morning, Sept. 17, at ten o'clock, \$12 seats for the Saturday evening concerts will be sold at the same place and under the same rules, and the \$7.50 concert tickets will be put up in the same way, beginning at ten o'clock Friday, Sept. 18.

All seats for which no bids are received at these auction sales will be offered at the box office on the Wednesday and Saturday mornings after the two sales, at the advertised prices, and it should be distinctly understood that all the seats will be sold to the highest bidder, whether the premium be small or large in amount, and no attempt will be made to in any way force the premium beyond the figures readily obtained.

In addition to the Boston concerts, the usual series will be given in Cambridge, Providence, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, and, in addition, six public rehearsals and six concerts in Brooklyn, under the auspices of the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society. The annual western tour will also be made during the spring months.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

Herald — Aug 30/91

The Symphony Concerts--Plans for Ticket Sales.

The Music Hall offices, which during the summer have been given over to the force of mechanics engaged in the alterations and repairs decided upon early in the season, have again assumed an air of business, and Manager Charles A. Ellis and his assistants are busily engaged in preparing for the fall and winter campaign.

Naturally the Symphony concerts take a prominent place in the preparatory work of the season, and the plans for the ticket sales were duly announced yesterday for the first time.

As in former years, there will be 24 Friday afternoon public rehearsals, and the same number of Saturday evening concerts, the first rehearsal occurring on Friday, Oct. 9, and the first concert on Saturday, Oct. 10. The series will be continued each week through the season, with the exceptions of the weeks ending on Saturdays Nov. 7, Dec. 12, Jan. 16, Feb. 13 and March 19, these weeks being given to the occasional tours of the orchestra over the usual route, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington.

No change will be made in the prices of tickets or in the divisions of the hall from those of last season, the best seats being sold for \$12 for both the rehearsals and concerts, and all others at \$7.50. This season, save that the upper balcony seats will again be left for admission ticket holders at the public rehearsals, these tickets being sold at 25 cents for each week's rehearsal.

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All seats for which no bids are received at these auction sales will be offered at the box office on the Wednesday and Saturday mornings after the two sales, at the advertised prices, and it should be distinctly understood that all the seats will be sold to the highest bidder, whether the premium be small or large in amount, and no attempt will be made to in any way force the premium beyond the figures readily obtained.

Director Nikisch, who has recently returned from Europe, has given his vacation time very largely to the interests of the Symphony orchestra and the concerts of the coming season. The few vacancies in the membership of the organization caused by the changes incidental to any large body of musicians have been supplied by players equally competent, and the numerical strength of the orchestra will be maintained the same as last season.

Director Nikisch also improved his absence abroad by collecting from the leading sources of supply on the continent everything of value in the way of new orchestral composition, as well as several works for chorus and orchestra, all of which he hopes to introduce to notice during the season. With the additions made to the library of the orchestra during this visit, the organization will possess a supply of compositions and works affording the widest variety in programme, making during the season an opportunity which will doubtless be fully improved by Director Nikisch.

It appears that the announcement of a permanent chorus as a part of the Symphony concert scheme, made at the close of last season, was somewhat premature. Director Nikisch greatly desires, as he always has desired since he assumed his present position, to produce works for both chorus and orchestra, and it is more than possible that some plan for such a union of chorus and orchestra as was hinted at last spring may yet come about.

In the matter of soloists, although no "official utterances" have been made as yet, it is safe to entertain the most satisfying anticipations, and there is good reason to suppose that the great vocalists of the world will be most happily represented in the season's engagements.

It will interest many readers to know that Manager Ellis will again have as an associate Mr. Fred R. Comee, who will, as usual, give his especial attention to the analytical programme book, for the editing of which the able assistance of Mr. George H. Wilson has again been secured.

The Music Hall offices are now open for all who desire further information regarding the concerts or other events of the season.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

Conductor Nikisch's Plans for the Symphony Concerts.

No better evidence of the absolute confidence of the Boston public in a musical enterprise, or in the honesty of purpose of an individual, has ever been given than that shown year after year in the Symphony concert scheme and its generous founder. Circumstances, entirely beyond the control of those having the direct management of this great enterprise, have made it an impossibility to hardly outline the scheme of any of the earlier seasons before the tickets for the entire series were put upon the market, and yet, year after year, these tickets have been bought, and at a large advance upon the announced price, without a question as to the details of the concerts for which they were sold. It is gratifying that this faith should have been exhibited by the public in former years, but it is still more gratifying to be able this season to present a reasonably complete schedule of the artists and works promised for these concerts before the annual sale of tickets for the season.

Conductor Arthur Nikisch can hardly be said to have passed a leisure summer, for, leaving Boston after ending his work for the season of '90, and '91, he went almost immediately to Leipzig and his arrival in that city was no sooner known than his rooms were fairly besieged by publishers and composers eager to gain a hearing of their works in the new world by such an organization as the Boston Symphony orchestra.

Any doubts which may exist in America as to the widespread fame of the Boston orchestra throughout Europe will be easily dispelled by Conductor Nikisch's narrative of his experiences during his visit to his former field of labor.

For many weeks his time was given almost exclusively to the examination and reading of compositions that came to him from all the countries of Europe, and the completion of arrangements for the performance of such as he decided to add to the repertoire of the Boston orchestra. It will be seen that Conductor Nikisch entered upon the duty of deciding upon the novelties for the coming season in a most catholic spirit, and that he has apparently sought the desirable wherever it could be found.

Some of the novelties and works of special interest to be expected during the season are the following: A new symphony by Sgambati; symphony No. 5, Tschalkowsky also symphonic poem, "The Tempest," and suite op. 55 by the same composer; symphonic poem, "Don Juan," Richard Strauss; "Rhapsodie Espagnole," Emmanuel Chabrier; "Carnival in Paris," Svendsen; ballet music, "Colombe," Mackenzie; prelude, "Cavalliera Rusticana," Mascagni; symphonic poem, "La Sirene," Mihalovich; "Faschingsbilder," Nicode; a new symphony by Dvorak; symphony in F major, Felix Draesecke. All of these so far as known are absolute novelties in America.

Interesting features of the concerts will be John K. Paine's "Spring Symphony;" Carnival Scenes, Arthur Bird; "Pagina D'Amare,"

F. van der Stucken, and other works by American composers yet to be selected. Other numbers to be mentioned are overture "Le Roi D'Ys," Lalo; "Scenes Alsaciennes," Massenet; "Reformation Symphony," Mendelssohn (seldom played); Symphony in C minor, Spohr; "Ocean Symphony," Rubinstein; "Harold Symphony," Berlioz; overture, "King Lear," Litolff, and, as a matter of course, many of the standard works by Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Mendelssohn, Brahms and Wagner.

The selection of soloists is, for many reasons, not as yet fully completed; but a number of great artists have already been definitely decided upon, these including Mme. Nordica, soprano; Miss Emma Eames, soprano; Mme. Joachim, contralto; Mrs. H. A. Beach, Mr. Eugen D. Albert, Mr. Ignace J. Paderewski, Mr. Alfred Gruenfeld, pianists; Mr. Busoni, cello, and Mr. Alwin Schroeder, pianist, and others.

But a very few changes have been made in the membership of the orchestra, and these have preserved its excellence in every way.

As already stated, the 24 public rehearsals and concerts will be given on Friday afternoons and Saturday evenings, beginning Oct. 9 and 10, continued each week through the season, with the exceptions of the weeks ending on Saturdays Nov. 7, Dec. 12, Jan. 16, Feb. 13 and March 19.

On Monday morning, Sept. 14, at 10 o'clock, the \$12 seats for the public rehearsals will be offered at auction at Music Hall, as in former years, not more than four seats being offered at a single bid, the seats being sold in regular order, beginning at the stage line, no bid of less than 25 cents being received, and all seats not called for and paid for immediately being resold without reserve.

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All seats for which no bids are received at these auction sales will be offered at the box office on the Wednesday and Saturday mornings after the two sales, at the advertised prices, and it should be distinctly understood that all the seats will be sold to the highest bidder, whether the premium be small or large in amount, and no attempt will be made to in any way force the premium beyond the figures readily obtained.

In addition to the Boston concerts, the usual series will be given in Cambridge, Providence, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, and, in addition, six public rehearsals and six concerts in Brooklyn, under the auspices of the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society. The annual western tour will also be made during the spring months.

HIGH PRICES FOR SYMPHONY TICKETS.

A Desirable Seat for the Series of Rehearsals Sells for \$111—The Average Price Somewhat Higher than Last Year.

It was just ten o'clock this morning when auctioneer H. W. Jackson ascended the steps leading to the platform of Music Hall and announced to the large audience there assembled that he was ready to receive bids for tickets for the rehearsals for the eleventh concert season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The bidding was lively from the start, a large proportion of the spectators having been patrons of these auction sales since their commencement, and there was an evident desire among many to secure the same seats which they had occupied in former years.

Seat number 1 in section A was sold to Mrs. A. H. Plympton, who paid \$9.50 premium on \$12, the regular price of the ticket. The prices rose gradually until number 28 was reached, that seat and the three adjoining it bringing \$16.60 premium. In section B the prices varied from \$13 to \$16.50; in section C, from \$14.50 to \$26; and in section D, from \$21.50 to \$40. J. H. Hecht purchasing two seats at the last-named price. As Section E was called off the speculators began to bid, and the prices rose as high as \$45.50. J. A. Lowell paid \$53 for No. 23, an end seat in Section F, while the bidder for No. 24 paid only \$20. Mrs. John L. Gardner obtained four seats in Section G at a premium of \$53 on each seat, and the first four in the next row brought \$30, the highest price in that section being \$56.

Number 19 in Section J, which last year brought \$150, went today for \$111 to G. F. Wadsworth, and this was the highest figure realized at the sale. The next was \$102.50, which was paid by C. P. Curtis for an end seat in M. Beyond that section the bids began to fall off, the prices varying from \$20 to \$15.

It was noticeable that more single seats were sold this year than last, and also that there were many more ladies who purchased largely. The principal ticket speculators were present at the sale, and their bids were among the highest made during the morning. The average price was fifteen per cent higher than at the last auction.

Tomorrow morning at ten o'clock the \$7.50 seats for the rehearsals will be disposed of in the same manner, and on Thursday, at the same place, at the same hour, the \$12 seats for the concerts will be offered, those for \$7.50 to be sold on the day following. All seats for which no bids are received at these sales will be sold at the box office at the advertised prices.

BIDDING FOR SEATS.

Opening of the Sale of Tickets to the Symphony Concerts and Rehearsals.

The auction sales of seats for the symphony rehearsals and concerts, during the season of 1891-1892, was opened this morning in Music Hall, shortly after 10 o'clock.

Auctioneer Jackson, on mounting the platform, found himself before a much larger assemblage than last year, the estimated number being between 400 and 500. He reminded the purchasers that the bids were on the premiums in addition to the regular ticket price. He announced today's sale to consist of the \$12 rehearsal tickets, and called for bids on the first seat in row A.

GOOD PRICES FOR THE SYMPHONY TICKETS

The auction sale of the \$12 seats for the Symphony concerts was held at Music Hall yesterday morning, but no extraordinary prices were realized, although the average price was far in advance of that of the sale for the rehearsals.

Among the first buyers yesterday were Professor Royce of Cambridge, Arthur Howard Pickering, J. H. Hecht and Arthur Austin, who purchased desirable seats in the front row. These seats varied from \$5 to \$20, the average price being \$10. The highest premium of the morning was \$36, which was paid by Mr. Stewart, for seats in Section H. The next price was \$29, which was paid for a centre seat in K.

The \$7.50 tickets for the concerts will be sold tomorrow at the same hour.

The bidding opened in a spirited manner and was speedily run up towards the \$10 mark, but stopped at \$8.50. The purchaser, a benevolent looking gentleman, appeared highly elated, but his bargain was bettered by the next buyer, who secured the next seat at a premium of \$8.50. The bidding then took an upward start, and the four last seats in the first row to the left of the stage commanded a premium of \$16.50.

Row B opened with a sale of two seats at \$12.50 premium. The bidding continued to be lively and the management looked happy.

Tomorrow the \$7.50 rehearsal seats will be offered; Wednesday the \$12 concert seats, and Thursday the \$7.50 concert seats.

At 2 o'Clock.

The sale of seats to the Symphony rehearsals has continued all day. As the sale neared the transverse aisle premiums took a boom and went up to \$50 to \$60. These bids continued, decreasing slightly toward the rear of the hall. The attendance has been on the increase all day.

REHEARSAL TICKETS.

Large Premiums Again Paid at Music Hall.

The sale of the \$12 Friday afternoon Symphony rehearsal seats at Music Hall, yesterday, was a greater success in many ways than anything in this line known in the symphony concert records.

The hall was well filled down stairs when the sale began at 10 o'clock, and the buyers were more generally representative of personal interests than in former years. The fashionable speculators (for fashion has drawn its line in this profession as in others), were well supplied with orders, but there were many who have held large commissions in former years who were not as ready to take the risks incidental to "extras" as formerly.

The bidding started off briskly at \$9.50 premium for the first corner seats on the front row, and the corresponding seats on the left of the house brought \$16.50 each. From these figures the premiums advanced from \$20 to \$40 for the first half-dozen rows, and then the competition began for the "best" seats, or, in other words, the seats which have brought the highest prices for the last few years.

This competition quickly forced the premium bids over \$50, and in two cases to more than double that figure, two seats fetching \$102 each, and two others \$119 each.

The bidding was steady throughout the day, and practically every seat of the \$12 set was sold.

The balcony seats sold well up to those on the floor, and a rough estimate gives a result fully as satisfactory as that of last year.

This morning the \$7.50 rehearsal seats will be sold at auction, on Thursday morning, the \$12 seats for the Saturday evening concert, and on Friday morning the \$7.50 concert seats will be offered in the same way.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

The unusually explicit announcements regarding the series of home concerts by the Boston symphony orchestra have been productive of excellent results, and all familiar with this great enterprise in past years express a belief that the success of the coming season will be entirely unprecedented. The various agents who make a business of attending the ticket sales in the interest of their customers all report a very extensive list of orders, and a large proportion of these are given "at discretion," showing a very general determination among the regular attendants to maintain their positions and retain their seats, at whatever expense is made necessary by the competitions incidental to the sales.

It is necessary each year to correct the impression that ladies cannot attend the ticket sales and successfully compete for the purchase of seats. There has been a steady gain in the attendance of ladies in recent years at these sales, and all who desire to be present will find that every effort is made to give them all possible attention.

The bidding is so conducted that the most inexperienced person can readily compete for any seat, and ladies will find that their bids will be carefully watched for by the auctioneer, who never "dwells," or makes any effort to force the premium above its apparent limit.

As already stated, the 24 public rehearsals and concerts will be given on Friday afternoons and Saturday evenings, beginning Oct. 9 and 10, continued each week through the season, with the exceptions of the weeks ending on Saturdays Nov. 7, Dec. 12, Jan. 16, Feb. 13, and March 19.

On Monday morning, Sept. 14, at 10 o'clock, the \$12 seats for the public rehearsals will be offered at auction at Music Hall, as in former years, not more than four seats being offered at a single bid, the seats being sold in regular order beginning at the stage line, no bid of less than 25 cents being received, and all seats not called for and paid for immediately being resold without reserve.

On Tuesday morning, Sept. 15, at 10 o'clock, the \$7.50 seats for the public rehearsals will be sold at the same place and under the same rules.

On Thursday morning, Sept. 17, at 10 o'clock, the \$12 seats for the Saturday evening concerts will be sold at the same place and under the same rules, and the \$7.50 concert tickets will be put up in the same way, beginning at 10 o'clock Friday, Sept. 18.

All seats for which no bids are received at these auction sales will be offered at the box office on the Wednesday and Saturday mornings after the two sales at the advertised prices.

Symphony Tickets All Gone.

About seventy-five tickets for the Symphony Concerts were left over from the auction sale of Thursday and yesterday, and when the box office at Music Hall was opened at eight o'clock this morning there were about fifty people already in line. Some of these were anxious to secure tickets for the rehearsals and turned away much disappointed when they learned that there were none left. The few tickets remaining were purchased during the forenoon.

PRICES NOT SO HIGH AS LAST YEAR.

Second Day's Auction Sale of Symphony Rehearsal Tickets.

There was even a larger attendance than yesterday at the auction sale of the Symphony concert rehearsal seats, which opened this morning at ten o'clock, at Music Hall. The best seats were disposed of yesterday, and those offered today were the lot for which a premium was asked over \$7.50. The first seat offered by Auctioneer Jackson was numbered 1152, and was at the end of the first section under the lower balcony. It brought \$12, and the prices along the row ranged from that figure to \$8.50. The seats directly under the balcony brought much less than at last year's sale, the highest price today being \$7.50 and the lowest twenty-five cents, while several were not bid for at all. Considerable amusement was caused when the centre seat in the last row, next to those which had just been checked off at thirty-five cents each, was carried up to \$5, there being two eager bidders for that desired spot. An elderly lady became its proud possessor, and bore off the ticket in triumph, but not before the next three seats had been declared sold at seventy-five cents premium. The prices realized for this section of the hall were said by the speculators to be far behind those of last year. The back rows of seats in the balcony brought from \$17.50 to \$5, most of the seats being sold singly. The tickets left over from these auctions will be sold at the box office tomorrow, and the sale for the concerts will be opened at ten o'clock Thursday.

MUSICIANS BUY SYMPHONY TICKETS.

This Season's Sale Pronounced More Satisfactory than That of Last Year.

The largest audience of the week gathered in Music Hall this morning for the last auction sale of seats for the Symphony Concerts. The bidding was brisk from ten until nearly one o'clock, only about twenty-five seats being left at the conclusion of the sale. The first seats offered were those on the floor under the balcony, a few of them bringing as high as \$4, while several in the last row went for seventy-five, fifty and twenty-five cents, and some were not bid for at all. A repetition of the amusing incident of Tuesday took place when two individuals who were desirous of securing the same seat in this section, bid against one another until the price went up to \$6.50, while the seats on each side sold for twenty-five cents premium. The \$7.50 seats in the balconies brought excellent prices, no large figure being realized, but every seat was sold and none brought less than \$4, while a few sold for \$15. The average figure was about \$10. On the whole the sale was much more satisfactory than that of last year. Among the purchasers today were Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Allen, Miss Gertrude Edmonds, Alfred De Seve, Miss Harriet Whittier and Rev. Samuel J. Barrows.

SOME GOOD PREMIUMS.

Continued Sale of Symphony Concert Seats—Musical People on Hand.

Auctioneer Jackson struck off the \$12 seats for the Saturday night concerts of the Symphony Orchestra at Music Hall, yesterday morning. Many well-known musical people of the city were in attendance and took part in the bidding.

The attendance was hardly as large as at the sale of \$12 seats for public rehearsals the first day, yet few seats remained unsold, though the average receipts of the morning's sale did not equal that for the rehearsals.

A seat which sold to an enthusiast last Monday for the rehearsals at a premium of \$111 went off easily at \$18. As far back as row N, the largest premium paid for a seat was \$36 in row H.

Prof. Royce of Harvard located himself and friends in row E, and Arthur Austin, the broker, took four seats in E at \$13.50 premium. A. H. Pickering, the author, took seats half way back in the hall. J. H. Hecht, the wool merchant, who was a liberal purchaser last Monday for rehearsal seats, took several.

The average sales in the morning were at a premium of \$10 and \$12.

UNIFORMLY GOOD PRICES.

No Extraordinary Premiums Were Paid at this Morning's Sale of Symphony Tickets.

The auction sale of \$12 seats for the Symphony Concerts began at ten o'clock this morning at Music Hall with a small audience in attendance, which increased considerably as the sale progressed. There was a large number of well-known musical and society people present, many of whom have become regular patrons of the sales and concerts. Auctioneer Jackson's efforts on Monday and Tuesday have nearly deprived him of his voice, and at times this morning it was almost impossible to hear his words.

Among the first buyers today were Professor Royce of Cambridge, Arthur Howard Pickering, J. H. Hecht and Arthur Austin, who purchased desirable seats in the front row. These seats varied from \$5 to \$20, the average price being \$10. The highest premium of the morning was \$36, which was paid by Mr. Stewart for seats in section H. The next price was \$28, which was paid for a centre seat in K.

The premiums did not run nearly as high as at the sale for the rehearsals, but the average price was far in advance of that at the former sale. Beyond row M the prices kept uniformly good, and ranged from \$15 to \$20. The bidding was regular and the speculators did considerable buying for their out-of-town patrons.

The \$7.50 tickets for the concerts will be sold tomorrow at the same hour.

SYMPHONY TICKETS

For sale by GEO. W. STEWART, 120 Tremont street, Room 97. to [A] s 15



ARTHUR NIKISCH.

THE SYMPHONY TICKETS.

The Symphony Concerts have grown in ten years to occupy such a prominent place in the musical life of the city that surprise no longer is manifested when the reports of the auction sales of season tickets appear. Yesterday, when the sale of seats for the eleventh season began, there was evidence that the desire of music lovers to share in the weekly feast was as great as ever; while the willingness of individuals to pay for positions specially to their liking was again generously expressed. It may not be necessary to answer the objections of those who see, or think they see, in these large premiums a perversion of the avowed purpose of the concerts—to provide the best performances of high-class orchestra music at the lowest price. But as, judging from the experiences of former years, complaints on this score are likely to arise, it is well to point out that after all these high premiums do not affect the general public sensibly. Last year's sales showed these results:

Rehearsal tickets—				
\$12.00	range of premiums,	\$9.00 to \$150.00		
do.	average	do.	26.90	
7.50	range	do.	4.00 to 27.00	
do.	average	do.	13.87	
Both grades	do.	cost	\$34.11	
Concert tickets—				
\$12.00	range of premiums,	25c to \$39.00		
do.	average	do.	11.19	
7.50	range	do.	25c to 15.50	
do.	average	do.	4.88	
Both grades	do.	cost	\$18.83	

The grand total of receipts, including admission tickets for both series, twenty-four public rehearsals and twenty-four concerts, was figured to be \$114,841, and the attendance was estimated at 128,534, showing that the average cost of a ticket was less than a dollar. Taking the sales of season tickets by themselves, with and without premium, the price of a seat at a public rehearsal was less than \$1.50, and for one at a concert about 75 cents. It is further to be noted that the auction sales offer an equal chance to everyone. The premiums paid by the rich make possible the lower rates paid by the students and other music-lovers of moderate means, while assuring the continuance of the concerts as a self-supporting if not profitable business enterprise. The auction sale is certainly in all ways a great improvement on the employment of *les misérables* to capture luxury for us—forming the pitiful and repulsive mob which used to gather on Winter street when the window sale was the only method followed; and it is not unlikely that buyers get their seats at lower prices than when they had to depend on the services of ragged men and boys or the good will of intermediary speculators. The buyers for a

possible profit are still in the field, but they no longer control the business.

REHEARSAL.

After filling orders for SYMPHONY REHEARSALS, MR. CONNELLY, Theatre Ticket Office, Adams House, has a few choice seats left on the floor and in the balcony, which should be applied for at once.

SYMPHONY TICKETS FOR FRIDAY AFTERNOON REHEARSALS AND SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS. Choice Seats, Floor and Balconies, Ten to Thirty Dollars. Apply to GEORGE B. APPLETON & CO., 304 Washington St.

SYMPHONY.

One-half interest in two choice seats, first balcony, for sale, \$16. A., P. O. Box 341. 117(A) \$19

Symphony Tickets.

In good locations, at reasonable prices, at RUB. SELL'S, 10 Hamilton place. 8TuTh(A) \$19

Symphony Concerts.

Two good seats on floor for alternate nights—\$10 each. Address K. M. M., Transcript Office. 117(A) \$19

SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

Desirable seats, second balcony, front row. Address C. L. O., Transcript Office. (A) 217 \$18

TWO SYMPHONY REHEARSAL TICKETS, P. 23 and 30. Price \$50 each. Address WARREN, Box 6089, Boston. 117(A) \$19

Symphony Rehearsals.

FOR SALE—Two very desirable seats on the floor. Address M. E. J., 118 Devonshire street, Room 5. 8Tu(A) \$19

SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

FOR SALE—Two Symphony Concert tickets (single seats), third row, first balcony, half-way down on the left of the stage. \$15 each. Address P. O. Box 1146. 117(A) \$14

SYMPHONY TICKETS

For sale by GEO. W. STEWART, 129 Tremont street, Room 97. 16(A) \$18

People are looking back to Gerike's rule as the golden—if it was the iron one—of the orchestra. His firm hand would have tapped with his baton that saucy third violin, especially, who is altogether too much the petted darling to do justice to his work without some such reminder.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Symphony Concerts Another Financial Success.

The Worcester Festival—A Brilliant Scheme of Programmes—The New Departure of the New England Conservatory—Notable Opera Productions—Entertainment Courses—Notes.

The Boston Symphony orchestra has in the last few years come to be an institution of well-nigh national reputation, and the success attending its annual series of concerts interests a vast public scattered throughout the States.

It will gratify those who have been absent from the city during the week's sales at Music Hall, to know that for the fourth consecutive year every seat for every one of the 24 Friday afternoon public rehearsals, as well as for the 24 Saturday evening concerts, has been sold.

Such a result is again the best practical demonstration of the interest taken by the Boston public in the orchestra, its conductor and the work to be accomplished during the coming season. The maintenance of the orchestra, as is well known, is the private undertaking of a private citizen, and, however great a public interest there may be in facts and figures relating to this enterprise, it will be readily seen that no official statement can be made as to the actual financial results of the concerts.

Even the most persistent attendants upon the sales cannot give reliable figures, but the most careful estimate of the receipts shows that fully \$100,000 has been paid into the Music Hall box office for the coming Symphony season, and, in round numbers, this means an average payment of \$1 per seat for each concert for each attendant.

It would be well for those who take opportunities to cry down the financial side of this enterprise to keep these figures in mind, as well as to remember that, in addition to the 100,000 seats provided at the rate of \$1 each, there are about 12,000 seats sold during the season, at the rehearsals, at 25 cents each, with nearly as many more admissions both at the rehearsals and concerts at the same figure.

The first of the rehearsals occurs Friday Afternoon, Oct. 9, and the first concert Saturday evening, Oct. 10.

SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

The Auction Sale of Seats Again Results Successfully.

The attendance at Music Hall yesterday, upon the occasion of the auction sale of the \$12 seats for the Saturday evening concerts of the Symphony orchestra, lacked the excitement attendant upon the sales of the rehearsal seats, but, nevertheless, the results were every way satisfactory. At the start the sale looked a little discouraging as the first seat went at a premium of 25 cents, and until the 5 o'clock was reached the bids averaged little more than \$5. It was noticeable that the full limit of four seats was usually filled by every buyer, and this fact may explain the greater sociability which is characteristic of the concert audiences as compared with those of the rehearsals.

After 5 o'clock the bidding advanced, and the seats on the floor were bought up so speedily that all below the balconies had been sold by 1:30 o'clock, thus making the greatest time record in the history of these concerts. The balcony seats went off in the same spirited fashion, and at 3:20 P. M. every one of the \$12 seats had been sold and paid for.

A rough estimate of the prices got indicates that the gross receipts were well up to those of last year. This morning the \$7.50 seats for the concerts will be sold at auction.



Nordica

Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1891-92.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. ARTHUR NIKISCH, Conductor.

I. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, AT 8, P. M.

PROGRAMME.

BEETHOVEN.

OVERTURE, "Dedication of the House."

BEETHOVEN.

ARIA, "Ah Perfido."

WAGNER.

GOOD FRIDAY SPELL, from "Parsifal."

WAGNER.

ARIA, "Hall of Song," from "Tannhaeuser."

SCHUMANN.

SYMPHONY No. 3, in E flat, (Rhenish), op. 97.
Vivace.—Molto moderato.—Andante.—
Religioso.—Vivace.

SOLOIST:

MME. LILLIAN NORDICA.



NORDICA.

SYMPHONIES BEGIN.

adv!

A NOBLE PROGRAMME FOR THE FIRST.

Beethoven's "Dedication of the House" the First Number Performed—Mme. Nordica, the Soloist, in Good Voice—"Good Friday's Spell" One of the Most Beautiful Numbers

A crowd of musical and fashionable life, a long line of standing auditors fringing the edges of the hall, and a cordial welcome to Mr. Nikisch, were foregone conclusions at the first symphony concert of the season, on Saturday night. During Mr. Henschel's regime it was customary to begin each season with Beethoven's "Dedication of the House" overture, and now Mr. Nikisch has piously returned to this custom as a musical means of saying grace. I suppose that every musical auditor said "amen" to it for, with all the defects inseparable from the first concert, the programme of noble music was as refreshing as rain upon a thirsty land. The Beethoven overture received a broad reading, just a trifle exaggerated in its slow passages, but the contrapuntal finale went right merrily, and with a virility that would have excused much greater shortcomings than there were to condone. Mr. Nikisch must, however, carefully guard the line which lies between breadth and bombast, for with Beethoven and Wagner it is only too easy to pass the frontier without knowing it. A word of praise must be given to the bassoonist for the execution of the florid work in this overture.

One can learn in Italy how to sing the music of Germany. Mme. Albani once told me that she attributed her successes in Wagnerian roles to her Milanese studies, and at this concert Mme. Nordica proved that her studies in the Italian school had not unfitted her for the massive German style. In the dramatic aria, "Ah Perfido," her intonation was always pure and the ensemble throughout undisturbed, while the richness of her tones in lower register was such as few sopranos possess. Yet the higher and intensely vehement passages left something to be desired, and they did not sit quite easily upon the singer; it seemed rather a task well accomplished than a spontaneous outpouring of emotion. In the "Greeting to the Hall," from "Tannhauser," there was more success, the voice being pure at all times and the climax of great power. This number evoked considerable enthusiasm, the singer being twice recalled.

"Good Friday's Spell," from "Parsifal," was as beautiful as any number on the programme. This scarcely loses by disassociation from its stage accessories; in fact, to some there is a distinct gain in obliterating the view of Kundry as Mary Magdalen wiping the feet of Parsifal (who is palpably intended to represent the Saviour) with her hair, and the baptism of Kundry

by Parsifal (not "Parsifal's baptism by Kundry," as the programme book had it), since these scenes are scarcely fitted for representation at the hands of any actors, unless, possibly, those at Ober-Ammergau. In the performance the brasses were at least once a little too blatant. It is a popular idea that Wagner cannot be played too loudly, but as an actual fact one will find a full volume of tone a hundred times, in a Bayreuth performance, where one finds mere loudness a single time. It is about time that the vulgar idea of Wagner as a tonal ogre, an idea fostered by the lower order of witlings most assiduously, should be corrected. The culprit's name is Berlioz, not Wagner. When Berlioz received a government contract in the musical line, (it was for a "Te Deum,") he called for a whole regiment of noise-producers, scarcely stopping short of a Gilmorean park of artillery; when Wagner had all Germany, from a king to thousands of musicians, at his feet, when he might have had an orchestra of 1000 at a word, he chose only 116 men as a maximum, and often dropped much below this number.

But the blatancy of the brasses alluded to, was only temporary, and the good shading of the latter part of the number calls for recognition. Mr. Nikisch was especially successful in his accentuation of the figures with which this portion of the opera teems, so that the *leitmotiven* could be followed by all who knew of their existence. With Schumann's Cologne symphony the concert closed. Just as the B-flat symphony gave expression to the first great joy in Schumann's career, so this E-flat symphony tells of the last; they are the sunrise and sunset of his life, for while the former speaks of spring and love, of the happy consummation of his courtship of Clara Wieck, so this symphony tells of the happy change from Leipzig to the Rhine country, and the brightness of his hopes there. It would be presumption to trace such close connection between the works and the lives of other composers, but with Schumann it may be done without sentimentalizing, for he confessedly wrote his own career with much detail into his music.

But if one finds joy in the work, one will never find jollity, for Schumann never gave vent to animal spirits as did Beethoven, whose whole eighth symphony is a brusque scherzo. Even in the scherzo of this Rhenish symphony, there is a little of Eusebius (as Schumann called the dreamy side of the nature) present, and the last movement, where the glorious outdoor life of the Rhine valley is depicted, is full of bustle rather than of hilarity; it is the subjective Schumann bending even an objective tone-picture to his own character. The work was well read and reasonably well played; somehow Mr. Nikisch seems to enter with keener appreciation into the dual character of Schumann's works than any of our other conductors have done. No wonder then that the interest was sustained to the end, and that very few left before the last movement, although there is a contingent which would leave before the last movement, even if the programme consisted only of a Corelli two-movement sonata.

Next week we are to have "Hamlet," with the part of Hamlet omitted! The

symphonic programme is to consist of a string quartette magnified into orchestral proportions, a little of the new Mascagni opera, a few songs with piano accompaniment and a French overture. But a Tchaikowsky suite may be sufficient sop to the classicists to allow the symphonic title still to cover it. Louis C. ELSON.

MUSICAL. Gazette

The Symphony Concert.

The first concert of the eleventh season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in Music Hall, last night, was listened to by a large audience. Mr. Nikisch was cordially welcomed when he came forward to take his place at the conductor's stand. The orchestral part of the programme consisted of Beethoven's "Dedication of the House" overture, the "Good Friday Spell" from Wagner's "Parsifal," and Schumann's "Rhenish" Symphony. The work of the orchestra was not up to its best standard, and was ragged and undecided here and there; the result doubtless, of its six months freedom from discipline, and shortcomings that will, of course, disappear presently. The Wagner selection was given with much warmth of tone color, and impressiveness in vigorous contrast of effects. The Beethoven overture was read somewhat affectedly, but without rendering its monotonous tonality any more interesting. The soloist was Mme. Lillian Nordica, who sang Beethoven's "Ah, Perfidio" (the "O Hall of Song" from Wagner's "Tannhäuser"). The artist was overweighted by the Beethoven aria, which needs a larger, broader, and warmer style than she possesses. It is a work wholly unfavorable to a voice cold and metallic in quality, and she sang it in a manner both unsympathetic and unimpressive. In the Wagner song she was scarcely more successful. There was a recall after the first selection, and two recalls after the second. The programme was not especially brilliant, in fact was somewhat dull, and there was less of enthusiasm on the part of the audience than has been customary at the opening concerts of the orchestra. The selections for the next concert are: Suite, op. 55, Tchaikowsky, (first time); Prelude from "Rustic Chivalry," Mascagni (first time); Minuet and Finale, from string quartet, op. 59, No. 3, played by all the strings (first time), and Massenet's overture to "Phedre." The soloist is to be Mr. W. J. Winch, who will sing the solo in the Mascagni prelude, and a group of songs with piano.

The first Symphony Concert drew an enormous audience to Music Hall last Saturday night. A warm greeting was awarded to both Mr. Nikisch and Mme. Nordica. Nordica looked like a picture in beautiful white brocaded satin, with an Elizabethan ruff, and magnificent diamonds. Among the audience were noticed Mr. and Mrs. Barthold Schlesinger, Miss Schlesinger, Dr. and Mrs. Frank Watson, Mr. Frank Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Lang, Miss Lang, Mr. J. S. Dwight, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Winch, Mr. Arthur Foote, Mrs. Mark Hollingsworth, Miss White, Mr. Hiram Tucker, Mr. J. Edward Priest, Mr. A. H. Pickering, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Rogers, Dr. George Monks, Mr. I. M. Gaugengigl, Mrs. W. F. Apthorp, Mrs. Phoebe Jenks, Mr. and Mrs. Elliot Hubbard, Miss Stackpole, Dr. Donald White, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Bradlee, Mrs. Flake Warren, Mrs. Samuel D. Warren, Dr. and Mrs. Olla, and Mrs. Julius Elchberg.

The opening Symphony concert of the winter at Music Hall last week Saturday night, brought out the regular patrons in goodly numbers, who, most of them, occupied seats in the same old locality which they have favored since the first season. The little musical group, smaller, in numbers, however, owing to the absence of several of that set in Europe, occupied seats in the right-hand balcony, near the stage, Mr. and Mrs. Lang, Mr. and Mrs. Apthorp, Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Tucker, Mrs. Gardner and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Foote being of the number, while in the opposite balcony the corresponding seats were filled by Mr. S. B. Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. George L. Osgood, Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Allen, Miss Gertrude Edmunds, Mr. Bernard Listemann, Mr. Percival Gassett and other equally well-known musical people. On the floor of the hall, in their accustomed seats, were Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Higginson, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Codman, Mme. Agassiz, Dr. and Mrs. F. S. Watson, Mr. and Mrs. Barthold Schlesinger and daughters, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Morse, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Parker, Mrs. Templeman Coolidge, with her uncle, Dr. Sturgis Bigelow; Miss Lowell, Mr. and Mrs. Edward R. Andrews, Mr. Frank Jackson, Mr. Gaugengigl, Mr. A. H. Pickering, Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Cummings, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hecht, Mr. Arthur Austin, Miss Austin and Mr. Jules Jordan, the tenor, who came up from Providence. Mme. Nordica looked every inch a queen in a heavy cream-white brocade, with an openwork Elizabethan collar sewn with pearls. Her fine diamonds glistened from hair, throat and corsage. Her reception was most flattering, as it was Monday night also at the Star course.

THEATRES AND CONCERTS.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The first symphony concert of the season was given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, the programme being:

Beethoven: Overture, "Zur Weihe des Hauses," Op. 124.
Beethoven: Scena and Aria, "Ahl perfido," Op. 65.
Wagner: Good Friday Spell from "Parsifal."
Wagner: "Sei mir gegrüsst, du liebe Halle," from "Tannhäuser."
Schumann: Symphony No. 3, in E-flat (Rhenish), Op. 97.
Mme. Lillian Nordica was the singer.

Since 1822 Beethoven's "Weihe des Hauses" overture has served to open a good many things besides the Josephstädter Theater, for which it was written; it has ushered in not a few musical seasons, as it did on Saturday evening. Now and then some people complain a little of this time-honored custom—for to begin a course of concerts with the "Weihe des Hauses" may almost be called a custom—but it is hard to see any reasonable ground for complaint. It is a noble overture, one that does not pall upon the musical palate by repeated hearing every twelvemonth or so. The stately opening, *Maestoso e sostenuto*, has all the solemn pomp of an "inaugural address" (and a good deal more stuff in it than most addresses of the sort), while the contrapuntal style of the *Allegro con brio*, with its quasi-Handelian theme, makes the movement a sort of musical expression of that "*Res severa est verum gaudium*" which stands written on the walls of the Gewandhaus concert room in Leipzig—a most excellent motto for symphony concert-goers to bear in mind. But it seems as if some people kicked against a custom simply because of its being a custom. Few listeners last Saturday evening, however, can have got anything but pleasure from the really superb performance of this overture. Our orchestra has seldom done a finer piece of playing.

After hearing Wagner's "Good Friday Spell" in its proper place in "Parsifal"—whether at the Bayreuth theatre or in concertrooms elsewhere matters little—one likes less and less to hear it given separately, as a "number" on a symphony programme. We can hardly recall anything else in music the true character of which is so totally changed by being given out of its natural surroundings. Berlioz used to say that, whenever he gave the whole of his own "Harold" symphony, the Pilgrims' March was pretty sure of an encore; but that when he gave the March alone, it hardly ever got a hand. The "Good Friday Spell" is even a stronger example of the same principle; for some reason not easily to be explained, it loses all its calm, pastoral character when given separately. The performance, too, on Saturday evening, although good in the main, still left something to be desired in point of delicacy and repose, especially in the wind instruments.

The noble Schumann Symphony, on the other hand, went grandly. The "Cathedral" movement was even more than commonly impressive. We own to liking the first movement to

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Mr. Nikisch was greeted with enthusiastic applause as he stepped up to the conductor's desk at the beginning of the concert.

The next programme is: Tchaikowsky, suite, Op. 55; Mascagni, prelude to "Cavalleria Rusticana;" Beethoven, minuet and finale from string quartet in C, Op. 59, No. 3; Songs with pianoforte; Massenet, overture to "Phedre." Mr. William J. Winch will be the singer.

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symphonic programme is to consist of a string quartette magnified into orchestral proportions, a little of the new Mascagni opera, a few songs with piano accompaniment and a French overture. But a Tschalkowsky suite may be sufficient sop to the classicists to allow the symphonic title still to cover it. LOUIS C. ELSON.

MUSICAL. *Gazette*

The Symphony Concert.

The first concert of the eleventh season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in Music Hall, last night, was listened to by a large audience. Mr. Nikisch was cordially welcomed when he came forward to take his place at the conductor's stand. The orchestral part of the programme consisted of Beethoven's "Dedication of the House" overture, the "Good Friday Spell" from Wagner's "Parsifal," and Schumann's "Rhenish" Symphony. The work of the orchestra was not up to its best standard, and was ragged and undecided here and there; the result doubtless, of its six months freedom from discipline, and shortcomings that will, of course, disappear presently. The Wagner selection was given with much warmth of tone color, and impressiveness in vigorous contrast of effects. The Beethoven overture was read somewhat affectedly, but without rendering its monotonous tonality any more interesting. The soloist was Mme. Lillian Nordica, who sang Beethoven's "Ah, Perfidio" the "O Hall of Song" from Wagner's "Tannhäuser." The artist was overweighted by the Beethoven aria, which needs a larger, broader, and warmer style than she possesses. It is a work wholly unfavorable to a voice cold and metallic in quality, and she sang it in a manner both unsympathetic and unimpressive. In the Wagner song she was scarcely more successful. There was a recall after the first selection, and two recalls after the second. The programme was not especially brilliant, in fact was somewhat dull, and there was less of enthusiasm on the part of the audience than has been customary at the opening concerts of the orchestra. The selections for the next concert are: Suite, op. 55, Tschalkowsky, (first time); Prelude from "Rustic Chivalry," Mascagni (first time); Minuet and Finale, from string quartet, op. 59, No. 3, played by all the strings (first time), and Massenet's overture to "Phedre." The soloist is to be Mr. W. J. Winch, who will sing the solo in the Mascagni prelude, and a group of songs with piano.

— The first Symphony Concert drew an enormous audience to Music Hall last Saturday night. A warm greeting was awarded to both Mr. Nikisch and Mme. Nordica. Nordica looked like a picture in beautiful white brocaded satin, with an Elizabethan ruff, and magnificent diamonds. Among the audience were noticed Mr. and Mrs. Barthold Schlesinger, Miss Schlesinger, Dr. and Mrs. Frank Watson, Mr. Frank Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Lang, Miss Lang, Mr. J. S. Dwight, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Winch, Mr. Arthur Foote, Mrs. Mark Hollingsworth, Miss White, Mr. Hiram Tucker, Mr. J. Edward Priest, Mr. A. H. Pickering, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Rogers, Dr. George Monks, Mr. I. M. Gaugengigl, Mrs. W. F. Apthorp, Mrs. Phoebe Jenks, Mr. and Mrs. Elliot Hubbard, Miss Stackpole, Dr. Donald White, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Bradley, Mrs. Fiske Warren, Mrs. Samuel D. Warren, Dr. and Mrs. Oils, and Mrs. Julius Eichberg.

— The opening Symphony concert of the winter at Music Hall last week Saturday night, brought out the regular patrons in goodly numbers, who, most of them, occupied seats in the same old locality which they have favored since the first season. The little musical group, smaller, in numbers, however, owing to the absence of several of that set in Europe, occupied seats in the right-hand balcony, near the stage, Mr. and Mrs. Lang, Mr. and Mrs. Apthorp, Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Tucker, Mrs. Gardner and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Foote being of the number, while in the opposite balcony the corresponding seats were filled by Mr. S. B. Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. George L. Osgood, Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Allen, Miss Gertrude Edmunds, Mr. Bernard Listemann, Mr. Percival Gassett and other equally well-known musical people. On the floor of the hall, in their accustomed seats, were Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Higginson, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Codman, Mme. Agassiz, Dr. and Mrs. F. S. Watson, Mr. and Mrs. Barthold Schlesinger and daughters, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Morse, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Parker, Mrs. Templeman Coolidge, with her uncle, Dr. Sturgis Bigelow; Miss Lowell, Mr. and Mrs. Edward R. Andrews, Mr. Frank Jackson, Mr. Gaugengigl, Mr. A. H. Pickering, Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Cummings, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hecht, Mr. Arthur Austin, Miss Austin and Mr. Jules Jordan, the tenor, who came up from Providence. Mme. Nordica looked every inch a queen in a heavy cream-white brocade, with an openwork Elizabethan collar sewn with pearls. Her fine diamonds glistened from hair, throat and corsage. Her reception was most flattering, as it was Monday night also at the Star course.

THEATRES AND CONCERTS.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The first symphony concert of the season was given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, the programme being:

Beethoven: Overture, "Zur Weihe des Hauses," Op. 124.
Beethoven: Scena and Aria, "Ah! perfido," Op. 65.
Wagner: Good Friday Spell from "Parsifal."
Wagner: "Sei mir gegrüsst, du liebe Halle," from "Tannhäuser."
Schumann: Symphony No. 3, in E-flat (Rhenish), Op. 97.
Mme. Lillian Nordica was the singer.

Since 1822 Beethoven's "Weihe des Hauses" overture has served to open a good many things besides the Josephstädter Theater, for which it was written; it has ushered in not a few musical seasons, as it did on Saturday evening. Now and then some people complain a little of this time-honored custom—for to begin a course of concerts with the "Weihe des Hauses" may almost be called a custom—but it is hard to see any reasonable ground for complaint. It is a noble overture, one that does not pall upon the musical palate by repeated hearing every twelvemonth or so. The stately opening, *Maestoso e sostenuto*, has all the solemn pomp of an "inaugural address" (and a good deal more stuff in it than most addresses of the sort), while the contrapuntal style of the *Allegro con brio*, with its quasi Handel theme, makes the movement a sort of musical expression of that "*Res severa est verum gaudium*" which stands written on the walls of the Gewandhaus concert room in Leipzig—a most excellent motto for symphony concert-goers to bear in mind. But it seems as if some people kicked against a custom simply because of its being a custom. Few listeners last Saturday evening, however, can have got anything but pleasure from the really superb performance of this overture. Our orchestra has seldom done a finer piece of playing.

After hearing Wagner's "Good Friday Spell" in its proper place in "Parsifal"—whether at the Bayreuth theatre or in concert rooms elsewhere matters little—one likes less and less to hear it given separately, as a "number" on a symphony programme. We can hardly recall anything else in music the true character of which is so totally changed by being given out of its natural surroundings. Berlioz used to say that, whenever he gave the whole of his own "Harold" symphony, the Pilgrims' March was pretty sure of an encore; but that when he gave the March alone, it hardly ever got a hand. The "Good Friday Spell" is even a stronger example of the same principle; for some reason not easily to be explained, it loses all its calm, pastoral character when given separately. The performance, too, on Saturday evening, although good in the main, still left something to be desired in point of delicacy and repose, especially in the wind instruments.

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MADAME NORDICA.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

Herald

First Symphony Concert, Soloist Mme. Nordica.

"Wang," "Ship Ahoy," "Indigo" and "Cavalleria Rusticana" All to Be Heard This Week—Mme. Laura Schirmer-Mapleson's Re-entrance in "Lucia"—News, Gossip and Comment

The formal opening of the 11th season of the concerts by the Boston Symphony orchestra occurred at Music Hall last evening. The event, like similar ones in former years, showed the great popularity of the orchestra with the local public, and again the seats of the hall were filled by representatives of the highest artistic and social circles. Mr. Arthur Nikisch is again conductor, and his own personal popularity was freshly attested by the ovation with which he was greeted upon his entrance.

But few changes were noticeable in the makeup of the organization. Here and there a familiar face was missed, but the leaders of the separate parts of the band are mainly the same, and wherever changes have been made the men appear to have been well chosen. Mr. Nikisch introduced his programme by a most acceptable performance of the Beethoven overture, "Dedication of the House." The composition was well chosen to show the command which Mr. Nikisch has already gained over his forces, and its performance displayed the excellence of the orchestra to splendid advantage.

The other orchestral features of the programme were the "Good Friday Spell" and Schumann's symphony No. 8 (the Rhenish). The Wagner selection was played in much the fashion that is expected in Mr. Nikisch's reading of such selections. While not altogether satisfying, its performance showed a fine command over the players, an intelligent understanding of the composition, and many excellencies in detail, which went far to atone for the lack of sentiment and feeling demanded in a perfect interpretation of this number.

The Schumann symphony was read with splendid results throughout, and several movements were admirably interpreted and showed the work in all its beauties. Mr. Nikisch has little cause to complain of a lack of appreciation of his efforts if the applause of his audience is to be taken as a criterion. The orchestral work of the evening was certainly an evidence that the concerts of the coming season are to show no falling off in this regard. Mr. Nikisch has evidently chosen his new men with care and good judgment, and the preliminary rehearsals of the season have already moulded them to his will to such a degree that the best results may be anticipated.

The singer of the evening was Mme. Lillian Nordica, a Boston girl, who has from time to time returned from her triumphs abroad to show her friends at home the artistic progress she is making. Her present visit has

thus far proved a very fine success, and she and her friends have good reason to rejoice over the triumphs she has won at the Worcester festival and in last evening's concert. Her reception by the audience proved that she has not been forgotten in local musical circles, and the applause which followed her singing of both of her numbers was a high tribute to her vocal abilities. The Beethoven aria, "Ah, Perfido," made her first selection, and served to show the advance she has made in her art since she was last here. In her broad dramatic treatment of the recitative and in the fine expression and feeling she gave to the aria her excellencies as a singer were made very apparent. The aria from the Tannhaeuser, which made her second selection, was even more satisfying; and the fine stage presence of the singer added not a little to the impressiveness of this selection.

Mme. Nordica's voice is one of great purity; her intonations are delightfully accurate, and the breadth of style which she showed in this last aria surprised and charmed those most familiar with her former efforts. The audience rewarded her most generously, and she was repeatedly recalled to bow her acknowledgments.

The programme for next Saturday's concert is as follows: Tchaikowsky, suite, op. 55, first time in Boston. Mascagni, prelude from the opera "Cavalleria Rusticana," first time at these concerts. Beethoven, minuetto and finale (tugue) from string quartet, op. 59, No. 3, in C; played by all the strings; first time. Songs with piano, Schubert, "Der Neugierige"; Schumann, "Mondnacht"; Jensen, "Murmeln des Luftchen." Massenet, overture, "Phedre." The soloist will be Mr. William J. Winch, tenor.

Star

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Arthur Nikisch, conductor, began its eleventh season of concerts at Music Hall last evening.

The soloist of the evening was Mme. Lillian Nordica, and the programme was made up as follows: Overture, "Dedication of the House," Beethoven; aria, "Ah, Perfido," Beethoven; "Good Friday Spell," Wagner; aria from "Tannhaeuser," and the Schumann symphony, No. 3.

Despite the interest attendant upon the opening of the series in regard to the orchestra and its leader, it must be admitted by those who were present that Mme. Nordica and her selections made a most important feature of the evening's attraction.

Accepting this as a fact, it would seem to be a wise course for the managers of these concerts to supply their patrons with a larger number of soloists than in former seasons.

Mme. Nordica is well known to Boston audiences.

She has in her former visits gained a position in the favor of the Boston public that is shared by few artists. Not a little pride has been taken in her triumphs abroad by Boston music lovers, and her standing among the world's artists was heartily recognized by the applause which greeted her upon her entrance.

Queenly in stature, graceful in pose, and elegant in all that goes to make an attractive stage presence, Mme. Nordica wins an audience even before she sings.

The pleasant impression she gives is, however, not alone restricted to her personal charms. Her singing is well calculated to please the most captious critic of vocal art.

In the Beethoven aria she displayed fine taste, and gave an interpretation of the aria which called out a grand ovation for

The Wagner aria was delivered with splendid effect, and the applause which followed it and recalled the artist to bow her acknowledgments was fully justified. Mme. Nordica has seldom made a more pronounced triumph in her artistic home, and her future successes will interest all who heard her last evening.

The orchestral work of the programme gave evidence of the faithful labors of Mr. Nikisch in the preparatory rehearsals.

Some changes have occurred in the membership of his organization, but the standard has been fully maintained, and the season's concerts will unquestionably again attest his great ability as a conductor.

The Beethoven overture has seldom been better played than on this occasion. It afforded a splendid opportunity to show the value of the orchestra, and the many beauties of the composition were faithfully depicted in the reading given by Mr. Nikisch.

The "Good Friday Spell" from "Parsifal" also had a most enjoyable interpretation. Mr. Nikisch is to be commended for the admirable finish with which this number was performed.

The beautiful Rhenish symphony was made a most enjoyable ending of the programme, its several movements being given with delightful clearness and intelligence. All in all the opening concert was in keeping with the record made by Mr. Nikisch in former seasons. His programme was well chosen, a competent soloist was supplied, and the audience was not detained beyond a reasonable limit.

—The first Symphony rehearsal of the eleventh season, Friday afternoon, drew out the largest representation of the society contingent yet gathered this season and the vast audience filled almost every seat. The sale of admission tickets was stopped the day previous, causing hundreds to be turned away on Friday. The centre of attraction, after Mr. Nikisch and his orchestra were given a royal welcome, was Mme. Nordica, who sang with such splendid spirit and in such glorious voice she was recalled three times amid great enthusiasm. She looked superbly handsome in a trained Worth gown of mauve brocade, the corsage and skirt bordered with silver fringe, and a line of silver outlining the open neck and edge of the long full sleeves. It was an exquisite dress and fitted Mme. Nordica's perfect figure faultlessly. Dr. O. W. Holmes, Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Curtis, Mrs. Agassiz, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Higginson, Mr. Francis Bartlett and his daughter, Mrs. Herbert Sears, Mr. W. F. Weld—whom his friends were all glad to see out again—Mrs. Weld, Mr. C. F. Sprague and Miss Pratt, Mrs. G. B. Shattuck, Miss Elsie Perkins, Mrs. Charles Fairchild and daughters (who had seats in the balcony), Miss Thomas, Miss Lyman, Mr. Harry Wainwright, Mr. W. P. Blake, Dr. Sturgis Bigelow, Rev. Father Bodfish, Mr. John D. Williams, Col. Livermore and daughter, Mr. Edmund Dwight, Mrs. Sewell Fessenden, Miss Georgiana Putnam, Mr. Heinrichs and Mr. and Mrs. Eliot Hubbard were among the many familiar season ticket-holders in the audience.

The Boston girl sallied forth in her pride, on Friday afternoon, and the vicinity of Music Hall was full of her to overflowing. She had evidently visited the flower shops, for she was affluent in lilies, violets and roses, and her face was radiant with happiness;—not a wild, unbalanced happiness such as might dominate her New York or Chicago sister, but a measured, æsthetic and discreet happiness, intellectual in essence, and highly proper in all things. For six months had she languished and lived on the memory of the joys that had been, and having almost exhausted her store of them, like the youngster in the Lilliput Ball who licked away the stick of sugar candy with a sweet and secret flame, was prepared to renew her stock of the saccharine delight. For her, Friday had long ceased to be the unlucky day of tradition, and this especial Friday became a day of bright omen, of heart ease and soul uplifting, and of life-worth living promise; for did not her whole being thrill with rapture as she wended her way to the first of this season's symphony rehearsals? The dear creature went to renew her worship at the sacred shrine of art and to prostrate herself, inwardly, of course, at the feet of such of its disciples as had won her gentle heart. She was to gaze again on the hair that draped in a severely poetic bang over the brow of one adored minstrel; at the delicate moustache that curved gracefully over the upper lip of another; at the dreamy eyes of still another son of Apollo; at the dear white hands of still another; at the too-fascinating beard of yet another, and so on through the long list of the fondly but silently-loved favorites in the orchestra. It was a delicious Friday afternoon for her, and her tender, heart-engendered sighs floated through the hall, and produced the effect of a far-away æolian harp when kissed by a quietly respectful waft of warm summer air, as each "mashing" musician came into view. Life has many woes, and fate is not always kind; but there are moments that compensate for the harshest frowns of destiny, and this compensation was accorded Boston girlhood on this the heavenliest Friday of all the year.

On Friday evening a lady who is a superior musical critic and a constant patron of the Symphony Concerts was asked how the enterprise of this season had impressed her in its opening work. "The season begins admirably," she answered. "This afternoon the house was crowded, and the audience, for a Friday afternoon gathering, was not only appreciative but also responsive. Mr. Winch sang superbly, and the honest informality of his manner was just what is taking with such an assemblage. Those little German songs he sings as I never heard any one else, and he interprets their significance with a musical force and brilliancy that fairly dazzle his hearers. Mme. Nordica did excellent work last week, and altogether the individual and orchestral work done and to be done makes the 1891-2 series of concerts a musical treat of the highest order."

MUSIC.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The programme of the first Symphony concert of this season, given Saturday evening, was as follows:

Overture, "Dedication of the House"..... Beethoven
Aria, "Ah! Perfidio"..... Beethoven
Good Friday Spell, from "Parsifal"..... Wagner
Aria, "O! Hall of Song," from "Tannhäuser"..... Wagner
Symphony No. 3, in E flat..... Schumann

This programme was made up of familiar numbers which do not call for extended comment, nor would it be just to criticize in detail the performance. It may be said in general, that there was often a lack of precision, and in the overture and symphony the work of the wind instruments, both wood and brass, was at times unworthy of the reputation of the orchestra. Of the three selections, the Wagner excerpt was by far the most satisfactory. The symphony was played roughly from the beginning to the end. To be sure, it was the first concert, and therefore absolute precision might not, perhaps, have been expected, but the omissions and commissions exceeded the excuse. Perhaps also the changes in the personnel of the orchestra were unavoidable, but such changes are to be deplored. For no matter how experienced individually a new man may be, it will necessarily be some time before the orchestra as a whole will show improvement or even maintain the standing of the past. In orchestra as in chorus the touching of familiar elbows inspires confidence, and this confidence, the result of familiarity, is a plant of slow growth. Assurance that the men who sit in the chairs are able to do their duty is more to be desired than curiosity concerning the abilities of the unknown.

When Mrs. Nordica sang a year ago last spring in "Trovatore" in Mechanics' Building, her singing was worthy of high praise. When she sang bravura arias last month at the Worcester festival, what she could do was swallowed up in the endeavor to accomplish that which is forbidden her by nature. Saturday evening she was at her best in the Wagner aria, which she delivered with breadth and dignity. The Beethoven aria was outside of her limited temperament. There are many admirable qualities in her singing. Her tones are firm, her intonation is, as a rule beyond reproach; she seldom screams; and her delivery is a delight. For she sings spontaneously, as though she could not check her song. It is singing, and not a singular phenomenon of jugulation, in which the neck is swollen and the face is red. On the other hand, the voice is hard and unsympathetic; and when she feigns emotion, the deception is apparent. Her coldness is not the coldness of indifference; it is rather the absence of temperament. When she essays bravura the result is disappointing, for her voice lends itself ungraciously to brilliant passages. Yet in measures of majestic declamation there is a brilliancy, but it is the brilliancy of ice. A superb woman, who in purely heroic roles can command respect and admiration; a woman who is limited in her art not by lack of advantages or opportunities, but by the confines of her own nature. As though she blew sonorous tones through an impassive, unresponsive instrument.

Mrs. Nordica was recalled after the first aria and very heartily applauded after the air of Elizabeth, when she was twice recalled. Mr. Nikisch was also warmly welcomed when he appeared upon the stage.

The programme of the concert to be given Saturday evening, Oct. 18, is as follows: Tchaikowsky's Suite, op. 55; Mascagni's Prelude and Sicilienne from "Cavalleria Rusticana;" Beethoven's Minuetto and Finale, from String Quartette, op. 59, No. 3 in C (played by all the strings), and Massenet's Overture "Phedre." Mr. William J. Winch will sing the Sicilienne in the Mascagni Prelude and songs by Schubert, Schumann and Jensen. PHILIP HALE.

The fashionable Bostonians pay no regard to weather, other conditions, and even the arrangements of the calendar, but have their own landmarks by which they regulate the evolutions of the season.

"The Season" proper, for instance, nobody but an absolute dunce would count as commencing on any other date but from the date of the Symphonies.

The evening that ushers in the concerts at Music Hall is a signal for the great people of Boston to fall into line, trim their plumes and rush for the festivities and gayeties which distinguish "the season" from winter, summer, autumn or spring. The first night of the symphony concerts presents a most edifying spectacle at Music Hall.

Looking down, scarcely a seat could be seen empty, while one could easily pick out amongst the assembly faces and figures renowned for beauty, wisdom or other blessings! They all sit there, apparently, absorbed in listening to the beautiful strains of music which come pouring forth in majestic harmony, and which seem to swell their breasts with a well-consciousness of their own merits and their own position!

The leader of the orchestra, Herr Nikisch, on the contrary, seems to be quite differently occupied. Himself the observed of all observers he stands up, raises his baton, and while apparently "nothing noting, notes it all!" He only listens to the sounds, he only matches the motion, he only follows the theme, and all this apparently without the least consciousness of effort or strain.

Herr Nikisch is slightly stiff in acknowledging the shower of applause which falls upon him. His small figure does not permit him to make a graceful bow, and he seems to receive the enthusiasm which his leadership excites with a serious, almost solemn, acknowledgment, as if to say, "Well, then, since you will have it, thanks! (danke, sehr!)"

BUD BRIER.

—The story of the Boston Symphony concert people has caused ripples of laughter all over the country. J. W. VINCH.

ed is a Steinway.

the singer.

The Wagner aria was delivered with splendid effect, and the applause which followed it and recalled the artist to bow her acknowledgments was fully justified. Mme. Nordica has seldom made a more pronounced triumph in her artistic home, and her future successes will interest all who heard her last evening.

The orchestral work of the programme gave evidence of the faithful labors of Mr. Nikisch in the preparatory rehearsals.

Some changes have occurred in the membership of his organization, but the standard has been fully maintained, and the season's concerts will unquestionably again attest his great ability as a conductor.

The Beethoven overture has seldom been better played than on this occasion. It afforded a splendid opportunity to show the value of the orchestra, and the many beauties of the composition were faithfully depicted in the reading given by Mr. Nikisch.

The Good Friday Spell from "Parsifal" also had a most enjoyable interpretation. Mr. Nikisch is to be commended for the admirable finish with which this number was performed.

The beautiful Rhenish symphony was made a most enjoyable ending of the programme, its several movements being given with delightful clearness and intelligence. All in all the opening concert was in keeping with the record made by Mr. Nikisch in former seasons. His programme was well chosen, a competent soloist was supplied, and the audience was not detained beyond a reasonable limit.

—The first Symphony rehearsal of the eleventh season, Friday afternoon, drew out the largest representation of the society contingent yet gathered this season and the vast audience filled almost every seat. The sale of admission tickets was stopped the day previous, causing hundreds to be turned away on Friday. The centre of attraction, after Mr. Nikisch and his orchestra were given a roval welcome, was Mme. Nordica, who sang with such splendid spirit and in such glorious voice she was recalled three times amid great enthusiasm. She looked superbly handsome in a trained Worth gown of mauve brocade, the corsage and skirt bordered with silver fringe, and a line of silver outlining the open neck and edge of the long full sleeves. It was an exquisite dress and fitted Mme. Nordica's perfect figure faultlessly. Dr. O. W. Holmes, Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Curtis, Mrs. Agassiz, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Higginson, Mr. Francis Bartlett and his daughter, Mrs. Herbert Sears, Mr. W. F. Weld—whom his friends were all glad to see out again—Mrs. Weld, Mr. C. F. Sprague and Miss Pratt, Mrs. G. B. Shattuck, Miss Elsie Perkins, Mrs. Charles Fairchild and daughters (who had seats in the balcony), Miss Thomas, Miss Lyman, Mr. Harry Wainwright, Mr. W. P. Blake, Dr. Sturgis Bigelow, Rev. Father Bodfish, Mr. John D. Williams, Col. Livermore and daughter, Mr. Edmund Dwight, Mrs. Sewell Fessenden, Miss Georgiana Putnam, Mr. Heinrichs and Mr. and Mrs. Eliot Hubbard were among the many familiar season ticket-holders in the audience.

The Boston girl sallied forth in her pride, on Friday afternoon, and the vicinity of Music Hall was full of her to overflowing. She had evidently visited the flower shops, for she was affluent in lilies, violets and roses, and her face was radiant with happiness;—not a wild, unbalanced happiness such as might dominate her New York or Chicago sister, but a measured, æsthetic and discreet happiness, intellectual in essence, and highly proper in all things. For six months had she languished and lived on the memory of the joys that had been, and having almost exhausted her store of them, like the youngster in the Lilliput Ball who licked away the stick of sugar candy with a sweet and secret flame, was prepared to renew her stock of the saccharine delight. For her, Friday had long ceased to be the unlucky day of tradition, and this especial Friday became a day of bright omen, of heart ease and soul uplifting, and of life-worth living promise; for did not her whole being thrill with rapture as she wended her way to the first of this season's symphony rehearsals? The dear creature went to renew her worship at the sacred shrine of art and to prostrate herself, inwardly, of course, at the feet of such of its disciples as had won her gentle heart. She was to gaze again on the hair that draped in a severely poetic bang over the brow of one adored minstrel; at the delicate moustache that curved gracefully over the upper lip of another; at the dreamy eyes of still another son of Apollo; at the dear white hands of still another; at the too-fascinating beard of yet another, and so on through the long list of the fondly but silently-loved favorites in the orchestra. It was a delicious Friday afternoon for her, and her tender, heart-engendered sighs floated through the hall, and produced the effect of a far-away æolian harp when kissed by a quietly respectful waft of warm summer air, as each "mashing" musician came into view. Life has many woes, and fate is not always kind; but there are moments that compensate for the harshest frowns of destiny, and this compensation was accorded Boston girlhood on this the heavenliest Friday of all the year.

On Friday evening a lady who is a superior musical critic and a constant patron of the Symphony Concerts was asked how the enterprise of this season had impressed her in its opening work. "The season begins admirably," she answered. "This afternoon the house was crowded, and the audience, for a Friday afternoon gathering, was not only appreciative but also responsive. Mr. Winch sang superbly, and the honest informality of his manner was just what is taking with such an assemblage. Those little German songs he sings as I never heard any one else, and he interprets their significance with a musical force and brilliancy that fairly dazzle his hearers. Mme. Nordica did excellent work last week, and altogether the individual and orchestral work done and to be done makes the 1891-2 series of concerts a musical treat of the highest order."

MUSIC.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The programme of the first Symphony concert of this season, given Saturday evening, was as follows:

Overture, "Dedication of the House" Beethoven
Aria, "Ah Perfido" Beethoven
Good Friday Spell, from "Parsifal" Wagner
Aria, "O Hall of Song," from "Tannhauser" Wagner
Symphony No. 3, in E flat Schumann

This programme was made up of familiar numbers which do not call for extended comment, nor would it be just to criticise in detail the performance. It may be said in general, that there was often a lack of precision, and in the overture and symphony the work of the wind instruments, both wood and brass, was at times unworthy of the reputation of the orchestra. Of the three selections, the Wagner excerpt was by far the most satisfactory. The symphony was played roughly from the beginning to the end. To be sure, it was the first concert, and therefore absolute precision might not, perhaps, have been expected, but the omissions and commissions exceeded the excuse. Perhaps also the changes in the personnel of the orchestra were unavoidable, but such changes are to be deplored. For no matter how experienced individually a new man may be, it will necessarily be some time before the orchestra as a whole will show improvement or even maintain the standing of the past. In orchestra as in chorus the touching of familiar elbows inspires confidence, and this confidence, the result of familiarity, is a plant of slow growth. Assurance that the men who sit in the chairs are able to do their duty is more to be desired than curiosity concerning the abilities of the unknown.

When Mrs. Nordica sang a year ago last spring in "Trovatore" in Mechanics' Building, her singing was worthy of high praise. When she sang bravura arias last month at the Worcester festival, what she could do was swallowed up in the endeavor to accomplish that which is forbidden her by nature. Saturday evening she was at her best in the Wagner aria, which she delivered with breadth and dignity. The Beethoven aria was outside of her limited temperament. There are many admirable qualities in her singing. Her tones are firm, her intonation is, as a rule, beyond reproach; she seldom screams; and her delivery is a delight. For she sings spontaneously, as though she could not check her song. It is singing, and not a singular phenomenon of jugulation, in which the neck is swollen and the face is red. On the other hand, the voice is hard and unsympathetic; and when she feigns emotion, the deception is apparent. Her coldness is not the coldness of indifference; it is rather the absence of temperament. When she essays bravura the result is disappointing, for her voice lends itself ungraciously to brilliant passages. Yet in measures of majestic declamation there is a brilliancy, but it is the brilliancy of ice. A superb woman, who in purely heroic roles can command respect and admiration; a woman who is limited in her art not by lack of advantages or opportunities, but by the confines of her own nature. As though she blew sonorous tones through an impassive, unresponsive instrument.

Mrs. Nordica was recalled after the first aria and very heartily applauded after the air of Elizabeth, when she was twice recalled. Mr. Nikisch was also warmly welcomed when he appeared upon the stage.

The programme of the concert to be given Saturday evening, Oct. 18, is as follows: Tchaikowsky's Suite, op. 55; Mascagni's Prelude and Sicilienne from "Cavalleria Rusticana;" Beethoven's Minuetto and Finale, from String Quartette, op. 59, No. 3 in C (played by all the strings), and Massenet's Overture "Phedre." Mr. William J. Winch will sing the Sicilienne in the Mascagni Prelude and songs by Schubert, Schumann and Jensen.

The fashionable Bostonians pay no regard to weather, other conditions, and even the arrangements of the calendar, but have their own landmarks by which they regulate the evolutions of the season.

"The Season" proper, for instance, nobody but an absolute dunce would count as commencing on any other date but from the date of the Symphonies.

The evening that ushers in the concerts at Music Hall is a signal for the great people of Boston to fall into line, trim their plumes and rush for the festivities and gayeties which distinguish "the season" from winter, summer, autumn or spring. The first night of the symphony concerts presents a most edifying spectacle at Music Hall.

Looking down, scarcely a seat could be seen empty, while one could easily pick out amongst the assembly faces and figures renowned for beauty, wisdom or other blessings! They all sit there, apparently, absorbed in listening to the beautiful strains of music which come pouring forth in majestic harmony, and which seem to swell their breasts with a well-consciousness of their own merits and their own position!

The leader of the orchestra, Herr Nikisch, on the contrary, seems to be quite differently occupied. Himself the observed of all observers he stands up, raises his baton, and while apparently "nothing noting, notes it all!" He only listens to the sounds, he only matches the motion, he only follows the theme, and all this apparently without the least consciousness of effort or strain.

Herr Nikisch is slightly stiff in acknowledging the shower of applause which falls upon him. His small figure does not permit him to make a graceful bow, and he seems to receive the enthusiasm which his leadership excites with a serious, almost solemn, acknowledgment, as if to say, "Well, then, since you will have it, thanks! (danke, seher!)"

BUD BRIER.

—The story of the Boston Symphony concert pool has caused ripples of laughter all over the country.

W. J. WINCH.

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FIRST SYMPHONY CONCERT.

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THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

THEIR EDUCATIONAL VALUE—MR. NIKISCH
AND MR. GERICKE.

The announcement of the sale of tickets for the coming course of Symphony concerts is a forcible reminder that summer is over and that the musical season is close at hand. A year ago Boston was in a state of high excitement over the expected advent of the new conductor, who was to take the baton laid down by Mr. Gericke and lead our splendid orchestra to heights that had never before been attained by them under his predecessor. Under Mr. Nikisch the patrons of the concerts were to be favored with model programmes, and with an originality and breadth of conception of the works of the masters as had previously been unknown in our city. Of one thing in particular they were fully assured: there could be no doubt but that he would accomplish one feat that Mr. Gericke had at least been exceedingly chary of performing—that of “letting out the brass.” In fact there were all sorts of rumors and statements in circulation, many of which in the course of the winter were proved to have been absurd; and in all likelihood no one, if he could have realized the nature of the expectations thus aroused, would have regretted it more sincerely than Mr. Nikisch. The result of all this fever of anticipation was an unheard-of demand for tickets, and phenomenal prices at the auction sales. As to the concerts, the balance was so unevenly maintained between the fulfillment of these expectations and many unlooked for disappointments as to give rise to more confident assertion than ever before by some people, who, although deeply interested in the musical welfare of Boston, have always seemed to regard them with suspicion—that at last it had seen their best days. It is to show why this is quite improbable, and to recall to the minds of would-be patrons of the coming season its true purpose, that this article is written.

Any thoughtful person who hears for the first time of the scheme of the Boston Symphony Concerts can hardly fail to come to the conclusion that their mission must be, of necessity, purely educational. A few such concerts, given during a winter, may not improperly be regarded in the light of refined entertainment. But a course of twenty-four, given weekly, must soon cease to become entertaining, in the accepted sense of the term, and take on instead the form of a regular course of musical instruction. No persons, however indifferent or unmusical, can attend such a series constantly, without finding themselves involuntarily trying with more and more earnestness to comprehend what is going on. In addition, their ears gradually become so thoroughly accustomed to music and performances of the highest class, that inferior music and inadequate

performances will soon grow to a large degree intolerable to them.

It is evident that the importance of the relation of the present to the coming generation is not to be overlooked in music any more than in other departments of education. All teachers of this art know the disadvantages they labor under, when they have to deal with the musical children of unmusical parents; and as this condition of things is nowadays more prevalent than otherwise, it can readily be seen that any institution that tends to remedy it, is, if for no other reason, worthy of the highest praise and sincerest support.

However the Symphony concerts may have been regarded at the outset, there can be no reasonable doubt that their present prosperity is really due to their value as a means of education, rather than to their power of creating momentary pleasure. They are eagerly anticipated by a very large number of cultivated people of Boston and vicinity, who will in all probability continue to take a deep interest in them as long as their present high standard is maintained.

Even in the event of their becoming no longer fashionable, it is impossible to believe that the places made vacant by followers of the fickle goddess would not be quickly filled. There might result to the management a loss in premiums, but it is fair to presume that such a loss would not produce any change in their character or quality; for Mr. Higginson, when he established them, could not possibly have foreseen the course they have since taken, and consequently could not have counted on the great help the premiums have been in keeping down the yearly deficit.

With respect to Mr. Nikisch and his success and lack of it last winter, it seems clear now that he was placed at as great a disadvantage as Mr. Gericke was during the first part of his engagement: that is, he was as much over-rated as his predecessor was under-rated. Mr. Gericke had everything to do when he took the leadership, for the reason that the first three years of the existence of the orchestra were purely experimental. A man of ideas and faithful to a high ideal, he had to make it clear that a thorough reorganization was necessary before that which he deemed worthy of the institution and himself could be accomplished. This done, he proceeded on his way toward his chosen goal with as much loyalty and forgetfulness of self as it is given most men to show.

It is easy to recall the results of his faithfulness; how, year after year he labored, until his efforts were finally crowned with the tremendous success of his last two seasons; how the fame of his band spread abroad until the demand for tickets became unprecedented. Every one felt that he was doing magnificent work. And yet, the love of change is so inborn with most people, that, notwithstanding

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this evident appreciation, the eagerness with which the glowing accounts of Mr. Nikisch were received was sure proof that he had not been estimated at his true worth.

It has been said of Mr Gericke that he was a great drill-master, but not a great interpreter. There is, without doubt, plenty of truth in the first assertion, and plenty of room for argument over the last. One thing however is certain: the value of his work as a whole, and his influence on the thousands that listened to his splendid examples of ensemble playing and artistic and conservative readings of the masters cannot be over-estimated.

The noble manner in which Mr. Gericke performed his part can as plainly be seen now as can the failure of Mr. Nikisch to justify wholly the expectations that were aroused concerning him. But if the latter's conceptions, and lack of care in maintaining the technical excellence of the orchestra were subject to much adverse comment, so also were the former's first efforts. It is said that Mr. Nikisch is sensitive to criticism. However that may be, the performances under his direction present at this time a curious spectacle of ups and downs. For some time there was a steady falling off in accuracy and finish; and the audiences were treated to certain interpretations, which could at the time only be accounted for when his former intimate connection with the opera at Leipsic was taken into consideration.

But we have now a dim suspicion that other things may have influenced him strongly. Mr. Nikisch, although extremely talented, is also extremely young for the position he holds. It seems improbable that he could have fully realized before he came here the nature of the institution of which he was to be the autocratic leader. Being a man of boundless imagination and ambition, when he discovered the true state of affairs—this mine of wealth as it were, which was placed at his disposal, what could be more natural than that he should have desired to work it for his own benefit? In other words, his audiences were most likely the victims of not a few experiments on his part. Perhaps, too, he labored under the impression that nothing short of loud and sensational readings would suit us Americans.

Whether these suppositions are correct or not, before the end of the season a marked improvement in the performances was noticeable, which seemed at least to indicate that he was getting more thoroughly accustomed to the atmosphere of the concert room than he had been in Leipsic.

That Mr. Nikisch possesses rare talent is unquestionable. And it will be to his friends, whose number already is legion, the saddest of surprises if, having sown his wild oats last year, he does not proceed to put the orchestra and their performances on the high plane that he was expected

to do at the very commencement of his first season. There can be scarcely a doubt but that he will accomplish all this, and that the end of his term will find him indissolubly identified with another step in the progress of music in Boston.

T. P. CURRIER.

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Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1891-92.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. ARTHUR NIKISCH, Conductor.

II. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, AT 8, P. M.

PROGRAMME.

TSCHAIKOWSKY.

SUITE, op. 55.

Elegie.—Valse melancholique.—Scherzo.—

Tema con Variazioni.

(First time in Boston.)

MASCAGNI.

PRELUDE from the Opera "Cavalleria Rusticana."

(First time at these Concerts.)

BEETHOVEN.

MENUETTO AND FINALE. (Fugue), from String Quartette, op. 59, No. 3, in C.

(Played by all the Strings.)

(First time.)

SONGS with PIANO.

a) SCHUBERT.

"DER NEUGIERIGE."

b) SCHUMANN.

"MONDNACHT."

c) JENSEN.

"MURMELNDES LUFTCHEN."

MASSNET.

OVERTURE. "Phedre."

SOLOIST:

MR. WILLIAM J. WINCH.

The Piano used is a Steinway.

THEATRES AND CONCERTS.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the second concert was:

Tschaikowsky: Suite No. 3, op. 55.
 Mascagni: Prelude to "Cavalleria Rusticana."
 Beethoven: Menuetto and Finale from quartet in C,
 op. 59, No. 3.
 Songs with Pianoforte:
 Schubert—"Der Neugierige."
 Schumann—"Mondnacht."
 Jensen—"Murmeldes Lüftchen."
 Massenet: Overture to "Phèdre."
 Mr. William J. Winch was the singer.

The Tschaikowsky suite, which is one of the composer's prime favorites, shows him in a more genial mood than many of his compositions do that have been heard here before. It is a work which he has conducted in almost every city in Europe in which he has held a bâton, and one wonders rather that no one has ever played the trick on him that a wag once played on Goldmark, who was much surprised one evening to find himself registered at his hotel as "Carl Goldmark and suite." This work of Tschaikowsky's is not always of the deepest seriousness, for which one is not unthankful, for when Tschaikowsky takes it into his head to be very serious indeed, he often becomes terribly grim, and carries his theme through its development with an inexorableness of musical logic and a disregard for so trivial a thing as euphony that are really appalling. But here one finds little of this musical ferocity. To be sure, in the second movement, Valse mélancolique, he now and then has a moment of black gloom such as no one but a Russian can be afflicted with; but the suite is for the most part genially musical, often exceedingly brilliant, and only at rare intervals tainted with triviality. The last movement, *alla Polacca*, of the variations comes rather ticklishly near to the general spirit of a Meyerbeer Fackeltanz, but its brilliancy is unquestionable. The Scherzo is a gem in its way. The orchestration is masterly throughout. The orchestra played the work magnificently, the strings doing wonders of prowess in one of the variations—far better worth doing than a Paganini "*Perpetuum mobile*" for all the violins!

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THEATRES AND CONCERTS.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the second concert was:

Tschaikowsky: Suite No. 3, op. 55.
Mascagni: Prelude to "Cavalleria Rusticana."
Beethoven: Menuetto and Finale from quartet in C, op. 59, No. 3.
Songs with Pianoforte:
Schubert—"Der Neugierige."
Schumann—"Mondnacht."
Jensen—"Murmeldes Lüftchen."
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The finale afforded a fine opportunity for the different parts of the orchestra to do some excellent work in elaborating the melodious theme in its ingenious variations. Mr. Kneisel was heard with great pleasure in his violin solo, with the soft, full orchestra accompaniment, as were also the trio for flutes and the English horn. Beethoven's Minuetto and Finale by the strings proved to be the least satisfactory work of the evening, although much enjoyment was looked for in this number.

The "Phedre" overture by Massenet dwelt upon the tragic side of the story almost wholly, and made a grand dramatic ending of the evening's performance. In the cluster of songs by Schubert, Schumann and Jensen, with Mr. Nikisch presiding at the piano, Mr. Winch was heard to the greatest satisfaction. His fine phrasing, the light and shade in facial expression, the clearness of enunciation and purity and sweetness of his tones were truly worthy of his best work.

The programme for next Saturday night promises to be more classical, although some doubt may arise as to its being more universally enjoyed. The new cello player, Mr. Alwin Schroeder, will be the soloist, and the suite op. 42, by E. A. McDowell, the cello concerto, in A minor, by Volkman, and Brahms' fourth symphony will complete the programme.

SYMPHONY AND SONG.

Tschaikowsky Harmonies and Mascagni Melodies.

The second of the Symphony concerts, given in Music Hall last evening, was enjoyed by an assemblage no less notable than the gathering which welcomed the beginning of the series a week previous.

Conductor Nikisch's programme included the first performances by his band of a suite by Tschaikowsky, selections from a Beethoven string quartet and the prelude from "Cavalleria Rusticana."

Portions of the suite and the prelude in its entirety proved delicious treats to the audience, and won at both afternoon rehearsal and evening concert uncommon demonstrations of approval.

Tschaikowsky's name has frequently occupied a place of prominence on symphony programmes, and the hearing of his suite, op. 55, certainly strengthened the regard and admiration already felt for this master's spirited style of scoring and grand command of harmonic effects.

The suite consists of four movements, elegie, valse melancholique, scherzo and finale, the latter 12 variations on an exquisite theme.

The first two movements, although marked by strength and originality, are not particularly noteworthy, as compared with the striking beauties of the scherzo and the variations. The scherzo is brilliant and dashing in style, and is scored for full orchestra, with triangle, drum and tambourine added.

The theme is introduced by the first violins and is then successively treated by nearly all the instruments with astonishing variety and brilliancy of effect.

Perhaps the most pleasing of all was the trio for flutes, violins and strings.

It was with genuine delight that the audience listened to the "Cavalleria" prelude.

Although previous performances by other orchestras had won admiration for the work, not before had opportunities been afforded for full appreciation of its beauties.

Mascagni's opera has already been considered at such length that it is unnecessary to now comment upon its wealth of melodic effects originality and grandeur of orchestration.

The prelude includes many of the principal themes of the opera and the tenor's serenade, sung with harp accompaniment, before the curtain raises. Mr. William J. Winch was the soloist, and he was twice recalled to share honors with the orchestra.

Mr. Winch also contributed three songs, with piano accompaniment by Mr. Nikisch. "Der Neugeborene," by Schubert, "Mondnacht," by Schumann, and "Murmured Luftchen," by Jensen, were his selections, and each was sung with the refined taste, purity of tone and correctness of technique always prominent in this admirable artist's vocal work. The sweet and delicate melody of the Jensen number was especially enjoyable.

The minuetto and finale from Beethoven's string quartet, op. 59, no. 3, in C made a very good impression for a first hearing, but it belongs to a class of music which gains appreciation from the student rather than the average auditor, at least when presented as a novelty. It was splendidly played by the orchestra.

Massenet's familiar "Phedre" overture brought the enjoyable concert to an end.

Announcements for the next concert are as follows:

E. A. MacDowell..... Suite, op. 42
(First time in Boston.)
Volkman..... Concerto for violoncello, in A minor
Brahms..... Symphony No. 4, in E minor
Mr. Alwin Schroeder will be the soloist.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Symphony Concert.

The programme of Saturday was not of symphonic dignity, and even if one concedes the necessity of an occasional lapse from a severe standard, the arrangement of the numbers, and their performance, too, left much to be desired. Summed up in a word, the concert consisted of sugar and sensation. The symphonic cloak was thrown over the proceedings by Tschaikowsky's Suite which has almost as good a claim to symphonic title as Goldmark's "Rustic Wedding Symphony," although the proper sonata form with development is lacking.

The work reminded of Goldmark in more ways than one, for it had often the sensuous languor which characterizes the works of the Viennese composer, and the same richness of orchestration that can be found in the "Queen of Sheba," a richness that is at times oppressive. The English horn is made much of in the first two movements, and this instrument, so well adapted to express a profound melancholy, certainly did it in the "Valse Melancholique" which was sad, even to the Mrs. Gummidge point of lachrymation, but the instrument was excellently played and certainly is not to be blamed for the dreariness of the tale of woe which the composer desired to ventilate. The scherzo is piquant enough to make amends, the combination of the woodwind instruments with the characteristic pizzicati of the contrabasses being good (although the syncopations were not very clearly caught up) and the pianissimo effects of trumpets and drum giving an unexpected contrast to the chief theme.

But the best part of the work, on a first hearing, seemed to be the variations of the close. Ever since Beethoven ended his heroic symphony in this form, the composers who sought a fitting climax to their large instrumental forms, have found it in "Theme and Variations," and next Saturday we shall find a great symphony (Brahms' E minor) reaching its close in the same manner. And Tschaikowsky is particularly successful in this form, for his themes are always interesting and melodious, and his modes of treatment, from the contrapuntal down to the simplest homophonic, are musicianly and effective. Such variations are interesting also, from the fact that they pass the different departments of the orchestra in review, so that one can judge of it in detail. The English horn and the solo violin (Mr. Kneisel) had fine opportunities in this part of the suite, and they made the most of them. The woodwind instruments were not above reproach, nor were the strings remarkable for good ensemble, although they played with abundant spirit. The same hearty energy was present in the entire orchestra in the highly-spiced ending, but one may whisper it, even in Gath, that there is sometimes more dash than elegance in the execution at present.

The prelude to "Cavalleria Rusticana" has been sufficiently reviewed of recent days, and I may pass it by with the statement that, spite of the broad reading and fiery performance, the work smacks too much of the theatre to be admitted into the

highest order of concert programmes. The singing of Mr. Winch in this deserves commendation, for the number is quite outside of his usual vein, yet he gave it a breadth and passion that proved him more versatile than he generally receives credit for being. As for his later solos, with piano accompaniment, they would have suited better to Chickering or Steinert Hall than to this place and programme. Schumann's "Mondnacht" went altogether too languishingly, as if the moonlight were mingled with syrup, but at least all this languor and sentimentality were thoroughly in place in that tenderest of musical sugar plums. Jensen's "Murmuring Breeze," which, along with Dvorak's "Als die alte Mutter," belongs to the singer by right, because of the excellence of his legato and falsetto.

To give part of a Beethoven string quartet (op. 59, No. 3) in a magnified state as work for string orchestra was not in good taste. If it was intended to show the perfection of the strings in difficult work, it failed of its purpose, for the deeper parts were out of all proportion to the violins, and the attacks and shading were not of highest excellence. Some of Beethoven's piano works might better be elaborated into orchestral compositions; to work the great sonata (the largest ever written, and absolutely a piano symphony), op. 106, into a full score, might more readily be condoned than this tampering with the composer's intention.

The concert ended with Massenet's "Phedre" overture, and here Mr. Nikisch was at his best, for he gave a most passionate reading which brought out the meaning of the work excellently. It is much to be able to read a Schumann symphony one week and follow it the next with a work of such totally different school, and do both so equally well. The orchestra, inspired by their conductor, gave the number with an abandon that was inspiring.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Symphony Concert-Soloist, William J. Winch.

"Wang" Makes a Great Success at the Globe—The "Cavalleria Rusticana" Enjoyed at the Tremont—The Kneisel Quartet Concerts—Mr. Peter-Silea's Analytical Recitals—Notes.

Mascagni and Tschaikowsky divided the honors at last evening's symphony concert, the programme including the "Cavalleria Rusticana" prelude and Tschaikowsky's suite op. 55, both novelties to the patrons of these concerts. These numbers and the "Phedre" overture as an ending made the programme approach very nearly the popular order, but the Beethoven "Minuetto and Finale" from the string quartet op. 53, No. 3 in C, saved such a catastrophe.

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Mr. William J. Winch was the soloist, and his singing of the serenade in the Mascagni prelude gained him a great ovation. He sang the number in the ante-room with Mr. Schuecker, the harpist, as accompanist, the harp part in the orchestra for this number being played by Miss Shaw. The interest awakened in the music of Mascagni in this work has become so general that the selection made a most important feature of the programme, and the orchestral score had an interpretation that revealed its beauties in the most satisfactory way. It was a source of keen delight to listen to such a performance of the now-familiar prelude, and the pleasure it gave the audience found quick and enthusiastic expression.

An equal interest was aroused by the playing of the new Tchaikowsky suite, which had its first hearing here on this occasion.

The "Elegie," which makes its first movement, does not appear to be the result of the spontaneous outpouring of the composer's mind, and the "Waltz Melancholique," which follows, is aptly named. The third movement is a "scherzo," and in this the bright, jolly, fascinating work of the composer creates the greatest enjoyment, all the clapping materials of the band being used to increase the effect of this portion of the suite. The theme, and 12 variations on the same, making the final movement, however, gives an ending to the suite which puts the unmistakable stamp of genius upon it. The possibilities of the tone colorings of the modern orchestra appear to have been well nigh exhausted in the ingenious combinations used in these variations, and the tuneful theme assumes characteristics of the most widely varied forms. In the performance of this number the excellence of the leading members of the orchestra were prominently displayed, and the solo violin playing of Mr. Kniesel, the trio for flutes and the work done by the English horn player were especially enjoyable.

Mr. Winch's songs, with the piano accompaniments of Mr. Nikisch, Schubert's "Der Neugierige," Schumann's "Mondnacht" and Jensen's "Murmelndes Luftchen" were highly artistic vocal efforts, and gained this most satisfying singer a well merited recall after he had concluded the group.

The work done by the string players in the Beethoven selection might have been better, but the ill success attending this number was well nigh forgotten in the splendid performance of the "Phedre" overture.

Next Saturday evening the soloist will be Mr. Alvin Schroeder, the new cello player, and the programme will be E. A. MacDowell's suite, op. 42, Volkmann's cello concerto in A minor and Brahms' fourth symphony.

—One missed at the concert Saturday night, and will miss more and more through the winter at all the choice musical occasions, those patrons who have always been prominent in their active interest and co-operation, but who are abroad for the season. Mrs. Bell and Mrs. Pratt, the R. M. Cushings, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Dixey, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Winsor, Mrs. Frank Higginson, Mrs. C. H. Dorr, and Mr. Theodore Chase being among the number. One misses, too, the presence of the late Charles Shimmis, who was always a faithful attendant where the best music was to be heard, and whose genial face and kindly nature will long be cherished by his friends in grateful memory.

MUSICAL. *Suite*

The Symphony Concert.

The concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Music Hall, last evening, attracted a large audience, but not so large as that of the first concert. The programme covered a wide field, and it could not justly be complained that it lacked eclecticism in style. It opened with a new Suite, op. 55, by the Russian, Tchaikowsky, and was followed by the Prelude to the opera "Cavalleria Rusticana," by the Italian Mascagni. Just here German Beethoven dropped in rather incongruously, with the minuet and finale from the string quartet, op. 59, No. 3, played by all the strings; the whole ending with the overture to "Phedre," by the Frenchman, Massenet. The new suite is a strong and interesting work, composed of four movements—an Elegie, that is not by any means elegiac, but is full of grace and freshness in its themes, and rich beauty in its harmonies and instrumentation; a Valse Melancholique, that is exceedingly melancholy, but very uninteresting; a Scherzo, grotesque and weird, and abundant in queer rhythms and wild frolic, but labored and affected in style; and a Theme with variations, a noble bit of writing and by far the finest and most solid movement of the work. The instrumentation is of rare beauty through the suite, but it reaches its highest point in the finale, which, on the whole, seems to us the broadest, clearest and most masterly effort that we have yet heard by this composer. It was carefully and effectively played, as the rule, but now and then the wood wind were painfully out of tune, and in the brilliant and difficult scherzo there was much of raggedness in the playing of the orchestra generally. The suite is very long, taking three quarters of an hour in performance, a fact, perhaps, which accounted somewhat for the coldness of its reception up to the last movement, which, on the contrary, was heartily and deservedly applauded. The impressive and beautiful Mascagni Prelude was finely read and played, the performance increasing immeasurably the favor with which the composition has met here. For the first time it was heard with an adequate orchestra and efficient players, and the effect was strikingly impressive. Mr. Winch sang the tenor solo with admirable fire and sympathy. The warmest applause of the evening rewarded this work. The virtuosity of the string orchestra was interestingly illustrated by its playing of the Beethoven selection; but why turn a quartet into an orchestral work; why pervert the composer's intention and intensify the perversion by impudently luging in the contre basses, to the inevitable destruction of the original color and of the original effect generally? A quartet is one thing and a quartet is quite a different affair. Besides, there is not such a dearth of music written expressly for the orchestra as to necessitate "monkeying" with a well-proportioned masterpiece until it is bloated entirely out of shape. There is no more logical reason for swelling a Rasoumowski quartet into an orchestral work than there is for diminishing an Eroica symphony to a quartet. It is to be hoped that these concerts may not be prolific in such inartistic and useless misrepresentations of great works. Mr. Winch, in addition to his solo in the Prelude, contributed to the concert a group of songs, with piano accompaniments, which he sang at his very best, and at the end of which he received two hearty recalls. The programme for the next concert is: Suite, op. 42, E. A. MacDowell; Concerto for Violoncello, Volkmann; Symphony No. 4, in E minor, Brahms. The soloist is to be Mr. Alvin Schroeder.

—The third symphony concert brought together many familiar faces. Beautiful Mrs. C. E. Inches and pretty Mrs. Arthur Nikisch, in "smart" brown costume, were conspicuous on the floor, as were the tall and splendid looking daughters of Mr. J. Lewis Stackpole. The right balcony was, as usual, the corner to which all eyes were turned, although Mr. MacDowell was in the left balcony. Miss Marie Grelaud, looking exceedingly handsome, was in Mrs. Gardner's seat, and chatted across the aisle with Mr. Apthorp, whose wife was not present. Mrs. Arthur Foote, looking wonderfully young and piquant, appeared for the first time in her seat; and Mrs. Henry Whitman, in a buff gown and thickly veiled, was another new comer.

THE SYMPHONY.

The programme of the second rehearsal and concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra contained a fair share of novelties.

Tchaikowsky's Suite opus 55 for full orchestra was the opening number, and was performed for the first time in Boston. It is divided into four movements. The first an "Elegie," has for its theme a fresh, charming melody quietly given out by the strings, with which the wood-wind and horns are soon combined. After extended treatment of the melody, some slight contrapuntal development occurs which leads through a fine crescendo to a return of the theme, now played by the full orchestra fortissimo. Then the close draws near, a short solo on the English horn is heard, and the movement, in effect a song, ends as tranquilly as it began. Next comes a "Valse Melancholique," which begins with weird, sombre minor harmonies, rendered more striking by combinations of the low wood-wind, 'celli and double-basses. After a few measures the first theme is given out by three flutes, and mostly upon this material an extended period is built. No decided waltz rhythm is noticeable until the appearance of the middle part, which is strong in accent, and brusque in character.

The first part then returns, bringing the movement to a melancholy close. No thoughts of the waltz, as most people of Western civilization regard that diversion, are aroused by Tchaikowsky's gloomy strains; but it may be that among the oppressed natives of his own mysterious country, there are to be discovered those who find rhythmic inspiration in such mournful measures.

The scherzo brings relief with its nervous, animated rhythm in dotted notes and triplets, and its fascinating orchestration. Effective tone coloring is produced by the skilful and fanciful use of various instruments, including the trumpets, triangle, snare drum and cymbels; and though its humor is not of the lightest, the movement is in a degree enlivening, and serves to prepare the mind for the brilliant, imposing finale. This consists of a theme and twelve variations, which it is unnecessary to refer to in detail. The theme is a simple, pleasant melody; and in the variations are displayed much ingenuity of construction, effectiveness of contrast, and gorgeousness of orchestration. The flute, English horn and violin appear as solo instruments; and the final variation in polacca form, in which the full strength of the orchestra is used with splendid effect, brings the work to a stirring end. Although in the suite form, Tchaikowsky is necessarily prevented from giving full rein to the strong imagination and passionate feeling with which other works of his are deeply imbued, this opus 55 is a characteristic and worthy product of his pen; of a kind that might be expected to come from the hand of the original yet not eccentric, bold yet not reckless genius who stands today first among Russian composers. It was finely played, the work of the orchestra being far in advance of that of last week.

The remaining novelty was the prelude to Mascagni's opera, "Cavalleria Rusticana," of which it can be said that it has at last received an adequate performance in this city. Mr. Nikisch's reading was simply a stroke of genius, his tempi and nuances, and the breadth and dignity of his conception of the music leaving nothing to be desired. The orchestra also played with real enthusiasm, the quality

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of tone produced by the strings being positively thrilling. "Turridu's" serenade, which is a part of the prelude, and at the theatre is sung behind the curtain, was here sung in the ante-room by Mr. W. J. Winch, to the harp accompaniment of Mr. Schuecker, his place in the orchestra being taken by a lady. Mr. Winch rendered the passionate love song very expressively and dramatically, though the natural musical quality of his voice was somewhat impaired through the necessity of making himself heard at such a distance. The whole performance thoroughly aroused the audience and Mr. Winch was heartily recalled. Later in the evening he sang three songs, "The Inquirer," Schubert; "Moonlight," Schumann, and "Whispering Breezes," Jensen, to Mr. Nikisch's accompaniment, in a manner instinct with taste, musical feeling and artistic simplicity of style.

Following the prelude came the menuetto and fugue from Beethoven's string quartette, opus 59, in C, played by all the strings including the double basses. This number served well the apparent purpose of its introduction—to give the string players some solid practice—and the fugue was certainly very effective. The concert closed with Massenet's overture to "Phedre," a brilliant work, written in the conventional concert overture form, but on the whole rather noisy and theatrical.

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THE SYMPHONIES.

SECOND CONCERT.

The second Symphony concert (Saturday evening, Oct. 17) was quite an improvement on the first, in two respects. First, it contained some novelties which greatly pleased and interested its patrons. Second, the orchestra as a whole played better, though there is much room for further improvement. One point seems quite clear to the unprejudiced, and that is, Mr. Nikisch, so far, has not succeeded in producing a well defined, gradual crescendo or diminuendo. He jumps from fortissimo to pianissimo; there is no half way; no real, absolute, well defined gradation of tone-coloring. There is effect in sudden loud and sudden soft which Mr. Nikisch seems to fully understand, for he deals in that art to perfection; but on the score of legitimate musical expression, it is somewhat questionable. All departments of the orchestra produce a much tougher quality of tone than formerly, a fact which is absolutely true. Yes, the string department which used to be so firm in finesse is now more or less disjointed—each player seems to act on his own impulses. The material of the orchestra is unquestionably superb, there is no better in the world; but—they require firmness in discipline, without which the best material avails nothing. With such an orchestra better results can be attained.

We did not hear the first number of the Tchaikowsky suite; we have no doubt it was interesting. "Waltz Melancholique" must

Mr. William J. Winch was the soloist, and his singing of the serenade in the Mascagni prelude gained him a great ovation. He sang the number in the ante-room with Mr. Schuecker, the harpist, as accompanist, the harp part in the orchestra for this number being played by Miss Shaw. The interest awakened in the music of Mascagni in this work has become so general that the selection made a most important feature of the programme, and the orchestral score had an interpretation that revealed its beauties in the most satisfactory way. It was a source of keen delight to listen to such a performance of the now-familiar prelude, and the pleasure it gave the audience found quick and enthusiastic expression.

An equal interest was aroused by the playing of the new Tschaiakowsky suite, which had its first hearing here on this occasion.

The "Elegie," which makes its first movement, does not appear to be the result of the spontaneous outpourings of the composer's mind, and the "Waltz Melancholique," which follows, is aptly named. The third movement is a "scherzo," and in this the bright, jolly, fascinating work of the composer creates the greatest enjoyment, all the clatrap materials of the band being used to increase the effect of this portion of the suite. The theme, and 12 variations on the same, making the final movement, however, gives an ending to the suite which puts the unmistakable stamp of genius upon it. The possibilities of the tone colorings of the modern orchestra appear to have been well nigh exhausted in the ingenious combinations used in these variations, and the tuneful theme assumes characteristics of the most widely varied forms. In the performance of this number the excellence of the leading members of the orchestra were prominently displayed, and the solo violin playing of Mr. Kneisel, the trio for flutes and the work done by the English horn player were especially enjoyable.

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MUSICAL. *Society*

The Symphony Concert.

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The scherzo brings relief with its nervous, animated rhythm in dotted notes and triplets, and its fascinating orchestration. Effective tone coloring is produced by the skilful and fanciful use of various instruments, including the trumpets, triangle, snare drum and cymbals; and though its humor is not of the lightest, the movement is in a degree enlivening, and serves to prepare the mind for the brilliant, imposing finale. This consists of a theme and twelve variations, which it is unnecessary to refer to in detail. The theme is a simple, pleasant melody; and in the variations are displayed much ingenuity of construction, effectiveness of contrast, and gorgeousness of orchestration. The flute, English horn and violin appear as solo instruments; and the final variation in polacca form, in which the full strength of the orchestra is used with splendid effect, brings the work to a stirring end. Although in the suite form, Tschaiakowsky is necessarily prevented from giving full rein to the strong imagination and passionate feeling with which other works of his are deeply imbued, this opus 55 is a characteristic and worthy product of his pen; of a kind that might be expected to come from the hand of the original yet not eccentric, bold yet not reckless genius who stands today first among Russian composers. It was finely played, the work of the orchestra being far in advance of that of last week.

The remaining novelty was the prelude to Mascagni's opera, "Cavalleria Rusticana," of which it can be said that it has at last received an adequate performance in this city. Mr. Nikisch's reading was simply a stroke of genius, his tempi and nuances, and the breadth and dignity of his conception of the music leaving nothing to be desired. The orchestra also played with real enthusiasm, the quality

of tone produced by the strings being positively thrilling. "Turridu's" serenade, which is a part of the prelude, and at the theatre is sung behind the curtain, was here sung in the ante-room by Mr. W. J. Winch, to the harp accompaniment of Mr. Schuecker, his place in the orchestra being taken by a lady. Mr. Winch rendered the passionate love song very expressively and dramatically, though the natural musical quality of his voice was somewhat impaired through the necessity of making himself heard at such a distance. The whole performance thoroughly aroused the audience and Mr. Winch was heartily recalled. Later in the evening he sang three songs, "The Inquirer," Schubert; "Moonlight," Schumann, and "Whispering Breezes," Jensen, to Mr. Nikisch's accompaniment, in a manner instinct with taste, musical feeling and artistic simplicity of style.

Following the prelude came the menuetto and fugue from Beethoven's string quartette, opus 59, in C, played by all the strings including the double basses. This number served well the apparent purpose of its introduction—to give the string players some solid practice—and the fugue was certainly very effective. The concert closed with Massenet's overture to "Phedre," a brilliant work, written in the conventional concert overture form, but on the whole rather noisy and theatrical.

TOBER 25, 1891. *Times*

THE SYMPHONIES.

SECOND CONCERT.

The second Symphony concert (Saturday evening, Oct. 17) was quite an improvement on the first, in two respects. First, it contained some novelties which greatly pleased and interested its patrons. Second, the orchestra as a whole played better, though there is much room for further improvement. One point seems quite clear to the unprejudiced, and that is, Mr. Nikisch, so far, has not succeeded in producing a well defined, gradual crescendo or diminuendo. He jumps from fortissimo to pianissimo; there is no half way; no real, absolute, well defined gradation of tone-coloring. There is effect in sudden loud and sudden soft which Mr. Nikisch seems to fully understand, for he deals in that art to perfection; but on the score of legitimate musical expression, it is somewhat questionable. All departments of the orchestra produce a much tougher quality of tone than formerly, a fact which is absolutely true. Yes, the string department which used to be so firm in finesse is now more or less disjointed—each player seems to act on his own impulses. The material of the orchestra is unquestionably superb, there is no better in the world; but—they require firmness in discipline, without which the best material avails nothing. With such an orchestra better results can be attained.

We did not hear the first number of the Tschaiakowsky suite; we have no doubt it was interesting. "Waltz Melancholique" must

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have been written when the author was suffering with "Catsenyarmer," a German word, but we spell it after the American plan. The meaning of the word is, "seasickness," pain in the head, an unsteady locomotion, with a persistency of the sidewalk coming up to meet you face to face! The waltz time and accent is mostly missing, at least there is little reminder of either, while the music is doleful enough to carry one safely through purgatory. The Scherzo was considerably brighter, showing convalescence from a severe fit of the blues. The theme with variations showed the author's knowledge of orchestration in the highest possible light. Only a master and genius can write such a score, and whatever sensational there is about it there is the stamp of a master mind. The orchestra did their work very well, and the audience were carried away with delight.

Mascagni's Prelude was an opportune selection. It made us forget we were listening to the Boston Symphony. The rendition of the music was satisfying, while Mr. Winch's singing in the ante-room was really fine. To such selections, even the fashion does not object, but applaud.

Beethoven's quartette by all the strings was a poor selection. There is plenty of good music by this author to be found without resorting to such scraps. It is well enough for the strings to have practise together, but let it be when they are alone together.

The three German songs sung by Mr. Winch are all gems, and it is but just to him to say he did them in a very artistic manner. We do not remember to have heard him when he sang so well, particularly in the last selection. He was very heartily recalled several times. Mr. Nikisch is also deserving praise for the chaste and beautiful accompaniments he furnished on the pianoforte.

The Massenet overture made a fitting close to a very enjoyable concert, albeit it is a noisy and rather an uninteresting production.

JAMES M. TRACY.

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Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1890-91.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. ARTHUR NIKISCH, Conductor.

VIII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6TH, AT 8, P. M.

PROGRAMME.

BEETHOVEN. OVERTURE, "Coriolan."

GOLDMARK. CONCERTO for VIOLIN.
(First time.)

SCHUMANN. SYMPHONY in C major, No. 2.

SOLOIST:

MR. FRANZ KNEISEL.

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Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1891-92.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. ARTHUR NIKISCH, Conductor.

III. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, AT 8, P. M.

PROGRAMME.

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| E. A. MACDOWELL. | SUITE in A minor, op. 42.
IN A HAUNTED FOREST. (Largamente misterioso;
Allegro furioso; Maestoso).
SUMMER IDYL. (Allegretto grazioso).
THE SHEPHERDESS SONG. (Andantino, Semplice).
FOREST SPIRITS. (Molto Allegro; Misterioso;
Molto Allegro; Presto).
(First time in Boston). |
| VOLKMANN. | CONCERTO FOR VIOLONCELLO, A minor op. 33.
Allegro moderato.—Vivace.—Tempo primo. |
| <hr/> | |
| BRAHMS. | SYMPHONY No. 4, in E minor,
Allegro non troppo.—Andante moderato.—
Allegro giocoso.—Allegro energico e passionato. |
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SOLOIST:

MR. ALWIN SCHROEDER.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The third of the Symphony concerts for this season was held at Music Hall last Saturday night before the usual large and appreciative audience.

Conductor Nikisch, as he stood on his high platform with baton in hand, reminded one of an artist with his paint brush, the orchestra forming the responsive canvas and bringing out the artist's ideals as the master willed.

A light touch of the brush produced the delicate tints and tones of color, while a deep dip brought out the shades and strong coloring in æsthetic contrast. Specially beautiful were the pictures painted through the vivid imagination of Mr. E. A. McDowell in his suite in A minor. The first movement, "In a Haunted Forest." What an opportunity for the fanciful play of the imaginative, and how it brought up all the stories of ghosts, gnomes, brownies and other freaks of one's early, fable-loving days!

The second movement, "Summer Idyl," was like a beautiful poem, written in the peaceful summer warmth of a "rare day in June."

In "The Shepherdess Song" one could see the hills of Scotland and the "bonnie lassie" in her Highland garb, with her crook in her right hand and her left shading her eyes in search of a lost lamb or maybe the "laddie" approaching in the distance. The picture seemed very clear, but one listened in vain for the sound of her voice, which made one wish for the introduction of a solo from the violin, and, perhaps, the lover's response from the flute coming from "across the hills and far away."

Then in strong contrast to all the preceding movements came the "Forest Spirit." Enjoying a revel in the depths of their seclusion, "far from the busy haunts of men," the dainty sprites and fairies tripped over the velvety green moss of some beautiful dell, while others pirouetted on a harebell or floated away among the whispering leaves of the friendly trees, and when the final notes died away the awakening plaudits revealed the fact that sitting in the balcony was the author of this delightful musical fantasy. The applause increased to such an extent that the diffident composer was obliged to acknowledge his identity, which he did with a modest bow.

Admirers of the violoncello must have been greatly pleased with the playing of the soloist of the evening, Mr. Alwyn Schroeder, who proved himself an artist of the first degree. The choice of Volkmann's concerto afforded him the best of opportunities for giving a broad and masterly conception of the wide range of musical ideas that can be expressed with a 'cello. His tones were clear, pure and sweet, and his execution artistic and skillful. He plays with a great deal of warmth and fine feeling, and his instrument responds like a living thing.

Those who heard Brahms's string quartette at the Kneisel chamber concert would scarcely recognize the same composer in the closing Symphony No. 4, in E minor. With the exception of the first movement there seemed to be such an overflow of musical ideas tumbling over each other, that only those of thorough musical training could be able to digest the rapid changes. Brahms is to music what Browning is to poetry, and the taste for each must be an acquired one.

An excellent programme is announced for next week, with Mr. Alfred Greenfield as piano soloist. Beethoven's beautiful Pastoral Symphony No. 6 and Strauss's symphonic poem, "Don Juan," with the concerto for pianoforte in D minor, by Rubinstein, are the attractive numbers in store for those who attend the next concert.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Symphony Concert, Soloist, Alwyn Schroeder.

E. A. MacDowell's New Suite Played—
The Adamowski Quartet Concerts—
The Austrian Juvenile Band's Tour—
The Cecilia's Plans—Notable Announcements—News, Comment.

The third of the season's concerts by the Boston Symphony orchestra at Music Hall last evening, Mr. Arthur Nikisch, conductor, was enjoyed by the usual large audience. The soloist of the occasion was Mr. Alwyn Schroeder, the new 'cello player, who was heard in Volkmann's concerto in A minor, and the programme also included a first hearing here of Mr. E. A. MacDowell's orchestral suite, op. 42, and the symphony No. 4, in E minor, by Brahms.

The 'cello player, Mr. Schroeder, is a distinct acquisition to the orchestra, and his future appearances as soloist will be anticipated with pleasure by all who heard him play last evening. He has a fine 'cello, and under his bow it gives out a big, rich, pure tone, which affords keen satisfaction in the strongest, and it responds as well to the faintest touch. The new player is a master of the technique of the 'cello, and the fanciful embellishments of the theme in the second and last movements of the concerto were very skillfully handled. No artist could ask for a quicker or more enthusiastic recognition of merit than that which rewarded Mr. Schroeder's efforts at the conclusion of the concerto. He is a charming player, and will, without question, quickly take his place with the best 'cello soloists in America.

Mr. MacDowell's suite had its first public performance at the Worcester festival in September, and the pleasant impressions gained of the work at that time were fully confirmed in last evening's performance. The more extended study made possible for last evening's performance, by the fortunate conditions attending the Boston orchestra at home, resulted in a great gain in the interpretation of the suite, and Mr. MacDowell could hardly ask for a better hearing of his most admirable composition.

The first movement "In a Haunted Forest" has some delightfully "chivery" music that fairly recall childhood's memories of hobgoblins and such like beings that were conjured up by the enemies of youth, and the ghostly effects are splendidly worked up. The "Summer Idyl" which follows is in strong contrast and makes a tone picture suggesting a season of calm laziness so seldom realized in these days of life at high pressure. The andantino movement, styled "The Shepherdess Song," may be in keeping with the characteristics of this class of vocal efforts, but imagination fails to realize the accuracy of the idea in the mind of the composer. In the final movement, "Forest Spirits," Mr. MacDowell has caught the fashion of the "Dans Macabre," by Saint-Saëns, and, without imitating that composition, has produced a very fascinating tone picture, which suggests the midnight revels of imps and skeletons, which concludes with a suggestion of a devil-may-care jig by an inexperienced spirit unaccustomed to heeding the midnight summons.

The fourth of Mr. Brahms' symphonies was played to the taste of his admirers. Next Saturday evening Mr. Alfred Grunfeld, the pianist, is to play the D-minor concerto by Rubinstein, and the programme will also include the "Don Juan" symphonic poem by Richard Strauss, and the "Pastorale" symphony by Beethoven.

CONCERTS AND LECTURES.

Echoes of the Symphony Orchestra.

First Hearing of McDowell's Suite— A New 'Cello Soloist.

Announcements of Welcome Events in the Local Music World.

The programme offered by Director Nikisch at the third of this season's symphony concerts can scarcely be numbered among his most pleasing contributions. It was rather too heavy to receive popular approval and greater variety would have been welcome.

The concert was especially interesting, however, from the fact that it gave the first Boston performance of a new suite by Mr. E. A. McDowell, and marked the first appearance here as a soloist of the orchestra's new 'celloist, Mr. Alwin Schroeder.

Mr. McDowell is recognized as among the most accomplished of American composers and several of his former works have received unqualified approval from symphony audiences. His writings have also received recognition abroad, possibly with greater favor than those of any other American.

The suite played yesterday is a decided departure from his former style of writing. It is in a freer and more fanciful vein than are any of his earlier orchestral works.

The characteristics of the composition are indicated by the titles given to each of the four movements, "In a Haunted Forest," "Summer Idyl," "The Shepherdess' Song," "Forest Spirits."

Although many of the passages are strikingly suggestive of other composers, the work is not devoid of originality, but on the contrary there is much that is delightfully novel in harmonic effects, and in the arrangement of fantastic forms, which while perhaps not strictly new themselves, are charmingly set forth in unique settings, richly colored and beautifully contrasted.

As a series of tone pictures the suite is certainly entitled to high rank. One need not be a musical scholar to readily imagine the composer's thoughts.

"The Shepherdess' Song" is an exceedingly sweet and tender bit of pastoral writing, and the brilliant fourth movement is most praiseworthy. The entire work is treated in a skilful and musicianly manner.

Volkman's concerto for violoncello was the selection chosen by Mr. Schroeder for his introduction as a soloist to symphony

audiences.

He received a very cordial greeting, and the hearty commendation accorded his playing promised much for his future popularity here.

The concerto offers excellent opportunity for a display of virtuosity, and it is for his technical skill that Mr. Schroeder merits most praise. His style is brilliant and finished, and he plays with much expression and with excellent taste. The tonal quality of his playing, however, is not equal to that of some other 'celloists who have been with this band.

Brahms' symphony No. 4, in E-minor, concluded the programme. Better performances of this brilliant work have been heard here in the past, especially that of the four movement, which was yesterday at times decidedly rough and noisy.

Next Friday and Saturday the following programme will be given: Richard Strauss, symphonic poem "Don Juan;" Rubinstein, concerto for pianoforte in D-minor; Beethoven's symphony No. 8, "Pastorale;" soloist, Mr. Alfred Grunfeld.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Symphony Concert.

It is no longer a matter of doubt; our orchestra has sunk below the standard of past years. The roughness that was apparent in the first concert might be condoned as almost inseparable from the beginning of a season; the same plea might be extended to cover the faults of the second, although the sensational features could scarcely be extenuated on such a ground; but the performance of the Brahms Symphony on Saturday was worse than anything that had preceded it, and I am reluctantly forced to the conclusion that our orchestral music is retrograding. Not only was everything done with a coarse and heavy hand, but the work was read as if it were a Liszt Rhapsody rather than an example of the purest vein of logical development and classical form. This is the more to be regretted, because our public have imbibed the notion that Brahms is fearfully dull, and undoubtedly many of the blurs of the orchestra were set down to the account of the innocent composer.

It may be granted that the first and last movements are music for musicians rather than for what Bulwer-Lytton called "the common herd," but certainly the second movement has sufficient of folksong flavor (although development is not lacking either) and the third movement is exciting enough. This last named movement may be set down as the poorest of the work, but the great beauty of the preceding movement and the extreme ingenuity of the variations of the finale make fullest amends for the temporary nodding of the musical Homer. It was in these variations that the greatest faults were committed, a blatant mock-heroic style adopted, and some of the ingenious treatments of the theme distorted to the point of obscurity. It is difficult enough for the amateur to follow these symphonic variations when they are clearly rendered, therefore last night the end of the work must have seemed a tonal labyrinth. The final measures of the movement degenerated into "sound and fury, signifying nothing."

Without going so far as to regard the four symphonies by Brahms as a continuation of the Beethoven series, one may state with absolute certainty that, considered from the intellectual side, Brahms has no living equal in homophonic, instrumental music. The truest music, however, is where intellect and emotion are in perfect equipoise. Brahms is as far on one side of the line as Chopin is on the other, and Beethoven comes nearest to being a wonderful combination of both qualities. Perhaps Brahms suffers under the same artistic disadvantage that hampered Mendelssohn, the misfortune of being too prosperous. As well expect an artist who has never been near the coast to paint the sea, as to hope for the expression of great emotion in the works of a composer who has suffered little. The sorrows and poverty of a Mozart or a Schubert seem to have constituted a part of their musical equipment, and were transmuted into tones. Brahms' one great sorrow, the loss of his mother, produced his greatest musical work, the "German Requiem." Since that time there has been something

phlegmatic in his work. But let not any art lover despise the products of pure intellectuality; it is only the boarding-school miss who craves to be fed on purely emotional music and who may think that Brahms and dullness are synonyms.

The new violoncellist, Mr. Alwin Schroeder, made his first appearance at these concerts in this programme. He chose a rather prolix work for his debut, the A minor concerto by Volkmann. If the cadenza of the last movement of this could be attached to the first movement as a brilliant ending, the work would still be of ample length for what it has to say. The new artist made a favorable impression, and his technique is certainly marvellous. The chief fault to be noted was a lightness of tone, but this lack of breadth may be attributed to the instrument, which, however, was sweet in quality. The intonation was always pure, although a few of the harmonies were of doubtful quality. The end of the first movement, on the deepest tones of the C string, was strong and powerful enough. The march-like theme of the second part of the work was well played, but the finest display of virtuosity was reserved, of course, for the cadenza of the last movement. Here Mr. Schroeder displayed the utmost flexibility, and the runs, even in highest positions, were excellent, while the passages in double-stopping were clear, and the combination of bowing and pizzicato was also conquered without apparent effort. With a little broader tone Mr. Schroeder would take rank with the very best cello players heard here in recent years.

It remains only to speak of the Suite which began the concert, and this was not only the best played number of the programme, but was of most especial interest as being the composition of an American composer, and a resident of Boston. Mr. MacDowell is not one of those native composers who write correct contrapuntal exercises and consider that they are enriching the native repertoire thereby; when he writes a work he has something to say, and while he says it according to the canons of art, one loses sight of the correctness in the wealth of ideas. His scoring is very effective, and in this work, is exciting, if not new. The suite begins with a scene in a "Haunted Forest." Raff has already given us a set of sylvan spectres in the final of his "Im Walde" symphony, and it is impossible to avoid comparing the two movements, particularly as there is a recurrent figure in this which reminds of the Raff style of development.

It is, however, a proof of the vague character of programme music, that the picture represents a storm at sea quite as accurately as a haunted forest, indeed, the monotonous organ-point of the beginning, the rhythmic figure and the chromatic runs, suit better to a marine than to the woodland idea. The ghosts are not quite as unruly as Frau Holle and her suite in the Raff symphony, but they run, and pipe, and shiver, the piccolo shrieks, the violins tremble, and the contrabasses give a pizzicato as impressive as the famous ones in the "Freischütz" overture, and the effect is sufficiently spectral. The two interior movements of the suite are very short, and the second, "A Summer Idyl," has not very much to say (nor was it well played), but the third

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movement, "The Shepherdess Song," was tenderly romantic, and allowed the clarinet good opportunities, which were taken advantage of.

The finale was weird and uncanny enough to inspire the entire audience to appreciation, and its sudden, tricky changes from *pp.* to *ff.*, its wild explosions, its bass clarinet tones (reminiscent of Weber and Berlioz) and its sudden pull-up, were not only spicy, but suited Mr. Nikisch's vein entirely, and nothing in the concert was so well played. Mr. MacDowell is decidedly influenced by the French school of orchestration, which may account for the fact that Massenet eulogized his works enthusiastically to me two years ago, and his compositions played at the Paris exposition evoked the heartiest response. The audience at this concert displayed an enthusiasm beyond anything I have ever seen aroused by a native work, and it was delightful to feel that it was deserved, for Mr. MacDowell is at once the most genial and the most spontaneous of our American composers.

The applause would not be stayed, but it was so significantly intended for the composer, that Mr. Nikisch did not accept it as a tribute to the orchestral playing (generally excellent in this work) or to his own fiery reading, but bowed with a gesture that spoke volumes for his pantomimic powers, and intimated in dumb show that he did not know where the composer was hidden, but almost simultaneously with this, there appeared the handsome head in which the ghosts had originated, at the rail of the upper balcony, and Mr. Nikisch pointed out the star, high up in the firmament, all of which was charmingly informal, and only added to the good humor which prevailed after the composer had made the public's flesh creep with his eerie tone-picture.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

MUSIC.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The programme of the third Symphony concert was as follows:

Suite in A minor, op. 42.....MacDowell
(First time in Boston.)
Concerto for Violoncello in A minor.....Volkman
Symphony No. 4, in E minor.....Brahms

Mr. MacDowell's Suite was played for the first time at the Worcester Festival Sept. 24, by an orchestra under the direction of Mr. Zerrahn. It then made a most pleasing impression upon musicians and laymen. Played last Saturday evening, it met with even a more flattering reception, and the long continued applause at the end of the work was not the mere formal and conventional expression of kindly feeling towards the composer who honors the town of his adoption; it was rather the open manifestation of delight at hearing a composition of such genuine beauty and skilful workmanship.

The composer has given fanciful names to the movements of his suite, as "In a Haunted Forest," "Summer Idyl," "The Shepherdess Song," and "Forest Spirits," but here he stops. He does not add to his music a printed programme as minute as an auctioneer's bill of sale. He suggests to the hearer a mood,

and he allows the fancy of the hearer to roam at will. Even if he had not given his titles, if he had simply numbered the movements, the music would give just as much pleasure.

Here is an American composer, a young man, who is not an echo. He has a voice of his own. Although he has evidently studied all the means of expression, he conceals his studies in the apparent spontaneity and freedom of his art. His melodies are fresh; his harmonies are often exquisite, often striking; and his command of the resources of the orchestra is sure.

Indeed the instrumentation is thoroughly delightful throughout. This suite is as noticeable from what Mr. MacDowell reserves and omits as from the actual evidence submitted by him. When he gains an effect, he is content with it, and he dismisses it from his mind, instead of caressing it and introducing it on all occasions until the hearer is vexed and begins to question its value. He is also content with a simple statement, and he realizes the danger of over-elaboration. He is able to stand apart from his work and look at it, judge it, condemn, reject. There is here no trace of worship of a self-carved idol. His good sense saves him from youthful extravagance; he is sane even when he is bizarre. And, O rarest of musical virtues!—he knows when he has finished his speech.

The symphony was the fourth of Brahms. It would be idle to deny the solidity of the materials, the cunning of the workmanship, or the fine proportions. But the building is simply the work of the builder. No inspiration vivifies the mass.

It is the prevailing custom when a stranger enters the orchestra and takes a commanding position, to give him his opportunity for display. This custom is a pleasure to the audience, for the personality of the player wins more attention, even in symphony concerts, than the impersonality of the orchestra. It was Mr. Alwin Schroeder's turn, and his choice was the Volkmann 'cello concerto in A minor, an unfortunate choice. The composition is respectably dull and might be signed by any Professor Schultz or Mueller. It served, however, to show many of the excellent qualities that were recognized in Mr. Schroeder's playing at the late Kneisel concert. He is a careful and conscientious player; a thoughtful musician without virtuosic blood in his veins. The audience was pleased with his scholarly performance, and he was twice recalled.

The orchestra played the symphony with more vigor than discretion, and the suite was given with an appreciation of its many beauties. The wind instruments were not entirely satisfactory. Such eminent players as Mr. Mole and certain of his brethren have fallen into careless ways, and the horns have apparently lost their characteristic quality. Too often they sound like a new and attempted compromise between noisy members of the brass. It should be remembered that the horn is a "noble and melancholy instrument" and does not brook angry attacks upon it.

The programme of the concert of Saturday evening, Oct. 31, is as follows: Symphonic poem "Don Juan," Richard Strauss (first time in Boston); Rubinstein's Pianoforte Concerto in D minor; and Beethoven's "Pastorale" Symphony. Mr. Alfred Grunfeld will be the soloist.

PHILIP HALE.

MUSIC.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

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Here is an American composer, a young man, who is not an echo. He has a voice of his own. Although he has evidently studied all the means of expression, he conceals his studies in the apparent spontaneity and freedom of his art. His melodies are fresh; his harmonies are often exquisite, often striking; and his command of the resources of the orchestra is sure.

Indeed the instrumentation is thoroughly delightful throughout. This suite is as noticeable from what Mr. MacDowell reserves and omits as from the actual evidence submitted by him. When he gains an effect, he is content with it, and he dismisses it from his mind, instead of caressing it and introducing it on all occasions until the hearer is vexed and begins to question its value. He is also content with a simple statement, and he realizes the danger of over-elaboration. He is able to stand apart from his work and look at it, judge it, condemn, reject. There is here no trace of worship of a self-carved idol. His good sense saves him from youthful extravagance; he is sane even when he is bizarre. And, O rarest of musical virtues!—he knows when he has finished his speech.

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The orchestra played the symphony with more vigor than discretion, and the suite was given with an appreciation of its many beauties. The wind instruments were not entirely satisfactory. Such eminent players as Mr. Mole and certain of his brethren have fallen into careless ways, and the horns have apparently lost their characteristic quality. Too often they sound like a new and attempted compromise between noisy members of the brass. It should be remembered that the horn is a "noble and melancholy instrument" and does not brook angry attacks upon it.

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Last night's concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra opened with Mr. E. A. Macdowell's Suite for Orchestra in A-minor, op. 42; a work delightful throughout in the refined grace of its themes, and the delicacy, and the beauty of its tone color. If the suite have a fault, it is on the side of the brevity of its movements, which are dealt with so concisely that their subjects are scarcely set forth before the end comes as a surprise and disappointment. What there is, however, is very dainty and full of charm. The musicianship of the composer is manifested with unmistakable clearness, not only in the easy flow of his harmonies and their treatment, but in the richness and brilliancy of his instrumentation, which is masterly alike in its discretion and in the thorough knowledge it shows of the resources of the modern orchestra. The work was wholly gratifying in the hearing, was listened to with great interest, and at its close, met with hearty applause that was equally appreciative and deserved, and that was prolonged until the composer modestly bowed his acknowledgments from the upper balcony. It was carefully and sympathetically played, though the wind instruments were not beyond reproach in respect to intonation. The soloist was Mr. Alwin Schroeder, who played Volkmann's concerto, in A-minor, op. 33, for violoncello. It had been heard here before, and it did not improve on a second hearing. It is somewhat tedious and uninteresting and is much in the Kapellmeister vein. Mr. Schroeder is unquestionably an artist of excellent skill and taste. His tone is not large, but it is round and pure; his technique is able and ample. He was at his best, however, in his cantabile playing, which is delightfully broad, refined and artistic. He made a very favorable impression, was vigorously applauded and twice recalled. The concert ended with Brahms's labored and on the whole, noisy fourth symphony, and of which the third and last movements are the most interesting. We were less impressed by it on a second hearing than we were when it was given before at these concerts. It was spiritedly but somewhat coarsely and monoto-

movement, "The Shepherdess Song," was tenderly romantic, and allowed the clarinet good opportunities, which were taken advantage of.

The finale was weird and uncanny enough to inspire the entire audience to appreciation, and its sudden, tricky changes from *pp.* to *ff.*, its wild explosions, its bass clarinet tones (reminiscent of Weber and Berlioz) and its sudden pull-up, were not only spicy, but suited Mr. Nikisch's vein entirely, and nothing in the concert was so well played. Mr. MacDowell is decidedly influenced by the French school of orchestration, which may account for the fact that Massenet eulogized his works enthusiastically to me two years ago, and his compositions played at the Paris exposition evoked the heartiest response. The audience at this concert displayed an enthusiasm beyond anything I have ever seen aroused by a native work, and it was delightful to feel that it was deserved, for Mr. MacDowell is at once the most genial and the most spontaneous of our American composers.

The applause would not be stayed, but it was so significantly intended for the composer, that Mr. Nikisch did not accept it as a tribute to the orchestral playing (generally excellent in this work) or to his own fiery reading, but bowed with a gesture that spoke volumes for his pantomimic powers, and intimated in dumb show that he did not know where the composer was hidden, but almost simultaneously with this, there appeared the handsome head in which the ghosts had originated, at the rail of the upper balcony, and Mr. Nikisch pointed out the star, high up in the firmament, all of which was charmingly informal, and only added to the good humor which prevailed after the composer had made the public's flesh creep with his eerie tone-picture.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

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(First time in Boston.)
Concerto for Violoncello in A minor..... Volkmann
Symphony No. 4, in E minor..... Brahms

Mr. MacDowell's Suite was played for the first time at the Worcester Festival Sept. 24, by an orchestra under the direction of Mr. Zerrahn. It then made a most pleasing impression upon musicians and laymen. Played last Saturday evening, it met with even a more flattering reception, and the long continued applause at the end of the work was not the mere formal and conventional expression of kindly feeling towards the composer who honors the town of his adoption; it was rather the open manifestation of delight at hearing a composition of such genuine beauty and skilful workmanship.

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THEATRES AND CONCERTS.

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2. Summer Idyl.
3. The Shepherdess's Song.
4. Forest Spirits.

Volkmann: Violoncello concerto in A minor, op. 33.

Brahms: Symphony No. 4, in E minor, op. 98.

Mr. Alvin Schroeder was the 'cellist.

Mr. MacDowell's new suite seems, at least as far as one can judge from a single hearing, the most important orchestral work he has yet brought out. Artistic importance is not to be measured either by the square or linear yard, neither does it, in music, always depend directly upon the magnitude or dignity of the musical form employed. This suite of Mr. MacDowell's acquires especial importance in our eyes from the fact that in it the composer follows what is evidently the natural, instinctive bent of his talent more unreservedly than heretofore, and also walks in his chosen domain of the poetic and the imaginative with far firmer step. One may differ with him diametrically in artistic point of view, one may even find faults enough in this his latest work; but one must none the less recognize with hardly diminished pleasure the conspicuous power he exhibits of doing what he tries to do.

Take, to begin with, the way he handles the orchestra; it is really masterly, and, little as one would expect anything like originality in a field that has been so well explored as this of orchestration has of late years, one finds no little originality in Mr. MacDowell's scoring, and originality of a very delightful sort, at that. His treatment of the orchestra seems, in general, to be a further and more modern development of Raff's—in a pupil of Raff's this might almost go without saying—but one finds in it also pretty plain signs of contemporary French influence. Still, in his study of German and French models, Mr. MacDowell has shown the fine artistic instinct to appropriate to himself only what is best in either school; he has fallen into the mere routine mannerisms of neither. His scoring is free from that rather monotonous richness and volume of tone which is to be deplored in writers like Goldmark and Dvorák; it has the French variety, the French piquancy and aroma. Yet his German training has saved him from falling in with the orchestral vulgarity of many contemporary French composers, whose *fortissimo* passages for full orchestra too often amount to little else than brass-band writing, with strings and reeds *ripieni*. One also sees the good results of his being brought up in a genuinely symphonic school, in the way he has of treating the orchestra almost continually in a polyphonic style, and in not lapsing every now and then into that "song-without-words" vein, that quasi-operatic melody with accompaniment, which has, from the beginning, been the bane of the French orchestral school. Of course his

freedom from this last fault has to do, in great measure, with his style of writing in general, and does not reside in his orchestration alone. Still, his orchestration has something to do with it, for his scoring has the greatest virtue that scoring, as such, can possibly have—greater than sensuous beauty and richness of tone, greater than power or delicacy, greater even than clearness—the virtue which we find conspicuous in the scoring of all the great classic masters, in the somewhat clumsy orchestral writing of Schumann as in the ideally expert orchestration of Mozart or Mendelssohn: a certain fine unity of conception which leads the composer to treat all the various instruments of the orchestra as component members of one and the same body, valuable only in so far as each one of them acts in proper cooperation with the others. Mr. MacDowell has really achieved this feat of so combining the component elements of his orchestra into one organic whole that, no matter what temporary prominence he may give to this or that instrument, or group of instruments, it has the effect of a particular quality of tone rising, for the moment, to the surface of the orchestra, but not that very different effect of a particular instrument, or group of instruments, severing the bond of federation between itself and the others, and playing an actual solo. No matter what variety of tone-color he may produce, no matter how sharp the contrast between different groups of instruments may be in their successive entries, there is something in his scoring that makes for unity of impression, and binds the successive phrases together as with a band of steel.

Masterly orchestration is, however, by no means the only merit to be described in this suite. Quite apart from orchestral coloring, there is a rare unity of artistic motive apparent in each one of the four movements. To be sure, this motive seems throughout, even in the "Summer Idyl" and the "Shepherdess's Song," more of an imaginative and picturesque than of an intrinsically musical nature. Subsequent hearings of the suite may very possibly serve to reverse our opinion; but for the present we cannot see that Mr. MacDowell had any other object in view than to embody and illustrate in tones the ideas suggested by the titles of his four movements in what most vividly suggestive and picturesque way he could. What of essentially musical form and development these movements may possess seemed to us on Saturday evening so slight and evanescent that we found it next to impossible to recognize it at all; not that we deny the existence of essentially musical construction in these movements, but that we have not as yet been able to discover it. Until we do, we must, with all our admiration for Mr. MacDowell's cleverness and ability, view his work with a certain coldness, for it makes no appeal to our musical sympathy. Merely picturesque and imaginative writing cannot in the end but seem trivial and not worth doing; especially when it calls into play such vast orchestral resources as are employed in this suite. One would fain have this wealth of orchestral means reserved, and kept sacred for tasks of higher dignity and deeper import than mere

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Mr. MacDowell's new suite seems, at least as far as one can judge from a single hearing, the most important orchestral work he has yet brought out. Artistic importance is not to be measured either by the square or linear yard, neither does it, in music, always depend directly upon the magnitude or dignity of the musical form employed. This suite of Mr. MacDowell's acquires especial importance in our eyes from the fact that in it the composer follows what is evidently the natural, instinctive bent of his talent more unreservedly than heretofore, and also walks in his chosen domain of the poetic and the imaginative with far firmer step. One may differ with him diametrically in artistic point of view, one may even find faults enough in this his latest work; but one must none the less recognize with hardly diminished pleasure the conspicuous power he exhibits of doing what he tries to do.

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freedom from this last fault has to do, in great measure, with his style of writing in general, and does not reside in his orchestration alone. Still, his orchestration has something to do with it, for his scoring has the greatest virtue that scoring, as such, can possibly have—greater than sensuous beauty and richness of tone, greater than power or delicacy, greater even than clearness—the virtue which we find conspicuous in the scoring of all the great classic masters, in the somewhat clumsy orchestral writing of Schumann as in the ideally expert orchestration of Mozart or Mendelssohn: a certain fine unity of conception which leads the composer to treat all the various instruments of the orchestra as component members of one and the same body, valuable only in so far as each one of them acts in proper co-operation with the others. Mr. MacDowell has really achieved this feat of so combining the component elements of his orchestra into one organic whole that, no matter what temporary prominence he may give to this or that instrument, or group of instruments, it has the effect of a particular quality of tone rising, for the moment, to the surface of the orchestra, but not that very different effect of a particular instrument, or group of instruments, severing the bond of federation between itself and the others, and playing an actual solo. No matter what variety of tone-color he may produce, no matter how sharp the contrast between different groups of instruments may be in their successive entries, there is something in his scoring that makes for unity of impression, and binds the successive phrases together as with a band of steel.

Masterly orchestration is, however, by no means the only merit to be described in this suite. Quite apart from orchestral coloring, there is a rare unity of artistic motive apparent in each one of the four movements. To be sure, this motive seems throughout, even in the "Summer Idyl" and the "Shepherdess's Song," more of an imaginative and picturesque than of an intrinsically musical nature. Subsequent hearings of the suite may very possibly serve to reverse our opinion; but for the present we cannot see that Mr. MacDowell had any other object in view than to embody and illustrate in tones the ideas suggested by the titles of his four movements in what most vividly suggestive and picturesque way he could. What of essentially musical form and development these movements may possess seemed to us on Saturday evening so slight and evanescent that we found it next to impossible to recognize it at all; not that we deny the existence of essentially musical construction in these movements, but that we have not as yet been able to discover it. Until we do, we must, with all our admiration for Mr. MacDowell's cleverness and ability, view his work with a certain coldness, for it makes no appeal to our musical sympathy. Merely picturesque and imaginative writing cannot in the end but seem trivial and not worth doing; especially when it calls into play such vast orchestral resources as are employed in this suite. One would fain have this wealth of orchestral means reserved, and kept sacred for tasks of higher dignity and deeper import than mere

fantastic *jeu d'esprit*: people do not write *vers de société* in blank verse or Alexandrines—the disproportion between the matter and the vehicle is too great. And we cannot call purely instrumental music in which picturesque and suggestive items occupy the whole ground, or else preponderate largely over the element of organic musical construction, much more than a *jeu d'esprit*. It has to do only with the outside and surface of things. A truly profound emotion seeks another and more intrinsic sort of musical expression. The suite was admirably played, and most enthusiastically received, the applause at the close being hearty and prolonged. It only ceased when it had become evident that Mr. MacDowell could not be prevailed upon to respond from his seat in the upper gallery.

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THE SYMPHONIES.

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well versed in the resources of orchestration. The author escaped being ovated by remaining in some hidden location, while the audience continued to applaud till Mr. Nikisch shrugged his shoulders in characteristic German style, as much as to say, "I don't know where he is!" Then the applause ceased. It may be remarked that Mr. Macdowell bore his honors with rare modesty.

Much interest centred in the first appearance of Mr. Alvin Schroeder, the first 'cello player. Mr. Schroeder was evidently very nervous when he commenced his Concerto, for he scratched a little; later on, however, he evinced more command over himself. His technique is considerable, but with this one hearing we are not quite prepared to stamp him as the equal of either of his predecessors. Perhaps if he had played a more musical composition than the Volkmann Concerto proved, our impressions would be more favorably inclined. The Concerto is a dry composition at most, barring its orchestration, which is the most interesting part of it.

Brahms's Fourth Symphony, E minor, is undoubtedly a great work. It has been played here before, but many confess inability to understand or appreciate it, so far. Like everything else, full of science and learning, a vast amount of study and special preparation is required to analyze their beauties to clear, appreciative understanding. Brahms, like Beethoven, composed music for the future, but it will be considerably in the future before Brahms becomes as popular as Beethoven. In the main, the orchestra did their work as well, as could be expected, considering the difficulties with which the Symphony abounds.

Many people left the hall between the different movements of the Symphony, so when the last one was concluded, only about half the audience were left. Don't this show that the people have not quite learned to love Brahms yet? A few do; some profess to, but can't give a reason for so doing, while a large majority do not, and are not afraid to say so. What a contrast there is between Haydn's, Mozart's, Beethoven's and Brahms's symphonies! But it is not a difficult matter to tell which of these masters comes nearest the human heart.

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The suite has five movements, the first bearing the title, "In a haunted forest." The first notes of the slow and short introduction come from the horns, which, with a pianissimo roll on the tympani and a still softer tap at intervals on the great drum, form a long-sustained accompaniment to a short theme given out by the fagotti, 'celli and double basses in unison. Brief development of this theme leads to a fortissimo climax, which, quickly falling off again to pianissimo, leads to an allegro furioso. The treatment of this movement, built upon several short figures, is largely chromatic in its nature, and contains many picturesque orchestral effects. Its climax is reached when the theme of the introduction reappears maestoso, scored for the full strength of the orchestra; after which the movement ends as quietly as it began. The second movement, "A Summer Idyl," in F sharp minor, is a short, dainty bit of writing. The orchestration of its extended melody is mostly confined to the strings and woodwind, with which the horns are occasionally combined, and is charmingly descriptive of its subject. "The Shepherdess Song" (the third movement) is also short, and has two quaint, characteristic themes, the first lying principally with the clarinet and oboe, the second with the horns. The principal figures of both are prettily alternated, and there is much graceful modulation and delicate instrumental treatment. The finale, "Forest Spirits," has two well-defined themes, and is molto allegro, presto, and prestissimo in tempo. Near its close, the theme of the introduction is effectively brought in pianissimo, in the original tempo, with woodwind and muted strings, only for a few measures, however. The presto quickly returns, and with a whirling, tarantella-like figure the movement ends brilliantly.

The work is an excellent example of what may be done with the modern orchestra without recourse to the straining for effect that is apt to prevail in many orchestral compositions of today. Although the scoring of the extreme movements includes trombones, tuba, great drum and cymbals, these instruments are discreetly used, leaving no trace of coarseness or cheapness. It is, in a word, programme music of a delightful kind; of a kind that stands securely on its own feet, without requiring any catalogue of the emotions or scenes it is intended to express or picture. It has moreover, the merit of not being unduly long, the performance lasting less than half an hour. It was in the main, excellently read and played. There was a tendency to too rapid tempi throughout, except at the close of the last movement, which seemed slow. The second was played decidedly too fast, its sentiment and the delicacy of its technical treatment being materially changed in consequence. It was heartily received, and long continued applause followed its close.

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Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1891-92.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. ARTHUR NIKISCH, Conductor.

IV. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, AT 8, P. M.

PROGRAMME.

RICHARD STRAUSS. SYMPHONIC POEM. "Don Juan."
(First time in Boston.)

RUBINSTEIN. CONCERTO FOR PIANOFORTE in D minor, No. 4,
op. 70.
Moderato,—Moderato assai.—Allegro assai.

BEETHOVEN. SYMPHONY No. 6. "Pastoral."
Allegro ma non troppo,—Andante molto moto.—
Allegro; Allegro; Allegretto.

SOLOIST:

MR. ALFRED GRUENFELD.

The Piano used is a Knabe.



MUSICAL MATTERS.

ADV.

The Symphony Concert.

It was an interesting programme, although it swept from bombast to simplicity, from musical pepper to musical peasantry. The atmosphere seemed clearest when Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony was reached, although this is by no means the greatest of the nine symphonies of the master. The concert of Saturday began with "Don Juan," a symphonic poem, by that young musical radical, Richard Strauss. It is an easy matter to attack a work of this kind, for it is overswollen and full of roarings, whether of ecstasy or pain it would be hard to determine. It is in "King Cambyse's vein" from the very start, for the composer plunges in, with all possible brasses, as much kettledrum as the muscularity of the percussive artist can furnish, an active triangle, piccolo, glockenspiel and cymbals over and above the ordinary orchestra.

But if one pardons the extravagant ardor of youth, and concedes a little to the "Sturm und Drang" period, there will be found in the work a sufficiency of musical thought and a grand working-up of climaxes. The work is crowded with ideas, many of which jostle each other, and none of which seem to come to a legitimate conclusion, but better wealth than poverty in this direction, and the extreme richness of thought as well as of orchestration gives plenty of promise, even while little of actual fulfilment has yet been attained. The work seems better than the Italian symphony in which Boston first made the acquaintance of the composer, a few years ago, for in that work the sumptuous treatment of a simple Neapolitan folk song was as out of place as the clothing of a Vesuvian guide in silk and velvet would have been.

There are no such incongruities in this composition, but the number of climaxes is rather bewildering, and the following of tender oboe themes (the oboe played very well too) by gruesome dissonances, is rather a meaningless contrast. The modern orchestral tricks are too often resorted to; the muted tones of the horn, the ugliest effects one can evoke from the orchestra, are used with lavish hand, and the theatrical vein was added to by an exaggeration of the rests and the dynamic marks. It was something to go through so difficult a work without an upset, but there was more of enthusiasm than of precision in the performance, and while the two or three catastrophes, and the half dozen explosions with which the work is garnished, were dramatically done, the wind instruments were neither united in attack nor well intoned, and the horn in these days is a very persistent sinner, often overblowing, and trying to make itself into a trombone, like the toad that wanted to be an ox. But we ought to be thankful at least that the work was placed on the programme, for it is in the hearing of all the more recent orchestral works (even if they are not all commendable) that we may expect to evoke a spirit of musical comparison and consequent growth.

After the musical tempest came Alfred Gruenfeld, but with no intention of pouring oil on the troubled waters, for he is a species

of Jupiter Tonans and swings his thunderbolts and his arms as freely as Rubinstein himself. If he had lived in the days when Domenico Scarlatti wrote everlasting staccato effects for the clavicembalo (which could not produce a legato), I think that he would have been the greatest artist of the world; but in the 19th century, and particularly at this end of it, there are passages that require other modes of execution. Even the *pianissimo* passages were at times rapped out with a clear precision and power that gave an impression of a coldly brilliant technique. Of course there were no blurs to condone, but blurring would have been less irritating than the never-ending demi-staccato.

Sometimes, as if suddenly conscious of this defect, the artist would drop into an almost inaudible softness, but this was only semi-occasionally, and there was little shading between. Once this fault is censured, the reviewer can unreservedly praise. Mr. Gruenfeld's wrist action is something remarkable, and his octave and heavy chord work is a model to every pianist. When a work suits his style he is very great in it, and it was this which caused the slow movement of the Rubinstein concerto in D minor to seem very prosaic, while the first and last movements were absolute triumphs of artistic brilliancy. No one could have caught up the hearty animal spirits of the finale (reminding of the finale of Beethoven's eighth symphony, both in theme and in style) more brightly and effectively, and the enthusiastic recalls which ensued were certainly deserved.

Now came that Beethoven work which is more written about, more orated upon, more frequently poetized than any other, simply because it gives a tangible ground for *litterateur*, orator and poet to hang definite remarks upon. This definiteness, however, makes the sixth weaker than its sister symphonies which speak the vaguer, but more soulful, language of pure music. But its simplicity shows forth the latent defects of an orchestra with startling clearness. If a bill of specifications of the present faults of our orchestra is desired, here it is:—

In the coda of the first movement, where the chief theme appears in full harmonies' the ensemble was very poor and the effect was muddy.

In the Scene by the Brook the clarinet was poor, and the rest of the woodwind, which has such important work to do, was uncertain in pitch.

In the scherzo the unison passages, which begin the movement, were unsteady, and even the players in the village band were weak and too irregular in their simple measures.

In the storm there was no careful shading in the gradual *diminuendo* effects with which the tempest passes away.

In the finale the horn was unclear, and it made slips in the preceding movements as well.

Per contra, the reading of the storm was commendably energetic, and certain parts of the scherzo, as for example, the entrance of the mountaineers, were powerful and effective.

But the performance as a whole still leaves a balance on the wrong side of the artistic ledger. Gladly do I acknowledge a

After virility, a wilder abandon, than ever before, but these qualities are not always called into requisition. In a classical work, often a perfect balance, a true intonation, a united attack, a refined grading of dynamic effects, outweigh a bold and fiery, or an excited and enthusiastic, rendering. Much as we all prized the first named qualities, we cannot afford them at the expense of the others. If it is impossible to restore the former wonderful ensemble of our orchestra, we shall have lost the supremacy in this field which it cost so much time, labor and generous outlay of money, to establish.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

Music.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The program of the fourth Symphony concert opened with a Symphonic Poem, "Don Juan," by Richard Strauss, which was performed for the first time in this city. The old legend of the Spanish libertine has been for years a favorite stage-subject. Operas, plays, ballets and puppet shows have told of the loves of the dashing blade and shown to gaping crowds the vengeance of angry Heaven. The rake and the statue have fascinated the poet, the essayist, and the painter. The gentle Washington Irving and the morbid Bandelaire have looked upon "Don Juan" with ill-disguised admiration, and Nikolaus Lenau has turned him into a philosopher who speculates, and explains his life. Now Richard Strauss has taken the poem of Lenau and treated it musically. Strauss is the son of a Munich horn player, and he is only twenty-seven years old. He wrote a symphony which was performed under Levy's direction in 1881, and since then he has written many pieces, among them "Italia," "Macbeth," "Don Juan" and "Death and Explanation." He was at first a believer in Brahms, but for some time he has swung round to the theories of Liszt and Wagner, and he now is a maker of program-music. In setting Lenau's poem, it was the purpose of Strauss to give musically the poet's conception of Don Juan's summing up of his life. Now if this were possible in music, the two elements apparent in the composition should be sensuousness and wild regret. The music, however, suggests neither one of the two. The only touch of voluptuousness is an echo of Wagner's Venusberg music, and percussion instruments are freely used; but the music itself is not sensuous or sensual. Nor is there any trace of terror or great woe as an antithesis. The work is labored, verbose and incoherent. It is weak in invention, and though the elaboration is often ingenious in instrumentation, the disciple borrows from his masters. It is made music, the rhetorical contrivings of a man that has really little to say. The poem was played with spirit, and it was favorably received by the audience.

Mr. Alfred Gruenfeld made his first appearance in Boston as a pianist, and he chose the Rubinstein Concerto in D minor. Mr. Gruenfeld has won his reputation in Europe by playing compositions of a very different nature, in which the elegance of his performance is said to give the pieces themselves an exaggerated value. The Rubinstein concerto is not among them, but

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The orchestra played the Strauss poem admirably. The Beethoven symphony might have been done more delicately, but it was played with a warmth and unity of feeling that let the glorious music make its full effect. As we are often at loggerheads with Mr. Nikisch about questions of *tempo*, it is doubly a pleasure to note the admirable *tempo* at which he took the *Andante molto moto*; it is only once in a dog's age that one hears this movement go fast enough!

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greater virility, a wilder abandon, than ever before, but these qualities are not always called into requisition. In a classical work, often a perfect balance, a true intonation, a united attack, a refined grading of dynamic effects, outweigh a bold and fiery, or an excited and enthusiastic, rendering. Much as we all prized the first named qualities, we cannot afford them at the expense of the others. If it is impossible to restore the former wonderful ensemble of our orchestra, we shall have lost the supremacy in this field which it cost so much time, labor and generous outlay of money, to establish.

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Such prominence is rarely given to the piano-forte as was asserted in the last allegro assai. The fire, force and magnetism of a strong musical nature marked the expression of the finale, and brought to a close one of the most thoroughly satisfactory performances listened to for a long time, as the audience promptly attested by the ovation that followed.

The orchestral contributions consisted of Strauss's symphonic poem, "Don Juan," and the ever beautiful Pastoral Symphony No. 6, by Beethoven. At times, in the former, the instruments seemed to throb with emotion, which stirred the very depths of one's nature, and again they would glide away in idyllic phrases, only to return once more to a most brilliant and inspiring interpretation of the noble poem.

Who can resist the wonderful charm of Nature's musical interpreter? Beethoven's melodic pictures seemed as clear and real to the imaginative mind as the most famous painting of the Louvre to the admiring eye.

Every emotion is played upon, and when the storm breaks upon one's senses it is difficult to tell which is truly the most divine, the real or this powerful expression of the same. So many good things coming together on the same programme almost bewilder one with delight, and perhaps it would not be unbecoming to award Director Nikisch a word of praise for this most excellent programme.

The coming concert announces Mr. Ferruccio B. Busoni, soloist, in Beethoven's concerto for pianoforte, No. 4 in G major, with orchestral selections from Haydn and Schumann.

OTHER CONCERTS.

The second concert of the series given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Sanders Theatre took place last evening. The programme was as follows:

Overture, "Hebrides," Mendelssohn
Aria, "La Reine de Saba," Gounod
Suite, op. 55, Tchaikowsky
Song, "The Erl King," Schubert
Overture, "Euryanthe," Weber

The Mendelssohn overture still keeps its romantic freshness, and the Tchaikowsky suite made a profound impression. A second hearing confirms the opinion lately expressed in these columns that the first and last movements are the work of a master of instrumentation and a composer of great fancy, while the other movements suffer from a clever display of eccentricity that takes the place of true musical thought. Mrs. Lillian Norton was the singer, and she was very heartily applauded. But her singing of the two arias was chiefly characterized by its heartlessness.

A large audience in Music Hall last evening was delighted throughout the concert of the Austrian Juvenile Band by the remarkable precision, swing and full, rich tone of the players under Mr. Steiner's lead. The band, as in the previous concert, was particularly happy in the performance of waltzes and national music. There will be two more of these exceedingly interesting concerts, this evening and Sunday evening, and no one should fail to hear these young players before they leave the town.

MUSICAL.

The Symphony Concert.

The fourth concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Music Hall, last evening, was listened to by a large audience. The performances opened with a symphonic poem, "Don Juan," by Richard Strauss. What it meant as music, pure and simple, we failed to discover. Judging by the poem by Lenau, which is said to have suggested it, the intention of the composer was to depict the emotions of the Spanish libertine as he looks back, "flying from surfeit and from rapture's cloy." According to the composer, Don Juan's feelings under these circumstances were exceedingly uncomfortable. They were not exactly coherent, and such reminiscences must have carried their own punishment with them. The agony they caused him were evidently depicted in the fearful caterwauling of the wind instruments. Now and then he has a soothing moment in the shape of a generous bit of melody, but it does not last long and the roaring and the growling and the moral colic seize on him again and render him utterly miserable. The music is ultra modern, full of sound and fury, and as music means nothing. In point of style it is a mingling of Liszt, Wagner and Saint Saëns. Everything is sacrificed to tone color, noise and sensationalism in instrumentation predominating. The whole thing has been done, and better done, by Wagner in the music of the Venusberg in "Tannhauser," of which this is too often a glaring plagiarism. When it was all over, we felt that if Don Juan experienced anything like the fearful agonies that the music indicated, the devil would have been short-sighted to lug him away at last to what must necessarily have been a lighter torture. The work was vigorously, even brilliantly played, but with much roughness in the strings and much of false intonation in the wind. Then came Rubinstein's Concerto in D minor, for piano, the solo part played by Mr. Alfred Grunfeld. The artist has a technique of great fluency, precision and elegance; he plays with ease and elasticity, and with perfect clearness; but he has one or two tricks that seem to be mannerisms, and they are repeated over and over again, until at last they give a tiresome monotony to his playing. One of these was especially prominent in the andante, and took the form of a sudden and unmeaningly distinct or detached thump, that was invariably followed by an extreme pianissimo, the result being inartistic, and producing an effect of mechanical coldness. The finale was given with great dash and brilliancy, and had many fine moments of technical display, but the performance of the concerto as a whole was characterized more by finger-work than by any deeper qualities. Judging by his performance of last night, we should say that Mr. Grunfeld would be heard to much better advantage in a smaller hall and in lighter music. Whether this be so or not it is certain that despite the energy and brilliancy that marked his playing of the concerto, the performance as a whole was tricky and cold. He was applauded with immense enthusiasm and was twice recalled. The concert ended with Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, which was read somewhat stiffly and unsympathetically in the opening movement, and with an almost sickly sugariness in the andante. The roughness that has of late characterized the playing of the strings was unpleasantly prominent, and the untunefulness of the wind instruments, notably of the first clarinet in its solos in the andante, was distressing. The programme for the next concert is: Symphony in E flat, Haydn (No. 1, B. & H.); Concerto for piano in G, Beethoven, and Overture, Scherzo and Finale, Schumann. The soloist is to be Mr. F. B. Busoni.

Symphony Hearers Greet Pianist Grunfeld.



ALFRED GRUNFELD, a pianist of great European repute and the possessor of endless decorations from music loving potentates, was the soloist at last evening's Symphony concert. He came with the further prestige of two successful concerts in New York, so it was natural that

he should have received a cordial greeting when he appeared at the Friday rehearsal.

There is nothing striking in the personal appearance of Mr. Grunfeld; he seems genial and unaffected, giving no signs in either look or manner of the peculiarities which are commonly supposed to be associated with a highly developed artistic temperament.

His playing did not stir his audience to any great degree of excitement, yet he was listened to with profound attention and twice recalled at the conclusion of his performance.

He is not in any sense a showy player, and it was, possibly, because of the entire absence of sensational devices that no greater enthusiasm was created. While not particularly magnetic in manner, there is often a deal of fervor in his playing, as well as constant evidence of keen artistic appreciation of the beauties of the compositions which he interprets.

Rubinstein's concerto for pianoforte in D minor, No. 4, op. 70, was the selection he chose for first performance here, and was one well adapted to displaying his sober, thoughtful style of playing.

More brilliant pianists have been heard here in the past, but it is safe to say that very few have given greater pleasure to the musical student. His technique is, of course, well nigh perfect. No pianist could, in these days, gain distinction who was not a master of the mechanics of his art. In his playing there is none of that aggressive violence so noticeable in the work of many famous performers. Yet there is no lack of strength in his forte passages, as was well shown in the brilliant final movement of Rubinstein's concerto.

His touch is of rare delicacy and marked precision. Particularly delightful is his pianissimo, and also of uncommon excellence is his phrasing and contrasts of tone color.

Mr. Grunfeld is announced shortly to give a series of piano recitals here, which will offer greater opportunities for judging of his virtuosity.

A novelty on Mr. Nikisch's programme was the performance of Richard Strauss' symphonic poem, "Don Juan." It is an exceedingly showy work, bright in unique effects, skillfully contrived and richly harmonized. The composition, however, is not of even excellence.

There are a few passages which are meaningless and blatant, but they may readily be forgotten in the remembrance of the exquisitely sentimental and suggestive themes which are so delightfully stated by the wood and string instruments. Mr. Nikisch's interpretation was generally pleasing, but more gentleness in his treatment of the brasses would have been welcome.

Beethoven's magnificent pastoral symphony No. 6 held the rapt attention of the audience until the close of the concert. It is always a rare treat to hear this wonderful tone picture, and yesterday Mr. Nikisch was particularly happy in setting forth its innumerable beauties.

There will be no concert this week. The announcements for Nov. 13 and 14 are Haydn, Symphony No. 1 (B. and H.), in E-flat; Beethoven concerto for pianoforte, No. 4, in G major; Schumann, overture, Scherzo, and finale; soloist, Mr. Ferruccio B. Busoni.

The Symphony Concert, Soloist Alfred Grunfeld.

The Pianist Heartily Welcomed and Given a Grand Ovation—Manager Mapleson Announces a Great Concert—Notable Events Near at Hand—The Austrian Boy's Coming—Notes.

The success attending the first appearance in this city at last evening's symphony concert of Mr. Alfred Grunfeld, the pianist, was most emphatic, and this talented artist may confidently count upon a reliable following here in Boston during the season.

Mr. Grunfeld chose the concerto in D minor by Rubinstein for his contribution to the programme, and the selection was an excellent one, its strongly contrasted movements serving admirably to display the pianist's varied gifts. His playing of the opening movement instantly arrested and held the attention of the audience, the clean clear execution, the pure limped tone, and the admirable taste shown in this portion of the work, gaining an instant recognition of the player's masterly skill and command over his instrument.

A remarkably fine interpretation of the moderate assai followed, in which the lovely theme was sung upon the piano with faultless grace and rare expression, the pianissimo passages being given like the whisper of falling leaves, and with a dainty touch that surprised and delighted all hearers. The bold, free style of the final allegro was caught with equal success, and the concerto brought to a brilliant ending that called out a great ovation for the pianist and gave him a well merited recognition of his grand abilities.

Mr. Nikisch introduced his programme for the concert with the first performance here of the symphonic poem "Don Juan," by Richard Strauss, and ended it with Beethoven's "Pastorale" symphony.

The "Don Juan" poem affords ample scope

for the imaginative composer in reproducing the amorous scenes depicted by Nicolaus Lenau, its author, and the richly scored tone pictures of Strauss afford a fascinating study. The poem was splendidly played, and a very successful interpretation of the familiar "Pastorale" symphony ended the concert.

The next concert comes on the evening of Nov. 14, when Mr. Ferruccio B. Busoni, pianist, will be the soloist, and the programme will be Haydn's symphony No. 1 in E flat, Beethoven's concerto No. 4 in G major, and Schumann's overture, scherzo and finale.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Reflection made, the one thing which deserves praise and remembrance out of the last Symphony concert, is Mr. Albert Grünfeld's Boston debut in the Rubinstein D-minor concerto for pianoforte. While this work and its reading cannot have shown all the qualities which the new pianist possesses, and very likely did not show him in altogether the most favorable light, it nevertheless proved him to be a man of mark, who has won by substantial and straightforward work the eminent position and complimentary titles which are his in Europe. He belongs among the executants rather than the interpreters, and his command of the key-board is remarkable for its force and also for its finesse—thus touching the extremes of technical pianism—and also being both bold and sure in meeting all the other tests to which a virtuoso of this day must respond. It is true that this force is sometimes abused and that finesse displayed fantastically, as it is also apparent that sweetness of sound is often substituted for suavity of sentiment. But Mr. Grünfeld's peculiar excellences—which will undoubtedly shine most clearly in a diversified programme of music more nearly approaching the chamber style—are so many that it would be unreasonable to complain because in his concerto he did not supply something, the lack of which was evidently due to his temperament and the general course of his art work. The concert began with a turgid and tumultuous thing by young Richard Strauss, who calls it a symphonic poem, and bases it upon some verses about Don Juan, by Lenau. The poem does not mean much and the music less. It is noisily rich, soundingly sensuous, clamorous to the top of all the brazen lungs of the orchestra, demonstrative with almost every known instrument of percussion and imitative of nearly all the fantastic or vociferous authors of the time. It has some pretty melodies, some splendid instrumental effects and some big climaxes; but it has no more consistency and meaning than a turbulent sunset full of huge clouds and vapors resplendent with all the fierce, full colors of the celestial palette. That it might be made to appear at least as meaning more, is possible; for Mr. Nikisch did not manage with it as if he understood it himself, being a great part of the time from a half-beat to a whole one behind the orchestra and having no power to prevent false entrances and improvised dissonances. Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony ended the evening in a performance which ranged from the acceptable and mediocre to the absolutely bad.

MUSIC.

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The programme of the fourth Symphony Concert was as follows:

Symphonic Poem, "Don Juan"..... R. Strauss.
Concerto for pianoforte in D minor..... Rubinstein.
Symphony No. 6, "Pastoral"..... Beethoven.

Nikolaus Lenau took our old friend Don Juan de Tenorio and made him over into a cross between Faust and the Preacher of Jerusalem, and Richard Strauss has chosen Lenau's poem for the text of a musical sermon. Young Strauss started in life as a disciple of Johannes Brahms and a believer in absolute music; but he journeyed from Vienna, and as he came near Weimar he saw suddenly a great light. Ever since he has embraced the belief of Liszt, and he now uses music as the vehicle of expressing everything but music; for he has little invention, and his musical thoughts are of little worth. This symphonic poem is supposed to portray in music the recollections and regrets of a jaded voluptuary. Now, granting that music is capable of doing this, what do we find in this composition? There are recollections, not of Don Juan, but of Liszt and of Wagner. There are also regrets, but the regrets come from the hearers. There is plenty of fuss and fuming; there are passages of brilliant instrumentation, some of them original, some of them borrowed; there is a dramatic effect near the close; but is there any genuine passion or any real terror from the beginning to the end? The hero of Strauss is not the rake-hally man of the legend, the sneering scoundrel of Molière or the impassive figure in Baudelaire's poem who assumes such gigantic proportions after he has given Charon the demanded coin. Nor does the music echo even faintly the passion of Lenau. Besides, Don Juan was more direct in his methods. His wooing was as sudden and as violent as his descent to the lower regions. According to Strauss, he was verbose, fond of turning corners, something of a metaphysician, and a good deal of a bore. When he made love he beat upon a triangle, and when he was dyspeptic he confided his woes to instruments that moaned in sympathy.

There was once a German who wrote an Italian opera for Italian singers. When "Don Juan" is mentioned to musician or theatre-goer, he remembers a dashing Spaniard killing an old man and chucking Zerlina under the chin, running away from his wife and loving Donna Anna, mocking the Statue, but welcoming the awful steps outside the banquet hall, although he then anticipates eternal flames. And humming immortal strains, he thinks of Mozart, nor does he breathe the name of Richard Strauss. If it be said that the work of the one is an opera and that of the other a symphonic poem, and therefore they are not to be named together, there remains the overture to "Don Giovanni," in which the life of a libertine with its dash and sparkle and the inevitable horrors of the end, is more musically suggested.

This symphonic poem, played for the first time in Boston, was loudly applauded by the audience, and probably in spite of occasional roughness the orchestra made the most of the composition. Still greater applause was given to Mr. Alfred Gruenfeld, who made his first appearance in this city as a pianist. He was heard in the Rubinstein concerto in D minor.

As Mr. Gruenfeld will give a series of recitals in Music Hall, it is perhaps safer to reserve judgment. It may be said, however, that he certainly has great technique; but technique in these days runs in the streets of Paris, Vienna and Berlin. He played in the concerto with clearness, ease and precision. But singularly enough, although a man of such technique, his forte was often extremely metallic, and his pianissimo seemed to depend entirely upon the use of the "soft" pedal. According to the criticisms of foreigners of authority, Mr. Gruenfeld is heard to greater advantage in compositions of a very different class that demand a smaller hall. Now while there were admirable features in his performance of Saturday evening, there was a lack of the true virility that includes unaffected tenderness. The playing of this concerto in the spirit of the composer is not akin to the cutting of cameos or the painting of perfumed fans.

The symphony was the "Pastoral." The first movement was played with metronomic rigidity, and the second lulled the hearers, who waited confidently for the appearance of the nightingale, quail, cuckoo and thunder storm.

The programme of the concert Nov. 14 will include Haydn's Symphony No. 1 in E flat; Beethoven's Pianoforte Concerto in G major, and Schumann's Overture, Scherzo and Finale. Mr. F. B. Busoni will be the pianist.

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[Special Correspondence of the Transcript.]

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MUSICUS.

for the imaginative composer in reproducing the amorous scenes depicted by Nikolaus Lenau, its author, and the richly scored tone pictures of Strauss afford a fascinating study. The poem was splendidly played, and a very successful interpretation of the familiar "Pastorale" symphony ended the concert.

The next concert comes on the evening of Nov. 14, when Mr. Ferruccio B. Busoni, pianist, will be the soloist, and the programme will be Haydn's symphony No. 1 in E flat, Beethoven's concerto No. 4 in G major, and Schumann's overture, scherzo and finale.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Reflection made, the one thing which deserves praise and remembrance out of the last Symphony concert, is Mr. Albert Grünfeld's Boston debut in the Rubinstein D-minor concerto for pianoforte. While this work and its reading cannot have shown all the qualities which the new pianist possesses, and very likely did not show him in altogether the most favorable light, it nevertheless proved him to be a man of mark, who has won by substantial and straightforward work the eminent position and complimentary titles which are his in Europe. He belongs among the executants rather than the interpreters, and his command of the key-board is remarkable for its force and also for its finesse—thus touching the extremes of technical pianism—and also being both bold and sure in meeting all the other tests to which a virtuoso of this day must respond. It is true that this force is sometimes abused and that finesse displayed fantastically, as it is also apparent that sweetness of sound is often substituted for suavity of sentiment. But Mr. Grünfeld's peculiar excellences—which will undoubtedly shine most clearly in a diversified programme of music more nearly approaching the chamber style—are so many that it would be unreasonable to complain because in his concerto he did not supply something, the lack of which was evidently due to his temperament and the general course of his art work. The concert began with a turgid and tumultuous thing by young Richard Strauss, who calls it a symphonic poem, and bases it upon some verses about Don Juan, by Lenau. The poem does not mean much and the music less. It is noisily rich, soundingly sensuous, clamorous to the top of all the brazen lungs of the orchestra, demonstrative with almost every known instrument of percussion and imitative of nearly all the fantastic or vociferous authors of the time. It has some pretty melodies, some splendid instrumental effects and some big climaxes; but it has no more consistency and meaning than a turbulent sunset full of huge clouds and vapors resplendent with all the fierce, full colors of the celestial palette. That it might be made to appear at least as meaning more is possible; for Mr. Nikisch did not manage with it as if he understood it himself, being a great part of the time from a half-beat to a whole one behind the orchestra and having no power to prevent false entrances and improvised dissonances. Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony ended the evening in a performance which ranged from the acceptable and mediocre to the absolutely bad.

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ION COMMONWEALTH.

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The fourth Symphony concert began with Richard Strauss's setting of Lenau's poem, 'Don Juan.' Richard, who is of a different family from the tricky Edouard and the dapper Johann of Vienna, puts his thoughts into the form of the 'symphonic poem'. While he is testing his strength in composition, the 'symphonic poem' is just the vehicle for his experiments; for it is formless and does not demand musical sequence of any sort, so that, if a young composer is prolific of ideas and has not the *technique* and restraint to make a master work, symmetrical, artistic and beautiful, he can lose himself in the mazes of this convenient and nondescript concoction. Richard has ideas, millions of them, and his 'Don Juan,' as a piece of instrumentation, is as startling and suggestive as it is incoherent and elusive. The public can afford to bear with this young man during his sprouting period; for 'Don Juan' is an improvement over 'Italy,' the ambitious production with which Mr. Gericke introduced the young man to Boston. His next work will be calmer and more artistic than 'Don Juan'. It is inevitable: in music as in life there exists a wild oats period. Strauss has a natural bent in instrumentation and delights in gorgeous combinations. Lenau's poem is a little too sensual for Richard, who is first of all barbaric and robust. The piece was splendidly played.

Alfred Grünfeld was the pianist at the concert, playing Rubinstein's D-minor concerto. He has a prodigious *technique* and a finger-grip like iron; his touch, too, is remarkably clear; but whether he has sentiment and the fine poetic temperament remains to be seen. His playing was well received, and, after the concert, various and contrary were the expressions of opinion. Grünfeld gives a series of recitals very soon. Beethoven's 'Pastoral' symphony completed the fourth programme, and Mr. Nikisch made its familiar measures interesting.

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Young Strauss's career during the past ten years appears to have been an enviably successful one. To have succeeded Von Bulow as director of the famous Meiningen Orchestra, and to have received the appointment as court conductor in Liszt's old stronghold, Weimar, is to have greater good fortune than most young musicians, even of unusual talent, enjoy nowadays. "Don Juan" is quite in the vein of modern orchestral writing. Suggested to the composer by an extremely sensuous poem of Nicolas Lenau, the music, like its inscription, is of a strongly passionate nature. Still, tropical as it is, there is not discoverable in it any tendency towards coarseness or noise. Without introductory measures, the work starts off with a brilliant, impetuous theme given out by the full orchestra, excepting the heavy brass instruments. This, and a broad, sustained melody, in structure and treatment vividly recalling Wagner, constitute the principal subjects. The orchestration is rich and suggestive, the use of the strings being particularly effective. The grand climax near the end is splendidly worked up; and the close is gloomy enough to arouse feelings of satisfaction in the breast of the most pessimistic of beings. Altogether, "Don Juan" is musically attractive and is clearly the product of strong, well disciplined talent. How it would strike the ear after repeated hearings can only be guessed at. But important works, especially of a dramatic nature, may surely be expected in the near future from the hand that penned this brilliant orchestral piece. It was finely played. Mr. Nikisch's genius as a dramatic conductor was evident throughout, and hearty applause followed its conclusion.

Mr. Alfred Gruenfeld, the celebrated Viennese pianist, was the soloist, and the work he performed was Rubinstein's D minor concerto. Mr. Gruenfeld bears the reputation of being one of the most finished and elegant pianists of Europe. His touch is famous for its wonderful clearness, delicacy and elasticity, and his command over all the varieties of tone of which the pianoforte is capable is said to be complete. In view of these well established facts, then, it would be unreasonable to ascribe that which was unsatisfactory in his performance to anything more than miscalculation as to the amount of strength he needed to expend in order to fill Music Hall. In point of tempi, energy, phrasing, free and clear execution, the concerto was splendidly played. Accent and rhythm too were expressive, and artistically maintained; and though there was a slightly military air about his musical conception, it was at least free from all traces of sentimentality. The one disappointing feature was the hardness of touch displayed by the pianist. Mr. Gruenfeld's digital strength is simply enormous. If every note was not distinctly heard in the furthest recesses of the hall, it was through no fault of his; and it must be said that though of clearness there was no lack, both delicacy and that Rubinstein-like warmth and breadth of style that the work demands were conspicuous by their absence. There can be no doubt, however, that further acquaintance with Music Hall will enable Mr. Gruenfeld to calculate his dynamic effects more accurately. He was given a cordial reception and several en-

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Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony was the closing number and evidently gave that pleasure which it must always give to any cultivated audience when it is well played, for it received close attention. The work of the orchestra was notably better than it has been of late, the pianissimo playing being especially good. Mr. Nikisch's reading was sympathetic and well balanced, except that the tempo of the last movement, as it seemed to us, was too slow throughout.

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At the fourth Symphony concert at Music hall this season, Saturday evening, Oct. 31, this was the programme:

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| Rubinstein. | Concerto for Pianoforte in D minor, No. 4, op. 70. Moderato.—Moderato assai. —Allegro assai. |
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The first of the two novelties presented were Symphonic Poem—"Don Juan" by Richard Strauss. The great brilliancy of this highly colored tone-picture cannot be denied. It must be conceded that its author possesses the knowledge of and has succeeded in bringing the whole power of the modern orchestra to his assistance in this poem. It does seem, however, as if he was aiming more for stunning effect, than for pure, unalloyed, pleasurable music. The wood, brass, parchment and everything else in the orchestra visible to the eye was brought into requisition to help swell the tonal, noisy effect. But it seemed as if there was too much of this wholesale tone business. The horns, so beautiful in tone quality when carefully played, were so overblown as to produce a coarse, unpleasant impression of their real utility, and so with some of the other instruments. From an out-door standpoint, the rendition and effect of the piece was fine, but too much of it in a hall is too severe on the ears. We doubt if Strauss, or Von Bülow, if they were conducting this piece, would permit quite so much volume to come forth from the orchestra. But perhaps Mr. Strauss intended it for such purpose.

Mr. Alfred Grünfeld was the second novelty. He is a pianist who occupies a high position in the capital of Austria as one of the greatest of modern pianists: that means a good deal in these days of numerous great pianists. Yet there is no question but his position is equal to the foremost of them.

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76

The Rubenstein Concerto in D is of great difficulty, requiring the strength of a Sampson, the delicacy of an elf, and the technique of Rubenstein himself to bring it out in all its glory. Mr. Grünfeld succeeded in doing all this to the satisfaction of those interested in the performance of this colossal concerto. Mr. Grünfeld possesses the necessary physique, as well as the self-consciousness of being able to do what he attempts; for his wrists, hands and fingers possess the strength and velocity for the playing of any pianoforte music written. This was demonstrated in the last movement of the Concerto, where all the powers of a great pianist are brought into requisition. We thought at first he was going to prove a "pounder" but were happily disappointed for he used power for the purpose of bringing out the required musical effects. Mr. Grünfeld knows how to play staccato, legato and how to begin and end a musical phrase in a proper finished manner. While at times his tone seemed somewhat dry and hard, it was on the whole satisfactory, showing him to be a most wonderful, fascinating artist. We hope to hear him in a wider field, when he will have full opportunity to show what he can really do.

The "Pastoral" symphony, barring a few slips, was well played according to Mr. Nikisch's interpretation. There was a slight improvement noticeable in two or three crescendos of the orchestra, and the strings appeared to do a little better than usual, but the brass is still too brassy. The thunder storm in the last movement might be considerably bettered.

JAMES M. TRACY.

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Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1891-92.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. ARTHUR NIKISCH, Conductor.

V. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, AT 8, P. M.

PROGRAMME.

HAYDN.

SYMPHONY No. 1, (B. & H.), in E flat.

Adagio; Allegro con spirito.—
Andante.—Minuet.—Finale.

BEETHOVEN.

CONCERTO for PIANOFORTE, No. 4, in G major.
op. 50.

Allegro moderato.—Andante con moto.—Rondo.
(Cadenzas by BUSONI.)

SCHUMANN,

OVERTURE, SCHERZO, and FINALE. op. 50.

SOLOIST:

MR. FERRUCCIO B. BUSONI.

The Piano used is a Steinway.

76

The Rubenstein Concerto in D is of great difficulty, requiring the strength of a Sampson, the delicacy of an elf, and the technique of Rubenstein himself to bring it out in all its glory. Mr. Grünfeld succeeded in doing all this to the satisfaction of those interested in the performance of this colossal concerto. Mr. Grünfeld possesses the necessary physique, as well as the self consciousness of being able to do what he attempts; for his wrists, hands and fingers possess the strength and velocity for the playing of any pianoforte music written. This was demonstrated in the last movement of the Concerto, where all the powers of a great pianist are brought into requisition. We thought at first he was going to prove a "pounder" but were happily disappointed for he used power for the purpose of bringing out the required musical effects. Mr. Grünfeld knows how to play staccato, legato and how to begin and end a musical phrase in a proper finished manner. While at times his tone seemed somewhat dry and hard, it was on the whole satisfactory, showing him to be a most wonderful, fascinating artist. We hope to hear him in a wider field, when he will have full opportunity to show what he can really do.

The "Pastoral" symphony, barring a few slips, was well played according to Mr. Nikisch's interpretation. There was a slight improvement noticeable in two or three crescendos of the orchestra, and the strings appeared to do a little better than usual, but the brass is still too brassy. The thunder storm in the last movement might be considerably bettered.

JAMES M. TRACY.

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Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1891-92.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. ARTHUR NIKISCH, Conductor.

V. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, AT 8, P. M.

PROGRAMME.

HAYDN.

SYMPHONY No. 1, (B. & H.), in E flat.

Adagio; Allegro con spirito.—
Andante.—Minuet.—Finale.

BEETHOVEN.

CONCERTO for PIANOFORTE, No. 4, in G major.
op. 50.

Allegro moderato.—Andante con moto.—Rondo.
(Cadenzas by BUSONI.)

SCHUMANN,

OVERTURE, SCHERZO, and FINALE. op. 50.

SOLOIST:

MR. FERRUCCIO B. BUSONI.

The Piano used is a Steinway.

THEATRES AND CONCERTS.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the fifth symphony concert was as follows:

Haydn: Symphony in E-flat (B. & H. No. 1).
Beethoven: Pianoforte Concerto No. 4, in G major, op. 58.

Schumann: Overture, Scherzo and Finale, op. 50.

Ms. Ferruccio B. Busoni was the pianist.

One of the most delightful concerts the Symphony Orchestra has yet given! How long is it since Haydn's E-flat symphony has been heard here? It seems an age. It used to be one of the regular standbys in the old Harvard Musical days, as it is one of the finest of the composer's works in this form. It is full of originality, of things that were very new in its time. Take the effect with which the introductory *Adagio* sets out, those unisons (not octaves) of the bassoons, 'celli and double-basses: it sounds wonderfully modern. Then that piling up of glory upon glory in parts of the *Finale*; that is a foretaste of Beethoven in one of his finest and most characteristic moods. One finds throughout the work, besides and added to the true Haydn geniality and sense for beauty, a strength, a largeness of forms such as the master did not always see fit to employ. The performance was admirable, in fine sympathy with the spirit of the work; Mr. Kneisel's playing of the little solo variation in the *Andante* was especially exquisite.

In Schumann's Overture, Scherzo and Finale, Mr. Nikisch and the orchestra fairly outdid themselves. For one, technical, point, such exact playing of dotted triplets as was to be heard in the Scherzo is very rare. There is a goodish story about this point in orchestral performance. One day when a noted musician—we think it was Liszt, but of this we are not sure—made the trip from Cologne to Leipzig, he was met at the Leipzig station by Julius Rietz, then conductor at the Gewandhaus. After the first greetings, Liszt said to Rietz: "You look all worn out! What is the matter? Are you ill?" "No," answered Rietz, "I am well enough, thank God, only I am very tired; I have been rehearsing at the Gewandhaus all the afternoon, trying to make the orchestra play a dotted triplet, and I can't get them to do it!" "Curious!" rejoined Liszt, "the last thing Ferdinand Hiller said to me this morning in Cologne, as he was seeing me off at the station, was that he had just been having the very same trouble with his orchestra and with the same result!" But the good dotted triplet was only one point in last Saturday's performance of Schumann's work; all three movements were played with a fire, a precision and a well-timed variety of light and shade that left nothing to be desired. It was admirable from beginning to end.

Mr. Busoni's playing of the immortal G major concerto amply fulfilled the expectations aroused by his playing of the opus 111 sonata in Sleeper Hall some weeks ago. A more self-concentrated player, one more devoted to his task, and to nothing else, were hard to imagine. The

beauty of his conception of the noble music, the excellent clearness and coherence with which he realized it, his sterling purity and simplicity of style, free as it was of all tricks and affectations, his genuine depth of emotion, and un-failing sense for musical beauty made his performance of the work one of the most enjoyable we have ever heard. Still, with all its excellences and beauties, one could not but feel that a certain something was lacking. There was no academic dryness in Mr. Busoni's playing; it was warm and emotional to a high degree; but it was not highly magnetic. He failed to reveal the full magic of some of Beethoven's wonderful passages, there was not quite the lion's paw there. One admired and enjoyed, but one was not elated and irresistibly carried away. The work done by the orchestra in the accompaniment was not of the best, and in some places Mr. Nikisch seemed to refuse to adapt himself to the pianist's tempo. Mr. Busoni's cadenzas, albeit not quite in character with the work, are brilliant and interesting; they aim at something more than mere display.

The next programme is: Lalo, overture to "Le Roi d'Ys"; Aria: C. M. Loeffler, suite for violin and orchestra, "Les veillées de l'Ukraine"; Songs with pianoforte; Raff, symphony No. 5, in E major ("Lenore") op. 177. Miss Marguerite Hall will be the singer and Mr. C. M. Loeffler the violinist.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

An apparently hungry audience, after its two weeks' musical fast, welcomed Conductor Nikisch and his splendid corps of musicians, bearing fresh laurels from New York and Baltimore, where they met with a "pronounced and unequivocal artistic success."

The programme Saturday evening was of an order classical enough to suit the most fastidious, including Haydn's Symphony No. 1 (B. and H.) in E flat, Beethoven's concerto for pianoforte with original cadenzas by the evening's soloist, Mr. Ferruccio B. Busoni, and Schumann's overture, scherzo and finale, op. 50. The Haydn symphony moved with the dignified solemnity of a funeral cortege, as though in honor of some such glorious hero as the devout and profound composer himself. The sacred harmony and religious sentiment expressed were superb, and the exquisite interpolation of the single voice from Franz Kneisel's artistic, plaintive violin came like the pleading of some pure spirit. Beethoven's beautiful sonata introduced another new claimant for excellent work, both as a composer and pianist. Mr. Busoni was warmly welcomed and merited the high standard for excellence so quickly awarded him. He was especially felicitous in his cadenza of the second movement when the trying ordeal of a first appearance had disappeared and he had become thoroughly warmed up to his subject. His execution is very even and fluent, and, although not an extraordinary performer, he impresses one with an idea of his thoroughness as a musician. Schumann's overture, symphonic in character, was admirably interpreted and played with the usual characteristic care and skill.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The programme of the fifth Symphony concert, given Saturday evening in Music Hall, was as follows:

Symphony No. 1 (B and H) in E flat.....Haydn
Concerto for pianoforte No. 4.....Beethoven
Overture, Scherzo and Finale op. 50.....Schumann

It was a great pleasure to hear the Haydn symphony. Its melodies have not grown stale. The art displayed is still surprising. Its sorrows are not morbid. Its joys are wholesome. To be sure it is nothing but music, pure and simple. There is no attempt to portray the emotions of a "storm-tossed soul," or to make music do the task of a sister art. Tunes came into Haydn's head; the "Gradus" of Fux had taught him how best to treat them; and such was his genius that his skilful use of the instruments and his sense of contrasts brought out effects which many modern composers with their gigantic orchestras can not gain, even when they invoke the aid of the army of brass and the batteries of all manner of pulsatiles. It is also a pleasure to add that the symphony was discreetly read by the conductor and carefully played by the orchestra. The trio of the menuetto might have been given with more delicacy, and perhaps there was an occasional over accentuation in the andante, but the performance as a whole was satisfactory. Conductors are too apt to forget that the forte of Haydn, with his orchestra of a limited number of strings, becomes in our day a fortissimo, unless great care is exercised, and so too all nuances are often exaggerated without deliberate intent. The symphony was heartily relished by the large audience, and Mr. Kneisel was applauded for his tasteful delivery of the solo.

The pianist was Mr. Ferruccio B. Busoni. When, at the age of 9, he appeared in 1876 in Vienna as a "wonder-child," the critics praised his playing on account of the evidences of his genuine musical feeling and uncommon memory. The prophecies then made concerning his future have been more than fulfilled, and his name as a composer and pianist is known throughout Europe. His appearance Saturday evening was naturally awaited with more than ordinary curiosity. Experience has shown that it is not fair to pronounce a definite judgement upon a pianist after hearing him in music hall and in a composition in which he is accompanied by an orchestra. The size of the hall forbids the intimate relationship that should exist between player and hearer, and the rivalry between the pianoforte and the orchestra often incites the pianist to force the tone and forget the limitations of his instrument. It is safer to record impressions. But it may be stated at once that Mr. Busoni gave a very thoughtful and a very sincere reading of the concerto. There was not the slightest trace of affectation. Indeed, the modesty of his bearing and the simplicity of his performance won immediately the respect of his hearers. He evidently thought of Beethoven's music when he played and not of the possible effect upon the audience. His phrasing was musician-like, his technique met the severe demands. He played with eminent clearness and precision;

he never offended by extravagance in tone or reading; and there was a delightful sense of repose throughout his performance. At the same time his tone was small, and it seemed to lack warmth. He seemed to stand between the extremes of virility and effeminacy. Thus he avoided to be sure, the reproach of either, but his playing was also without marked individuality—unless the individuality of cold elegance be awarded him. He too seemed to shun the legato, as do many modern players; and his employment of the pedals in running passages was not always to be commended. Too often song passages were unsung. At times the keys beneath the striking fingers clicked metallically. And yet the performance as a whole seemed admirable—as an intellectual feat that commands respectful admiration but does not sway the heart.

Mr. Busoni played his own cadenzas, which were ingenious, but not in sympathy with the concerto itself. The orchestral accompaniment was badly played. It was wanting in precision and in the observance of the degrees of dynamic force; in a word, it was slovenly.

The closing number was played with fire and fury, and neither the performance nor the work itself calls for more extended notice.

The programme of the next concert is as follows: Overture, "Le Roi d'Ys," Lalo; Suite for violin and orchestra by C. M. Loefler, in which the solo part will be played by the composer, and Raff's "Leonore" symphony. Miss Marguerite Hall will sing.

PHILIP HALE.

Sante MUSICAL.

The Symphony Concert.

The programme of last night's Symphony Concert was a well-balanced one, beginning with Haydn's Symphony No. 1 (B. & H.) in E-flat, which was, on the whole, sympathetically read and admirably played, barring a certain lack of essential delicacy now and then. It was followed by Beethoven's Concerto for piano, No. 4, in G. Mr. F. B. Busoni performing the solo part. This artist may be praised with the greatest heartiness and sincerity for his charming reading and beautiful performance of the work. He entered into its spirit with the finest sympathy, and the results were as delightful as they were refreshing. His technique is thorough, his touch true and musical, and his phrasing eminently artistic. Grace and elegance of style, musicianly intelligence and sincere devotion to his task characterized the effort throughout. He has not a large tone, but we have had over much of large tone of late, and the change was a relief. There were a Hummel-like repose, delicacy and fluency, and an absence of all attempt at display in the performance that made it full of pleasure in the hearing. The cadenzas were by Mr. Busoni, but these we did not fancy much, as they are too modern in quality to be in harmony with the work. For the rest, however, we have nothing but commendation. The artist was applauded with great enthusiasm, and received two tumultuous recalls. The work of the orchestra in the performance was lacking in precision and finish; in fact, was reprehensibly rough and ragged. The concert ended with Schumann's Overture, Scherzo, and Finale, op. 50, which was read and played in a manner that made it one of the most satisfying efforts that the orchestra has made this season. The programme of the next concert is: Overture, "Le Roi d'Ys," Lalo; Suite for violin and orchestra, C. M. Loefler, the solo part in which will be played by the composer; and Raff's symphony, "Leonore." Miss Marguerite Hall will also appear as a soloist.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The programme of the fifth Symphony concert, given Saturday evening in Music Hall, was as follows:

Symphony No. 1 (B and H) in E flat..... Haydn
Concerto for pianoforte No. 4..... Beethoven
Overture, Scherzo and Finale op. 50..... Schumann

It was a great pleasure to hear the Haydn symphony. Its melodies have not grown stale. The art displayed is still surprising. Its sorrows are not morbid. Its joys are wholesome. To be sure it is nothing but music, pure and simple. There is no attempt to portray the emotions of a "storm-tossed soul," or to make music do the task of a sister art. Tunes came into Haydn's head; the "Gradus" of Fux had taught him how best to treat them; and such was his genius that his skilful use of the instruments and his sense of contrasts brought out effects which many modern composers with their gigantic orchestras can not gain, even when they invoke the aid of the army of brass and the batteries of all manner of pulsatiles. It is also a pleasure to add that the symphony was discreetly read by the conductor and carefully played by the orchestra. The trio of the minuetto might have been given with more delicacy, and perhaps there was an occasional over accentuation in the andante, but the performance as a whole was satisfactory. Conductors are too apt to forget that the forte of Haydn, with his orchestra of a limited number of strings, becomes in our day a fortissimo, unless great care is exercised, and so too all nuances are often exaggerated without deliberate intent. The symphony was heartily relished by the large audience, and Mr. Kneisel was applauded for his tasteful delivery of the solo.

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PHILIP HALE.

Suite

MUSICAL.

The Symphony Concert.

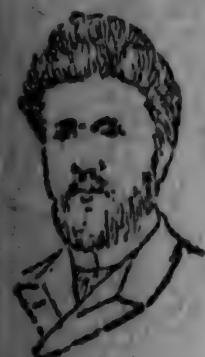
The programme of last night's Symphony Concert was a well-balanced one, beginning with Haydn's Symphony No. 1 (B. & H.) in E-flat, which was, on the whole, sympathetically read and admirably played, barring a certain lack of essential delicacy now and then. It was followed by Beethoven's Concerto for piano, No. 4, in G, Mr. F. B. Busoni performing the solo part. This artist may be praised with the greatest heartiness and sincerity for his charming reading and beautiful performance of the work. He entered into its spirit with the finest sympathy, and the results were as delightful as they were refreshing. His technique is thorough, his touch true and musical, and his phrasing eminently artistic. Grace and elegance of style, musicianly intelligence and sincere devotion to his task characterized the effort throughout. He has not a large tone, but we have had over much of large tone of late, and the change was a relief. There were a Hummel-like repose, delicacy and fluency, and an absence of all attempt at display in the performance that made it full of pleasure in the hearing. The cadenzas were by Mr. Busoni, but these we did not fancy much, as they are too modern in quality to be in harmony with the work. For the rest, however, we have nothing but commendation. The artist was applauded with great enthusiasm, and received two tumultuous recalls. The work of the orchestra in the performance was lacking in precision and finish; in fact, was reprehensibly rough and ragged. The concert ended with Schumann's Overture, scherzo, and Finale, op. 50, which was read and played in a manner that made it one of the most satisfying efforts that the orchestra has made this season. The programme of the next concert is: Overture, "Le Roi d'Ys," Lalo; Suite for violin and orchestra, C. M. Loeffler, the solo part in which will be played by the composer; and Raff's symphony, "Leonore." Miss Marguerite Hall will also appear as a soloist.

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FERRUCCIO BUSONI.

HE programme of the fifth symphony concert was not notable for variety, but the three offerings were evidently thoroughly enjoyed by the large audiences at both afternoon rehearsal and evening concert. Very cordial was the greeting given the conductor and his band on their return from a two weeks' absence, and there was more than the usual warmth in the applause accorded the performance of the programme.

Haydn's symphony No. 1, in E flat, Beethoven's concerto for piano, No. 4, in G major, and Schumann's overture, scherzo and final, op. 50, were the selections.

The symphony was heard for the first time at these concerts, and Mr. Nikisch's reading was received with cordial favor. It is for the most part a sad, dreamy composition, but its sadness is lovey and its dreamy passages delightfully suggest the imaginative and artistic temperament of the master who gave it birth.

Haydn is noted for his fondness for the drum, and this much-abused instrument is given considerable prominence in his E-flat symphony, rather more, by the way, than Mr. Nikisch allowed to appear at yesterday's performance.

If the same restraining influence was often placed upon the brass instruments, symphony audiences would have much cause for expressing their gratitude.

There are four movements, adagio, andante, minuet and final. The opening melody is broad and solemn and suggests the character of the whole work. A sweetly mournful melody pervades the andante, brightened occasionally by quickening the rhythm. The minuet is richly harmonized, and the final is most impressive in its solemn grandeur. The latter movement was finely played, the shading of contrasted themes being particularly good.

A delicious passage for solo violin in the andante was charmingly played by Mr. Kneisel, and received merited recognition from the audience.

Schumann's overture, scherzo and final, which was played as the closing number of the concert, won many tokens of approval. Its cheerfulness was very welcome, and the spirited graceful interpretation given by the band was most commendable. The brilliant scherzo was admirably played, but the vigorous coda of the final might have been given with greater smoothness by the strings.

The Beethoven concerto served to introduce to symphony audiences a pianist of excellent talent who has recently come to Boston, and who is now a professor at the New England Conservatory of Music. He naturally received a very cordial greeting, for Conservatory pupils were numerous in the audience, but the hearty applause which rewarded his playing was by no means undeserved.

Mr. Ferruccio Busoni impresses one as a scholarly musician, thoughtful and conscientious to a degree. His playing is thoroughly enjoyable, and while he may not be entitled to take high rank among some of the pianists who have come here from abroad for concert tours, he is certainly among the best of resident players. There is refreshing wholesomeness in his unaffected manner, and refinement and artistic feeling is evident in his playing. He is also an exact player, something that cannot be truthfully said of many more famous pianists.

His execution is occasionally lacking in strength, but absence of sonorosity is largely compensated for by rare daintiness and sureness of touch, exquisite delicacy of shading and general smoothness of technique. The cadenzas of Mr. Busoni's own composition, which he introduced in the opening and final movements of the Beethoven concerto, gave pleasing evidence of his ability as a composer.

The programme for the next Symphony concert will be as follows: Lalo, overture, "Le Roi d'Ys," first time; C. M. Loeffler, "Les Veillees de l'Ukraine," suite in four movements for violin and orchestra, first time; songs with piano; Raff, symphony, "Lenore," soloists, Miss Marguerite Hall and Mr. C. M. Loeffler.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Symphony Concert.

A new pianist was the chief feature of Saturday's concert. Most wonderful of all, this pianist neither pounds nor attempts to stun the auditor with his brilliancy, but seems to exert himself wholly to give the meaning of the work he is playing, and to sink his own personality into that of the composer. This is what Ferruccio Busoni did at this concert, in the fourth Beethoven concerto, and his playing possessed a delicacy that has long been absent from our concert-rooms, and seemed to bring us back towards the times when legato work was held more musical than thundering fortissimi, when furious double octaves were not the entire end and aim of a pianist's existence. Yet brilliancy was not lacking here either, only it became a means, not an end, and the end of the first movement was as coruscating as the most exacting virtuoso could desire.

But the chief charm of it all lay in the fact that there was no exaggeration either to the loud or the soft side of dynamic effect, and there was sincerity as well as capability in every measure. The orchestral support was very rough, and at times hindered the pianist rather than supported him. There were mistakes in the woodwind and careless attacks in the strings, while the power was by no means graded to the soloist, who was often obliged to forego a delicate touch rather than run the risk of becoming inaudible. The two cadenzas were composed by the pianist, and showed a skilful working-up of the principal themes. They were full of technical difficulties, all of which were bravely overcome; but they were rather too modern to consort well with the classical playing of the rest of the work, and the last one rather slighted Beethoven's request—"La Cadenza sia Corta."

Mr. Nikisch deserved praise for the manner in which he repressed his fiery nature in the reading of the Haydn symphony, and he gave the tempi of this work with an appreciation of the fact that all the early symphonists used the expressions of speed in a more moderate sense than we do at present. Mr. Kneisel's violin obligato won a hearty round of applause, and the audience seemed to show by their general appreciation, that the name of Haydn is still one to conjure with.

The finest orchestral work of the concert, however, and, for the matter of that, of the entire season, was displayed in the "overture, scherzo and finale," that free symphony by Schumann. This was given in noble style and only proves again what has frequently been stated, that when our conductor is good he is "very, very good," and the resemblance to the little girl of the poem might be carried still further. Perhaps a Stuyvesant after a Wouter van Twiller might seem too fiery and restless, but it is never wrong to have a little of the *suaviter in modo* mingled with the enthusiasm (and sensation) of the modern vein.

The excellent reading and the steady performance of this Schumann work deserves chronicling, particularly as it stood in vivid contrast with the coarse performance of the

Beethoven concerto in its orchestral portions. It might perhaps be well, and it is an idea sometimes carried out in Europe, to diminish the number of the performers in the passages where the piano is present, in a concerto using the full orchestra only in tutti passages. Too often, at present, the concertos become a struggle between piano and orchestra rather than a uniting of the two.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

MUSIC.

THE CAMBRIDGE CONCERT.

The first of the Boston Symphony Orchestra concerts of this season at the Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, was given last evening. The symphony, Beethoven's in F No. 8, was the first number, and it is to be wished that Mr. Nikisch would arrange his programme in Music Hall in a similar manner. The most important number should come first or second before the ear is tired and the mind begins to wander. The performance of the symphony last evening was characterized by swing and vehemence rather than by precision and delicacy; but it was evidently enjoyed by the large audience. The playing of the Prelude, Adagio and Gavotte for strings, arranged from Bach by Bachrich, was more heartily to be praised, however, from the standpoint of the musician. The final orchestral number was Schumann's "Genoveva" Overture.

Mr. Elliot Hubbard, who was the soloist, is well-known and a favorite in our concert halls. His selections last night showed both the strength and the weakness of his art. The aria "An jenem Tag" from "Hans Heiling" demands a baritone of full, rich voice with a firm control of the resources of dramatic expression. Now Mr. Hubbard is an agreeable parlor singer with a voice of limited range and of more than ordinary taste. The aria was beyond his grasp, and when he tried to treat his theme dramatically, the voice was not equal to the task, and spasmodic sforzatos took the place of passion hinted or plainly shown. But in the three songs by Brahms, Franz and Schumann, to which Mr. Nikisch played very pleasing accompaniments, he was more successful and he deserved the sincere recall. For these songs, "Minneted," "Sommer Morgen" and "Fruehlingsnacht," are intended to suggest a mood rather than to affect the hearer objectively. All the songs were sung in German. Perhaps this is an unnecessary statement, for German dominates our concert stage. It is to be hoped that there will some day be a revolt and a return to English, which is after all our national language.

The next concert will be given Thursday, Nov. 12. Mrs. Nordica will sing.

PHILIP HALE.

Mrs. Arthur Nikisch, if correctly reported, said in an interview published in the *Globe*, that she "confines my own newspaper reading, as does Mr. Nikisch, to New York and German journals, to avoid being disturbed by local criticism, which we think so contradictory as to be of no help, and in any case powerless to inspire more earnest endeavor than personal love for our work already dictates." And yet it is not easy to see how the perusal of New York and German journals can aid Mr. Nikisch in taking advantage of Boston critical opinion regarding his work. As for the "contradictory" aspect of "local criticism" we cannot recall when there has been a closer approach to unanimity in the criticisms on the Symphony concerts than there has been this season, and such unanimity is shown in the censures cast on the performances thus far. Perhaps that accounts for it, and *hinc illa lacrymae*! Neighbor Verges was a good map, but he would be talking.

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The symphony was heard for the first time at these concerts, and Mr. Nikisch's reading was received with cordial favor. It is for the most part a sad, dreamy composition, but its sadness is lovey and its dreamy passages delightfully suggest the imaginative and artistic temperament of the master who gave it birth.

Haydn is noted for his fondness for the drum, and this much-abused instrument is given considerable prominence in his E-flat symphony, rather more, by the way, than Mr. Nikisch allowed to appear at yesterday's performance.

If the same restraining influence was often placed upon the brass instruments, symphony audiences would have much cause for expressing their gratitude.

There are four movements, adagio, andante, minuet and final. The opening melody is broad and solemn and suggests the character of the whole work. A sweetly mournful melody pervades the andante, brightened occasionally by quickening the rhythm. The minuet is richly harmonized, and the final is most impressive in its solemn grandeur. The latter movement was finely played, the shading of contrasted themes being particularly good.

A delicious passage for solo violin in the andante was charmingly played by Mr. Kneisel, and received merited recognition from the audience.

Schumann's overture, scherzo and final, which was played as the closing number of the concert, won many tokens of approval. Its cheerfulness was very welcome, and the spirited graceful interpretation given by the band was most commendable. The brilliant scherzo was admirably played, but the vigorous coda of the final might have been given with greater smoothness by the strings.

The Beethoven concerto served to introduce to symphony audiences a pianist of excellent talent who has recently come to Boston, and who is now a professor at the New England Conservatory of Music. He naturally received a very cordial greeting, for Conservatory pupils were numerous in the audience, but the hearty applause which rewarded his playing was by no means undeserved.

Mr. Ferruccio Busoni impresses one as a scholarly musician, thoughtful and conscientious to a degree. His playing is thoroughly enjoyable, and while he may not be entitled to take high rank among some of the pianists who have come here from abroad for concert tours, he is certainly among the best of resident players. There is refreshing wholesomeness in his uneffected manner, and refinement and artistic feeling is evident in his playing. He is also an exact player, something that cannot be truthfully said of many more famous pianists.

His execution is occasionally lacking in strength, but absence of sonorosity is largely compensated for by rare daintiness and sureness of touch, exquisite delicacy of shading and general smoothness of technique. The cadenzas of Mr. Busoni's own composition, which he introduced in the opening and final movements of the Beethoven concerto, gave pleasing evidence of his ability as a composer.

The programme for the next Symphony concert will be as follows: Lalo, overture, "Le Roi d'Ys," first time; C. M. Loeffler, "Les Veillees de l'Ukraine," suite in four movements for violin and orchestra, first time; songs with piano; Raff, symphony, "Lenore," soloists, Miss Marguerite Hall and Mr. C. M. Loeffler.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Symphony Concert.

A new pianist was the chief feature of Saturday's concert. Most wonderful of all, this pianist neither pounds nor attempts to stun the auditor with his brilliancy, but seems to exert himself wholly to give the meaning of the work he is playing, and to sink his own personality into that of the composer. This is what Ferruccio Busoni did at this concert, in the fourth Beethoven concerto, and his playing possessed a delicacy that has long been absent from our concert-rooms, and seemed to bring us back towards the times when legato work was held more musical than thundering fortissimi, when furious double octaves were not the entire end and aim of a pianist's existence. Yet brilliancy was not lacking here either, only it became a means, not an end, and the end of the first movement was as coruscating as the most exacting virtuoso could desire.

But the chief charm of it all lay in the fact that there was no exaggeration either to the loud or the soft side of dynamic effect, and there was sincerity as well as capability in every measure. The orchestral support was very rough, and at times hindered the pianist rather than supported him. There were mistakes in the woodwind and careless attacks in the strings, while the power was by no means graded to the soloist, who was often obliged to forego a delicate touch rather than run the risk of becoming inaudible. The two cadenzas were composed by the pianist, and showed a skilful working-up of the principal themes. They were full of technical difficulties, all of which were bravely overcome; but they were rather too modern to consort well with the classical playing of the rest of the work, and the last one rather slighted Beethoven's request—"La Cadenza sia Corta."

Mr. Nikisch deserved praise for the manner in which he repressed his fiery nature in the reading of the Haydn symphony, and he gave the tempi of this work with an appreciation of the fact that all the early symphonists used the expressions of speed in a more moderate sense than we do at present. Mr. Kneisel's violin obligato won a hearty round of applause, and the audience seemed to show by their general appreciation, that the name of Haydn is still one to conjure with.

The finest orchestral work of the concert, however, and, for the matter of that, of the entire season, was displayed in the "overture, scherzo and finale," that free symphony by Schumann. This was given in noble style and only proves again what has frequently been stated, that when our conductor is good he is "very, very good," and the resemblance to the little girl of the poem might be carried still further. Perhaps a Stuyvesant after a Wouter van Twiller might seem too fiery and restless, but it is never wrong to have a little of the *suaviter in modo* mingled with the enthusiasm (and sensation) of the modern vein.

The excellent reading and the steady performance of this Schumann work deserves chronicling, particularly as it stood in vivid contrast with the coarse performance of the

Beethoven concerto in its orchestral portions. It might perhaps be well, and it is an idea sometimes carried out in Europe, to diminish the number of the performers in the passages where the piano is present, in a concerto using the full orchestra only in *tutti* passages. Too often, at present, the concertos become a struggle between piano and orchestra rather than a uniting of the two.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

MUSIC.

THE CAMBRIDGE CONCERT.

The first of the Boston Symphony Orchestra concerts of this season at the Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, was given last evening. The symphony, Beethoven's in F No. 8, was the first number, and it is to be wished that Mr. Nikisch would arrange his programme in Music Hall in a similar manner. The most important number should come first or second before the ear is tired and the mind begins to wander. The performance of the symphony last evening was characterized by swing and vehemence rather than by precision and delicacy; but it was evidently enjoyed by the large audience. The playing of the Prelude, Adagio and Gavotte for strings, arranged from Bach by Bachrich, was more heartily to be praised, however, from the standpoint of the musician. The final orchestral number was Schumann's "Genoveva" Overture.

Mr. Eliot Hubbard, who was the soloist, is well-known and a favorite in our concert halls. His selections last night showed both the strength and the weakness of his art. The aria "An jenem Tag" from "Hans Heiling" demands a baritone of full, rich voice with a firm control of the resources of dramatic expression. Now Mr. Hubbard is an agreeable parlor singer with a voice of limited range and of more than ordinary taste. The aria was beyond his grasp, and when he tried to treat his theme dramatically, the voice was not equal to the task, and spasmodic sforzatos took the place of passion hinted or plainly shown. But in the three songs by Brahms, Franz and Schumann, to which Mr. Nikisch played very pleasing accompaniments, he was more successful and he deserved the sincere recall. For these songs, "Minneted," "Sommer Morgen" and "Fruehlingsnacht," are intended to suggest a mood rather than to affect the hearer objectively. All the songs were sung in German. Perhaps this is an unnecessary statement, for German dominates our concert stage. It is to be hoped that there will some day be a revolt and a return to English, which is after all our national language.

The next concert will be given Thursday, Nov. 12. Mrs. Nordica will sing.

PHILIP HALE.

Mrs. Arthur Nikisch, if correctly reported, said in an interview published in the *Globe*, that she "confines my own newspaper reading, as does Mr. Nikisch, to New York and German journals, to avoid being disturbed by local criticism, which we think so contradictory as to be of no help, and in any case powerless to inspire more earnest endeavor than personal love for our work already dictates." And yet it is not easy to see how the perusal of New York and German journals can aid Mr. Nikisch in taking advantage of Boston critical opinion regarding his work. As for the "contradictory" aspect of "local criticism" we cannot recall when there has been a closer approach to unanimity in the criticisms on the Symphony concerts than there has been this season, and such unanimity is shown in the censures cast on the performances thus far. Perhaps that accounts for it, and *hinc ille lachrymæ!* Neighbor Verges was a good man, but he would be talking.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

Symphony Concert, Soloist Mr. Ferruccio B. Busoni.

A Season of Italian Opera at the Boston Theatre—The Austrian Juvenile Band's Farewell—Great Interest in the "Artists' Concert"—The Grunfeld Recitals—Philharmonic Matinee.

Still another pianist was introduced to a Boston audience at last evening's symphony concert, this newcomer being Mr. Ferruccio B. Busoni, who has recently become a resident teacher. His appearance was made in a performance of Beethoven's concerto for pianoforte No. 4, in G major, op. 50, to which the player added some original cadenzas. Mr. Busoni is a player who impresses an audience more by the eminent attainments he displays as a musician than by his brilliancy as a pianist. He is evidently well grounded in the science of his chosen profession, and he commanded the respect and admiration of his audience by the well-studied performance he gave of the familiar work. His own embellishments, in the cadenzas, were a further evidence of his skill and good taste, and his merits, both as a player and composer, found a ready recognition.

Mr. Nikisch introduced his programme with a highly interesting performance of the Haydn symphony No. 1 (B. & H.), in B flat, and ended the evening's concert with a very enjoyable interpretation of the overture, scherzo and finale, op. 50, by Schumann.

Next Saturday evening Mr. C. M. Loeffler, the violinist, is to appear, both as composer and soloist, his contribution to the programme consisting of a suite for orchestra, "Les Veillées de l'Ukraine." Miss Marguerite Hall is to sing some songs, and the "Leonore" symphony, by Raff, and Lalo's overture, "Le Roi d'Ys," are to be played.

Music.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The fifth Symphony concert was devoted to absolute music. Haydn, Beethoven, and Schumann were the composers represented, and their works were read for the most part discreetly, and romanticism was not recklessly injected into the classical body to give an unnatural flush and a feverish animation. The Haydn Symphony was the one in E flat No. 1 (B. and H.), and singular to relate, although it is one of the most familiar, and although it has been undoubtedly pounded out for years in this very city by four hands upon the pianoforte, it was given last week for the first time at these concerts. And it gave genuine pleasure to the hearers. Time has not staled its freshness, and indeed parts of the work are eminently modern in spirit and in treatment. Spontaneity and art go hand in hand from the beginning to the end, and the healthy tone of the symphony, even in its darker passages, is refreshing in these days of musical dyspeptic pessimism. It is also a pleasure to add that both in respect of tempo and observance of the nuances, Mr. Nikisch gave a very careful and intelligent reading. The different numbers were much enjoyed by the large audience, and Mr. Kneisel was applauded for his exquisite performance of the violin solo in the andante. That species of unfinished symphony of Schumann known as "Overture, Scherzo, and Finale" was given with great fire, and the rhythmic difficulties were mastered so that—unusual thing in this work—the rhythm did not halt or stagger blindly.

The pianist was Mr. Ferruccio B. Busoni, and he played the solo part of Beethoven's concerto No. 4 in G major. As is perhaps well known in this city, Mr. Busoni was a wonder-child, and he appeared in Vienna as a player and a composer at a tender age. He was then loudly praised, and glowing prophecies were made concerning his future, and these prophecies have certainly been fulfilled; for his recent triumph in composition is fresh in the minds of all. He is now a fellow-townsmen, and a most valuable addition to the role of musicians of this city. Naturally his appearance was eagerly awaited, and in many ways he did not disappoint the high hopes of his hearers. He played with rare thoughtfulness, and with remarkable self-control. He thoroughly subordinated self, and Beethoven's music was apparently the one thing thought of. His playing was distinguished by precision, singular clearness, unostentatious but more than sufficient mastery of mechanism, and modest elegance of bearing. At the same time it must be confessed that there was a lack of that indefinable quality called variously, temperament, or magnetism, or what-you-will, that sways the hearer even against his judgment. But it must be remembered that the size of the hall almost forbids the close approach of player and hearer, and it must be confessed that Mr. Busoni was seriously hampered by the poor accompaniment of the orchestra. Mr. Nikisch constantly differed with the pianist in matters of tempo and degrees of force, and the accompaniment throughout was coarse and unmusical. Mr. Busoni was most heartily applauded and twice recalled.

FIFTH CONCERT.

The programme of the fifth Symphony concert in Music hall, Saturday evening, Nov. 14, was:

Haydn. Symphony No. 1, (B. & H.) in E flat. Adagio; Allegro con spirito.—Andante.—Minuet.—Finale.
Beethoven. Concerto for Pianoforte, No. 4, in G major, op. 50. Allegro moderato.—Andante con moto.—Rondo. (Cadenzas by Busoni)
Schumann. Overture, Scherzo, and Finale. Op. 50.

Soloist: Mr. Ferruccio B. Busoni.

It is always a pleasure, a delightful one, to listen to any of Haydn's symphonies, for they all contain melody and harmony which reach into the hidden recesses of the heart and soul. There are no harsh sevenths or other discordant harmonies to be sensationally resolved, to startle and shatter the nervous system, to drive one into hysterics, but beautiful melodies, quiet, soothing harmonies, that bring with them the comforting, satisfying pleasure one seeks at such concerts, but seldom afforded in modern works. Yes, we love old father Haydn's music, even with the modern, brilliant coloring it receives at the hands of our Boston orchestra.

The orchestra has improved considerably since its first concert, and though there is a wide difference in regard to its interpretations and excellent work, there was not much fault to be found with it at this concert. The difference is mostly in the matter of Conductor Nikisch's readings. That is a matter that cannot easily be satisfactorily settled.

Haydn wrote his symphonies when strings predominated, before the present brass quality was known or demanded. If he had lived in our time, or foreseen to what extent Wagner would carry his tremendous tonal, noisy quality into nearly all his orchestral writings, perhaps, he might have injected more breezy effects into some of his symphonies. But he did not live in our time, did not know of Wagner, Brahms or Strauss, therefore, his music ought not to be forced with modern coloring, because it is unfitted for it, was not constructed for such a purpose. Now the finale of the symphony, though played brilliantly well, was never intended to represent a tragedy, nor a brass band; but such was Mr. Nikisch's interpretation of it. The audience enjoyed the symphony greatly and we heard a number remark, "How beautiful!" and wondering why more such music was not given. Evidently they forgot it takes all kinds to make a world.

The concerto, played by Mr. Busoni, created a favorable impression of his abilities as a pianist. Mr. Busoni is quite a young man, pleasing in appearance, but looks more like a student than a full grown artist. He gave the im-

pression that he was nervous and excited. However, his playing showed no symptoms of excitement or nervousness; on the other hand, there he was perfectly at home. His entire performance, as a carefully studied, well prepared public lesson, was a fine success. Mr. Busoni has well trained fingers; some of his scales were truly delicious, presenting a contrast to his octave playing and chords, which were stiff and hard. He made the concerto musical, and showed himself a musician of good parts in the cadenzas of his own he introduced. Further, the orchestra subordinated itself to him to a greater degree than we have ever heard it before to any soloist. He was heartily applauded and recalled. It was apparent the orchestra took a deep interest in the pianist, for they showed it demonstratively. Thus, Mr. Busoni's path is strewn with flowers, and his success here made secure.

The Schumann overture, scherzo and finale was remarkably well played, showing this composer in one of his happiest moods, the leading of which, by Mr. Nikisch, was admirable in nearly all respects. This concert proved the most satisfactory of any so far this season.

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A Protest from Cleveland.

NOVEMBER 2, 1891.

Editors Musical Courier:

I READ with interest your recent editorial concerning the appropriation of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's title by the "Orchestral Club," and heartily agreed with your idea that there should be something to prevent such thieving. I was more than ever convinced of this when I read the inclosed advertisement in our two principal newspapers yesterday morning. It speaks for itself, and one glance at it is enough for a great many people to buy a ticket, only to find they have been duped by a misleading title. Their advertising is plainly on the same line as their plagiarism of the name.

I do not wish to take up your space, as I am not a regular correspondent, but I would like to say a word about the first concert of the season of the Philharmonic Orchestra. It was decided to work on a somewhat larger scale this year; to give concerts in Music Hall and engage some noted soloist to assist at each concert. The opening was on last Tuesday evening, the 27th ult., the enlarged orchestra (seventy members) being assisted by Fursch-Madi.

While the audience was not as large as was desired, it was an appreciative one and made up in enthusiasm what it lacked in numbers. Furthermore, it remained seated until the close of the last number, and even applauded that number heartily, a very rare procedure with Cleveland concert goers. The orchestra was in excellent condition. The handling of the widely varying numbers of the opening program showed to a marked degree the advancement they have made under the careful and painstaking, but ever progressive leadership of Emil Ring. Of course it shows room for improvement; that would be expected. There was noticeable at times a want of unity among the woodwinds; also now and then a tendency of the other parts to overpower the strings. But this was not to such an extent that rendered it disagreeable—only a reminder of what may be expected to be remedied in the future. I will not attempt to mention any particular numbers of the program further than to say that probably the best all round work was on the Schubert symphony. Mascagni's intermezzo was very well played with organ accompaniment, and, it is hardly necessary to say, was redemanded.

Fursch-Madi was very well received and pleased the audience. I have heard a few complain because she did not respond to encores, but this is perhaps due to a habit we have fallen into.

Emil Ring conducted the whole orchestral program without score or notes of any kind, and he, like the orchestra, was at his best.

The general verdict was that the concert was the best the Philharmonic Orchestra has yet given in Cleveland.

The handsome face and exquisite playing of John Marquardt are absent, however.

FIRST CONCERT IN STAR COURSE, SEASON 1891
AND 1892.

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY

Orchestral Club, Mr. Arthur Laseur, violoncello; Mons. Louis Kapp, first violin; Mr. Frederick E. Hahn, second violin; Mons. Fr. Rucquoy, flute; Angermeunde, contra bass; Herman Burkhardt, violin and cornet; Miss Laura Burnham, Prima Donna Soprano; Mr. John Lloyd, Tenor. General admission, 25c., 50c. and \$1. Get season tickets at B. Dreher's Sons', Arcade.

[The above is an exact copy of the advertisement sent to us by our correspondent. It does indeed "speak for itself."—EDS. MUSICAL COURIER.]

Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1891-92.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. ARTHUR NIKISCH, Conductor.

VI. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, AT 8, P. M.

PROGRAMME.

LALO.	OVERTURE. "Le Roi d'Ys." (First time in Boston).
HENSOHEL.	BALLAD. "There was an Ancient King." for CONTRALTO and ORCHESTRA. (First time in Boston.)
C. M. LOEFFLER.	SUITE in four movements for VIOLIN and ORCHESTRA. "Les Veillées de l'Ukraine." Introduction and Pastorale.—Rune.—Dumka.—Finale. (First time.)
SCHUBERT.	SONGS with PIANO. a) LIEBESBOTSCHAFT. b) AN DIE LEYER. c) RASTLOSE LIEBE.
RAFF.	SYMPHONY in E. "Lenore." No. 5, op. 177. LOVE'S HAPPINESS. I. Allegro. SEPARATION. II. Andante quasi Larghetto. REUNION IN DEATH. III. March tempo. IV. Introduction and Ballad. (Allegro.) (After G. Buerger's "Lenore.")

SOLOISTS:

MISS MARGUERITE HALL.

MR. C. M. LOEFFLER.

The Piano used is a Steinway.

THEATRES AND CONCERTS.

Rev. Eve. Trans. 11/23/91

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the sixth concert was:

Lalo: Overture to "Le Roi d'Ys."
Henschel: Ballad, "There was an ancient king," for
contralto and orchestra.
Loeffler: Suite, "Des Veillées de l'Ukraine," for violin
and orchestra.

Schubert: Songs with pianoforte:

Liebesbotschaft.

An die Leyer.

Rastlose Liebe.

Raff: Symphony No. 5, in E major, "Lenore," Op. 177.

Miss Marguerite Hall was the singer, and Mr. C. M.
Loeffler the violinist.

Lalo's "Roi d'Ys" overture is a brilliant piece of writing, gorgeously scored; when one has said this one has said about all. It was finely played. Mr. Loeffler's suite shows us this excellent young artist in a new light. The work is in four movements: Introduction and Pastoral; Rune; Dumka; Finale. The thematic material is Russian, perhaps in origin, certainly in character, throughout; yet it is noticeable that the characteristic Slavonic accent of the music is somewhat toned down, and cured of its savagery. Mr. Loeffler's work shows what an advantage it is to a composer, no matter how poetic and imaginative his spirit may be, to have a care to express himself in a coherent musical form. The music gains thereby, just as the most fanciful poetry gains from perfection of rhyme and rhythm. This suite is remarkable, both for the inherent charm of its themes and the excellence of its musical workmanship. The handling of the orchestra, too, is admirable, although the young composer may seem at moments a little by the head with the orchestral riches at his command, and rather lavish in his coloring. The solo part might easily have been given more prominence by being shown against a more neutral background. Still one can hardly quarrel with a composer-virtuoso for voluntary self-effacement. Mr. Loeffler played admirably as ever, and was as admirably seconded by the orchestra. Composition and performance were equally, and highly, enjoyable. *Bravissimo!*

Raff's "Lenore" was splendidly played. The great length of this symphony, coupled with its not very conspicuous strength, makes it rather a large dose to take at the end of an already long programme. But what could be done for it, under the circumstances, was done by Mr. Nikisch and the orchestra.

Mr. Henschel's ballad made a rather indeterminate impression. One could feel it to be essentially musical, with now and then a dramatic touch; but, upon the whole, it seemed lacking in true effectiveness. Neither did Miss Hall's singing add much life to it. But she recouped herself wonderfully in the Schubert songs. We had almost given up all hope of hearing such singing of Schubert, and were completely carried away. That is true *Lieder*-singing! True and warm in sentiment, and always lyric in style.

The next programme is: Gluck, overture to "Iphigénie en Aulide"; Brahms, violin concerto in D, op. 77; Schubert, symphony in C. Mr. Adolph Brodsky will be the violinist.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

11/22/91

The Symphony Concert---Novelties on the Programme.

Miss Marguerite Hall and Mr. C. M.

Loeffler the Soloists—Great Success

The symphony concert programme of last evening fairly shone with new compositions, and Conductor Nikisch gave his audience an abundance of subjects for thought and reflection.

After affording a first hearing of Lalo's bright, tuneful and fascinating overture to "Le Roi d'Ys," a composition fully realizing all expectations, Miss Marguerite Hall was introduced in a ballad, "There Was an Ancient King," written by Georg Henschel for contralto and orchestra.

Miss Hall's singing in local concerts two seasons ago was so enjoyable that her reappearance promised to make a pleasant feature of the evening's programme, and, although this promise was not fully realized, the singer had good cause for satisfaction in the recognition her merits gained. Mr. Henschel's work demands larger and broader treatment than Miss Hall's present abilities make possible for her, but she sung the charming ballad with such taste and expression that her audience was justified in giving the applause which followed this number.

Mr. Loeffler, who shares the leading desk of the orchestra with Mr. Kneisel, was then heard in his own suite for violin and orchestra, "Les Veillées de l'Ukraine." The work is in four movements, the themes of which gave evidences of being founded upon the Russian folk songs so little known and so fascinating in their quaint beauty when they are known. Though the suite makes the fourth important work completed by Mr. Loeffler, its performance made his introduction to a Boston audience as a composer, and it is pleasant to say that he gained as favorable an indorsement for his suite as he had formerly received in these concerts as a player. The solo instrument is not given great prominence, save in the finale, but Mr. Loeffler's playing was at all times enjoyable, and in the final movement his brilliant performance of the difficult passages for the solo instrument gave new and conclusive evidence of his skill as a virtuoso.

Miss Hall was heard again at the piano, with Mr. Nikisch as accompanist, where she sang Schubert's "Liebesbotschaft," "An die Leyer," and "Rastlose Liebe," in a very pleasing fashion, winning a great deal of applause and a recall.

Mr. Nikisch ended his programme with a highly interesting performance of Raff's "Lenore" symphony, in which the tone pictures were given in a way to delight the audience.

Next Saturday the soloist is to be Mr. Adolph Brodsky, the new leading violin of the Damrosch orchestra, and the programme will be Gluck's overture, "Iphigénie en Aulis" (Wagner's ending); Brahms' concerto for violin in D major, op. 77, and Schubert's symphony in C major.

The sixth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Music Hall on the evening of the 21st inst., presented several novelties. First was Lalo's overture to "Le Roi d'Ys," a thoroughly unconventional work, unquestionably strong and effective, but not easy to understand on a single hearing. It is carefully written throughout, and the labor that has been bestowed on it obtrudes itself constantly. The opening portions of the overture are no doubt expressive of the gloomy color of the story they illustrate, and heard before the opera, may prepare the hearer for what is to come; but heard in the concert-room as music pure and simple, they say nothing edifying. There are, however, some exquisite moments of beauty in the work, notably the lovely cello theme, which is appealingly tender and refined. The orchestration is rich, and the skill of a master is shown in the discreet and impressive use of tone color. It was well played, and met with a favorable reception. Another novelty was Mr. C. M. Loeffler's "Les Vieilles de l'Ukraine," a suite for violin and orchestra, and inspired by some stories by the eccentric and debased Russian author Gogol. There are four movements, the first an introduction and pastorate, easy in its melodic flow, delightful in its rhythmic devices, inspiring in its graceful swing, and musicianlike in all things. It is, perhaps, spun out to somewhat to great a length; in fact, with the exception of the finale, the various movements would be benefited by compression. The second and third movements, though abundant in fine feeling, charming harmonies, and admirable instrumental color are, in their general color, too much alike, and it must be confessed that they result in producing the effect of monotony, despite the beauties in which they abound. The finale is full of life, and brings the whole to an inspiring conclusion. From beginning to end Mr. Loeffler has shown unerring artistic taste, and the work gives him a prominent place among the best of our young resident composers. It is the achievement of a thorough musician, and the same refined judgment that is manifested in the rest of the suite is shown in the writing of the solo part, which is not given up to deliberate virtuoso display, but takes its place in preserving the due balance of the whole. This is a rare virtue in a soloist who composes his own music, and deserves the heartiest recognition. There is one important thing that still remains to be mentioned, and that is the inaudibility of the solo part through a great part of the performance. Mr. Loeffler is not lacking in a fine and searching violin tone, as has been amply evidenced by his playing on Music Hall stage; but on this occasion it did not make itself felt. It is true that the orchestra steadily played over-loud, but the fault is not there. It is to be found in the orchestration, and is to be attributed to the persistent use of the oboe when the solo part is written on the upper part of the violin, and to the equally persistent use of the horn when the solo lies on the lower notes of the violin. In both cases the wind instruments are so closely in sympathy with the violin that they absorb and neutralize its tones when they are kept on the same plane with it, and it is peculiar that nearly all through the work the oboe has been made to prevail when the violin is playing what may be called oboe tones, and the horn when the violin is playing what may in turn be called horn tones. A revision of the score in this respect would, we are sure, restore to the violin the prominence it should maintain, and the work would profit accordingly. The solo part, it will be taken for granted, was played with that elegant finish, warmth of feeling and charm of style that make Mr. Loeffler's performances always interesting and delightful. The artist was welcomed with cordial heartiness, and at the end of the suite was greeted with enthusiastic applause and impetuously recalled. The concert ended with Raff's "Lenore" symphony, which was, on the whole, sympathetically read and acceptably played. Miss Marguerite Hall appeared as a soloist and sang a setting for voice and orchestra of Heine's poem, "There was an Ancient King," by Mr. Georg Henschel. Of the music there is not much to be said in the way of praise. The simple verses are treated in a pretentious style wholly out of keeping with their simple character, and the effect of the work was dull, dry and unimpressive. There was over much of heavy orchestration, and not enough of genuine feeling. Miss Hall's voice is not of an order to impart force and interest to the ballad and a failure was the result. Later in the evening she sang a group of songs by Schubert, and here again her selection was not intelligent, for the songs are among the least pleasing of their composer's efforts. In them, however, she was heard to slightly better advantage, though her voice is hardly of the calibre to produce any striking effect in a large concert room.

MUSIC.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The programme of the sixth Symphony concert, given in Music Hall, Saturday evening, was as follows:

- Overture, "Le Roi d'Ys".....Lalo
(First time in Boston.)
"There Was an Ancient King".....Henschel
(First time in Boston.)
"Les Vieilles de l'Ukraine".....Loeffler
(First time.)
(a) Liebesbotschaft }.....Schubert
(b) An die Leier }
(c) Rastlose Liebe }
Symphony in E "Lenore".....Raff

It will be seen by a glance that the programme was rich in novelties. It is well to gratify legitimate musical curiosity, to give our audiences an opportunity of hearing works that excite attention in foreign cities, to encourage composers of our own town when it can be done with safety. As to the intrinsic value of the compositions that were heard last week for the first time,—that is another matter. And although it may seem ungracious, there is no denying the fact that the concert was too long.

Lalo, a composer of strong convictions, won success with exceeding difficulty. The history of the composition and production of "Le Roi d'Ys" is a long story of the composer's labor, independence, trials and tribulations. He finally conquered, and since the opera was brought out at the Opéra-Comique in 1888 it has had at least 130 representations in Paris. Before it gained the stage extracts were heard in the concert halls of Paris and the overture became popular. The concert version of this overture, it is said, is more elaborate than the one that now serves as a prelude to the opera, but the clarinet solo, the cello phrase, and the finale are practically unchanged. It seems doubtful whether the overture of Saturday evening will be a favorite concert number. Detached from the opera that follows, it must be viewed as pure music without suggestion of textual programme. The great majority of the audience were unacquainted with the plot of the libretto, for the story told in the programme book is the old legend, and the story of the opera is a different one. Therefore the themes did not suggest characters or situations. An opera overture is apt to suffer dramatically when played as a concert number. To be sure, there are a few exceptions, but even the "Freischuetz" is made more glorious by its hints at *Samiel* and *Agathe*, and the Prelude to *Carmen* is an epitome of the opera—only the operas must be first known before the overtures can be fully appreciated. It would then be unfair to judge of the merits of the overture of "Le Roi d'Ys" from the dramatic standpoint. As music pure and simple it seems to be a very carefully constructed work, laboriously thought out and deliberately built up. The themes are sombre and the coloring of the thematic development is dark. Strength is more noticeable than brilliancy, although the cello episode and the finale are very effective. It was finely played and well received. Mr. C. M. Loeffler, the well-known and deservedly esteemed violinist, studied composition in Berlin and Paris, and his works are as yet in manuscript. The suite played last

week shows that his studies were neither perfunctory nor idle. It is called after a collection of stories by Gogol, in which tales of Little Russia are told, grave and gay, and even in the gaiety, sadness enters. The wanderings of the stories are reflected in the music of Mr. Loeffler, for the suite is undeniably diffuse. It perplexes also in this; it is full of contrasts which do not contrast; there is also much thematic treatment that singularly enough does not strike the bearer as thematic development. For instance, the first movement abounds in most musician-like devices to vary rhythm and harmony, but it is so elaborate in its detail that the whole barely escapes the reproach of monotony. The two numbers that follow are unlike and yet they are alike, and the contrasts are so subtly devised that they pass unnoticed, especially as there is nearly the same character in the themes and nearly the same orchestral color throughout the three movements. With the finale comes a welcome change. There are delightful episodes throughout the work and many traces of the skilled musician. With its rhythmic shiftings, its very diffuseness, its predominating gray, its jollity which is momentary and its melancholy which is tinged with irony, it is very close to the spirit of Gogol. Mr. Loeffler has also shown himself the conscientious musician in the writing of the solo violin part. He has dismissed from his mind the cheap glories of virtuosity, and the solo is a necessary part of the whole. It is never obtrusive and the player must think of the composer and not merely of himself. It is needless to add that the solo part was admirably played and the accompaniment of the orchestra was sympathetic. Mr. Loeffler was most warmly welcomed when he stood upon the stage and very heartily applauded after the finale.

Such romantic symphonies as the "Lenore" appeal strongly to the musical nature of Mr. Nikisch, and in leading them he is generally successful. And so though exceptions might have been taken here and there to readings, and though the performance was not technically perfect, still the symphony was given with such passion and with such an appreciation of its beauties, that it would be perhaps captious to dwell upon the slight blemishes. I have spoken of the beauties of the work which are many; alas, there are also waste places, tedious digressions, cheap effects and open vulgarity. Still it will remain as a favorable example of the writings of a man of no ordinary degree of talent.

Miss Marguerite Hall sang Henschel's setting of Heine's simple and pathetic verses, which have already tempted Grieg and Rubinstein. Henschel's version for contralto and orchestra is ambitious and ineffective. Bombastic platitudes drive out dramatic directness and the intense simplicity of genuine passion. Nor has Miss Hall the voice and breadth of style to ennoble the intrinsically commonplace. Her other songs, though they are not among the more interesting of Schubert's muse, gave her a better opportunity. But Miss Hall is not at home in a room of the size of Music Hall.

The programme of the next concert is as follows: Gluck's overture to "Iphigenie en Aulis"; Brahms' concerto for violin in D major; and Schubert's C major symphony. Mr. Brodsky will be the violinist.

PHILIP HALE.

THE SYMPHONIES.

Sunday Times

SIXTH CONCERT.

The programme of the sixth Symphony concert in Music hall Saturday evening, Nov. 21 was:

- Lalo Overture, "Le Roi d'Ys."
(First time in Boston).
Henschel. Ballad, "There was an Ancient King," for contralto and orchestra.
(First time in Boston).
C. M. Loeffler. Suite in four movements for Violin and orchestra, "Les Veillées de l'Ukraine." Introduction and Pastorale.—Rune.—Dumka.—Finale.
(First time.)
Schubert. Songs with Piano.
a) Liebesbotschaft.
b) An die Leyer.
c) Rastlose Liebe.
Raff. Symphony in E. "Lenore."
No. 5, op. 177.
Love's Happiness. I. Allegro.
II. Andante quasi
Larghetto.
Separation. III. March tempo.
Reunion in Death. IV. Introduction and Ballad. (Allegro.)
(After G. Buerger's "Lenore.")
Soloists: Miss Marguerite Hall, Mr. C. M. Loeffler.

This new overture, "Le Roi d'Ys," is fully as sensational as the story upon which it is founded. Mr. Lalo, if this overture is an earnest of his writing, certainly is a vigorous one. The explanatory notes of the programme tell us Lalo has no academical education, but this overture shows him to have been a good student, and that Wagner has been his master. here are several passages in the overture which, if not exactly like some in Tannhauser, are strongly remindful of them. The overture is brilliant throughout and while interesting to some, is extremely tiresome to others, because of too much noise and therefore confusing. As a new composition it may be hailed with pleasure as something to think about.

Mr. Henschel's song, as sung by Miss Hall, failed to add much pleasure or satisfaction. The song itself is doleful, and Miss Hall made it still more so. Miss Hall is an attractive young lady, has had the advantage of the best instruction, is, no doubt, a successful drawing-room singer, but Music hall is entirely unsuited to her style and voice. The orchestra, too, entirely overpowered her best efforts, and she suffered in consequence. Miss Hall was richly dressed.

The suite in four movements for violin by Mr. Loeffler may be considered fairly successful, so far as orchestral writing is concerned, but viewed as a violin solo it possesses no distinctive characteristic features. Mr. Loeffler is a good musician, a careful, painstaking but effeminate violinist; a modest gentleman and an especial favorite with all classes of Boston's musicians.

The three Schubert songs sang by Miss Hall call for no particular mention. She sang them in an acceptable manner. Mr. Nikisch accompanied her in his incomparable way on the piano.

The Raff symphony which closed the evening's programmes has been played better here several times. The Thomas orchestra, which, we believe, was the first to play it in Boston, did it far better than it was done Saturday evening. The march, as a whole, was played much too loud; there was wanting that fine quality of pianissimo, with its crescendo and diminuendo effects given it when Mr. Gericke had command over this orchestra. They were conspicuously absent at this concert. The rest of the symphony, especially the last movement, was well played.

JAMES M. TRACY.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL.

Journal

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

An apparently hungry audience, after its two weeks' musical fast, welcomed Conductor Nikisch and his splendid corps of musicians, bearing fresh laurels from New York and Baltimore, where they met with a "pronounced and unequivocal artistic success."

The programme Saturday evening was of an order classical enough to suit the most fastidious, including Haydn's Symphony No. 1 (B. and H.) in E flat, Beethoven's concerto for pianoforte with original cadenzas by the evening's soloist, Mr. Ferruccio B. Busoni, and Schumann's overture, scherzo and finale, op. 50. The Haydn symphony moved with the dignified solemnity of a funeral cortege, as though in honor of some such glorious hero as the devout and profound composer himself. The sacred harmony and religious sentiment expressed were superb, and the exquisite interpolation of the single voice from Franz Kneisel's artistic, plaintive violin came like the pleading of some pure spirit. Beethoven's beautiful sonata introduced another new claimant for excellent work, both as a composer and pianist. Mr. Busoni was warmly welcomed and merited the high standard for excellence so quickly awarded him. He was especially felicitous in his cadenza of the second movement when the trying ordeal of a first appearance had disappeared and he had become thoroughly warmed up to his subject. His execution is very even and fluent, and, although not an extraordinary performer, he impresses one with an idea of his thoroughness as a musician. Schumann's overture, symphonic in character, was admirably interpreted and played with the usual characteristic care and skill.

A very interesting programme is announced for Nov. 21, in which Miss Marguerite Hall appears as vocal soloist and Mr. C. M. Loeffler as composer of a suite for violin and orchestra, entitled "Les Veillées de l'Ukraine," as well as soloist. Other numbers are Lalo's overture "Le Roi d'Ys," and Raff's "Leonore."

MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Symphony Concert.

It was a long programme, that of Saturday night, but so varied that no sense of ennui could have been felt by any catholic-minded auditor. The overture to Lalo's "Roi d'Ys" was an interesting piece of scoring, and its sharp contrasts and fiery moods suited excellently to Mr. Nikisch's brilliancy of reading. It had a superabundance of brass and kettledrum, against which the very dainty touches of woodwind harmony came like flowers in a desert. It was pleasant to hear the horn played like a horn again, and not in the trombone-like manner of recent concerts. The boast has been made that our conductor never reads a Boston criticism, but to all appearances the musicians of the orchestra do—and sometimes profit by it, since no one seated in an orchestra can judge of the effects he produces, so well as an auditor seated at a reasonable distance from the centre of disturbance. The cello obligato in this overture was beautifully played by Mr. Schroeder.

Miss Marguerite Hall has not been heard in our concert halls since she became a London favorite. Her voice is sweet and sympathetic, but scarcely competent to cope with an entire orchestra, and therefore her group of Schubert *lieder*, with piano accompaniment, was much better than the rather pretentious setting of "Der Alte Koenig" by Henschel. One cannot help preferring the simpler legendary setting by Grieg. The charming personality of the singer, and her direct and unaffected style, won the heartiest applause, which was certainly deserved in the Schubert songs. But when Mr. Loeffler appeared to play the solo part in his own latest composition there was what is generally termed "an ovation." And the violinist immediately set himself to earning this advance payment of appreciation. To speak of his performance first;—it was perfect in almost every detail, sometimes lacking a little in force, but even this was not to be said of the broad G string passages of the second movement, while the end was scintillating and dashing in the highest degree.

As a composition the work seemed fluent and at times very characteristic, but a trifle too long for what it had to say. There was a lack of thematic material after the second movement, and the second and third movements were not in much contrast with each other. The first two movements are the best part of the work, although the folk-dance vein of the finale also calls for praise. The beginning of the composition (I had almost forgotten to state that its title is "Les Veillées de l'Ukraine") is excellent, and the folk-music element is strongly represented, as it ought to be, around a Ukrainian fireside. Kettledrums at the very first bar hold the attention, and the pastoral musette, which is of course apporportioned to the oboe, is very dainty and in keeping with the spirit of the scene.

Altogether the composer shows considerable grace and ease in his treatment of the woodwind passages. The second movement is a Rune. "Runes are the Scandi-

navian alphabet," says Carlyle in his "Hero Worship," but they are also more; they are the dark and mysterious legends that have come down even from the ancient days of Odin; less majestic than the Saga, they are impressive in a different manner, as a ghost story differs from an epic. The oboe was again prominent here, and its phrases were imitated on the solo violin—a pleasant conversation, but one missed the sombre tints with which a Grieg would have invested the legend.

The third movement was a Dumka, the dignified northern dance. It would have been better to have had either the Russian *Kamarinskaia* or the Bohemian *Furiant* here to contrast with the contemplative character of what had preceded. The union introduction was characteristic enough, and the passages in harmonics were brilliant, and brilliantly played, yet this movement could be shortened to advantage. The fire and *brío* of the last movement made some amends, and one can congratulate the composer on having added a new work to the repertoire, and the violinist on having performed his own composition so well.

Now came the end of the concert with Raff's "Lenore" symphony. If "Im Walde" is Raff's best symphony, "Lenore" is certainly his most popular one, and the public never wearies of hearing the march which bears such a curious resemblance to one of Franz Lachner's. The symphony was the best piece of work that the orchestra have done this season; there was fire and "Schwung" in every measure, and for once one can compliment the precision and shading. The flutist deserves a word of especial commendation for smooth work in the second movement. The great *crescendo* and *diminuendo* of the march could scarcely have been improved upon, and the spectral ride of the finale was all that heart could wish.

Yet it is not so great as that other ride of ghosts, in the finale of the "Im Walde" symphony, and, for the matter of that, no supernatural horse-flesh will ever seem wonderful in music after the whinneyings of Wagner's "Ride of the Walkyries," while in the domain of downright terror, Berlioz's "Ride to Hades" must always take the horrific palm. To be sure, the "Lenore" is not the most difficult or subtle work in the world to play, but the statement must be made that it was played magnificently.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

Musical Note.

Owing to advertising pressure on our columns, our notice of last night's Symphony Concert is deferred until next week. Mr. C. M. Loeffler's Suite for the violin was the principal point of interest in the concert, and showed Mr. Loeffler in not only his familiar aspect as a delightful artist, but as a gifted and able composer. This work, and the other novelties on the programme, Lalo's overture "Le Roi d'Ys," and a ballad by Mr. Georg Henschel, for contralto and orchestra, demand more consideration than we have the space to give them in this issue.

THE SYMPHONIES.

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The Symphony Concert.

It was a long programme, that of Saturday night, but so varied that no sense of ennui could have been felt by any catholic-minded auditor. The overture to Lalo's "Roi d'Ys" was an interesting piece of scoring, and its sharp contrasts and fiery moods suited excellently to Mr. Nikisch's brilliancy of reading. It had a superabundance of brass and kettledrum, against which the very dainty touches of woodwind harmony came like flowers in a desert. It was pleasant to hear the horn played like a horn again, and not in the trombone-like manner of recent concerts. The boast has been made that our conductor never reads a Boston criticism, but to all appearances the musicians of the orchestra do—and sometimes profit by it, since no one seated in an orchestra can judge of the effects he produces, so well as an auditor seated at a reasonable distance from the centre of disturbance. The cello obligato in this overture was beautifully played by Mr. Schroeder.

Miss Marguerite Hall has not been heard in our concert halls since she became a London favorite. Her voice is sweet and sympathetic, but scarcely competent to cope with an entire orchestra, and therefore her group of Schubert *Lieder*, with piano accompaniment, was much better than the rather pretentious setting of "Der Alte Koenig" by Henschel. One cannot help preferring the simpler legendary setting by Grieg. The charming personality of the singer, and her direct and unaffected style, won the heartiest applause, which was certainly deserved in the Schubert songs. But when Mr. Loeffler appeared to play the solo part in his own latest composition there was what is generally termed "an ovation." And the violinist immediately set himself to earning this advance payment of appreciation. To speak of his performance first—it was perfect in almost every detail, sometimes lacking a little in force, but even this was not to be said of the broad G string passages of the second movement, while the end was scintillating and dashing in the highest degree.

As a composition the work seemed fluent and at times very characteristic, but a trifle too long for what it had to say. There was a lack of thematic material after the second movement, and the second and third movements were not in much contrast with each other. The first two movements are the best part of the work, although the folk-dance vein of the finale also calls for praise. The beginning of the composition (I had almost forgotten to state that its title is "Les Veillées de l'Ukraine") is excellent, and the folk-music element is strongly represented, as it ought to be, around a Ukrainian fireside. Kettledrums at the very first bar hold the attention, and the pastoral musette, which is of course apportioned to the oboe, is very dainty and in keeping with the spirit of the scene.

Altogether the composer shows considerable grace and ease in his treatment of the woodwind passages. The second movement is a Rune. "Runes are the Scandi-

navian alphabet," says Carlyle in his "Hero Worship," but they are also more; they are the dark and mysterious legends that have come down even from the ancient days of Odin; less majestic than the Saga, they are impressive in a different manner, as a ghost story differs from an epic. The oboe was again prominent here, and its phrases were imitated on the solo violin—a pleasant conversation, but one missed the sombre tints with which a Grieg would have invested the legend.

The third movement was a Dumka, the dignified northern dance. It would have been better to have had either the Russian *Kamarinskaia* or the Bohemian *Furiant* here to contrast with the contemplative character of what had preceded. The unison introduction was characteristic enough, and the passages in harmonics were brilliant, and brilliantly played, yet this movement could be shortened to advantage. The fire and *brio* of the last movement made some amends, and one can congratulate the composer on having added a new work to the repertoire, and the violinist on having performed his own composition so well.

Now came the end of the concert with Raff's "Lenore" symphony. If "Im Walde" is Raff's best symphony, "Lenore" is certainly his most popular one, and the public never wearies of hearing the march which bears such a curious resemblance to one of Franz Lachner's. The symphony was the best piece of work that the orchestra have done this season; there was fire and "Schwung" in every measure, and for once one can compliment the precision and shading. The flutist deserves a word of especial commendation for smooth work in the second movement. The great *crescendo* and *diminuendo* of the march could scarcely have been improved upon, and the spectral ride of the finale was all that heart could wish.

Yet it is not so great as that other ride of ghosts, in the finale of the "Im Walde" symphony, and, for the matter of that, no supernatural horse-flesh will ever seem wonderful in music after the whinneys of Wagner's "Ride of the Walkyries," while in the domain of downright terror, Berlioz's "Ride to Hades" must always take the horrific palm. To be sure, the "Lenore" is not the most difficult or subtle work in the world to play, but the statement must be made that it was played magnificently.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

Musical Note.

Owing to advertising pressure on our columns, our notice of last night's Symphony Concert is deferred until next week. Mr. C. M. Loeffler's Suite for the violin was the principal point of interest in the concert, and showed Mr. Loeffler in not only his familiar aspect as a delightful artist, but as a gifted and able composer. This work, and the other novelties on the programme, Lalo's overture "Le Roi d'Ys," and a ballad by Mr. Georg Henschel, for contralto and orchestra, demand more consideration than we have the space to give them in this issue.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL.

Home Journal 11/23/91
THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

When Conductor Nikisch was called to preside over and direct the Boston Symphony Orchestra it was understood that "home talent" should be encouraged, and that American compositions worthy of attention should be given a hearing. This most desirable decision was brought into effect Saturday night, when Mr. C. M. Loeffler, one of the original members of the Symphony Orchestra, was honored with a composer's and soloist's place on the evening's programme. Although Boston cannot strictly claim him as her own, still he has become so thoroughly identified with the best musical efforts and interests of the Hub that his claim upon us voluntarily occasions a reciprocal feeling. The spontaneous outburst of appreciation that welcomed him when he mounted the platform was proof positive of the numberless admirers and friends he has in our musical community. His suite for violin and orchestra founded upon the Russian author, Gogol's series of short stories, shows the effect that such sketches can produce on the musician's mind. We speak of the originality of certain productions, but no one can tell the degree of influence that the author has upon the composer, the composer upon the poet or the poet upon the artist. So, too, the simple, enjoyable fireside tales that Mr. Loeffler portrayed in sweet sounds, in the four movements of his work, might inspire some hard to tell his story in a little better way, and so the influence of really good works has no limit.

Miss Marguerite Hall, the first contralto soloist heard in this season's symphonies, and a very prepossessing young singer, was heard most favorably in the cluster of German songs with Mr. Nickisch presiding at the piano.

She received much applause, a recall and a beautiful floral offering. She possesses a voice of good quality, and sings with excellent taste and expression.

The ballad, "There Was an Ancient King," for contralto and orchestra, by Henschel, although disappointingly short, demanded the powers of a great artist, which she was unable to meet with satisfaction, yet with study and maturity her voice gives promise of much ability. The orchestral numbers, Lalo's overture of "Le Roi d'Ys," opening the programme, and heard for the first time in Boston, together with the closing symphony of Raff's "Lenore" in E, were given an excellent interpretation, the tone pictures, harmony and exquisite feeling of the latter being worthy of special commendation. Somewhat in contrast to the evening's programme is the one announced for next week, which comprises Gluck's overture of "Iphigenie en Aulis," Brahms's concerto for violin in D major and Schubert's symphony in C major. Mr. Adolph Brodsky, the superb violinist and newly imported concert master of the New York Symphony Orchestra, will be the soloist.

Home Journal Music.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The program of the sixth concert contained two entire novelties, the overture to Lalo's opera, "Le Roi d'Ys," and a suite for violin and orchestra, "Les Veillées de l'Ukraine," by C. M. Loeffler. The Lalo overture is effectively and brilliantly scored for the full modern orchestra, and was in the main well played. It is an intensely dramatic work in which the composer has given free scope to his romantic genius. It abounds in climaxes which, heard for the first time, seem somewhat startling. Of its worth as a composition there can be no question, but that it is music for the theater and not for the concert room is equally true. It was entirely wise and just in Mr. Nikisch to let it be heard at a symphony concert, although he will hardly add it to his repertoire of classical overtures.

The announcement that Mr. Loeffler was to play an original composition was a surprise to a majority of the Symphony Orchestra patrons, although to the knowing ones his talent as a composer has been known for several years. "Les Veillées de l'Ukraine" is a wholly delightful work abounding in weird Russian melodies, which the composer has most skilfully woven together and ingeniously elaborated upon. It was beautifully played by Mr. Loeffler, who before and after its performance was accorded a veritable ovation. Much of the time the accompaniment of the orchestra was ever loud, frequently making it utterly impossible for the solo violin to be heard. Miss Marguerite Hall sang the ballad "There was an Ancient King," by Henschel and three songs by Schubert. Her voice has lost much of the vibrato that was formerly so noticeable in her singing, and her efforts were painstaking and intelligent, still both voice and style are inadequate to so large a place as Music Hall. The symphony was the ever popular "Lenore" by Raff, and with the exception of the second movement was finely played. The indecision in the attack, so noticeable earlier in the season, owing undoubtedly to the numerous changes in the personnel of the orchestra, was not so apparent. The second movement of the symphony was completely slaughtered by the new French horn player imported this season, and who on this occasion gave a most forcible illustration of how the French horn should not be played.

The program for the next concert will be: Overture, "Iphigenie en Aulis" (Wagner's ending), Gluck; Concerto for Violin in D major, op. 77, Brahms; Symphony in C major, Schubert; soloist, Mr. Adolph Brodsky.

Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1891-92.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. ARTHUR NIKISCH, Conductor.

VII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, AT 8, P. M.

PROGRAMME.

GLUCK.

OVERTURE. "Iphigenie en Aulis."
(with Wagner's ending.)

BRAHMS.

CONCERTO for VIOLIN and ORCHESTRA in D,
op. 77.

Allegro non troppo.—Adagio.—
Rondo.—Allegro giocoso, ma non troppo vivace.

SCHUBERT.

SYMPHONY in C major, No. 9.

Andante; Allegro ma non troppo.—
Scherzo (Allegro vivace).—
Andante con moto.—Finale (Allegro vivace.)

SOLOIST:

MR. ADOLPH BRODSKY.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL.

Review Journal 11/23/91
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Music.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

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Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1891-92.

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Allegro non troppo.—Adagio.—
Rondo.—Allegro giocoso, ma non troppo vivace

SCHUBERT.

SYMPHONY in C major, No. 9.

Andante; Allegro ma non troppo.—
Scherzo (Allegro vivace).—
Andante con moto.—Finale (Allegro vivace.)

SOLOIST:

MR. ADOLPH BRODSKY.

MUSICAL MATTERS. a 4v

The Symphony Concert.

One could scarcely sympathize very much with the ultra-dramatic Gluck who appeared on the programme on Saturday; the overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis" was over swollen, and an effort was made to introduce modern sensationalism into what should have been a classical specimen of the dawn of dramatic music. It was not the Wagnerian ending which gave this effect to the work, for the great master of dramatic music has evidently written a coda entirely in the vein of his predecessor but it was the palpable desire to make the work more intense than its contents, the effort to give a 19th century color to a composition that should have suggested a purer and more primitive vein, that led to this result. The ensemble was not good, and at times the attacks were very ragged.

Now followed Brahms' violin concerto in D, with Mr. Adolph Brodsky as soloist. The new violinist made an excellent impression. His surety was almost marvelous, the great difficulties of the work considered; his intonation was pure and reliable, even in the highest positions, in the most difficult double-stopped passages, and in the artificial harmonics. There was a solidity about his work that suited the Brahms' style well, and yet there was a sufficiency of feeling displayed in the pastoral simplicity of the second movement. The only fault one could find was that, for the evidently heavy bowing of the artist, there was at times rather a scratchy than a broad tone produced. The orchestral support was demoralized in the second movement, but good in the first, and excellent in the last movement. The concert closed with the great instrumental masterpiece, the C major symphony by Schubert.

Schubert charms, not by any especial development of themes (the musician's delight, and the cornerstone of symphonic treatment) but by beautiful melodies and tasteful contrasts, and therefore his work is always most keenly appreciated by the general public, and is in fact, the neutral ground where musician and non-musician can meet. The symphony is full to the brim with Hungarian touches, a result of Schubert's stay at Zelesz. The horn which began the introduction was played too loudly, and dropped very abruptly from this dynamic force into a *pianissimo* end, a suddenness of shading which Schubert never contemplated. The grand effect of the trombones in the coda (Schubert certainly understood the use of those instruments better than any of his contemporaries or predecessors, except Mozart) was at first unequal, but ended triumphantly enough; this noble antiphony between tenor and bass trombones is as inspiring as the sound of the clash of warriors' swords. Our orchestra is fortunate in having the proper instruments to give such phrases with (although one might demand a better bass trombone) for many orchestras try to produce the passage with two tenor trombones,—a poor makeshift. The final augmentation of the horn phrase of the introduction, for the movement symmetrically

ends as it began, was broadly, but not very unitedly given.

In the second movement the first oboe won the honors, and played its important theme with much delicacy. One need not quarrel with the conductor for having used the blue pencil in this movement, and eliminating one appearance of the chief theme, for the work only gained by the excision; since Schubert often repeated themes unnecessarily. The finale was taken at a furious pace, which bore bad fruit towards the end of it, but at first the strings, upon whom the brunt of the work falls, stood it well. The terrific figure of four accented notes was given with all possible force; it is remarkable to note the way in which Schubert has here reproduced the central thought of the first movement of Beethoven's violin concerto.

Summing up the performance of the whole symphony, one can emphatically say that it was an epitome of all the merits and effects of our orchestra as it is at present. There was all possible dash and energy, every iota of the Hungarian spice was preserved, and even added to, and all the delicate refinements of shading were lost. There was plenty of enthusiasm and very little of precision; there was the maximum of breadth, but the minimum of balance. At times the sub-themes disappeared altogether, and the scherzo and its trio were the acme of roughness.

Yet it would be folly to ignore the great value of the fiery and brilliant reading, only the public, which is very prone to value musical pepper above everything else, must learn to know that there are other, subtler, qualities which must not be lost in the obtaining of it. Excess in either direction is to be deprecated; one can also have too much of precision; I can recall a perfectly symmetrical performance of the first movement of Beethoven's Ninth symphony which was spoilt because of its precision, and which would have been glorious with some of that *abandon* which our present conductor knows so well how to impart to a work, but there seems to be no need that this *abandon* should cause our orchestra to lose the elegance of performance which it was so many years in acquiring.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

As the season advances, Conductor Nikisch seems to be gradually approaching a climax of interest in the make-up of his programmes. So, when he chose Mr. Adolph Brodsky, the new concert master of the New York Damrosch Symphony Orchestra, to act as soloist for last Saturday evening it seemed as though, according to the opinions of musical critics elsewhere, he was the one artist to fill the step next to the phenomenal and only Paderewski, who will bring to Boston next week more originality and genius than has been carried in the head and heart of any musical artist since the appearance of Rubinstein. Mr. Brodsky is a jovial, good-natured, whole-souled looking man, as though he were on the best of terms with his violin and the world, but scarcely impresses one as the student who would resign everything for the perfection of his art; so in his rendition of the severely difficult test of an artist's depth of feeling and expression that is found in the Brahms

concerts in D, op. 77, there appeared a certain mixture of worldliness, if one may use such a term, and art that disappointed the ear and mind patiently waiting to be inspired and uplifted beyond the interest of accuracy, fine technique and skillful performance.

The labyrinth of difficulties to be overcome with ease in this concerto is an acquirement to be reached only by a violinist of unusual ability, but beyond that one felt a lack of true greatness.

His cadenza in the allegro more nearly approached the ideal performance than any of the other movements, and the audience showed their approval of his work by giving him three hearty recalls. The orchestral work in Gluck's *Iphigenia*, with Wagner's ending, was given with a glowing warmth of interpretation and nicety of finish that our magnetic director always draws forth from his responsive co-artists, and the Schubert Symphony in C major No. 9 was rendered in a most masterly manner, all the delightful beauties of composition and original orchestral coloring being given with true appreciation, never overstepping the bounds of a classic or unduly exaggerating an effect.

Every music lover will be on the qui vive to hear Mr. Ignace J. Paderewski, the incomparable pianist, who will play a concerto of his own, as well as solos from Chopin and Liszt next week, and for a background to this exceptional performer the orchestra will give Beethoven's Symphony No. 4, Svendsen's *Carnival in Paris* and Weber's overture "*Euryanthe*." *Journal*

After the riot of latter-day romantic music a fortnight ago, Mr. Nikisch's programme last Saturday seemed a severely classic one. Gluck's music is much too seldom heard in America, and the overture to '*Iphigenia in Aulis*' was most welcome. It was artistically, warmly and dramatically played—a bit too warmly perhaps; for somehow, with all its appeal to the emotions, Gluck's music has a touch of austerity, a sort of unworldly purity and severe beauty, akin to that of the Greek drama and especially difficult of interpretation. Mr. Nikisch, moreover, chose to use Wagner's amended score. It was well enough, perhaps, for Wagner to add a *coda*; but why, forsooth, should he tinker Gluck? 'There were kings before Agamemnon.' The more familiar symphony (No. 9 in C) by Schubert, in its gentleness, tenderness, occasional playfulness and pervading delicacy was an excellent foil to the overture. Its performance, however, was sadly uneven, now thoroughly good and now condemnably careless. Mr. Adolf Brodsky, the first violin of Mr. Damrosch's orchestra, played the Brahms concerto, a work better suited to his powers than to those of most violinists. His *technique*, of which, it goes without saying, the concerto gave ample proof, is excellent, at times even brilliant; he understands and interprets the abstract and purely intellectual qualities of Brahms's music; but he is manifestly deficient in warmth of feeling. *Commonwealth*

MUSIC. *Continued*

THE SYMPHONY.

Nothing in the shape of novel works was presented at the seventh Symphony rehearsal and concert. Nevertheless, one can go home from a concert, after listening to Schubert's great ninth Symphony in C, and to a splendid performance of Brahms' Violin Concerto, opus 77, by one of the greatest violinists now resident in this country, with the feeling that his time has not been ill-spent.

The soloist was Mr. Adolph Brodsky, the noted virtuoso, whom Mr. Walter Damrosch was far-seeing enough to secure as concert-master for his new "Symphony Orchestra, of New York." Mr. Brodsky's large, well shaped head, agreeable yet determined cast of countenance, and massive physique, indicating immense reserve force, at once told plainly that the modern Beethoven's tortuous difficulties could have no terrors for him.

Brahms' first thought, when he settles himself for composition, is not to write "thankful" passages. That sounds ambiguous; but it is likely to prove true which ever way it may be construed. Careful consideration of the many murderously difficult mechanical combinations that he has put into his larger works for solo only leaves one in a state of perplexity as to whether his chief aim was to give what he conceived to be adequate expression to certain colossal ideas, or whether it was to create obstacles that would surely stagger all contemporary virtuosos. There are passages in this concerto, for example, that even Mr. Brodsky's strong and skillful hand could not make really musical in effect; that is, unless we throw over all preconceived notions of musical effect which have become second nature through a long season of contact with older and less angular masters and accept Brahms as the only true combiner of musical sounds.

We willingly recognize the nobility of his thought, the greatness of purpose that give to almost every page of his music a character that prevents their being passed over lightly. There is something in even the obscurest of them that enchains the attention, that fascinates, as an ugly yet characterful face first repels and finally enslaves. It is possible that Brahms' creations are the true type of the music of the future. No doubt Beethoven shocked the ears and reason of the great majority of his listeners with equal facility; and as for Schumann, even the present generation is not yet wholly reconciled to his dissonances. But with the Schubert symphony ringing in one's ears, it is hard to believe that Brahms is the true prophet.

Mr. Brodsky's playing was strong, fluent and masterful. There was no lack of courage evinced in attacking some much-to-be-dreaded portions of the concerto, and no apparent evasion of the greatest difficulties. His tone in melodious and sustained passages was full and warm, and his rendering of the last movement was fiery in accent and brilliant in execution. He was enthusiastically applauded, and was recalled several times.

The symphony was on the whole splendidly performed, though some of the playing here and there seemed rather perfunctory than zealous in character. The scherzo was especially well given, and from beginning to end Mr. Nikisch gave an emphasis to the dramatic side of the work, and

threw into relief its gorgeous tone coloring with the sure hand of a born leader. Gluck's overture to "*Iphigenia in Aulis*" was the first number, its style contrasting well with the concerto which followed.

THEATRES AND CONCERTS.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the Seventh Symphony Concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Gluck: Overture to "*Iphigénie en Aulide*."

Brahms: Violin Concerto in D, Op. 77.

Schubert: Symphony No. 9, in C.

Mr. Adolph Brodsky was the violinist.

Wagner did more things than one for the overture to Gluck's "*Iphigénie en Aulide*;" he wrote a *coda* to it—the overture, in its original shape, having no ending, but joining on to the first number of the opera—and he invented a theory about the proper way of playing it. Wagner had pet theories about the performing of several classic compositions, some of them being based upon purely technical points in the text. His arguments were always plausible, but, unluckily, seldom convincing. He tried to prove that a certain *sforzando* mark in the "*Freischütz*" overture was really a *diminuendo* mark, and that consequently the *coda* of the overture ought to begin *piano*, instead of *fortissimo*. He noticed that Gluck had not written the word "*allegro*" after a double bar in the overture to "*Iphigénie en Aulide*," and argued that the movement that had always been played *allegro* ought to go much slower. Other people argued that the omission of the word *allegro* in the score was only an oversight of Gluck's, who was notoriously careless in his writing. Last Saturday evening Mr. Nikisch gave us an approximate sample of Wagner's idea, and we must say that the notion seems utterly untenable. Gluck could not have meant the movement to go so slowly; it is more than flesh and blood can stand.

The great Schubert Symphony is always a welcome guest; it is not an immaculate work, but it is unquestionably a great one. Except for the last movement, not much is to be said in favor of the performance on Saturday evening. The wind instruments were not in tune, and played roughly; the strings were by no means up to their habitual mark of precision. The *Finale*, however, was splendidly read, and some of the short, quick *crescendos* in the strings were immensely effective.

Mr. Brodsky played the wonderful Brahms concerto in a way that showed him to be an artist of very superior ability. His technique, if not to the highest degree polished, is sure, brilliant and facile; his tone is beautiful, except now and then in passages of an impetuous character, in which he is a little liable to scrape. But, intellectually and emotionally, his playing is on a very high plane, as it also has the virtue of holding the attention fast. The audience was rapturous in its applause.

The next programme is: Beethoven, symphony No. 4, in B-flat; Paderewski, pianoforte concerto; Svendsen, "*Carnival in Paris*;" Chopin, impromptu, valse; Liszt, rhapsodie hongroise; Weber, overture to "*Euryanthe*." Mr. Ignace J. Paderewski will be the pianist.

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The labyrinth of difficulties to be overcome with ease in this concerto is an acquirement to be reached only by a violinist of unusual ability, but beyond that one felt a lack of true greatness.

His cadenza in the allegro more nearly approached the ideal performance than any of the other movements, and the audience showed their approval of his work by giving him three hearty recalls. The orchestral work in Gluck's Iphigenia, with Wagner's ending, was given with a glowing warmth of interpretation and nicety of finish that our magnetic director always draws forth from his responsive co-artists, and the Schubert Symphony in C major No. 9 was rendered in a most masterly manner, all the delightful beauties of composition and original orchestral coloring being given with true appreciation, never overstepping the bounds of a classic or unduly exaggerating an effect.

Every music lover will be on the qui vive to hear Mr. Ignace J. Paderewski, the incomparable pianist, who will play a concerto of his own, as well as solos from Chopin and Liszt next week, and for a background to this exceptional performer the orchestra will give Beethoven's Symphony No. 4, Svendsen's Carnival in Paris and Weber's overture "Euryanthe." *Journal*

After the riot of latter-day romantic music a fortnight ago, Mr. Nikisch's programme last Saturday seemed a severely classic one. Gluck's music is much too seldom heard in America, and the overture to 'Iphigenia in Aulis' was most welcome. It was artistically, warmly and dramatically played—a bit too warmly perhaps; for somehow, with all its appeal to the emotions, Gluck's music has a touch of austerity, a sort of unworldly purity and severe beauty, akin to that of the Greek drama and especially difficult of interpretation. Mr. Nikisch, moreover, chose to use Wagner's amended score. It was well enough, perhaps, for Wagner to add a *coda*; but why, forsooth, should he tinker Gluck? 'There were kings before Agamemnon.' The more familiar symphony (No. 9 in C) by Schubert, in its gentleness, tenderness, occasional playfulness and pervading delicacy was an excellent foil to the overture. Its performance, however, was sadly uneven, now thoroughly good and now condemnably careless. Mr. Adolf Brodsky, the first violin of Mr. Damrosch's orchestra, played the Brahms concerto, a work better suited to his powers than to those of most violinists. His *technique*, of which, it goes without saying, the concerto gave ample proof, is excellent, at times even brilliant; he understands and interprets the abstract and purely intellectual qualities of Brahms's music; but he is manifestly deficient in warmth of feeling. *Commonwealth*

MUSIC.

THE SYMPHONY.

Nothing in the shape of novel works was presented at the seventh Symphony rehearsal and concert. Nevertheless, one can go home from a concert, after listening to Schubert's great ninth Symphony in C, and to a splendid performance of Brahms' Violin Concerto, opus 77, by one of the greatest violinists now resident in this country, with the feeling that his time has not been ill-spent.

The soloist was Mr. Adolph Brodsky, the noted virtuoso, whom Mr. Walter Damrosch was far-seeing enough to secure as concert-master for his new "Symphony Orchestra, of New York." Mr. Brodsky's large, well shaped head, agreeable yet determined cast of countenance, and massive physique, indicating immense reserve force, at once told plainly that the modern Beethoven's tortuous difficulties could have no terrors for him.

Brahms' first thought, when he settles himself for composition, is not to write "thankful" passages. That sounds ambiguous; but it is likely to prove true which ever way it may be construed. Careful consideration of the many murderously difficult mechanical combinations that he has put into his larger works for solo only leaves one in a state of perplexity as to whether his chief aim was to give what he conceived to be adequate expression to certain colossal ideas, or whether it was to create obstacles that would surely stagger all contemporary virtuosos. There are passages in this concerto, for example, that even Mr. Brodsky's strong and skillful hand could not make really musical in effect; that is, unless we throw over all preconceived notions of musical effect which have become second nature through a long season of contact with older and less angular masters and accept Brahms as the only true combiner of musical sounds.

We willingly recognize the nobility of his thought, the greatness of purpose that give to almost every page of his music a character that prevents their being passed over lightly. There is something in even the obscurest of them that enchains the attention, that fascinates, as an ugly yet characterful face first repels and finally enslaves. It is possible that Brahms' creations are the true type of the music of the future. No doubt Beethoven shocked the ears and reason of the great majority of his listeners with equal facility; and as for Schumann, even the present generation is not yet wholly reconciled to his dissonances. But with the Schubert symphony ringing in one's ears, it is hard to believe that Brahms is the true prophet.

Mr. Brodsky's playing was strong, fluent and masterful. There was no lack of courage evinced in attacking some much-to-be-dreaded portions of the concerto, and no apparent evasion of the greatest difficulties. His tone in melodious and sustained passages was full and warm, and his rendering of the last movement was fiery in accent and brilliant in execution. He was enthusiastically applauded, and was recalled several times.

The symphony was on the whole splendidly performed, though some of the playing here and there seemed rather perfunctory than zealous in character. The scherzo was especially well given, and from beginning to end Mr. Nikisch gave an emphasis to the dramatic side of the work, and

threw into relief its gorgeous tone coloring with the sure hand of a born leader. Gluck's overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis" was the first number, its style contrasting well with the concerto which followed.

THEATRES AND CONCERTS.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the Seventh Symphony Concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Gluck: Overture to "Iphigénie en Aulide."

Brahms: Violin Concerto in D, Op. 77.

Schubert: Symphony No. 9, in C.

Mr. Adolph Brodsky was the violinist.

Wagner did more things than one for the overture to Gluck's "Iphigénie en Aulide;" he wrote a *coda* to it—the overture, in its original shape, having no ending, but joining on to the first number of the opera—and he invented a theory about the proper way of playing it. Wagner had pet theories about the performing of several classic compositions, some of them being based upon purely technical points in the text. His arguments were always plausible, but, unluckily, seldom convincing. He tried to prove that a certain *sforzando* mark in the "Freischütz" overture was really a *diminuendo* mark, and that consequently the *coda* of the overture ought to begin *piano*, instead of *fortissimo*. He noticed that Gluck had not written the word "*allegro*" after a double bar in the overture to "Iphigénie en Aulide," and argued that the movement that had always been played *allegro* ought to go much slower. Other people argued that the omission of the word *allegro* in the score was only an oversight of Gluck's, who was notoriously careless in his writing. Last Saturday evening Mr. Nikisch gave us an approximate sample of Wagner's idea, and we must say that the notion seems utterly untenable. Gluck could not have meant the movement to go so slowly; it is more than flesh and blood can stand.

The great Schubert Symphony is always a welcome guest; it is not an immaculate work, but it is unquestionably a great one. Except for the last movement, not much is to be said in favor of the performance on Saturday evening. The wind instruments were not in tune, and played roughly; the strings were by no means up to their habitual mark of precision. The *Finale*, however, was splendidly read, and some of the short, quick *crescendos* in the strings were immensely effective.

Mr. Brodsky played the wonderful Brahms concerto in a way that showed him to be an artist of very superior ability. His technique, if not to the highest degree polished, is sure, brilliant and facile; his tone is beautiful, except now and then in passages of an impetuous character, in which he is a little liable to scrape. But, intellectually and emotionally, his playing is on a very high plane, as it also has the virtue of holding the attention fast. The audience was rapturous in its applause.

The next programme is: Beethoven, symphony No. 4, in B-flat; Paderewski, pianoforte concerto; Svendsen, "Carnival in Paris;" Chopin, impromptu, valse; Liszt, rhapsodie hongroise; Weber, overture to "Euryanthe." Mr. Ignace J. Paderewski will be the pianist.

MUSICAL. Gazette

The Symphony Concert.

The seventh concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Music Hall last night attracted a large audience. The performances began with Gluck's noble overture to "Iphigenie en Aulis." It was badly read, and proved, on the whole, one of the worst perversions of a composer's plain and unmistakable intentions that Mr. Nikisch has as yet ventured upon. The opening bars of the allegro were pumped out at an inexcusably slow pace, and without discernible meaning, except the conductor's desire for new readings of old masters at any cost. Not only this, but it was played with misera-

ble roughness, the group of three notes that occur in the opening bars of the allegro and that are repeated so often, being given in a clumsy, "catch it as you can" fashion that would have done no credit to an ordinary theatre orchestra. The playing of this fine orchestra has steadily degenerated until it is but a shadow of what it once was in regard to finish, precision and purity. Coarseness has become a characteristic of the strings and bad intonation a feature of the wind. There is no longer unity of attack on the part of either strings or wind, owing probably in a large measure to the indecisive but showy way in which the conductor uses his baton. There is too much stick flourishing; too persevering an effort to play the music with the baton instead of using it decisively to beat the time and mark the rhythm; and the consequence is that the players are confused instead of led. In brief, there is too much personal display on the part of the conductor at the expense of the most desirable musical results. But whatever may be the cause, it is certain that the orchestra has sadly deteriorated in style from what it was. Schubert's Symphony in C—the great one—ended the concert. It was fairly read, but here again the playing was lacking in finish, and was rough and noisy. It would seem as if the nucleus of the orchestra had been sustained musically thus far on the magnificent state of discipline in which it had been left by Mr. Gericke, and that it has slowly and surely depreciated until it has reached the unsatisfactory condition in which it now is. The change is inexpressibly saddening. The soloist of the occasion was Mr. Adolph Brodsky, who gave a masterly reading of Brahms's concerto. His intonation is exquisitely true, his bowing is admirable in its freedom and largeness, and his technique is equal to any demands that may be made on it. Every note comes out with perfect clearness, and the artist plays with equal brilliancy and precision. His cantabile playing is beautiful in its broad simplicity. On the other hand, he is lacking in elegance, his style, though pure, is stolid and pedantic, and his tone, though full, is too often marred by rasping and scratching. At his best, however, he proved to be an artist well worth the hearing, and his success was overwhelming. He was applauded with immense enthusiasm, and recalled three times with tremendous fervor. The programme for the next concert is: Symphony No. 4, Beethoven; "Carnival in Paris," Svendsen (first time); Overture, "Euryanthe," Weber. Mr. Ignace J. Paderewski is to be the soloist, and will play a concerto of his own composition, a waltz and impromptu by Chopin, and a Liszt "Rhapsodie Hongroise."

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of technical difficulties which Brahms has introduced into the opening and final movements of this concerto. He met the requirements of the opening allegro most satisfactorily, though at times his tone was pushed beyond a musical quality, and became far from pleasing. The adagio, while being given with mechanical accuracy, lacked the expression, sentiment and refinement demanded for a perfect interpretation of its beauty, and the playing in the rondo had little of the brilliancy which should characterize its performance. Mr. Brodsky has no reason to complain of the reception given him, however, and he was complimented with the usual recalls after the concerto.

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Next week's concert will introduce Mr. Ignace J. Paderewski, the Polish pianist, as soloist, in an original concerto and solo numbers by Chopin and Liszt.

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Violinist Adolph Brodsky Receives Favorable Consideration.

The seventh in the series of symphony concerts was given in Music Hall last evening, and cordial plaudits were won from an audience which, as usual, taxed the capacity of the hall. The programme offered no novelties, but Bostonians heard for the first time Mr. Adolph Brodsky, a violinist who recently came from Russia to become the concert master of the New York Symphony Society.

He played the exacting but not always enjoyable Brahms concerto for violin and orchestra in D. Only an artist of conscious ability would care to essay the performance of such a work before the Symphony orchestra. To state that he won enthusiastic applause and three recalls is a stronger endorsement of his playing than could be given in the few words of review possible in the limited space obtainable in this morning's paper.

His technique is, of course, above reproach, for no violinist could at this day obtain distinction who had not mastered the mechanics of his art. His tone is good, and he phrases with artistic effect and musicianly judgment.

Gluck's overture, "Iphigenia in Aulis," with Wagner's ending, and Schubert's symphony in C, No. 9, were the welcome offerings by the orchestra. More pleasing readings of this lovely symphony have been heard here than were offered yesterday by Mr. Nikisch, but the performance was generally satisfactory.

Following is the programme for the next concert: Symphony No. 4, Beethoven; concerto for pianoforte, Paderewski; carnival in Paris, Svendsen; solos for piano, impromptu, Chopin; waltz, Chopin; rhapsodie Hongroise, Liszt; overture "Euryanthe," Weber. Soloist, Mr. Ignace J. Paderewski.

Home Town: Music. Dec 5/91

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

The seventh concert was given before the usual magnificent audience. The program was: Overture, "Iphigenia in Aulis," Gluck; concerto for violin and orchestra, op. 77, Brahms; symphony in C major, Schubert. Mr. Adolph Brodsky was the soloist.

The performance of the overture was the least satisfactory of any rendering of an important work yet given by Mr. Nikisch. The exceeding roughness of the strings, the untunefulness of the wood wind and the entire lack of precision in the brass throughout the concert, call to mind painfully the extraordinary precision in the attack and beautiful tonal quality of the orchestra under Mr. Gericke. The opening bars of the overture were taken so slowly that the effect was a sentimentality entirely foreign to all traditional readings of the work. The allegro though taken at the proper tempo was greatly marred by the rasping fortissimos in which the various sections of strings seemed to vie with one another.

Mr. Brodsky is a violinist of magnificent parts. His tone is broad and full, his bowing remarkably free, his intonation all but perfect, and his technique fully equal to the demands of the amazing difficulties of the Brahms concerto, but much harm is done to the many fine qualities here enumerated by an over inclination to roughness, which in the cadenza of the first movement (Mr. Brodsky's own we believe) very seriously marred the effect of the entire *allegro non troppo*. Mr. Brodsky's best work was in the adagio, which was given with rare grace and that breadth only possessed by the greatest virtuosos. His success was unqualified and he was

three times recalled. Mr. Nikisch redeemed himself by a fine reading of Schubert's great symphony in C major. The opening theme played in unison by the two horns was perfectly done, being in striking contrast to the coarse work of the horns in the Lenore symphony last week. The clumsiness of the heavy brass instruments is becoming proverbial. Their sound is articulated evidently an instant later than that of the rest of the orchestra. This was very evident throughout the symphony and was a severe blemish upon what would otherwise have been a notably fine rendition. Mr. Nikisch wisely omitted the long repetitions in the first and last movements. The program of the eighth concert will be as follows:

Beethoven.....Symphony No. 4
Paderewski.....Concerto for Pianoforte
Svendsen.....Carnival in Paris
(FIRST TIME.)
Soli for Piano.

a Chopin.....Impromptu
b Chopin.....Valse
c Liszt.....Rhapsodie Hongroise
Weber.....Overture, "Euryanthe"

Soloist, Mr. Ignace J. Paderewski.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

The special interest of last Saturday's concert was a personal one, found in the debut of Mr. Adolph Brodsky, who has come from being concert-master of the Gewandhaus orchestra to take a similar position with Mr. Damrosch's forces and to lead the new string quartette which that director has organized for New York. He was set down to play Brahms's violin concerto in D-major, and when his burly figure presented itself at the soloist's place a handsome Boston reception was accorded him. He is an artist of good, but not exceptional, parts, qualified to do solid, substantial work, an able, intelligent player, but one who does not seem to be of the finest grain, and with probably more sense than sentiment, more steadiness than elegance. He began the concerto rather dryly and uninterestingly, his tone being hard and sharp and his intonation occasionally faulty; but he improved as he went on, the edginess of his tone softening down and his manner warming. His execution was clear and easy and his intelligent care brought his themes constantly to perception. He pleased his audience thoroughly and was recalled three times, having deserved so much by his square, honest work, even though we must say that there are home violinists who have the same substantial qualities as he showed and possess a grace and suavity which he did not show. Gluck's "Iphigenia" overture, according to Wagner's rearrangement of it in what he thought its true *tempi*, began the concert, and the only other number was the great C-major Symphony of Schubert, both of which, were excellently played in all respects. If only some conductor would have the courage to omit most of the repeats in this latter work, which, superbly beautiful as it is, is yet too long and too extended by reiterations!

Tonight Mr. Paderewski, of whom something is said elsewhere, will make his first appearance in Boston, playing with the orchestra his own concerto, and as solos an impromptu and waltz from Chopin and one of Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsodies. The symphony, which is Beethoven's fourth, will be at the head of the programme, and at the foot Weber's "Euryanthe" overture. The middle place is assigned to Svendsen's "Carnival in Paris," which is new in Boston.

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MUSICAL. *Sarette*

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Music. *Dec 5/91*

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(FIRST TIME.)

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Weber.....Overture, "Euryanthe"

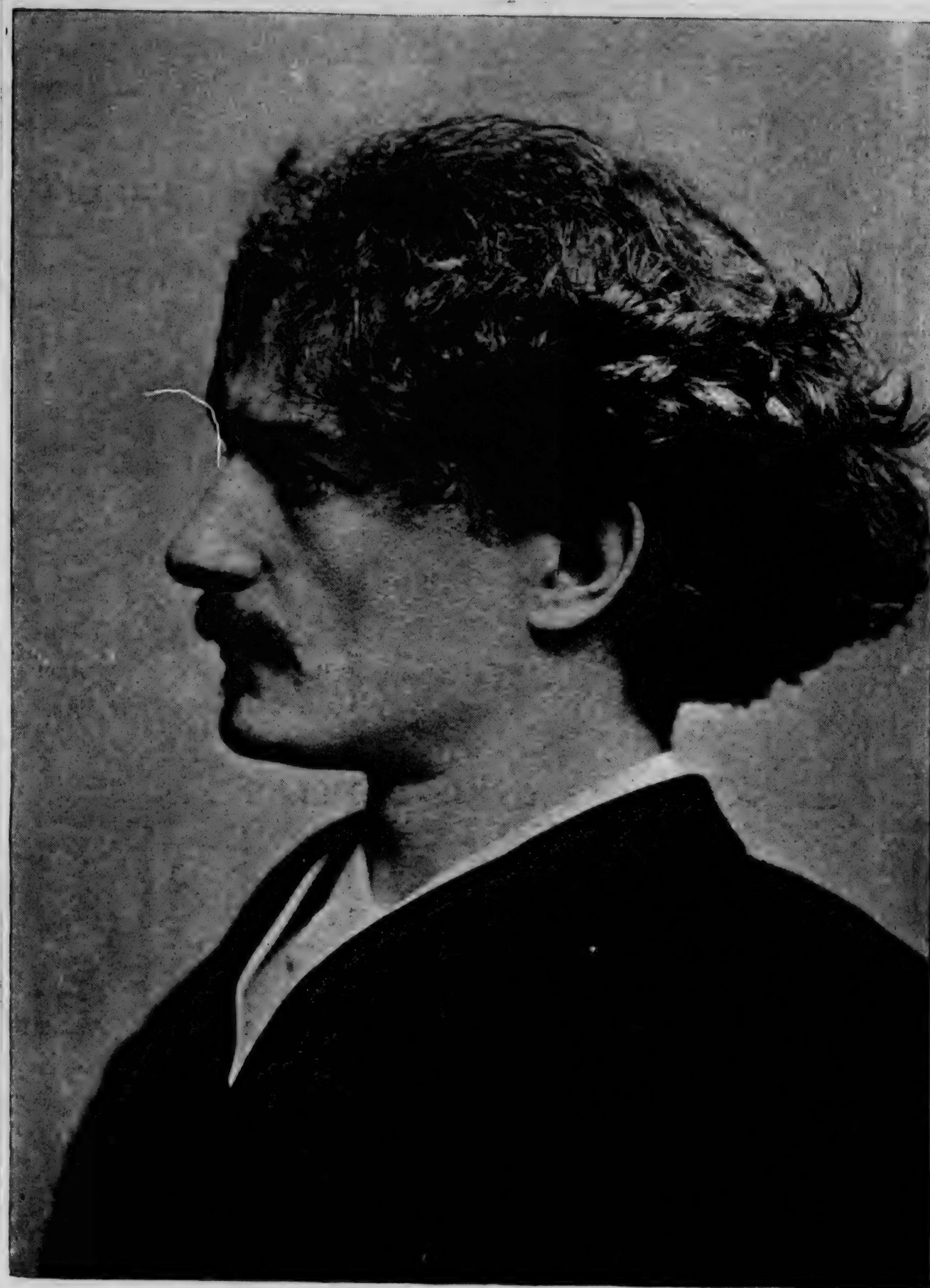
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IGNACE J. PADEREWSKI
THE GREAT PIANIST

Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1891-92.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. ARTHUR NIKISCH, Conductor.

VIII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, AT 8, P. M.

PROGRAMME.

BEETHOVEN.

SYMPHONY No. 4, in B flat.

Adagio; Allegro vivace.—Adagio.—Minuet.—
Allegro ma non troppo.

PADEREWSKI.

CONCERTO for PIANO and ORCHESTRA, in A
minor, op. 17.

Allegro.—Romanza (Andante).—
Allegro molto vivace.

SVENDSEN.

EPISODE. "Carnival in Paris."
(First time at these Concerts.)

SOLI for PIANO.

a) CHOPIN.

IMPROMPTU.

b) CHOPIN.

VALE.

c) LISZT.

RHAPSODIE HONGROISE.

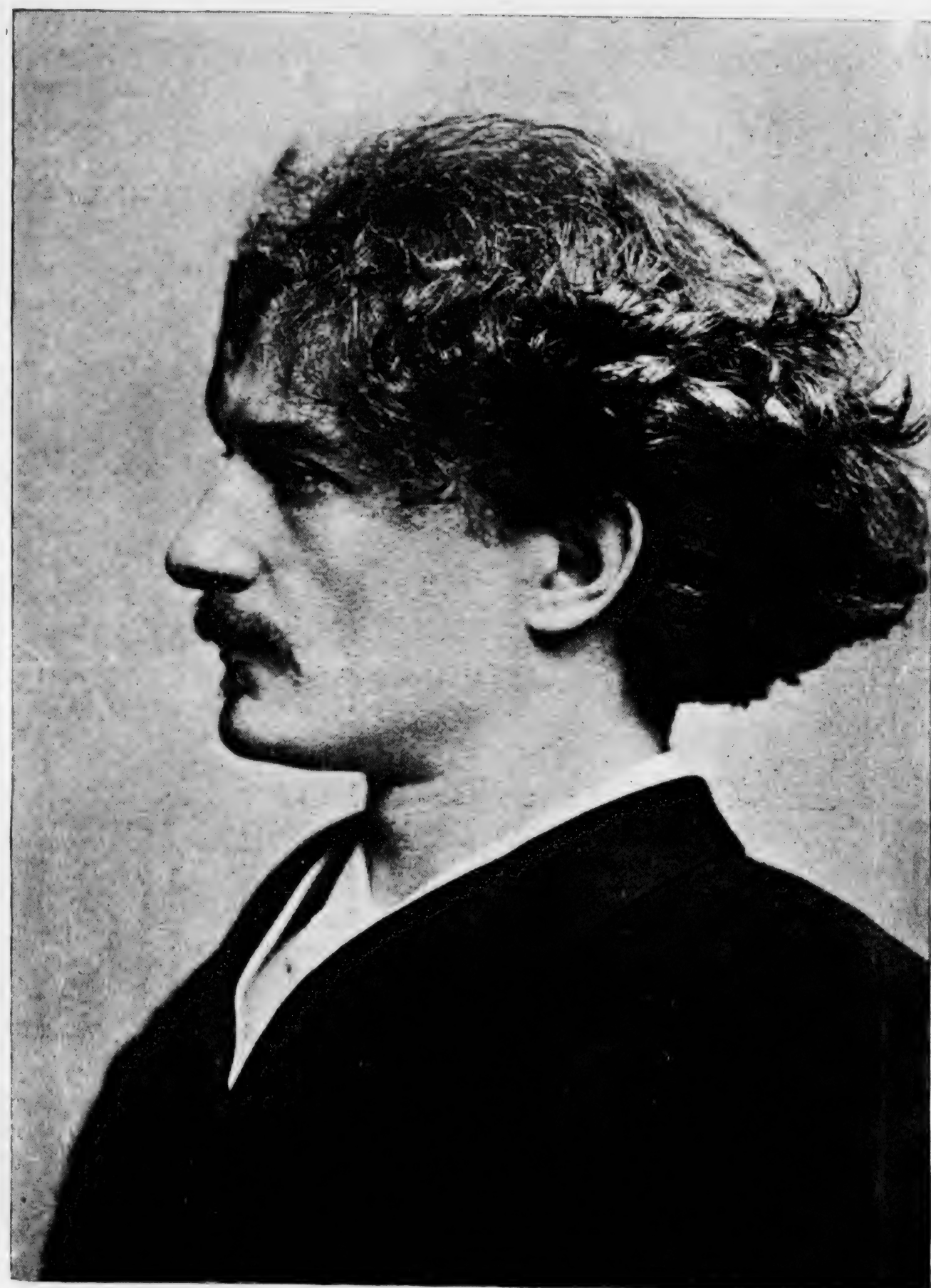
WEBER.

OVERTURE, "Euryanthe."

SOLOIST:

Mr. IGNACE J. PADEREWSKI.

The Piano used is a Steinway.



IGNACE J. PADEREWSKI
THE GREAT PIANIST

Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1891-92.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. ARTHUR NIKISCH, Conductor.

VIII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, AT 8, P. M.

PROGRAMME.

BEETHOVEN.

SYMPHONY No. 4, in B flat.
Adagio: Allegro vivace.—Adagio.—Minuet.—
Allegro ma non troppo.

PADEREWSKI.

CONCERTO for PIANO and ORCHESTRA, in A
minor, op. 17.
Allegro.—Romanza (Andante) —
Allegro molto vivace.

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A LOST ATTRACTION—THE LION HAS ESCAPED.

PADEREWSKI.

Journal

The Thin Man From Poland Conquers Boston.

Unbounded Enthusiasm at the Symphony Concert.

The eighth Symphony Concert was given Saturday evening in Music Hall. The programme included Beethoven's symphony No. 4, Paderewski's concerto for pianoforte, Svendsen's "Carnival in Paris" and Weber's overture "Euryanthe." Mr. Paderewski was the pianist, and he was heard in his own concerto as well as in the Chopin Impromptu in F sharp, the Chopin waltz in C sharp minor and the twelfth rhapsodie and the "Campanella" of Liszt, which latter piece was played in response to the unbounded applause.

The fact that the concert of Saturday evening was primarily a symphony concert was apparently forgotten. Orchestra, director and purely orchestral music were all absorbed in the display of the personality of Ignace Jan Paderewski. Many fretted through the symphony, for they waited for Paderewski. Svendsen's "Carnival" was heard for the first time, and with its charming episodes and its ingenious instrumentation it would no doubt have excited attention on any other occasion, but Paderewski followed it, and it was nought. Even the fiery opening of the overture seemed tame after the Hungarian tumult that had just shaken the keys of the pianoforte. Nor is all this surprising, nor is it to be deplored. For the scene of excitement was not merely a triumph of virtuosity; it was the revelation of an extraordinary individuality.

Pianists rise constantly above the musical horizon. Some shine with a steady and a serene light. Others dazzle for a season, "wandering stars, to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness forever." And even the greatest of them differ, as one star differeth from another star in glory. Perfection of mechanism, absolute technique, massive chords and electrical bravura—these no longer compel extraordinary admiration; they are expected, they are demanded. But the manner in which the mechanism is used, the physical and mental character of the man that stands as an interpreter between the composer and the hearer—these distinguish a pianist of to-day and set him apart. It is individuality, or temperament, or call it what you will, that exalts a few above their fellows. Now the individuality of Paderewski is unnatural, almost supernatural.

We all heard of this man before he crossed the ocean. The trumpet of his fame was blown with no uncertain sound. The story of his triumphs was shouted from the house tops. Yet these triumphs were not without alloy. The

Berlin critics, who too often look at strangers askew, whispered in his ear that he was mortal. They argued from the arrangement of his hair that he was a dealer in the sensational. He was the lion of the season in Paris; and some—as Pougin—were bold enough to say that occasionally in his playing he shook a mane twisted in curl papers and showed neatly trimmed claws that he might not frighten the women who crowded the hall to hear him roar. In London he swept everything before him, and he received the honor of a caricature in Punch.

At last he came upon the stage of Music Hall, this strange being whose fiery temperament seems to have been poured into a frail body as a dangerous liquid into a Venetian glass. A romantic player, he recalls the legends loved by the old romantic school; the unknown teacher of the Sirens; the tamer of were-wolves; Hunold Singuf, who charmed the rats and the women and children of Hameln; Rath Krespel, who broke open violins and hunted their souls. Tall, thin, with eyes that seem to shed no light, with prominent cheek-bones and an apologetic chin, with a nimbus of hair of "orange shading into old gold," with feline step and bearing—here is one whom Hoffman might have dreamed of when at midnight the spirits tried to stop his pen. Without affectation, for no designed eccentricity could accentuate his personality; modest, for he knows full well his power—he could spare a little of his mechanism without throwing dice for success.

He was heard in works of the modern and the romantic school, and it is possible, nay probable, that as all other pianists, he has his limitations; but he is none the less remarkable, if this turns out to be true. Surely last Saturday he gave abundant evidence in support of his reputation. But how is it possible to describe his playing? Take down all the adjectives of praise from the shelf, dust them and arrange them properly; they are not worth a pure, full and liquid tone of his cantabile or a flash of his bravura. Prismatic words grow dull and pale, and the devices of the rhapsodist are in vain. Or put it under the microscope, or subject it to analytical tests. Call attention to his marvelous use of the pedals; point out the devitalization of certain portions of the arms by which he gains effects, or tell of any of his mechanical processes; can you thus convey to one that did not hear him, the strength, the beauty, the charm of his performance? Let it be admitted that he occasionally pounded, as in the rhapsodie; that in the waltz, delightful as it was, there was perhaps too great a desire to say something new; what then is left to the severest critic as a legitimate subject for fault-finding? This androgynous pianist combines the qualities most esteemed in man and woman—strength and beauty, manliness and grace. His phrasing is that of a born composer; he has the poet's taste; and his great mechanism serves simply to present adequately his thoughts, that they may be understood.

This much is certainly true of his first performance, and the scenes of enthusiasm that followed each and every number are of rare occurrence in this town. But Paderewski has not yet been heard here in the works of Beethoven or Schumann or their predecessors. He will give several recitals, the first this afternoon. The opening chapters of his continued story are strong and impressive. A final judgment should not be pronounced before all of his characters are introduced and play their parts to the end.

PHILIP HALE.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

Paderewski at the Symphony Concert.

There were none of the effects and impressions of an orthodox symphony concert in Music Hall Saturday evening. There was a Paderewski concert, and this to be sure is a very new kind of concert. It is a concert in which the man Paderewski might easily upset almost any rules of music that have heretofore fettered the human mind, and his divine right to do so would be accepted with but the slightest questioning. Such indeed was Paderewski with the music that he played. It is not of present import that he did not play any such representative work as appeals to the understanding, such for example as Beethoven's op. 53, 57 or 106, the great Mozart concerto in D minor, or the equally great Brahms concerto in B minor. To judge an artist from the point of view of any such art work as he does not attempt to perform, and to either praise or condemn him accordingly, is a habit that prevails among certain young students in this vicinity, who are too apt to leave a concert hall after hearing a great artist just as though they "know everything"—to quote our country store philosopher, the late Josh Billings—"but who really know nothing, except how to spill 'vittles' on their clothes." So, if there are any of these barnacle critics in this city just at the present time, as there have been upon so many occasions when great artists have been here, it is to be hoped that they may respect the pianoforte playing of Paderewski none the less as they bear in mind the very opportune suggestion of the late Mr. Billings.

It should be stated, furthermore, that the Paderewski who played in New York to Boston musicians and a New York audience, on Nov. 24, and the Paderewski who played in Music Hall Saturday evening, are in no spiritual acceptance of the term quite the same. Not to be too paradoxical the fault of the Paderewski of the first occasion seemed with just such individualism for Bach, Beethoven, and Schumann as was then both superfluous and inartistic, but that for Paderewski, the composer, and Chopin and Liszt on Saturday evening was superbly meritorious. The Latin word genius had a particular application to him at the concert referred to in New York, in that the word originally signified the divine nature which is innate in all human beings.

In a far broader sense is Paderewski a genius, for he proved himself equal on Saturday evening to an inherently able interpretation of just the divine nature that one finds imbedded in any great art-work. There can be no two opinions as to the merit of the artist's first appearance before a Boston audience. With his own concerto, and none the less with the music of Chopin and Liszt, he magnificently set forth that he has something more than "talent which is in man's possession." He also has, to quote the lamented James Russell Lowell, the very "genius in whose possession man is."

We should not forget that this man's genius made its first Boston appearance many months ago, when Mme. Julie Rivé-King most ably played his concerto at one of the symphony concerts, and with all respect to any performer who might have played it before, one can but feel that the work was heard here for the first time from the composer himself on Saturday evening. This work plainly addresses itself to the imagination through the senses. In it there is far greater symmetry of form than one is apt to find in almost any other modern concerto. Either one of the concertos of Liszt, for example, is simply a virtuoso's concertos. Quite to the reverse, there will abundantly be found in the work that was performed on Saturday evening just such art-contents, as in the proper

adjustment of the high and the low, the long and the short tones of music, is a charming masterpiece.

Even the hypercritical Heraclitus of old might easily perceive the fundamental art-principles upon which this concerto is founded; for the fundamental principles of art have been the same for ages, and are much the same in sculpture and painting as in music. The work is neither strange nor bold. It is a normal art work. The time has passed, let us bear in mind, when one can reasonably expect that there will be created any musical composition that is really and completely new. Now Paderewski is by no means fastidious in aiming for the mere effects of originality. He prefers instead to invest his creations with just such charms of naturalness as are at least synonyms of some actual newness in art. The first allegro, perhaps, bears less the impress of deep thought than of real sentiment. In the second movement especially there is a fine, broad and original vein of melody which, with all its heart feeling, is wonderfully supported by the artistic skill of a real master.

Of the three movements it seems but natural that the finale should have been most favorably received, as its spirit throughout with all its lively, fresh and vigorous rhythms is exceedingly lighthearted and joyous. Here, as in other portions of the work, the composer has had his say in a perfectly natural and straightforward manner, yet with all the musical genius, and no less with all the vigor, skill and propriety of a whole souled and superbly educated musician. The performance of it was correspondingly great, whether or not when rated by the extraordinary technique that the pianist displayed, or from the psychologist's standpoint. In polyphonic passages especially, Mr. Paderewski is amazingly successful in bringing out the theme whenever it appears. Not only with his own concerto, but later in the evening his ecstatic embrace of some of the most uncompromising difficulties was no less effective than was the swaying, swinging, piquant, buoyancy with which for example he treated the waltz in C sharp minor by Chopin. With Liszt's Campanella which he played for an encore, there was the nicest elasticity, promptness and accuracy noticeable in his treatment of the skips.

Paderewski's fortissimos it is true are occasionally somewhat harsh and bawdy. On the other hand, no such perfectly clear, limpid, far reaching and ethereal pianissimi were probably never heard in a Boston music hall as on Saturday evening, not even from Thalberg. An inexplicable feature of his success, too, is that his virtuosic resources are on such intimate terms with his will. Yes, his pearly, drop-like whispering touch often responds with ethereal effect to the delicately fine and artistic feeling of the singing artist that he unquestionably is.

Last season a phenomenal pianist with a "one story intellect" created an extraordinary sensation at one of the symphonies. It is a pleasure to bear record that he is followed this year by a far greater pianist with the "three story intellect," of the pianist, musician and composer. Paderewski created the most impressive sensation on Saturday evening that Boston has experienced from any musical artist since Rubinstein was here. The concert began with Beethoven's fourth symphony, which was delightfully played, and the programme also included the "Carnival of Paris," music by Saint Saens, and Weber's overture to Euryanthe.

C. L. CAPEN.

Post Dec 24.
MORNING, DECEMBER

APART FROM THE MUSIC.

A TALK WITH PADEREWSKI

In the Artists' Room of Music
Hall After the Concert
Was Over,

WHILE ADMIRERS BEGGED AN AUTOGRAPH.

He Doesn't Like to Be Interviewed, but
Talks Very Entertainingly Just the
Same—How He Lives at Home—
Never Omits Practising.

After the concert was all over, and the applause that would not cease had sought him out in the artists' room, and he had again and again gone back to the stage and bowed and retired, and, finally, seeing that the audience simply would not leave their chairs he consented to return and dash off another masterful gem, and again bowed, bowing, away to his room—even then he could not escape. There was a crowd of personal friends already there, and singly and in pairs and trios his lady admirers, who were strangers, followed him in, and some with confidence and others with timid bashfulness, but all with his photographs, they asked him to write his name.

And, smilingly, through the blue smoke of a cigarette, he would wipe the perspiration from his forehead and lean over the table strewn with pictures and cards and musical programmes and invitations, and write the name.

A man about five feet seven, slim; a Prince Albert buttoned close about him; a bright necktie; a long but round and full neck; a very pale, thin face, the features of which are regular, and all save the eyes large; the eyes also pale and long but inclined to remain about half closed; a faint white mustache, a mere suggestion of a goatee, same lack of color, and then, crowning all, a shock of bright red hair which, in all the world, is Paderewski's own. It grows in tropical luxuriance all about his head and seeks its

own methods unrestrained and unchecked. At utter variance with the pompadour style affected by musical artists, as a rule it hangs over and stands like a lion's mane out from his white forehead, observing a scarcely distinguishable part and seemingly at its own sweet will.

And there, still feeling the ecstasy of Liszt, surrounded by his enraptured friends, and a thin, blue, poetic haze of cigarette smoke, the conversation, when a new Post man dropped in last evening, was just what he came to hear.

Paderewski does not like to be quoted in newspapers. He does not think it in good form for an artist to talk about himself for publication. But though born in Poland and living in Paris, he does talk English and reads all criticisms upon himself—says he does and says that through them he is gaining a mastery of the language.

He is quartered in a suite of four elegant rooms on the first floor of the Brunswick. There he has music and sleeping rooms, and there he practices for hours and hours daily. Although pursued and raved about by women, Paderewski does not affect their society, but seeks that of men, and in which he is very popular. He expresses himself as particularly pleased with his reception by the St. Botolph and Tavern clubs. His habits are necessarily irregular. He sleeps and eats according to his engagements, but starves himself before his recitals because, he says, he can not play upon a full stomach—and that's not said in a joke. He eats but one square meal a day, and that after his performances. For the balance he lives on tea and lemons and soda, and perhaps in the morning an egg.

He practises unremittently—say eight to ten hours a day. Previous to his initial performance in this country, in New York last November, he played every day at Steinway Hall, one day carrying his "practice vigil," as he calls them, through fifteen hours without intercession and without food, other than a little lemon, and until his attendants fell asleep through exhaustion.

"Yes, I like Boston very much," he said in the course of the running conversation. "I felt at home here from the first. I have been made to feel so by its hospitable people. I wish to express to you my very high admiration for Boston's Symphony Orchestra. I consider it the best orchestra in the world—not excepting the orchestra of the Conservatoire in Paris. There are some few better instruments in the Conservatoire, but as a whole the Symphony stands above it. It is very fortunate in its director, for Mr. Nikisch is very much superior to that of the Conservatoire. After the performance of my Concerto in Brooklyn, in which Nikisch directed the accompaniment, I declared I would never play the piece again, and I will not—as its perfection may not be reached again."

Paderewski is but 31 years of age. He was married at 19 and his wife died one year later, when a son was born. The child is an invalid, having an affection of the spine. He is 11 years old and remains with friends and under constant treatment in Paris.

Paderewski has created the greatest sensation and attracted the largest audiences of any pianist who ever visited this country. His audience, netting \$2291 at Madison Square Garden, is said to be the high water mark in this respect. He was compelled to seek more

room there and went to Music Hall. From Boston he goes to Chicago and at the end of March returns to England. In June he sails for Australia. He has had a very enticing offer for the Chicago Fair of '93 but has not accepted it as yet.

In playing, Paderewski sits erectly before the instrument and presents a very graceful figure, his eyes resting apparently upon the keys before him. "I see everyone in the audience, however," he says, "and when I feel that they are following me it increases my inspiration. Often I note some individual who I can feel is especially sympathetic and I play to that one—but I do not like to have you print those things."

His secretary and agent say that one of their chief troubles is his disinclination to be interviewed. He is extremely companionable, however, and can take and tell a joke as well as anybody. He tells of an imitator he has at Tony Pastor's, New York, who is described as a gaunt, red-haired individual with flute-like legs, who plays the piano in a remarkable way. He reaches his climax by running the A minor arpeggio up the keyboard very rapidly, and quite accurately at that, and when he reaches the last A on the keyboard he rolls off the stool and turns flipflaps and cart wheels down to the footlights, where he rises up, his red hair scattered all over his face, and exclaims, "that one I have on 'Paddy-whiskers!'"

THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

The sensation of the eighth Symphony concert was the début of Paderewski. The hall was packed and the sale of admission tickets had been stopped some days before the concert. The young Polish composer and artist was received with warmth and recalled after his performance with an intense and sustained enthusiasm such as Boston rarely manifests, and was now nobly won by him in his double capacity. His own concerto in A-minor, which he had chosen for his *entrée*, is replete with beauty, proportionate in its elements, poetic and logical. It was not unknown to all the audience, because Mme. Rivé-King had played it on a Philharmonic evening in March last. The fact is interesting that Paderewski proposed to devote himself to composition long before he discovered such an eminent ability and love for the piano, and his concerto has therefore the characteristics of a general writer rather than those of a specialist. True it is that the solo part is so treated that any but a pianist of the first rank must come quickly to confusion in it; but the orchestra is no less strongly, brilliantly and feelingly displayed, and there are many bits of *obligato* which must gratify by their grace, their vivacity, or their pointedness the bandmen to whom they fall as the work proceeds. The piano part, as delivered by its author, was resplendent with all the resources of display in figure or in force; its audacious octaves, its scintillating double trills, its flying scales, its sweeping arpeggios, its thunderous chords and its wild leaps from peak to peak of phrase were magnificent exhibitions of the most sure and lucent

technique of the time, while its *cantabile*, the subdued gracefulness of its lighter adornment and the perfect consideration of its passages of accompaniment, demonstrated that the player was not merely a virtuoso of unfaltering fingers, nerves of elastic steel and fatigueless wrists, but an artist with poetic fancies and pulsating sympathies. For this stupendous technique seemed to come without thought and without exertion, and to be the most natural and unaffected means to the end of making the music most true and telling. The orchestra seconded Paderewski admirably. Later in the evening he gave three solo numbers—two from Chopin, and one, a Hungarian rhapsody, from Liszt, and evoked no less ardent delight than before, being by turns captivating and dominant. The new number of the programme was Svendsen's gay, hurly-burly-ish "Paris Carnival," a clever picture of the eager, hurrying, mercurial moods which sway the most volatile of cities in the hour of its greatest freedom and *abandon*. Beethoven's fourth symphony, in an unexceptionable rendering, begun the evening, and a good reading of Weber's "Euryanthe" overture ended a programme which was a half-hour too long. Tonight the orchestra will be away, but on next Saturday evening the centenary of Mozart's death—December 5, 1791—will be honored by a programme drawn wholly from his writing. The band will play the "Magic Flute" overture and the E-flat symphony, Messrs. Loeffler and Kneisel will play the first movement of the symphonic concerto for violin and viola, and Mme. Fursch-Madi will sing two large airs.

HIS HAIR IS NOT PIANO.

What's the useski,
Paderewski,
Of your phalangeal skill,
When you're playing
Goes sasshaying
With your frontal hirsute frill?

You're no so-so
Virtuoso
But a reg'lar, 'way up player;
Still your phrasing
'S not amazing
As your perturbing hair.

You can churn the
Sweet nocturne,
Of th' andante you've the hang:
But your pounding
Lacks the sounding
Timbre of your towzled bang.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the eighth symphony concert was as follows:

Beethoven: Symphony No. 4, in B-flat, op. 60.
Paderewski: Concerto in A minor, op. 17.
Svendsen: Episode, "Carnival in Paris."
Chopin: Impromptu in F-sharp, op. 38.
Chopin: Valse in C-sharp minor, op. 64, No. 2.
Liszt: Rhapsodie hongroise No. 2, in C-sharp minor.
Weber: Overture to "Euryanthe."

Mr. Ignace J. Paderewski was the pianist.

A memorable concert! The ever beautiful B-flat symphony made a noble beginning. There was, now and then, a little roughness in the playing, but the performance as a whole was an excellent one. The *Adagio* was especially well given: never have we heard the violins and violas creep in so imperceptibly, adding their warmth of color to the wooden wind, in the wonderful cadence that comes just before the entrance of the "conclusion theme."

Svendsen's "Carnival" shows, if nothing else, good grounds for the great popularity he enjoyed in Paris during his sojourn there; it certainly has most of the vices of modern French music, the characteristics which delight the Parisian concert-goer today. It suggested to us some thoughts on descriptive and picturesque music in general. We could not help thinking what an exceedingly ephemeral life a composition of this sort must have, if its life is to depend mainly upon its descriptive or suggestive virtue. So much depends upon the point of view of this or that age! Take this piece of Svendsen's; suppose (if you can) that it could have been heard in Father Haydn's day! It would then indubitably have been set down as a daring tone painting of hell-fire and brimstone. Come down a few generations, say to Berlioz's time, and you would find it recognized as a musical picture of a witches' Sabbath. Today it calls itself a representation of carnival revelry and merriment; but who knows, if it live to be heard by our grandchildren, that they will not find in it a vivid suggestion of five o'clock tea? So do things lose their savor with time! To us last Saturday evening the piece suggested mainly a troop of intoxicated undergraduates trying to sing the march in the "Fille du Régiment," and not being able quite to catch the tune. It was exceedingly brilliantly played.

The "Euryanthe" overture was grandly given; we were especially glad to find Mr. Nikisch take the *cantabile* second theme not so very much slower than the principal tempo.

And Paderewski? Ah, there is a man like few! During the last two or three days we have heard many people insist upon it that he was a poet. This reminds us a little of what Robert Browning once said to a lady who asked him to read a certain sermon by Theodore Parker, telling him that he would find it a perfect prose-poem. "For heaven's sake don't bring me any prose-poems," cried Browning: "that is a *genre* for which we poets have no respect at all!" We have had so many "poets" of the pianoforte of late years that the term has lost a good deal of its dignity. These gentry have, as a rule, had one grave failing in common; in becoming "poets" they have too often ceased to be musicians; their playing has been so very poetic that it has well-nigh knocked all the music out of the compositions they played. Let us not rank Paderewski with such as these. We will admit freely that he is as poetic as you please; but he is mainly and predominantly a musician, and this is—in his circumstances—far more important. He comes to us both as composer and pianist; let us take the composer first—a *tout seigneur tout honneur*!

In his A minor concerto it is probably the poetic, imaginative side that presents itself most strongly to the average hearer; but the more careful, experienced listener is struck far more forcibly with the way in which he has made his glowing poetic imagination obedient to normal musical conditions. In this beautiful work he has given to the world something a thousand times higher and better than a tone-poem, namely, a really poetic composition. Note the wealth of healthy melodic invention in the work; the stout, natural, organic construction of each one of the three movements. Note, not merely the richness and variety, but the well-considered balance of the orchestral coloring, the careful minding of what painters would call the values. His orchestration is as truly organic as his musical form; there are no random flashes of color, but every shade shows its connection with, and dependence upon, something else. This is music, and all the better for being poetic music; it is no mere half musical imaginative *Pfuscherei*. In a word, this concerto seems to us one of the finest of its kind we have heard for some time.

As a pianist Paderewski naturally belongs to the *hors concours* class. Whatever respect one may have for adjectives, one need have no hesitation in calling him great. A highly poetic player he certainly is; but what we admire most in his playing, as in his writing, is its fine musical quality. There is infinite variety of light and shade in it, a well-nigh unparalleled warmth of feeling, an ideal poetic quality; but there is also a fine sense for musical beauty—beauty of tone, beauty of outline, beauty of relation—such as is all too rare today. In the power of exciting enthusiasm, of carrying an audience along with him unresisting, he is second to no pianist we have ever heard. His phrasing is a marvel of perfection. We had rather have had him leave the second Liszt rhapsody to young ladies' seminaries, and must say that his giving the Liszt-Paganini "Campanella" was out of place at a symphony concert—wonderfully as he played it. But his playing of his own concerto and of the two things by Chopin was a pure delight not soon to be forgotten. Only a genius can play so.

The next programme (Dec. 19) is: Overture to "Die Zauberflöte;" symphonic concerto for violin and viola; symphony in E-flat; two arias—all by Mozart. Mme. Fursch-Madi will be the singer. Mr. C. M. Loeffler the violinist, and Mr. Franz Kneisel the violist.

M. Paderewski considers the Boston Symphony Orchestra the finest in the world, not excepting the orchestra of the Conservatoire in Paris. There are some better instruments in the French orchestra, but as a whole the American one is superior. So well did the orchestra perform M. Paderewski's concerto in Brooklyn that the composer then declared he would never play the piece again, as such perfection might not again be reached.

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His secretary and agent say that one of their chief troubles is his disinclination to be interviewed. He is extremely companionable, however, and can take and tell a joke as well as anybody. He tells of an imitator he has at Tony Pastor's, New York, who is described as a gaunt, red-haired individual with flute-like legs, who plays the piano in a remarkable way. He reaches his climax by running the A minor arpeggio up the keyboard very rapidly, and quite accurately at that, and when he reaches the last A on the keyboard he rolls off the stool and turns flipflaps and cart wheels down to the footlights, where he rises up, his red hair scattered all over his face, and exclaims, "that one I have on 'Paddy-whiskers!'"

THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

The sensation of the eighth Symphony concert was the début of Paderewski. The hall was packed and the sale of admission tickets had been stopped some days before the concert. The young Polish composer and artist was received with warmth and recalled after his performance with an intense and sustained enthusiasm such as Boston rarely manifests, and was now nobly won by him in his double capacity. His own concerto in A-minor, which he had chosen for his *entrée*, is replete with beauty, proportionate in its elements, poetic and logical. It was not unknown to all the audience, because Mme. Rivé-King had played it on a Philharmonic evening in March last. The fact is interesting that Paderewski proposed to devote himself to composition long before he discovered such an eminent ability and love for the piano, and his concerto has therefore the characteristics of a general writer rather than those of a specialist. True it is that the solo part is so treated that any but a pianist of the first rank must come quickly to confusion in it; but the orchestra is no less strongly, brilliantly and feelingly displayed, and there are many bits of *obligato* which must gratify by their grace, their vivacity, or their pointedness the bandsmen to whom they fall as the work proceeds. The piano part, as delivered by its author, was resplendent with all the resources of display in figure or in force; its audacious octaves, its scintillating double trills, its flying scales, its sweeping arpeggios, its thunderous chords and its wild leaps from peak to peak of phrase were magnificent exhibitions of the most sure and lucent

technique of the time, while its *cantabile*, the subdued gracefulness of its lighter adornment and the perfect consideration of its passages of accompaniment, demonstrated that the player was not merely a virtuoso of unfaltering fingers, nerves of elastic steel and fatigueless wrists, but an artist with poetic fancies and pulsating sympathies. For this stupendous technique seemed to come without thought and without exertion, and to be the most natural and unaffected means to the end of making the music most true and telling. The orchestra seconded Paderewski admirably. Later in the evening he gave three solo numbers—two from Chopin, and one, a Hungarian rhapsody, from Liszt, and evoked no less ardent delight than before, being by turns captivating and dominant. The new number of the programme was Svendsen's gay, hurly-burly-ish "Paris Carnival," a clever picture of the eager, hurrying, mercurial moods which sway the most volatile of cities in the hour of its greatest freedom and *abandon*. Beethoven's fourth symphony, in an unexceptionable rendering, begun the evening, and a good reading of Weber's "Euryanthe" overture ended a programme which was a half-hour too long. Tonight the orchestra will be away, but on next Saturday evening the centenary of Mozart's death—December 5, 1791—will be honored by a programme drawn wholly from his writing. The band will play the "Magic Flute" overture and the E flat symphony, Messrs. Loeffler and Kneisel will play the first movement of the symphonic concerto for violin and viola, and Mme. Fursch-Madi will sing two large airs.

HIS HAIR IS NOT PIANO.

What's the useski,
Paderewski,
Of your phalangial skill,
When you're playing
Goes sasshaying
With your frontal hirsute frill?

You're no so-so
Virtuoso
But a reg'lar, 'way up player;
Still your phrasing
'S not amazing
As your perturbing hair.

You can churn the
Sweet nocturne,
Of th' andante you've the hang:
But your pounding
Lacks the sounding
Timbre of your towzled bang.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the eighth symphony concert was as follows:

Beethoven: Symphony No. 4, in B-flat, op. 60.
Paderewski: Concerto in A minor, op. 17.
Svendsen: Episode, "Carnival in Paris."
Chopin: Impromptu in F-sharp, op. 36.
Chopin: Valse in C-sharp minor, op. 64, No. 2.
Liszt: Rhapsodie hongroise No. 2, in C-sharp minor.
Weber: Overture to "Euryanthe."

Mr. Ignace J. Paderewski was the pianist.

A memorable concert! The ever beautiful B-flat symphony made a noble beginning. There was, now and then, a little roughness in the playing, but the performance as a whole was an excellent one. The *Adagio* was especially well given; never have we heard the violins and violas creep in so imperceptibly, adding their warmth of color to the wooden wind, in the wonderful cadence that comes just before the entrance of the "conclusion theme."

Svendsen's "Carnival" shows, if nothing else—good grounds for the great popularity he enjoyed in Paris during his sojourn there; it certainly has most of the vices of modern French music, the characteristics which delight the Parisian concert-goer today. It suggested to us some thoughts on descriptive and picturesque music in general. We could not help thinking what an exceedingly ephemeral life a composition of this sort must have, if its life is to depend mainly upon its descriptive or suggestive virtue. So much depends upon the point of view of this or that age! Take this piece of Svendsen's; suppose (if you can) that it could have been heard in Father Haydn's day! It would then indubitably have been set down as a daring tone painting of hell-fire and brimstone. Come down a few generations, say to Berlioz's time, and you would find it recognized as a musical picture of a witches' Sabbath. Today it calls itself a representation of carnival revelry and merriment; but who knows, if it live to be heard by our grandchildren, that they will not find in it a vivid suggestion of five o'clock tea? So do things lose their savor with time! To us last Saturday evening the piece suggested mainly a troop of intoxicated undergraduates trying to sing the march in the "Fille du Regiment," and not being able quite to catch the tune. It was exceedingly brilliantly played.

The "Euryanthe" overture was grandly given; we were especially glad to find Mr. Nikisch take the *cantabile* second theme not so very much slower than the principal *tempo*.

And Paderewski? Ah, there is a man like few! During the last two or three days we have heard many people insist upon it that he was a poet. This reminds us a little of what Robert Browning once said to a lady who asked him to read a certain sermon by Theodore Parker, telling him that he would find it a perfect prose-poem. "For heaven's sake don't bring me any prose-poems," cried Browning: "that is a *genre* for which we poets have no respect at all!" We have had so many "poets" of the pianoforte of late years that the term has lost a good deal of its dignity. These gentry have, as a rule, had one grave failing in common; in becoming "poets" they have too often ceased to be musicians; their playing has been so very poetic that it has well-nigh knocked all the music out of the compositions they played. Let us not rank Pade-

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rewski with such as these. We will admit freely that he is as poetic as you please; but he is mainly and predominantly a musician, and this is—in his circumstances—far more important. He comes to us both as composer and pianist; let us take the composer first—a *tout seigneur tout honneur*!

In his A minor concerto it is probably the poetic, imaginative side that presents itself most strongly to the average hearer; but the more careful, experienced listener is struck far more forcibly with the way in which he has made his glowing poetic imagination obedient to normal musical conditions. In this beautiful work he has given to the world something a thousand times higher and better than a tone-poem, namely, a really poetic composition. Note the wealth of healthy melodic invention in the work; the stout, natural, organic construction of each one of the three movements. Note, not merely the richness and variety, but the well-considered balance of the orchestral coloring, the careful minding of what painters would call the values. His orchestration is as truly organic as his musical form; there are no random flashes of color, but every shade shows its connection with, and dependence upon, something else. This is music, and all the better for being poetic music; it is no mere half-musical imaginative *Pfuscheret*. In a word, this concerto seems to us one of the finest of its kind we have heard for some time.

As a pianist Paderewski naturally belongs to the *hors concours* class. Whatever respect one may have for adjectives, one need have no hesitation in calling him great. A highly poetic player he certainly is; but what we admire most in his playing, as in his writing, is its fine musical quality. There is infinite variety of light and shade in it, a well-nigh unparalleled warmth of feeling, an ideal poetic quality; but there is also a fine sense for musical beauty—beauty of tone, beauty of outline, beauty of relation—such as is all too rare today. In the power of exciting enthusiasm, of carrying an audience along with him unresisting, he is second to no pianist we have ever heard. His phrasing is a marvel of perfection. We had rather have had him leave the second Liszt rhapsody to young ladies' seminaries, and must say that his giving the Liszt-Paganini "Campanella" was out of place at a symphony concert—wonderfully as he played it. But his playing of his own concerto and of the two things by Chopin was a pure delight not soon to be forgotten. Only a genius can play so.

The next programme (Dec. 19) is: Overture to "Die Zauberflöte;" symphonic concerto for violin and viola; symphony in E-flat; two arias—all by Mozart. Mme. Fursch-Madi will be the singer. Mr. C. M. Loeffler the violinist, and Mr. Franz Kneisel the violist. *Drawn Dec. 7-91*

M. Paderewski considers the Boston Symphony Orchestra the finest in the world, not excepting the orchestra of the Conservatoire in Paris. There are some better instruments in the French orchestra, but as a whole the American one is superior. So well did the orchestra perform M. Paderewski's concerto in Brooklyn that the composer then declared he would never play the piece again, as such perfection might not again be reached.

Boston Symphony Concert.

Phil. Dec 12/91

It is not often that the delicate duties of a critic are facilitated by an admission of that which in general should be kept out of criticism, viz: comparison; the quick succession of two important concerts, each introducing a pianist of significance, and both playing the same work—this is so uncommon an event that comparison on the part of the critic is perfectly justified. But—alas! for the critics ill luck!—now, that for once he could have compared, *there was no comparison!* Grünfeld proved in every way so far superior to Paderewski, that a comparison would be almost unfair. The Rubinstein concerts in D minor, is massively conceived and offers greater temptations for “paunding” to the pianist, than any other, and—alackaday—Paddy Russky could not resist them, while Grünfeld refrained from the display of brutal force. From beginning to end the Concerto was a *noble* work of art in the hands of Grünfeld; technically finished, beautifully phrased, and in the cantilena parts he showed great warmth and true sentiment, (not slavish morbidity).

The considerations for which Gruenfeld was pronounced the lesser of the two by the New York musical press have no validity here, and when we judge an artist in this city, we judge him by his merits alone, uninfluenced by a manufactured enthusiasm; this may serve as a reply to our esteemed contemporary the *Musical Courier*, who questions our right to our opinion.

The orchestra was all that its name and reputation implied and the difference between it and the one we heard last Monday was most strikingly noticeable in the accompaniment of the piano concerto; however free the pianist moved, Nikisch's baton was with him as promptly as his shadow, and the same promptness of attack, the same refinement in shading, the same clear pronunciation of every essential little motive, was noticeable in all the works on the program, especially in the A major symphony. A word or two could be said about the idea of orchestration of the Bach pieces (not that the orchestration was not clever, but the idea seems so anachronistic), but they were so beautifully and daintily played, that for once we will not object to Bach in modern costume.

MUSICAL. *Sentinel*

The Symphony Concert.

There was an enormous audience at Music Hall, last evening, the occasion being the first appearance here of Mr. Ignace J. Paderewski, to whom the immense attendance was undoubtedly due. As he came forward to take his place at the piano, he was greeted with much enthusiasm and whatever may have been his confidence in his powers, such a reception could not but have steadied it by convincing him that he was about to play before a company friendly to him from the very outset. The personal presence of the artist caused a buzz of interest to pass through the hall. He is tall and slim, pallid of countenance, his face is long and thin, and with sharply-cut features. His hair, which is profuse, is of a reddish hue, and stands up as if it were electrified. A slight moustache decks his upper lip, and a very long neck protrudes above his collar—a peculiar and striking individuality generally; almost uncanny in the effect it produces at first sight, but tempered by a quiet, modest and dignified bearing. He played his own concerto in A-minor, a work that was heard at these concerts in March last, when it was performed by Mrs. Julia Klve-Kling. It is built on the traditional model, and has little if any affinity with the modern concerto. In other words, the composer has not attempted to blend the piano and the orchestra equally, but has given full prominence to the solo part for the display of the artist's skill. The style is wholly modern, and so is the color; but it is lucid, melodious and free from that contemporaneous striving after mere novelty at the expense of all that is pleasing in art. It is abundant in life, is always clear, and is admirable in the richness and the varied contrasts of its effects. The orchestration is of a high order, and the work, as a whole, is impressive in its fine and well- sustained vigor and its genuine musical interest. It illustrates the most advanced stage of modern piano technique and that it is tremendously difficult will go without saying. Of the artist's marvellous performance of his work it is not easy to write with moderation. His technique is extraordinary in its scope and perfection; but technique of the most brilliant order has become of late so far from uncommon that we have learned to expect it rather than to be surprised at it—wonder or admiration over it; and were this all that made Paderewski's playing memorable, the subject could be easily dismissed, despite the beauty of his touch, the extraordinary evenness and pearliness of his scale runs, the pure singing quality he draws from the piano, and the utter freedom from all trickery that marks his playing. Those who went to be dazzled by mere finger work had enough and to spare in the way of the astonishing; but there is vastly more than finger-play in Paderewski; there are infinite purity of style, poetic feeling, deep artistic intelligence, grace and tenderness in equal measure with fire and power; youthful fervor leavened with mature and refined sentiment. His octave playing is almost bewilderingly free and impetuous; his bravura is exciting in its swing and sweep. An occasional tendency in him to thump the piano unmercifully causes a shock, and emphasizes the sad reflection that nothing is perfect in this world; but he soon causes you to forget the fault in some rare beauty of expression or caressing grace of feeling that follows. The playing of the concerto aroused a furor of enthusiasm the like of which has not been often heard in Music Hall. The applause was deafening, and did not cease until the artist had been recalled four times. Later in the evening he played an Impromptu and Waltz by Chopin and a Liszt Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 12, if we are not mistaken. His Chopin playing, in its chaste poetic feeling, its elegant phrasing and its delicate warmth, was indescribably fine. The sentiment was never overwrought, the taste was always pure, while a fine intellectuality dominated the whole. His reading differed from any that we had heard before, but they were so natural that they seemed as if they must be just what the composer intended. The waltz especially was given with a bewitching beauty and finish. The vulgar and brutal Liszt Rhapsody jarred on the senses after these; and it must be confessed that the artist here sank to the vulgarity and brutality of the work; for he pounded the instrument unmercifully at times, producing anything but a musical tone from it.

Any other piano than a Steinway would have given way under such treatment. The display of technique at other times was dazzling but it did not atone for the noise and thumping. Again the audience went wild over him, and recalled him four times in a fury of applause, to which he responded the last time, with a fascinatingly delicate and brilliant performance of Liszt's “Campanella.” His success through the whole concert was overwhelming. He fairly earned and fully deserved it. The orchestral performances were Beethoven's fourth symphony, an episode, “Carnival in Paris,” by Svendsen, given for the first time at these concerts, and brilliant in its orchestration, though not clear in its meaning; and Weber's Euryanthe overture. The next concert is to be in memory of Mozart, and will be devoted wholly to that composer's music. The soloists are to be Mme. Fursch-Madl, Mr. C. M. Loeffler and Mr. Franz Kaelzel.

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The programme of the eighth symphony concert was as follows:

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And Paderewski? Ah, there is a man like few! In his A minor concerto it is probably the poetic, imaginative side that presents itself most strongly to the average hearer; but the more careful, experienced listener is struck far more forcibly with the way in which he has made his glowing poetic imagination obedient to normal musical conditions. In this beautiful work he has given to the world something a thousand times higher and better than a tone-poem, namely, a really poetic composition. Note the wealth of healthy melodic invention in the work; the stout, natural, organic construction of each one of the three movements. Note, not merely the richness and variety, but the well-considered balance of the orchestral coloring, the careful minding of what painters would call the values.

Boston Symphony Concert.

Phila. Dec 12/91

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The considerations for which Gruenfeld was pronounced the lesser of the two by the New York musical press have no validity here, and when we judge an artist in this city, we judge him by his merits alone, uninfluenced by a manufactured enthusiasm; this may serve as a reply to our esteemed contemporary the *Musical Courier*, who questions our right to our opinion.

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MUSICAL. *Scritta*

The Symphony Concert.

There was an enormous audience at Music Hall, last evening, the occasion being the first appearance here of Mr. Ignace J. Paderewski, to whom the immense attendance was undoubtedly due. As he came forward to take his place at the piano, he was greeted with much enthusiasm and whatever may have been his confidence in his powers, such a reception could not but have steadied it by convincing him that he was about to play before a company friendly to him from the very outset. The personal presence of the artist caused a buzz of interest to pass through the hall. He is tall and slim, pallid of countenance, his face is long and thin, and with sharply-cut features. His hair, which is profuse, is of a reddish hue, and stands up as if it were electrified. A slight moustache decks his upper lip, and a very long neck protrudes above his collar—a peculiar and striking individuality generally; almost uncanny in the effect it produces at first sight, but tempered by a quiet, modest and dignified bearing. He played his own concerto in A-minor, a work that was heard at these concerts in March last, when it was performed by Mrs. Julia Kive-King. It is built on the traditional model, and has little if any affinity with the modern concerto. In other words, the composer was not attempted to blend the piano and the orchestra equally, but has given full prominence to the solo part for the display of the artist's skill. The style is wholly modern, and so is the color; but it is lucid, melodious and free from that contemporaneous striving after mere novelty at the expense of all that is pleasing in art. It is abundant in life, is always clear, and is admirable in the richness and the varied contrasts of its effects. The orchestration is of a high order, and the work, as a whole, is impressive in its fine and well- sustained vigor and its genuine musical interest. It illustrates the most advanced stage of modern piano technique and that it is tremendously difficult will go without saying. Of the artist's marvellous performance of his work it is not easy to write with moderation. His technique is extraordinary in its scope and perfection; but technique of the most brilliant order has become of late so far from uncommon that we have learned to expect it rather than to be surprised into wonder or admiration over it; and were this all that made Paderewski's playing memorable, the subject could be easily dismissed, despite the beauty of his touch, the extraordinary evenness and pearliness of his scale runs, the “pure singing” quality he draws from the piano, and the utter freedom from all trickery that marks his playing. Those who went to be dazzled by mere finger work had enough and to spare in the way of the astonishing; but there is vastly more than finger-play in Paderewski; there are infinite purity of style, poetic feeling, deep artistic intelligence, grace and tenderness in equilibrium with fire and power; youthful fervor leavened with mature and refined sentiment. His octave playing is almost bewilderingly free and impetuous; his bravura is exciting in its swing and sweep. An occasional tendency in him to thump the piano unmercifully causes a shock, and emphasizes the sad reflection that nothing is perfect in this world; but he soon causes you to forget the fault in some rare beauty of expression or caressing grace of feeling that follows. The playing of the concerto aroused a furor of enthusiasm the like of which has not been often heard in Music Hall. The applause was deafening, and did not cease until the artist had been recalled four times. Later in the evening he played an Impromptu and Waltz by Chopin and a Liszt Rhapsody Hongroise, No. 12. If we are not mistaken. His Chopin playing, in its chaste poetic feeling, its elegant phrasing and its delicate warmth, was indelibly fine. The sentiment was never overwrought; the taste was always pure, while a fine intellectuality dominated the whole. His readings differed from any that we had heard before, but they were so natural that they seemed as if they must be just what the composer intended. The waltz especially was given with a bewitching beauty and finish. The vulgar and brutal Liszt Rhapsody jarred on the senses after these; and it must be confessed that the artist here sank to the vulgarity and brutality of the work; for he pounded the instrument unmercifully at times, producing anything but a musical tone from it.

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THE SYMPHONIES.

EIGHTH CONCERT.

This was the programme for the eighth Symphony concert in Music hall, Saturday evening, December 5:

Beethoven.	Symphony No. 4, in B flat. Adagio; Allegro vivace.—Adagio.—Minuet.—Allegro ma non troppo.
Paderewski.	Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, in A minor, op. 17. Allegro. — Romanza (Andante).—Allegro molto vivace.
Svendsen.	Episode, "Carnival in Paris." (First time at these Concerts.) Soli for Piano. Impromptu.
a) Chopin.	Valse.
b) Chopin.	Rhapsodie Hongroise.
c) Liszt.	Overture, "Euryanthe."
Weber.	
Soloist: Mr. Ignace J. Paderewski.	

Boston music people turned out in full numbers to hear the famous pianist, Ignace J. Paderewski, at his first appearance here. So much has been written of and said about this remarkable man that Bostonians were ablaze with curiosity, not to say excitement, to see and hear this veritable wizard of the pianoforte keyboard. The personality of this man is striking, if not attractive. He is not small, but somewhat below the average weight. He came on the stage in an undemonstrative manner, first bowing to his audience, then the orchestra, and lastly, but not least, to the pianoforte. We are told he always does this, because he thinks the instrument is a part of himself, human, and deserving recognition just as much as his audience. Once seated at the pianoforte, he adjusts himself to it for the ordeal of the work in hand. A good look at his face shows rather a sad expression at first, which lights up wonderfully as he proceeds,

becoming more and more animated, until his face grows radiant with the fire of genius from every point. The color and bristly appearance of his hair gives rather undue prominence to the size of his head, but proves attractive than otherwise, and helps to stamp his great personality.

Paderewski is unlike any other pianist who has visited us, therefore not subject to any comparisons. To illustrate: Within a few weeks we have heard two other good pianists at Music hall. One was an artist in every sense, so far as technique and a finished performance of his work was concerned. He also possessed the physique to enable him to accomplish any amount of difficulties, which he did with apparent ease. Yet, he was only a skilled artist. The other also was an artist in the sense of technical education, playing correctly, like a student who had learned his lesson thoroughly well. There was no special attractiveness about either of the above pianists, except their technical and artistic excellence. Paderewski possesses ample technique for his purposes, but of a different kind,—original, inspired, so to speak, though not so infallibly certain as that of some others heard here. But Paderewski is more than a "technician," a machine, an artist; he is a born genius of the most pronounced stamp.

His Concerto is interestingly constructed, richly orchestrated, and with him in the title rôle commanded the closest attention and created the greatest enthusiasm. He was many times called out. Each time he was recalled he bowed to his pianoforte! He also shook hands with conductor Nikisch for the fine manner in which his orchestra accompanied him.

The solo numbers, "Impromptu in F sharp," as also the "C sharp minor waltz" of Chopin, were most fascinatingly played. The "Second Liszt Rhapsodie" received a notable and original interpretation. There are some doubts if Paderewski ever plays this Rhapsodie twice alike. He made it brilliant, taking, highly interesting, riveting attention from beginning to end, though it was nothing like the traditional interpretation we have many times heard. However, with a genius like Paderewski, there is no use in taking exception to anything he may play, for he is a power unto himself, no doubt, playing just as he feels at the moment. There is, really, no accounting for the playing of such a man.

It would be an act of injustice not to speak of the excellent work of the orchestra. They merit nothing but words of praise. The Symphony was well read, and well played, with but few minor points to criticise. The Episode of Svendsen was certainly interesting from any standpoint.

WELCOME TO PADEREWSKI.

A Famous Pianist Enthusiastically Applauded at the Symphony Concert—"Cavalleria Rusticana" Sung by the Minnie Hauk Company.

Bostonians have at last had an opportunity of passing judgment upon the piano playing of Ignace J. Paderewski, an artist who has probably been more written and talked about in American musical circles during the last few weeks than was any pianist who has come to this country since the visit of Rubinstein.

It was only a few months ago that the name of Paderewski was almost unknown here, but so extensively was his coming advertised, and so eulogistic were the advance praises of his talents, that his appearance was awaited as the most important event in our musical world for many seasons.

His first concert in New York fairly electrified the piano enthusiasts of the metropolis, and the several recitals that he has given there not only sustained but rather increased the fever of enthusiasm aroused over his playing.

His successes there naturally awakened much interest here, so it was not surprising that the capacity of Music Hall should have been taxed at both the Friday afternoon and Saturday evening concerts of the Symphony orchestra. Indeed many hundred people were refused even admission tickets to these concerts, so general was the desire to hear this wonderful master of the pianoforte.

The uncommon demand upon space in the columns of this morning's paper makes it impossible to give an extended review of his performance last evening. His successes in New York have already been chronicled in THE GLOBE, so an idea of his ability may be suggested by stating that the Boston Symphony audiences seemed to heartily indorse all the eulogisms regarding his playing which have come from New York.

It is not often that the usually sedate and reserved Symphony patrons are stirred to demonstrative expressions of approval, but precedents were forgotten yesterday. The audience not only applauded but actually cheered Paderewski's performance, and insisted upon an encore number being added to his programme announcements.

Some admirer sent him a huge wreath of laurel decked with the Polish national colors and bearing in letters of gold words of homage. This was something unusual at a Symphony concert, but the audience gave cord approval.

Mr. Paderewski first played a concerto for piano and orchestra of his own composition. It was the first concerto that he has written, and while it may not be entitled to a very high rank among the many concertos that have been written by masters of other days, it is a piece which commands admiration for its display of musicianly attainments, sympathetic and poetic sentiment and command of orchestral resources. Its melodies are Polish in character, suggestive of folk songs, and are delightfully fresh and devoid of affectation in treatment. The finale movement is the most brilliant, both for solo instrument and orchestra. It is a work that can be repeatedly heard with pleasure.

Mr. Paderewski also played three short solos, an impromptu and a waltz, by Chopin, and a rhapsodie by Liszt. His performance of the impromptu, although technically flawless, did not make a marked impres-

sion. The difficult little waltz, however, created a sensation.

It has already been stated in these columns that Mr. Paderewski was more at home in the interpretation of Liszt than in presenting the works of Chopin. Last evening's performance served to confirm this statement.

Several pianists have recently been heard here whose playing possesses certain qualities not excelled by Mr. Paderewski's art, but few, if any, have shown such general ability in interpreting the works of the widely different classes of music composed for the pianoforte.

If Mr. Paderewski is not the greatest of living pianists, his rank is so near the first that it requires exceedingly exact discrimination to properly place him.

The programme offered by Director Nikisch consisted of Beethoven's fourth symphony, Svendsen's "Carnival of Paris" (a novelty here) and Weber's "Euryanthe" overture. The orchestra gave a very satisfactory performance of all these selections.

The next concert will be exclusively of Mozart's music, and the soloists will be Mme. Fursch-Mardi, C. M. Loetler and Franz Kneizel.

PADEREWSKI'S TRIUMPH.

The appearance of Paderewski, the pianist, at last evening's concert by the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Arthur Nikisch, conductor, called out an audience that tested the fullest capacity of Music Hall.

It was the first appearance of this pianist here, and all present were evidently eager to determine individually the correctness of the extravagant claims put forward regarding the player. The term "extravagant" is used advisedly, for the supply of English adjectives has been completely exhausted in the press comments of this country and Europe upon this pianist's performances, and there is absolutely not a complimentary phrase left for those who are compelled, at this late day, to express an opinion regarding Paderewski's abilities.

As a matter of fact, words lose their value in any attempt to use them to convey a correct impression of the results got by this player, and there is a decided inclination to say "go and hear him," rather than to make any effort to say what his playing is like.

His own concerto in A minor, op. 17, heard here a couple of seasons ago, was the work he selected for his introduction to Boston, and it was a bit curious to see the development of the enthusiasm of the audience as its performance progressed. Paderewski's entrance was so quiet and unpretentious, and he went about his work in such a businesslike fashion, that there was a disposition to suspend judgment for a time and await evidence justifying concurrence in the opinions of other musical centres concerning the gifts of the newcomer.

This inclination vanished, however, after the pianist had played his opening passages in the concerto, and at the close of the first movement he had Boston at his feet, and from that onward it was but a question of degree in the enthusiastic recognition of his abilities by his first audience here.

The opening movement gave a hint of the singular purity of tone which he produces at all times, and a suggestion of his technical attainments. It remained for the beautiful romance making the second movement to serve as an exhibition of the wonderful delicacy, refinement and expression of his playing and the rare faculty he has of making the instrument sing under his skilful touch. The final allegro then

served as an illustration of his absolute mastery of the keyboard and his ability in the line of pyrotechnical piano playing that has dazzled the publics of all the great cities abroad.

He is a pianist who knows to a nicety his power over his audience, and he mastered all who heard him with as much certainty as though each and every one had been his only listener. Great as was his triumph in the concerto it was not until he was heard as a solo player in a Chopin impromptu and valse and a Liszt rhapsodie that the audience fully realized the genius of the pianist. His playing of Chopin is fairly fascinating for the grace and beauty of his interpretation and the delicacy of his tone tints in such compositions surpasses all description and gives the listener most rapturous delight. The Liszt rhapsodie again revealed the skill and resources of this veritable giant, and his brilliant playing of this number made a fitting climax to his evening's triumph.

Mr. Paderewski has no cause to complain of the Boston public in the reception given him, and it is gratifying that his first hearing here should so effectually settle the position he is to be accorded by local music lovers. His future here is one of conquest, and his recitals will unquestionably show how well the Boston public appreciates such a genius.

Lack of space prevents comment upon the very enjoyable orchestral programme arranged for the evening by Mr. Nikisch. It included the fourth of the Beethoven symphonies, Weber's "Euryanthe" overture, and, as a pleasing novelty, Svendsen's "Carnaval in Paris."

[For the Transcript.]

PADEREWSKI PLAYING.

(HOW IT IMPRESSED JONES.)

Jones is a cynic! At the Symphony
Lost in an arid wilderness of sound
Sits Jones, and nods, and eyes his neighbor's score.

And though of music-hearing day and night
He wearies not, he growls, "Why don't they play

As if the thing—heart, brain and hands—would say,

Must say itself to music?" Most irreverent
Is Jones—sometimes profane—therefore we wondered,

That night we watched young Paderewski smite

The key-board, listening to those dalcet tones,
"How will this strike the tympanum of Jones?"

And all the while you should have seen Jones stare;

He has a German's scent for music—ne'er
A finer, keener, longer nose! you'd swear
Jones drank sound through his nostrils, watching him;

And once or twice his spectacles grew dim
That night, and I distinctly heard Jones sigh—
A sigh that moved one, like that priceless tear,
That unwept tear that troubled Heine so—
It was a sigh of such supreme content,
So musical, so deep, so eloquent!

And as I talked with Jones last Saturday
I asked him, "Have you read this Century?
No? Say, then—How does Paderewski play?"

He snarled, "The critics told you. Don't ask me!"

Derisively he added, "Any nose
May ravage with impunity a rose!
[The one line from Sordello that Jones knows!]
And fools find wit like that obscure!" mocks he.

But when I pleaded, "Such a rhapsody
Of words!" he told me why he sighed that night—

Great thoughts were born in him, and fancies light

Trooped to him, tales of old-world chivalry,
Music of battlefields, rumors of war.

He saw the face of many a Polish knight,
And bright, fair, flowerlike women he beheld,
Then a vast panorama painted o'er

With moving living armies! there went by
Hetman and banneret! wild Slavonic music
Rose rhythmic, rude and sad—whirling of winds,

Clashing of arms, warring of elements;
And he remembered a dear book of fiction,
Heard its long peals of deep Homeric laughter;

Stout Pan Zagloba with Falstaffian strut
Praised his own deeds; then saw he that fierce knight

Brave Pan Volodyovski! his swift sabre
Flashed for a moment—and the foeman fell.

And then forgotten were the days of fiction.
The faces faded, and he heard no more
That martial music, but a theme of Chopin's.

With strange, sweet-haunting minor cadences.
It seemed no human touch—they sang themselves!

The genius of a nation smote the lyre.
It throbbed and throbbed! as if an immortal fire
Could fuse the poet's and the player's soul in one.

Chopin's or his, that revelation?

Beatitude upon beatitude
Piled Jones, the while he rhapsodized to me.
"For there!" that cynic said exultantly,
"The thing that heart and hands and brain would say

Did say itself in music!" and he ended:

"It was as when on a still sultry noon
One comes upon a summer solitude
Where skyward leaps some clear cool crystal fountain,

That breaks into a million soft-hued rainbows,
Sparkling and dancing! storing floods of sunshine

Within each tiny sphere—and then I listened
Breathless unto that perfect poem of sound
Straining the inner sense, as one who hearkens,

All the dumb heart of things grown audible,
And hears a dewdrop or a roseleaf fall!"

AGNES GERARD.

TRUE TO THE BRIDE OF HIS YOUTH.

Paderewski Prefers the Piano, Pool and
Poker to the Women who Fall In
Love with His Wondrous Samsonian
Mane.



uresque and genteel—such a man has the elements of a successful lion.

And when the lion is adorned with a marvellous mane as big as a load of hay, dark red and all frowled and tousled, he becomes simply irresistible.

That's why Ignatius John Paderewski—pianist and poker player—has conquered



THIS IS PADEREWSKI.

the coldness of Boston and established himself here as a fad, just as he has in Paris, London and New York.

Not that Paderewski's popularity is exactly due to that wonderful head of hair, in which you can see all the glories of the aurora borealis, and the incarnadined hues of the rose, but one can't help wondering whether he would make such a furor among the unmusical if he were bald-headed and fat and elderly.

Paderewski not only looks like a genius with a large G, but he is one in reality, and if his "specialty" were whistling or clog dancing or swallowing swords or eating glass, it would bear the impress of his master mind.

Tall, slender, well-proportioned, with chest broad and deep, and muscular neck, peaked features and healthy complexion, a light moustache and a still lighter goatee—that is the outward Paderewski. Although he doesn't run to whiskers, yet the hair on the top of his head would make the Circassian girl in the dime museum down sick with envy.

But Paderewski—and, by the way, he pronounces himself Padderesske—isn't "travelling on his shape" or on that incomparable headgear. He's modest and quiet and very well-bred—not too well-bred, but just well-bred enough—and tactful and full of common sense.

Flattery has not turned his head, and he doesn't "pose."

Paderewski's social success in Boston, as in London and New York, has been complete and overwhelming. When here, he stays at the Hotel Brunswick, and is always accompanied by his manager, Count Hugo Gerlitz. He frequents the clubs a good deal, going often to the St. Botolph and the Tavern. The two Adamowskis are his low-countrymen, and the three are much together.

Although Paderewski is under contract with the Steinways, who give him \$500 for every public performance, yet he is permitted to play in private houses. On Sunday evening, for instance, he gave a recital in the music room of Mr. J. M. Sears for the benefit of the family and a few guests. Mr. Sears gave him \$1000 for the evening.

Paderewski is adored by women, who often make their adoration so clear that he can't help seeing it. This may be the reason why the worship is not mutual. To be quite plain about it Paderewski doesn't like women at all. They say that he lives in dreams of the past—that he is true to the memory of his

loved wife, who died when he was but 19 years old. And that lends the glamour of romance to his life. Her death is said to have nearly caused his own.

It was only about four years ago that Paderewski came out as a piano virtuoso. That was in Berlin, and he made a distinguished failure there. The German critics never would concede him high rank as a pianist. In fact, they even said he was seeking to gain notoriety by means of his hair. They were probably jealous.

Paderewski then went to Paris, where the women raved about him. His male critics there were not extravagant in their eulogies.

Two seasons in London followed. Here his success was instantaneous. English men as well as English women went wild over his playing, and honors were lavished on him from all sides.

His greatest triumphs, however, have been achieved in New York and Boston. Nevertheless, Paderewski doesn't like America. He complains, in the first place, of the intense heat in the houses and hotels. He can't sleep nights, he says, because his room is too hot, and, like most foreigners, he is afraid to keep his window open at night. So he sleeps in the daytime when he can. But this is rather unsatisfactory, as he only gets from three to five hours' sleep.

When in New York he goes to Steinway's and practises from 11 p. m. until about 4 or 5 a. m.

Paderewski is very abstemious. He takes no intoxicating liquor of any kind. But he smokes cigarettes, and good ones, too. Pool is his especial weakness, but he also fences, rides and shoots, and can play a mighty fine game of poker. Nothing delights him more

man to drop in at Billy Apthorp's and take a hand in a game.

Paderewski's present object is to accumulate as many American dollars as possible, so as to be able to give up playing and devote himself wholly to composition.

He is a very well-informed man, and speaks five or six languages fluently. His English is not perfect, but it is far superior to most of the Boston French that is fired at him. His own French is very fine.

He is an excellent story-teller, and a most graceful after-dinner speaker.

He was recently asked why he had not learned to play the violin. His reply was that when he was a boy in Poland he had gone to a famed teacher of the violin, but had been sent away on the ground that he would never make a musician!

If there is no music in your soul, it will nevertheless pay you to go and see his hair the next time he plays in Boston.

A professional interviewer who, either in imagination or reality, recently had a session with Paderewski, and then wrote for his paper says: "He shakes your hand in a welcome squeeze, and when the anaconda effect has passed off you wonder why you ever thought him at all effeminate. The truth is that no 2-year-old ever trained for the Futurity stakes as does this comet for the pianistic sweepstakes, and the odds in the artistic world in his favor are growing heavier every day. He does not know whether he likes America or not, as he has only been around in Philadelphia. In this city he spends his time practising the piano, sleeping, smoking cigarettes and appearing in public. Naturally I asked him if he admired the harbor and the Statue of Liberty, but received an evasive answer to the effect that American pianos are the best in the world. I realized that here was a votary of art for art's sake, one to whom the ordinary sights and scenes of life were not of paramount interest, so I tacked in another direction. "And the New York girls," I queried. "They are all beautiful," he replied, and lighted a fresh cigarette. Then I knew that a supreme mastery of the piano did not preclude diplomatic gifts of the highest order. I questioned him closely about the "long foreground" of his career, as Walt Whitman would say, and received but little satisfaction. Yes, he had studied, but not with many masters; had never heard Liszt; played for Rubinstein but once, and for an answer received an ursine growl from the great Muscovite.

MUSIC.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

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Paderewski is a tremendously advertised artist; and doubtless Boston's interest in the brilliant Pole, first aroused by little Otto Hegner's exquisite performance of the now famous "Menuet a l'Antique," and since constantly kept warm by the reports that have been freely circulated concerning his astonishing triumphs in Europe, had not a little to do with his reception. But this interest, bordering on curiosity, was not the real cause of his success. Paderewski is undeniably a genius; there could have been few out of the vast audience that filled every seat and every foot of standing room on Friday afternoon who were not strongly impressed with this fact.

Besides this gift Paderewski possesses a personality which instantly calls out the sympathies of his listeners. His modest, winning appearance; his graceful bearing; his slender, supple figure; his fine, well-poised head covered with a mass of soft, curly hair of reddish hue; his well cut features, delicate to the verge of effeminacy; his amiable though serious expression, all command instant attention. And by the time he has finished his own concerto, many other things are revealed. One realizes with a throb of pleasure that here at last is a great musical performer who has not yet lost the indescribable enthusiasm of youth. He plays for dollars, perhaps, but surely for the love of his art. Moreover, the music he plays is to him fraught with meaning. His phrasing is not the phrasing of a player of mere talent; his fitting together of the parts of a musical composition is not that of the cultivated artisan. His readings of the works of the masters are instinct with the imagination, the poetic fervor, the true fire of a born musician. When he plays something that appeals to his nature with unusual force, his countenance is as much a study as are his readings, or his technical feats. When he gave that unforgettable performance of the Schubert-Liszt "Erl King" for an encore Friday afternoon, the pathos and intensity expressed in his face were almost as thrilling as was his playing.

Paderewski's touch is wholly beautiful. His singing tone is unsurpassed; his scale-playing is exquisitely clear and pearly in quality; his pianissimo is wonderful; his fortissimo is full and resonant; and his bravura is glittering and dazzling, but withal is never unmusical. Without doubt he has his limitations. When we heard him at a recital in New York the other day, we thought we discovered weaknesses that seemed inherent. Whether this may eventually prove to be the case or not, there were no such indications in his performance of his own concerto, or the Chopin impromptu in F sharp, the waltz in C sharp minor, and the twelfth rhapsodie of Liszt.

Paderewski's fame does not rest wholly upon his pianoforte playing. His concerto is a strong

work, full of ideas which are clearly, poetically and brilliantly expressed; and it will undoubtedly become a favorite with pianists when it is better known. In the pianoforte part its composer has shown a conservatism as regards modern technical difficulties that is surprising. There is no attempt to create obstacles of this sort merely for the sake of affording opportunities for the display of virtuosity. Nevertheless it shows a knowledge of the resources of the pianoforte which only a skilful pianist can possess; while the instrumentation evinces an equally clear understanding of the nature of orchestral instruments, and their proper combinations. His many smaller piano pieces too are full of poetic charm; and it is rumored that he is the composer of unpublished works for orchestra of much greater importance than any that he has yet given out.

Between the concerto and the solos came a work by Svendsen, new to Boston, an episode "Carnival in Paris." It is a brilliant piece of orchestral scoring and suggests in a marked degree the various characteristics of the kind of scene it attempts to depict in tone. The symphony, which came first, was Beethoven's fourth and the closing number was the overture to Euryanthe. The orchestral playing was generally fine, the accompaniment to the concerto being given with unusual care and finish.

— Mr. Paderewski, of course, returns in the fall. He must have earned about \$60,000 in his four months' stay, and much territory is still unvisited. For the same number of concerts, no pianist that has visited the United States in the past ever received so large a sum of money, although it is likely that Casimir Hoffman's receipts would have quite equalled, had he had held out, Mr. Paderewski's. Receipts, however, have nothing to do with a man's place in art, and while I cheerfully concede that the Polish virtuoso's strength, precision, and earnestness are astounding, that his memory is extraordinary, and that his personality is most interesting, I cannot coincide with, at least, one of my confreres, who proclaims him the greatest performer of his age. As a poet musician, Mr. Paderewski stands far beneath Anton Rubinstein. As a Beethoven player, he ranks after Bülow and D'Albert. As an interpreter of the graceful and filmy compositions of Chopin and Henselt, and as a Mozart player, he cannot be compared with De Pachmann. Withal, he is an executant of enormous talent, and possessed of a magnetism that has thus far been irresistible. I do not fancy that his work has taught his auditors much, and in this respect his visit will have been far less fruitful than were the *tournées* of some of his predecessors. It is positive, however, that his exceptional success has revived a very general interest in piano-playing, and its good results, if secured in a somewhat indirect fashion, are no less valuable on that account.—*Town Topics.*

De Pachmann and Paderewski, men of widely differing genius, find that their most devoted admirers are women. Few men will go eagerly to recital after recital, for they echo the saying of the Englishman, "Life would be tolerable were it not for its pleasures." The two pianists should remember the fate of Orpheus and tremble. If historians are worthy of belief, Orpheus was the inventor of recitals. Armed with his lyre he went from town to town; he was greeted with enthusiasm; women followed in his train. In a Thracian village he gave his last recitals. Possibly he finally exhausted the patience of the hearers; possibly he attempted to give an "historical cyclus," or perhaps he insisted on playing opus 110 or opus 111 of some contemporary Beethoven. At any rate, the very women that had in former days fawned on him and pelted him with flowers attacked him and tore him limb from limb.

PHILIP HALE.

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— Mr. Paderewski, of course, returns in the fall. He must have earned about \$60,000 in his four months' stay, and much territory is still unvisited. For the same number of concerts, no pianist that has visited the United States in the past ever received so large a sum of money, although it is likely that Casimir Hoffman's receipts would have quite equalled, had he had held out, Mr. Paderewski's. Receipts, however, have nothing to do with a man's place in art, and while I cheerfully concede that the Polish virtuoso's strength, precision, and earnestness are astounding, that his memory is extraordinary, and that his personality is most interesting, I cannot coincide with, at least, one of my confreres, who proclaims him the greatest performer of his age. As a poet musician, Mr. Paderewski stands far beneath Anton Rubinstein. As a Beethoven player, he ranks after Bülow and D'Albert. As an interpreter of the graceful and filmy compositions of Chopin and Henselt, and as a Mozart player, he cannot be compared with De Pachmann. Withal, he is an executant of enormous talent, and possessed of a magnetism that has thus far been irresistible. I do not fancy that his work has taught his auditors much, and in this respect his visit will have been far less fruitful than were the *tournées* of some of his predecessors. It is positive, however, that his exceptional success has revived a very general interest in piano-playing, and its good results, if secured in a somewhat indirect fashion, are no less valuable on that account.—*Town Topics*.

De Pachmann and Paderewski, men of widely differing genius, find that their most devoted admirers are women. Few men will go eagerly to recital after recital, for they echo the saying of the Englishman, "Life would be tolerable were it not for its pleasures." The two pianists should remember the fate of Orpheus and tremble. If historians are worthy of belief, Orpheus was the inventor of recitals. Armed with his lyre he went from town to town; he was greeted with enthusiasm; women followed in his train. In a Thracian village he gave his last recitals. Possibly he finally exhausted the patience of the hearers; possibly he attempted to give an "historical cyclus," or perhaps he insisted on playing opus 110 or opus 111 of some contemporary Beethoven. At any rate, the very women that had in former days fawned on him and pelted him with flowers attacked him and tore him limb from limb.

PHILIP HALE.

man to drop in at Billy Apthorp's and take a hand in a game.

Paderewski's present object is to accumulate as many American dollars as possible, so as to be able to give up playing and devote himself wholly to composition.

He is a very well-informed man, and speaks five or six languages fluently. His English is not perfect, but it is far superior to most of the Boston French that is fired at him. His own French is very fine.

He is an excellent story-teller, and a most graceful after-dinner speaker.

He was recently asked why he had not learned to play the violin. His reply was that when he was a boy in Poland he had gone to a famed teacher of the violin, but had been sent away on the ground that he would never make a musician!

If there is no music in your soul, it will nevertheless pay you to go and see his hair the next time he plays in Boston.

A professional interviewer who, either in imagination or reality, recently had a session with Paderewski, and then wrote for his paper says: "He shakes your hand in a welcome squeeze, and when the anacostia effect has passed off you wonder why you ever thought him at all effeminate. The truth is that no 2-year-old ever trained for the Futurity stakes as does this comet for the pianistic sweepstakes, and the odds in the artistic world in his favor are growing heavier every day. He does not know whether he likes America or not, as he has only been around in Philadelphia. In this city he spends his time practising the piano, sleeping, smoking cigarettes and appearing in public. Naturally I asked him if he admired the harbor and the Statue of Liberty, but received an evasive answer to the effect that American pianos are the best in the world. I realized that here was a votary of art for art's sake, one to whom the ordinary sights and scenes of life were not of paramount interest, so I tacked in another direction. "And the New York girls," I queried. "They are all beautiful," he replied, and lighted a fresh cigarette. Then I knew that a supreme mastery of the piano did not preclude diplomatic gifts of the highest order. I questioned him closely about the "long foreground" of his career, as Walt Whitman would say, and received but little satisfaction. Yes, he had studied, but not with many masters; had never heard Liszt; played for Rubinstein but once, and for an answer received an ursine growl from the great Muscovite.



Fursch-Madi

Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1891-92.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. ARTHUR NIKISCH, Conductor.

IX. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, AT 8, P. M.

PROGRAMME.

IN MEMORIAM. W. A. MOZART,

DIED DECEMBER 5, 1791.

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| MOZART. | OVERTURE. "Magic Flute." |
| MOZART. | ARIA from "Don Giovanni." |
| MOZART. | MASONIC FUNERAL MUSIC. |
| MOZART. | ARIA, "Dove Song," from "Marriage of Figaro." |
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Adagio; Allegro.—Andante.—
Minuetto.—Finale; Allegro. |

SOLOIST:

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MOZART.

The Commemoration of the Centenary of His Death.

The programme of the ninth Symphony concert was devoted to certain works of Mozart, in commemoration of the centenary of his death, Dec. 5, 1791. The numbers chosen were the "Magic Flute" overture; the symphony in E flat, "Or sai chi l'onore" from "Don Giovanni," and "Dove sono" from "The Marriage of Figaro" (sung by Mrs. Fursch-Madi), and the Masonic Funeral Music, which was substituted for the concertante for violin, viola and orchestra, on account of the sickness of Messrs. Kneisel and Loeffler.

It is well in these nervous days, when the listeners to music, like unto the Athenians of old, demand eagerly all that is new; when the tendency is to welcome the strange and unintelligible, and to despise, because, forsooth, they are lucid and beautiful, even long accepted works that have withstood the tooth of Time; when music is no longer regarded as a separate art, but as a means of expressing all things in nature and in the brain and the heart of man, an art interchangeable with prose, poetry, sculpture and painting—it is well to take a breathing spell and to contemplate the serenity of the supreme Mozart.

We are too apt to lose sight of historical perspective in our judgments upon composers. We judge rashly the men of former centuries with the men of our own generation, and it is not uncommon to find comparisons drawn between Mozart and Wagner, or Mozart and Schumann; as though Tabarin and Artemus War I, Apuleius and Balzac could be weighed one against the other. The smug critic that belongs to the hyper-modern school pats Mozart's head, chucks Haydn under the chin, and speaks kindly of Beethoven, echoing the line in Congreve's play, "Hannibal was a very pretty fellow in those days." And he adds: "Mozart now is intolerable, a mere maker of music that portrays nothing, that is without meaning. He had facility, it is true, and his tunes have an agreeable jingle. His music, however, is a thing of the past, unsuited to our wants. We have outgrown it." But the composer must be judged in the light of his time; his music must be compared with that of his contemporaries. The line of composer is not made up of independent, uninfluenced men. Upon Mozart leans Beethoven; upon Beethoven, Schumann and the members of the Romantic School, and then Berlioz, Liszt and Wagner. The last would have been impossible without the first.

On the other hand there is, perhaps, then, no greatest composer. He that excels in one branch of his art may be easily outstripped in another by a less highly gifted man. If, however, among

the many glorious names, one may be put above the rest as a supremely endowed genius whose flow of inspiration was directed and not choked by complete mastery of art, that name is Mozart. As a spontaneous singer of pure melody he was approached only by Schubert and Rossini. As an inventor of harmonies and as a juggler with the strictest laws of counterpoint he is a marvel for all time. He knew the secrets of orchestral instruments that had baffled musical seekers before him. He wrote "Don Giovanni" and breathed the breath of dramatic life into the cold body of Italian formalism. He met Beaumarchais upon his own ground and conquered him. With "The Magic Flute" he laid the sure foundations of national German opera. His symphonies and chamber music paved the way for Beethoven. His writings for the pianoforte of his day and for combinations of instruments then relished are crowded with passages of rare beauty; and everywhere is seen the complete and easy triumph of astounding skill over the greatest theoretical difficulties. And when he turned from the concert room and the stage to the church, the noble fragments of the Requiem and the matchless Ave Verum show that music may be the full expression of religious awe and ecstatic worship. Let it also be remembered that he composed when he was of tender age; that his life was full of disappointment; that he was constantly harassed by poverty; that his compositions are nearly eight hundred in number; and that he died before he was thirty-six.

Victor Wilder has well said that the crowning glory of Mozart's work is its ideal perfection. This perfection is in great measure due to its apparent simplicity, which in music as in literature is, as Walt Whitman declared in his famous preface to the first edition of "Leaves of Grass," "the art of art, the glory of expression and the sunlight. To speak with the perfect rectitude and insouciance of the movements of animals and the unimpeachableness of the sentiment of the trees in the woods and grass by the roadside is the flawless triumph of art." It is this that makes the just performance of a Mozart composition so rare. The French claim, and many will admit that they are not exorbitant, that a Mozart symphony or overture is only heard in perfection when it is played by the orchestra of the Paris Conservatory. It is true that in Germany the players seem to lay their hands upon his music with a heavy touch, and there is too often an absence of the delicacy, the elegance, the restrained passion, the serene spirit so characteristic of Mozart. It is a pleasure then to state that the performance of Saturday evening, if it were not an absolutely ideal one, was, upon the whole, very satisfactory. The readings of Mr. Nikisch were sympathetic and free from exaggeration; the work of the orchestra was excellent. It is true that the first violins in the andante of the symphony were once or twice not above reproach; it is true that in the overture and symphony there was occasional cloudiness in the rapid wood-wind passages; but there was but little to find fault with, and the concert gave legitimate enjoyment. The Masonic Funeral Music, written in memory of Meklenburg and Esterhazy naturally lost in effect in consequence of the necessary absence

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of the basset horns with which Mozart gave a peculiarly sombre coloring to his score; and however appropriate it may have been to the occasion for which it was written, it loses in value when heard in the concert hall. The other orchestral numbers were happily chosen. Age has not staled their infinite beauty.

Mrs. Fursch-Madi declaimed with intelligence and force the trying recitative to the great air from "Don Giovanni," and sang the air itself with breadth and dignity. She is a dramatic soprano, a chanteuse Falcon, and she was heard to less advantage in the air from "The Marriage of Figaro," although she gave constant proofs in the latter number of the training and understanding of the accomplished artist. Such singers serve to show that the noble art of song really existed, that it is not merely a matter of tradition. They also give the lie to the pernicious theory that vocal skill and dramatic truth cannot dwell together.

The programme of the next concert includes Handel's concerto in F for strings and two wind orchestras; the prelude to "Parsifal," and Rubinstein's Dramatic Symphony (No. 4).

Music Hall: The Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The Symphony Orchestra gave a Mozart programme last Saturday evening, in honor of the centenary of the composer's death. The list was as follows:

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Aria: "Or sai chi l'onore," from "Don Giovanni."
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Symphony in E-flat.

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The programme for the concert next Saturday night is: Handel—Concerto for strings and two wind orchestras in F major, first time; Wagner—Prelude to "Parsifal;" Rubinstein—Fourth symphony, "Dramatic," first time. The public rehearsal will be held on Thursday afternoon.

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Beacon

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Since Mr. George H. Wilson's departure for Chicago, there to assume the secretaryship of the musical department of the World's Fair, the compilation of the notes for the programme Bulletin has been assumed by Mr. Philip Hale, who is sure to make his pages brilliant, diversified and rich with the instructive fruits of knowledge and research.

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Our young Lochinvars have come out of the Southwest, and brought plenty of laurels with them, for in every city the praises have been of the most extravagant sort. Our orchestra is still acknowledged to be the best cisatlantic one, by the reviewers of the outlying districts. Saturday's programme was devoted to the memory of Mozart's death; one would have expected this commemoration at the concert of Dec. 5, which was exactly the centennial of that sad event, and the ceremonies of Saturday seemed just a trifle *post festum*, while the bust and wreath of laurel at the front of the stage were somewhat too theatrical for our Boston tastes. Nevertheless the music was its own most fitting excuse, and was well played in almost every detail. The "Magic Flute" overture was taken in just the right tempo, and not in the *prestissimo* which marred it in the former performances by this orchestra. As a consequence, every voice in the fugato, which forms the chief theme, was clear and intelligible (it is the most popular piece of fugal writing in the entire repertoire), and the development was also easily followed, although the introductory chords of this portion of the work were rather square cut.

What a model of the true dramatic school Mme. Fursch-Madi is! Her two numbers (Donna Anna's aria and "Dove Sono," the latter, of course, misprinted "Dove Song") were as different from each other as possible, yet the same success was achieved in both. "Dove Sono" was a lesson to every vocal student present, in its pure enunciation, its artistic phrasing, its unexaggerated *portamenti*; only in the high notes was there evidence of caution, which told of weakness—just a suspicion of vocal decadence. Mozart's Masonic funeral music was written for a lodge of sorrow held for Prince Esterhazy in July 1785. It does not magnify into a full orchestral score very well; it was written originally for two violins, two violas, contrabass, one clarinet, three basset-horns, two oboes, two horns and a contrabassoon. It will be seen that in such a combination the wind instruments were given a preponderance which had much to do with the tone-color, and this preponderance was not present in the full orchestral version. The contrabassoon was very effective (one very seldom hears this instrument in anything like an obligato), and gave something of the mournful gravity intended by the composer, but, of course, the basset-horns were not obtainable, the instrument being quite obsolete, and one could only guess at what the original music must have sounded like. The bass clarinet can by no means replace the basset-horn, for the latter had a far more gloomy effect, and whenever Mozart desired to picture death, as in his requiem for example, he had recourse to this instrument.

The "Clarinet Symphony" ended the programme. Mozart was the father of the clarinet, for his predecessors Bach and Handel never used it, and in this work for the first time, the instrument enters into symphony, but so wedded were the composers of a century ago to having the woodwind in three parts, that Mozart turned out the oboe to make room for the new comer. Because of the innovation,

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Notes.

It will delight many Boston musicians to learn that Mr. Gericke's health is now entirely restored. He has begun his concert season in Vienna, as director of the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde concerts, with Mozart's arrangement of Handel's "Alexander's Feast," and is delighted with both chorus and orchestra. On Dec. 6 the death of Mozart was commemorated by a great performance of the "Requiem" by the same forces, Haydn's "Seasons," Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis," and other great works are to be given this season, and our conductor is evidently a very busy man again.

The prevalent illness has at last made itself felt in our concert room, and Mozart's funeral music made a gloomy substitute for the two invalids, Messrs. Loeffler and Kneisel, but this gloom was somewhat dispelled by the orator of the occasion, whose exordium was bold, but whose peroration was slightly vague.

On the evening of Dec. 19 the Boston Symphony Orchestra recognized the 100th anniversary of the death of the immortal Mozart with a programme "in memoriam" embracing the overture of the "Magic Flute," the "Masonic Funeral Music" and the ever fresh and beautiful "Symphony in E flat."

Mme. Fursch Madi contributed two solos, one from "Don Juan," the other from "Figaro." It is a pleasant task to speak of this concert for in many respects the programme was admirably performed. The orchestra played with a degree of smoothness and delicacy and a regard for the expression in the works given that was at once surprising and gratifying, and all the more so because of the coarseness and almost utter disregard of the dynamic effects that has marked its performance since Mr. Gericke departed.

The tempi was well chosen, the programme being well balanced, and, we are happy to say, of short duration. Mr. Nikisch has more often than otherwise shown poor taste in the arrangement of his programme and bad judgment in the dragging it out a half-hour too long. Fursch-Madi's singing of the solos assigned her was commendable in a high degree. She gave the difficult recitative and aria from "Don Juan" with noble style and dramatic intensity, being little less happy in the one from "Figaro." This was a concert to be pleasantly remembered.

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the woodwind have most important work to do in this symphony, and it must be said that they did it very well. The tempi were reasonable, the balance good and the finale entirely crisp and brilliant. The trio of the minuet was also especially excellent. Only in the second movement could the dainty staccato chords have had more piquancy and lightness; but this is a minor fault, and the entire concert was a pleasing one, and so well given that the most confirmed fault-finder can put aside his vitriol bottle for the nonce. LEUIS C. ELSON.

Notes.

It will delight many Boston musicians to learn that Mr. Gericke's health is now entirely restored. He has begun his concert season in Vienna, as director of the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde concerts, with Mozart's arrangement of Handel's "Alexander's Feast," and is delighted with both chorus and orchestra. On Dec. 6 the death of Mozart was commemorated by a great performance of the "Requiem" by the same forces. Haydn's "Seasons," Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis," and other great works are to be given this season, and our conductor is evidently a very busy man again.

The prevalent illness has at last made itself felt in our concert room, and Mozart's funeral music made a gloomy substitute for the two invalids, Messrs. Loeffler and Kneisel, but this gloom was somewhat dispelled by the orator of the occasion, whose exordium was bold, but whose peroration was slightly vague.

On the evening of Dec. 19 the Boston Symphony Orchestra recognized the 100th anniversary of the death of the immortal Mozart with a programme "in memoriam" embracing the overture of the "Magic Flute," the "Masonic Funeral Music" and the ever fresh and beautiful "Symphony in E flat."

Mme. Fursch-Madi contributed two solos, one from "Don Juan," the other from "Figaro." It is a pleasant task to speak of this concert for in many respects the programme was admirably performed. The orchestra played with a degree of smoothness and delicacy and a regard for the expression in the works given that was at once surprising and gratifying, and all the more so because of the coarseness and almost utter disregard of the dynamic effects that has marked its performance since Mr. Gericke departed.

The tempi was well chosen, the programme being well balanced, and, we are happy to say, of short duration. Mr. Nikisch has more often than otherwise shown poor taste in the arrangement of his programme and bad judgment in the dragging it out a half-hour too long. Fursch-Madi's singing of the solos assigned her was commendable in a high degree. She gave the difficult recitative and aria from "Don Juan" with noble style and dramatic intensity, being little less happy in the one from "Figaro." This was a concert to be pleasantly remembered.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

THE SYMPHONY.

"In Memoriam. W. A. Mozart. Died December 5, 1791."

This was the inscription with which the programme of the ninth symphony rehearsal and concert was prefaced. In front of the conductor's stand, on a low pedestal, somewhat scantily decorated with laurel leaves, was placed a life size bust of the genius who has been well called the Raphael of Music. It is possible that this object of art was visible from the center balcony, and it is probable that the bust was the largest one that was available. The contrast, however, which if presented to the colossal statue of Beethoven that mentor like overlooks the orchestra from the rear of the stage, was decidedly startling, and must have aroused feelings antagonistic to those of reverence in the breasts of more than one of the audience. It must be confessed, too, that the construction of the programme was, considering the occasion, in a measure disappointing. It is true that nothing could have been chosen for the opening number which was better calculated to throw the vast audience into a thoroughly receptive mood than was the overture to the "Magic Flute"—beautiful and inspiring as it always is. But the short, though impressive adagio, written for the Masonic funeral service, and the E flat symphony, typical as it is of the most delightful side of its composer's nature, failed to impart to this commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of Mozart's death the air of greatness one would have liked to associate with it. No doubt the illness of Mr. Kneisel and Mr. Loeffler deprived the audience of a performance which would have been wholly delightful. This unfortunate incident necessitated at the last moment the substitution of the funeral music for the Symphonic Concert for violin and viola, in which Mr. Kneisel, who has in times past shown what noble tones he could draw from the viola, was once more to be heard as a player of that instrument. This work, together with the greatest of all his symphonies, the "Jupiter," and the singing of a Lehmann, might have completed a programme which would indeed have been a worthy tribute to the memory of him whose music makes us forget care, whose life makes us heart sick.

But, putting what might have been out of mind, the programme as it stood was productive of much enjoyment. The overture was played with an airiness, a delicacy and finish that were hardly surpassed by the orchestra, even when it was under the lead of its former master of detail. The funeral music was broadly and feelingly rendered, and in the symphony was heard some of the best playing of the season, notwithstanding a certain lack of virility in the tone produced by the strings, due to the absence of the two leading violin players. The work of the wood wind was especially good, and Messrs. Mole and Sautet were once more their old selves in purity of tone and beauty of phrasing.

Mme. Fursch-Madi was the soloist, singing for her first number an aria from "Don Giovanni," and afterwards with piano accompaniment by Mr. Nikisch, the aria, "Dove Sono," from the "Marriage of Figaro." The first, Donna Anna's passionate entreaty to Don Ottavio to avenge her

wrongs, Mme. Fursch-Madi sang with fire and true dramatic expressiveness, and the second was also artistically rendered. Her voice, however, was not wholly agreeable in quality, and it also at times was not under full control. This no doubt was partly owing to her recent illness. She was well received, and was heartily recalled after both numbers.

The Symphony Concert.

The concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Music Hall, last night, was in commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of Mozart's death, was devoted wholly to music by the master, and was delightful from beginning to end. Notwithstanding the many great musicians who have written since that sad December night, when all that was mortal of the still young composer was thrust into a pauper's grave, without a mourner by to pay it the last honors, Mozart remains indisputably the greatest genius that the art of music has known among its followers. A century after his death his music is as fresh, as beautiful and as fascinating in the hearing as ever. How many of the so called great ones of our time, in which there is a tendency to pronounce him, *passé*, will be heard one hundred years hence? The overture to "The Magic Flute" with which the concert opened still stands foremost among the greatest of all works in its kind, and in its way it has never been approached. So with the great E-flat symphony, with which the concert ended. There has been more majestic and more pretentious music, more elaborately wrought music, more romantic, and even more philosophic music, but there never has been purer music, never music in which exquisite grace and profound learning have been so wonderfully mingled, or which appeals more directly to the gentler emotions with such irresistible power. The pleasure in hearing it was intensified by the admirable readings that were given to the programme throughout, and by the smoothness, precision and sympathetic sentiment that characterized the work of the orchestra. It was, on the whole, the best concert of the current symphony season thus far, and was honorable to all concerned in it. It is to be regretted that the illness of Messrs. Kneisel and Loeffler made it necessary to omit the promised concerto for violin and viola. The Masonic Funeral Music that was substituted for it was the only weak point in the concert. It is not a good example of the master, and its monotonous tonality makes it somewhat tiresome in the hearing, despite the richness of the orchestral color. Madame Fursch-Madi sang the recitative and air, "Or salci l'Onore," from "Don Giovanni," with fine dramatic force, declaiming the recitative with masterly impressiveness, and singing the impassioned air with dignity and brilliancy in effect. Later in the evening she gave "Dove Sono," from "Figaro," and in the recitative again illustrated her mastery of the purely dramatic style. She was less felicitous in the aria which was sung somewhat coldly and stiffly. The artist was cordially received and was recalled heartily after each effort. The selections for the next concert are: Concerto for strings and two wind orchestras, Handel, (first time); Prelude "Parsifal," Wagner; and Dramatic Symphony, Rubinstein. There will be no soloist.

MUSICAL.

Improving Beethoven.

The tendency of the day, in certain so-called "progressive" natures, is to modernize composers who wrote before Schumann. Mozart and Beethoven, are not highly seasoned enough for these music reformers, and therefore pepper, mustard and pungent sauces must be added to them. A Beethoven Symphony, played according to the expression marks provided by the composer with minutely sensitive care, in order that there may be no doubt as to his exact meaning, are unheeded, and other marks are supplied by the conductor, who, feeling that the privilege of using a baton endows him with iconoclastic rights, assumes to interpret the symphony according to his own personal impressions of what it should be, and hence the composer is relegated to the background and the conductor pushed to the front. This is all wrong. Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann and Weber, as the special individualities they appear in their scores are of infinitely more importance than are conductors who attempt to fasten

their own unimpressive individualities on the music that they have not written and are only called upon to interpret according to the express indications given by the great masters, who, if it not unreasonable to believe, knew precisely what effects they wished to produce. This tampering with a composer's nuances is unpardonable. It is as if a picture restorer, feeling that a Rembrandt entrusted to him for repairs is not quite what it should be, introduces a touch here and there that changes the original effect, and makes it what the tasteless and presuming busy body imagines it ought to be. The result is that the picture is marred. Bentley once fancied that Milton's "Paradise Lost" was not written as it should have been, and he puts himself to great trouble in order to improve the poet's diction and to show how it should have been framed. The outcome was very much of Bentley, very little of Milton, and a preference for the poem as it originally appeared. Dryden and Pope felt that Chaucer was old fashioned, and set about modernizing him. The color and distinctive characteristics of the wonderful master-bard were wholly obliterated. Dryden and Pope were undoubtedly great poets in their way, but their paraphrases of Chaucer have sunk into deserved oblivion, and the old poet still lives in his original form, the delight of all who take the trouble to master his work as he gave it to the world. It is always an impertinence to treat a masterpiece in the spirit of a tinkering.

To Schumannize, or to Wagnerize, or to Nikischize a Beethoven symphony is something that calls for the severest reprehension. The composer there speaks for himself, and speaks with an authority from which there is no appeal; and the conductor who undertakes to substitute his authority for that of the master he is called on to read, assumes a superiority that savors more of smug conceit than of taste and judgment, and makes an attempt to elevate the mere interpretation of ideas above the lofty invention of them. There is no more excuse for interpolating new color in a great Beethoven symphony than there is for interpolating new color in a great Rembrandt, a great Titian or a great Raphael. In the case of the composer, as in that of the painter, the color and effect have been carefully thought out and as carefully set down by the originator of the work, and any effort to improve them is both presumptuous and destructive. A tinkered Beethoven symphony is no more admirable than is a tinkered Rembrandt portrait, and it matters little whether the great canvas be meddled with by a Van Daub, or the great symphony be meddled with by a Nikisch, the interference and the conceit are of the same reprehensible order.

We are firm in the belief that Mr. Nikisch cannot improve Beethoven, or Mozart, or Weber;—that if these composers had wished a slowing of the time where Mr. Nikisch introduces it, they would have marked it in their scores. We are also of the belief that when Beethoven, in the *Marcia Funebre* of his "Eroica" symphony, marked at the beginning of the movement "otto voce" and "pianissimo," thus giving a double evidence of his intention regarding the dynamic effect he desired to produce, he knew exactly what he wanted; and we therefore feel that when Mr. Nikisch disregarded these marks, he gave, as it were, a slap in the face to the composer. And we furthermore feel, that when, in the second phrase of the same movement, he changed the time to a slower pace, without finding the remotest authority for it in the score, he gave practical illustration of his evident belief that Mr. Nikisch knew much better than Beethoven how the music should be marked. Now, irreverent as it may appear, we unhesitatingly assert, that when the question arises between Beethoven and Mr. Nikisch regarding the nuances of the "Eroica" symphony, our adhesion is to Beethoven on every occasion. We care very much for Beethoven's markings and we do not care at all for Mr. Nikisch's. He may tinker Wagner, or Liszt, or Tchaikowsky, or Goldmark, or Bruchner to his heart's content; he may even tinker Brahms; but we entreat him, to let us have Beethoven unsophisticated of persistent sickly sentimental, quasi-operatic modernizing. When a Titan speaks for himself in large majestic tones, nothing is added to the dignity or the clearness of his utterances by interpolated comments made in a plaintive, pigmy voice. After a Hercules has slain a Nemean Lion, it is folly to thrust a pin in the carcass in the belief that it will complete the work of the hero.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

MUSIC IN VIENNA.

Mr. Gericke's Work—Richter's Orchestra—Vienna Halls and Theatres—The New Art Museum.

[Special Correspondence of the Transcript.]

VIENNA, Nov. 25, 1891. Since I came to Vienna, the first of this month, many interesting things have occurred. On the 8th of November came Wilhelm Gericke's first concert; he gave Handel's "Alexander's Feast" in the hall of the Musikverein. To Boston eyes it was most agreeable to see our old director again waving his baton. I was especially struck by the freshness of the 250 voices of the chorus and the sureness with which they sang the choruses, more or less involved, in the fugues; one could easily follow the different voices. The orchestra, made up from the Opera here, numbered about eighty men and the smoothness of the strings was a pleasure to hear. The violins belong to the Opera and are all equally good, which accounts, to a certain extent, for their uniformity of tone. Mr. Gericke, before he left Boston, I believe, induced Mr. Higginson to send to Vienna and buy violins for his orchestra, with what result, the readers of this letter well know. Mr. Gericke was received with great applause, and apparently is a great favorite here. He looks well and happy, and finds it less fatiguing to conduct six concerts in Vienna than he did his one hundred and eight in America.

The acoustics of the hall are good, the fortes are very strong and seem to carry out Gericke's theory with regard to our Music Hall. I remember, he always said, "Your American halls are too broad, whereas Vienna halls are long and narrow—hence they carry sound better." As acoustics so seldom are good when great care is taken to have them so, one can little believe in the science—for certainly the new Burg theatre here, built with the greatest care, is a lamentable failure. To look at it is the most beautiful theatre I know in Europe, but unless one sits near the stage he hears little. The Viennese consider its actors quite equal to the Français, but whether they are or not they act at a disadvantage in a theatre where the acoustics are so poor.

Following Gericke's concert came Richter's First Philharmonic, also in Musikverein Hall, the same hour, half-past twelve o'clock, on Sunday morning. Again a packed house and great applause, the Opera orchestra and a programme made up of Cherubini's overture to "Anacreon," Bach's "Passacaglia," Berlioz's overture to "King Lear," and Beethoven's Seventh Symphony. Why I had never heard such kettle-drum playing in the "presto," or, in fact, never heard the passage before, I cannot say; but when the audience rose and shrieked its applause until the whole orchestra rose to acknowledge it, I felt that perhaps after all I was hearing an unusual performance. I had forgotten how Richter holds his orchestra in hand, and how he plays upon it as if it were literally under his fingers.

One thing I noticed which foreigners often say is peculiarly American, and which never occurs in music-loving Germany and Austria, was that many people actually got up and left the concert-room during the last movement of the symphony, presumably to get at their wraps and get out before the crowd.

I heard Emil Sauer play extremely well in the famous Börsendorfer Hall last week in an atmosphere so close and hot that it was impossible to stay. Fancy playing in a large white box in which no air can come from outside.

The Opera here is a great fact—and yet it does not seem, this year, quite up to its reputation. "Fidelio" with Materna was well done, and the third Leonora overture under Richter a thing to be remembered. "Lohengrin" I have rarely seen so poorly done. To be sure, it was a special performance ordered by the emperor to entertain his royal Saxon guests who were there for the marriage of Friederich August of Saxony and Louise Archduchess of Toscana, and, as a rule, such performances are below the average. Not to have Materna sing Ortrud was a disappointment, and people who have heard Winklemann sing in Bayreuth last summer will understand how badly it made one feel to hear his Lohengrin. After the 2d act all the royal guests departed and the opera was given to a practically empty house. In this instance the show was in the house—not on the stage. Every opera-glass was pointed at the royal box, where sat the kaiser, the king and queen of Saxony, the Princess Mathilde and the bridegroom. The house was a blaze of jewels and brilliant uniforms. Vienna women are justly celebrated for their fine clothes and jewels, and as all the boxes and parquet seats were occupied by members of the court, everybody put on his or her war paint and feathers. The Hungarians with leopard skins over their shoulders looked bizarre to the American eye.

Here, as in the other royal opera houses of Germany and Austria the performances of different operas vary, but as a whole I do not find the Vienna Opera quite so good as the Dresden one. One feels that its public demands a light opera to be followed by ballet. Nothing must last too long, and there must be always a novelty; hence the operas are cut, or short ones given.

The new museums are splendid; the picture gallery perhaps too gorgeous; yet time will soften all its splendor. Certainly its fine Van Dycks, Velasquez, Rubens, Tintoretto and Rembrandts never looked in the old Belvedere as they do now. In the parterre all the Ambras collection of armor is arranged and all the crystal vases and small jewelled toys and conceits of the imperial collection are placed in glass cabinets, where one sees them as one never could before in the small treasury of the burg. The cameos, intaglios and orders are arranged against the light, so that one may see every detail. It is greatly to the credit of the present emperor that he has finished his museums for his people and allowed the palace to remain almost untouched, although begun at the same time. The view of the Ringstrasse, with the Votiv Church, houses of Parliament, the Burg Theatre, Rathhaus and

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the two new museums, is unlike anything on the continent. It has all been made by the present sovereign, and it is sad to remember that with him dies his branch of the imperial family. His brother, Karl Ludwig, is his successor, and Ludwig's son, Ferdinand d'Este, now about twenty-eight years old, is really considered crown prince. Of course the absence of the Hungarian nobles and the rapid growth of Buda-Pesth have done much to depress Vienna; still, she will always be the Emperor's City.

R. C. Dyer.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

Globe

Mozart Programme at the Symphony Concert.

Mme. Fursch-Madi's Voice and Mr. Nikisch's Band Share Honors.



MME. FURSCHMADI.

ME. FURSCH-MADI was the soloist at last night's symphony concert, and the programme consisted entirely of selections from Mozart's writings. The numbers were thoroughly representative of the genius of the great composer, as it included the overture to the "Magic Flute" and the "Masonic Funeral

March," both compositions which the author himself esteemed almost as the best results of his greatest efforts.

The "Overture" does not lend itself to any particular display of great originality in interpretation or any striking skill in its execution, but Mr. Nikisch managed to enhance it with a vivacity in tempo and delicacy of tone which, in effect, almost reached the dignity of grandeur.

The concerto for the viola and flute which was to be played was abandoned, owing to the illness of Kneisel and Loeffler; instead the funeral march was given. It was played with all the charm and exquisite harmony to which it is susceptible, and Mr. Nikisch, in his interpretation of it, displayed the exquisite symmetry in conception of the whole which make the carefulness of technique indispensable to the beautiful effect.

As the solemn chord rose and fell, occasionally swelling to sonorous diapason and gradually dropping off into the pathos of the minor, the effect was beautiful in its grand, almost majestic sombreness. The impression on the audience was most effective. Several seconds passed before anybody stirred, and even when the applause came the effect was as if they were given by people who were still thoughtfully watching the painful sounds of the abrupt finale, as if they were still listening to the harsh sound of the lowering of the coffin.

But it was the andante in Mozart's symphony in E flat in which the orchestra showed itself at its best, and which produced the most pleasing effect on the audience.

It was played with exquisite grace in movement, and the spontaneity of sound, the shadowy blending of notes, made the impression of the whole appear as that of a streaming, alluring harmony, pregnant with feeling and sentiment. Mr. Nikisch's leading was bold, striking and original, and in this instance he appeared more intent, more

watchful, as is usually the case when he is conscious of a particular effort.

Mme. Fursch-Madi, the soloist, was in excellent condition last night. She sang an aria from "Don Giovanni" with splendid effect. Her voice, which is capable of beautiful modulation, was clear, soft and expressive. She almost rose to the dignity of passion when, in the last lines of her song, she urges the revenge of her father's murder. The theme of her song lends itself to great dramatic interpretation, to which she did more than justice. She displayed the greatness of her talent when a few minutes afterwards she sang "Dove Sous," an aria from "Marriage of Figaro."

The contrast from passionate declamation to mournful misgiving, from urgent appeal to wavering regret and disgust at having to adopt a subterfuge in order to win back her love—the theme of her second song—gave her an excellent opportunity for displaying the charming modulations to which her voice is susceptible to an attentive and appreciative audience.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

Harold

The Symphony Concert—Soloist, Mme. Fursch-Madi.

Conductor Nikisch improved his earliest opportunity in the home concerts of the Boston symphony orchestra last evening to commemorate the Mozart centennial, the selections made for the occasion from Mozart's works being the overture to the "Magic Flute," the great Donna Anna aria from "Don Giovanni," the "Masonic Funeral Music," the "Dove Song" from "Marriage of Figaro," and the symphony in E flat.

Such programmes, while altogether commendable and appropriate for such observances, are not altogether enjoyable, on account of the absence of contrasting styles and forms demanded in all successful programme making. Conductor Nikisch, however, made all that was possible of the overture, funeral music and symphony, and was heartily commended for his readings of these several compositions.

Mme. Fursch-Madi was the singer of the evening, and her delivery of the Donna Anna aria was characterized by all the dramatic strength and taste called for in its perfect interpretation. Mme. Fursch-Madi has not been heard here for some seasons, but the pleasant memories of her earlier triumphs were shown in the hearty greeting given her, and the applause following her first contribution to the programme recalled her to bow her acknowledgments. The beauties of the "Dove Song" were made distinctly prominent by Mme. Fursch-Madi's singing of the number, and she was again most heartily applauded at its conclusion.

The public rehearsal of the coming week will be given on Thursday, and for this and the Saturday evening concert the programme will be as follows: Handel's concerto for strings and two wind orchestras, in F major (first time); Wagner's prelude, "Parsifal," and Rubinstein's symphony No. 4, dramatic, (first time).

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Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1891-92.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. ARTHUR NIKISCH, Conductor.

X. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, AT 8, P. M.

PROGRAMME.

HANDEL.

CONCERTO for STRINGS and two WIND ORCHES-
TRAS, in F major.
Pomposo; Allegro.—Allegro ma non troppo.—
Largo.—A tempo ordinario.—Allegro.
(First time.)

WAGNER.

PRELUDE, "Parsifal."

RUBINSTEIN.

OCEAN SYMPHONY. (Original Version.)
Allegro maestoso.—Adagio.—
Allegro.—Adagio: Allegro con fuoco.

THE SYMPHONY.

Journal

An Important Work Heard for the First Time.

The Composer Often the Expression of His Age.

Coming Musical Events of Interest, Among Them the Opera.

The programme of the tenth Symphony concert, given Saturday evening in Music Hall, was as follows: Concerto for strings and two wind orchestras, in F major, Handel; prelude, "Parsifal," Wagner; Rubinstein's "Ocean" Symphony (original version).

This Handel concerto was a novelty, and a refreshing one. We know but little of its history, although Rockstro and Chrysander have rummaged manuscripts and records. It is written for string quartette and two choirs of wind instruments, consisting each of two horns, two oboes and a bassoon. There are nine movements, and this number in the version used by Mr. Nikisch is reduced to five. It is a remarkably strong and effective work, and in certain respects the instrumental combinations are modern, or this statement may be reversed, and it may be said that the grouping together of instrumental families and using them antiphonally, one against the other, is evidently not a modern invention. In his earlier days, and when he was in Italy, Handel taxed the skill of the solo violinists; in this concerto he set a task of no mean difficulty before his horn and oboe players. It is true that there are figures and passages that are familiar to students of his oratorios and his organ concertos; but as a whole the work is one of amazing freshness. The mannerisms of Handel are to be found; just as they are found in the works of all great composers. They serve as the flourish that in former days was added to a signature. They are perhaps old-fashioned; but the mannerisms of our modern composers may excite the same comment a hundred years from now. In this work they do not annoy by their constant recurrence; and there is more than once a deliberate harmonic surprise, as though Handel had thought to himself, "They will say that I have a trick of rounding my sentences in one and the same way. But this surely is a change." So in its harmonic structure and in its sense of

instrumental color the concerto was a genuine surprise to many who thought they knew their Handel.

This music of Handel is at least one hundred and fifty years old. Our advanced friends of the modern school do not deny that the old maker of operas and oratorios was possessed of a certain rude strength, a vigorous rhythm, contrapuntal ingenuity and a pleasing melody that was too often choked by the rigid bands of formalism. They are men of to-day, and they would not probably exchange the prelude to "Parsifal" for the whole voluminous baggage of Handel. But how will the men of 1990 look upon "Parsifal," or will they have even the opportunity?

I have more than once in these columns hinted at the absurdity of comparing together musicians of different centuries or even generations. To solemnly weigh Handel and Wagner in the scales and then pronounce judgment is opposed to the spirit and the canons of modern criticism. The one, as well as the other, was an expression of his time. That is to say, each was in a way ahead of his time, but certain features, certain feelings of each century found fullest expression in the music of the one and in that of the other. Handel was bitterly accused in the English prose and poetry of his day of giving "sound and show, instead of sense." His pathetic melodies were characterized by some as "smooth stupidity," as "sing-songs." At the same time there is much that is essentially English in Handel's music after he abandoned the operatic stage. We know the character of the people he lived among from memoirs and journals. We know what they ate and drank. Their amusements, their conversations, are familiar to us. Their roughness, coarseness, brutality are always painfully present to students of the manners and customs of that century. The satires upon Handel's operas and his opera singers are often couched in the foulest language. The Grand Duke of Chandos, Handel's patron, was warmly praised for buying his third wife from her husband, a groom, who was in the habit of beating her. But, in spite of the many faults of the people, there was a certain manliness, a frank self-reliance, a belief in a special Providence for Englishmen, an indefinable enjoyment in all things that were out of doors, and these qualities or characteristics are found in the fresh and virile music of Handel, as in this concerto, for example. Above all, it was not an age of diseased nerves. The real lovers of music in Handel's time were simply moved by apparently simple means.

When Wagner wrote "Parsifal" he had exhausted in his music the passion of love as it is commonly understood. His philosophy, and perhaps his age, led him to meditate upon the expression in music of self-abnegation, of self-immolation. And the prelude to "Parsifal," taken in connection with the music-drama that follows, is intended to prepare the hearer for what is to come, to put him in the mood. When this prelude is given upon the concert stage, and when it is stripped of its conditions, it becomes merely music pure and simple without symbolical meaning. The composer may say "I mean this and I mean that," but the hearer has a right to reply, "It is not what you mean, but it is

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 what you write that I am chiefly concerned with." It is, therefore, perhaps a great injustice to Wagner to give this prelude in the garish concert hall, for as absolute music it must seem intrinsically empty and bombastic, and worse than that, monotonous. There is a mock solemnity, there is an attempt at religious simplicity, and there is of course a violent attack upon the nerves of the hearer. But the hearer is more or less hardened, his nerves have become accustomed to the disquieting progressions that are always promising a climax and constantly disappoint. At the same time he has lost his taste for simple things; and, the child of his age, with vague longings, dissatisfied, often without trust or hope, he finds in the music of Wagner the most complete expression of his mental and physical condition. Perhaps he thinks it is really the only music when suddenly a Handelian blast assails him; he finds himself drawing a long breath, and he forgets his mental speculations, and he realizes that mere healthy animal existence is not to be despised, and he may even envy secretly the man of Handel's day.

When Rubinstein led in different cities his "Ocean" symphony, his personality lent it a foreign interest, so that it often provoked enthusiasm. When it is heard in cold blood and regarded simply as a symphonic work, it loses with each hearing. By the very title it invites conjecture, and the hearer is too often busied in trying to unroll a panorama as the music is played. Rubinstein has given no programme, and the hearer may find at pleasure all objects and all phenomena above and below the surface, or all thoughts suggested by the mere contemplation of the ocean. The first movement is easily the best, and it is of grand proportions. The other movements seem to have been written at random, and Louis de Romain once suggested that Rubinstein, in making his musical voyage, was caught the second day out in a heavy fog.

The concerto was played with firmness and spirit. The work of the strings was generally to be warmly commended; the oboe solo passages were delightfully played; the horns were not always faultless in intonation or in quality of tone. The "Parsifal" prelude was played with great care, and the "Faith" motif was most defiantly proclaimed by the brass. The performance of the symphony was characterized by a brilliancy that was at times reckless.

PHILIP HALE.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

From (Warren D.)

Review of the Tenth Symphony Concert.

The programme of last Saturday's concert was a purely orchestral one embracing the following numbers: Concerto for strings and two wind orchestras, in F major, Handel; prelude, "Parsifal," Wagner; "Ocean Symphony," Rubinstein. The interesting num-

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Following this came the "Parsifal" prelude, as recent in both as the other is distant. In its own place in Wagner's music-drama, and properly rendered, it has its significance when judged from the standard its composer erected in his latter-day frenzies. In the form of a concert piece, detached from its surroundings, it is tedious and unmeaning; as incoherent to the unstudied Wagnerite as Handel's piece is clear and exhilarating to any one having a spark of music within his soul, be his tastes ancient or modern, if he be not sunk in the prejudice of Wagnerphobia.

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THE SYMPHONY.

Concluded

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Those who are acquainted with the works of Handel can imagine the character of this music more easily than it can be described, for it is thoroughly Handelian. The movements bear these titles: Pomposo, allegro, allegro ma non troppo, largo, a tempo ordinario, allegro. The introduction and the largo are broad and dignified and rich in harmony, while the others are delightfully quaint and fascinating. In the second and last allegros the horns are used in a charmingly effective manner. The last in gigue form opening with a passage which is given out by the first horns and repeated by the seconds, is especially attractive. In the second and fifth movements the oboes are the prominent feature; while throughout the entire work the strings are constantly employed either as leading or accompanying instruments. The work was well worth the trouble of the preparation involved. That it was enjoyed by the audience was evident from the spontaneous applause which most of the movements evoked.

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MUSICAL.

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The programme for last night's concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in Music Hall, was: Concerto for String and two Wind orchestras, in F., Handel (first time); Prelude, "Parsifal," Wagner, and the original version of Rubinstein's "Ocean" Symphony. These selections made a curious and not very harmonious combination. The chief point of interest was the Handel work, which was a surprise in the solidity and richness of its orchestration. Much of it was as full and as sonorous as if it had been scored yesterday by a follower of the modern school, and the marvel of it is that so much should be accomplished by such simple means. As evidenced in this work, Handel could write wonderfully well for the orchestra when he desired to do so. The brief but lovely Largo is an example in point. It is broadly, richly and impressively arranged, and shows a fine appreciation of the characteristic timbres of the various instruments. The fifth movement, a species of minuet, is beautiful in its theme and delightful in its orchestration, the florid dialogue between the solo oboes being exquisite. There must have been fine players of the oboe and horn in Handel's time or such difficult bravura passages as are heard in this movement would not have been written. The oboe solos were played with charming grace and beautiful finish of technique. This concerto shows that there was no slight knowledge of orchestral effect before Haydn and Mozart, and that Handel did not need a Berlioz or a Wagner to teach him close and massive scoring. The work was listened to with unalloyed pleasure, and was enthusiastically applauded. We trust that it may be heard here again at no distant date. It was well worth the reviving, not only for the freshness and interest of the music, but as an example of Handel's masterly use of the orchestra. The "Parsifal" music was well played, but it is tiresome and unmeaning in itself, and is incoherent unless it be followed with a full elucidation on the programme. The symphony was well read and brilliantly, though at times roughly played. At the next concert will be given Goldmark's overture, "Prometheus Bound," the first movement of the Symphonic Concerto for violin, viola, and orchestra, by Mozart; the Entr'acte to Schubert's "Rosamunde," and the Symphony No. 2, in D, by Brahms. Messrs. Loewler and Kniesel are to be the soloists.

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 what you write that I am chiefly concerned with." It is, therefore, perhaps a great injustice to Wagner to give this prelude in the garish concert hall, for as absolute music it must seem intrinsically empty and bombastic, and worse than that, monotonous. There is a mock solemnity, there is an attempt at religious simplicity, and there is of course a violent attack upon the nerves of the hearer. But the hearer is more or less hardened, his nerves have become accustomed to the disquieting progressions that are always promising a climax and constantly disappointing. At the same time he has lost his taste for simple things; and, the child of his age, with vague longings, dissatisfied, often without trust or hope, he finds in the music of Wagner the most complete expression of his mental and physical condition. Perhaps he thinks it is really the only music when suddenly a Handelian blast assails him; he finds himself drawing a long breath, and he forgets his mental speculations, and he realizes that mere healthy animal existence is not to be despised, and he may even envy secretly the man of Handel's day.

When Rubinstein led in different cities his "Ocean" symphony, his personality lent it a foreign interest, so that it often provoked enthusiasm. When it is heard in cold blood and regarded simply as a symphonic work, it loses with each hearing. By the very title it invites conjecture, and the hearer is too often busied in trying to unroll a panorama as the music is played. Rubinstein has given no programme, and the hearer may find at pleasure all objects and all phenomena above and below the surface, or all thoughts suggested by the mere contemplation of the ocean. The first movement is easily the best, and it is of grand proportions. The other movements seem to have been written at random, and Louis de Romain once suggested that Rubinstein, in making his musical voyage, was caught the second day out in a heavy fog.

The concerto was played with firmness and spirit. The work of the strings was generally to be warmly commended; the oboe solo passages were delightfully played; the horns were not always faultless in intonation or in quality of tone. The "Parsifal" prelude was played with great care, and the "Faith" motif was most defiantly proclaimed by the brass. The performance of the symphony was characterized by a brilliancy that was at times reckless.

PHILIP HALE.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

From (Warran D.)

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AN "END-SEATER" AT THE SYMPHONY.

To the Editor of the Transcript: At the last performance of the Symphony Orchestra the number of those present who were not provided with seats was greater than usual. The number of those who stand is always large, but on any special occasion the crowd is very much in excess of the accommodation and the result is very great inconvenience and injustice to those who are the owners of end seats next the sides of the house. Nearly half the space of such end seats is apt to be taken up by the front row of those who stand and who are crowded in between the seats when the press is great as it was last Saturday night. Persons who pay their admission fee and who are thus obliged to stand along the sides of the house, the only place provided for them, are certainly not to be blamed for this condition of things. After having paid their money they have a right to expect to get inside the hall. The management is responsible for thus rendering seats which were bought in good faith at comparatively high prices almost valueless. Many side and end seats toward the rear of the hall are wholly cut off at times from a view of the stage by the crowd of persons standing, and this in spite of the efforts of an able corp of ushers who do all they can to preserve the rights of those who have seats. The management is surely not under the necessity of selling more tickets than the house will accommodate and yet this is precisely what this crowding means.

Apropos of this whole subject, why should there not be another Symphony performance, say on Thursday evenings? Let it be a rehearsal, if you please, in contradistinction to what is now called a rehearsal, but which is, in fact, a preliminary performance. There may be some good reason for not having a third performance although it be a rehearsal. If there is, would it not be well to let the public know the objection? Such a performance would undoubtedly pay—perhaps not quite as well as the present performances, still it would pay handsomely, and it has generally been supposed that the question of paying and profit was not paramount in the minds of the management of the Symphony concerts. Is there not time for a third performance? Many of the members of the orchestra have time for outside work and the whole orchestra performs on certain evenings in a neighboring city. We do not desire to deprive Cambridge of its concerts but we respectfully suggest that charity begins at home and that Cambridge music lovers can come to Music Hall, Boston, as conveniently as can residents of many other suburbs.

If the educational element of the scheme is to be considered—and I do not for a moment suppose that it is not, there is certainly demand for a third performance. One cannot be present at the sale of the tickets for the concerts without being aware of the presence of a large number of disappointed people who are forced to give up the idea of attending, solely because the tickets cost too much, and it is safe to say that the vast majority of those who cannot attend because of the high cost of the tickets are not to be seen at the sales at all. If the public

needs are to be considered a third performance is clearly demanded, and it should be an evening performance, because that is the time when the greatest number of people are most likely to be able to attend. If it were a genuine rehearsal with some repetition of parts of the performance, as occasionally occurred in the rehearsals of former days, no harm would result. In fact this would probably suit a large number of professional musical people and students even better than either of the present performances. How many of the students of music in the city attend the Symphony concerts? Is the percentage large? We fear not. Give the people who cannot pay big premiums a chance. Let the splendid orchestra be a source of education and recreation to a still larger number of the people. W. A. M.

TENTH CONCERT.

The programme of the tenth concert of the season by the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dec. 26, was: Handel's concerto for strings and two wind orchestras, in F major (first time); Wagner's prelude to "Parsifal"; Rubinstein's symphony No. 4, dramatic (first time).

It will be readily seen that the above programme presented little in the way of novelty or interest to the regular symphony attendant. It is also apparent that the programmes are becoming less and less attractive as the season progresses. The last two have been kiln-dried, if such and expression can be permitted in music. The recent wet weather ought to have a tendency to moisten them up.

Handel was a prolific writer, composing every species of music from a piccolo solo up to an opera and oratorio; but this concerto, for strings and two wind orchestras, is rather a misnomer, inasmuch as it would require an orchestra of strings, with two brass bands, to carry out the idea. This, of course, was not attempted, but quite another idea prevailed. Though announced as a novelty, it failed to produce any marked impression. The music is Handelonian, and hence good. It was fairly well played. Such arrangements, however, seldom afford much pleasure, no matter how well played.

The Parsifal music was read with intelligence, in the light of Mr. Nikisch's understanding, and that is acknowledged to be equal, if not superior, to most other conductors we have had with us. Mr. Nikisch certainly ought to understand Wagner's operas, and all other composers' operas as well, for he was purely an operatic conductor when he arrived here, having acted in that capacity at Leipzig. It is a mistake to say he was conductor of the Gewandhaus orchestra, for such is not a fact. Carl Reinicke has been its conductor for thirty years, and is still in the harness.

The Rubinstein symphony, baring the first movement, is not really musically agreeable, and the orchestra was not at its best in several particulars. Yet, it evidently pleased the audience and that is the main thing, after all.

JAMES M. TRACY.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Symphony Concert.

The concert of Saturday, which was a purely orchestral one, did not redound to the credit of the organization which gave it, for there were not only misreadings, but a degree of noisy roughness that spoiled more than one movement. The programme began with a novelty,—but a very old one,—a Concerto by Handel which had never been heard in our concerts before. It may be remembered that the clarinet was not used in Handel's day, and that therefore there was a degree of attachment to the oboes and bassoons which can scarcely be fully realized by modern musicians. This prominence of oboe was the great characteristic of the tone-color of the present concerto, and the most effective playing in it was the duet between two oboes in the fourth movement, which was executed without a flaw in spite of difficulties as great as ever appear in any modern work. Scarcely less difficult, and scarcely less perfect in rendering, were the horn passages of the finale, a charming Gigue. The first movements were roughly played, but the work was full of interest, and showed that there was a fairly good standard of tone coloring even in the early days of orchestral writing, for Bach and Handel may be considered as the very pioneers of orchestral thought.

To put Handel's work in immediate propinquity to the prelude to "Parsifal" was just to neither of the compositions, although it may have been the conductor's purpose to show the inception and the culmination of orchestral scoring, side by side. Be that as it may, the proximity was unwise, and the contrast far too sharp. The great flaw of the concert was the manner in which the Wagner work was performed; here at least, no apologist can urge the permissibility of freedom of conception, for Wagner is of today, he has directed his own work, he has authorized representatives and successors who perpetuate those details of tempo, shading and execution, which he took such care in evolving, and no one has a right to meddle with the *minutiae* as established at Bayreuth. It must have been a surprise then to any musician who had heard the "Abendmahls-thema" sigh out at the first of the performance in the German theatre, to find this dreamy touch transformed into a cyclone in the opening measures of this performance.

In one respect, however, it may be acknowledged that our orchestra distanced the orchestra of Bayreuth; it played louder than any band that Wagner, or Richter, or Levy, or Mottl ever led; the onslaught on "Parsifal" made the Bayreuthian *fortissimi* seem very puny indeed; the kettle-drummer played as if he were thinking of Haydn's "Suprise Symphony"; the brasses thundered the "Glaubens-thema" in deafening fury, and the prelude was carried by assault. If the wittings of the paragraphic press are right, if Wagner is noise pure and simple, then this may be classed as the very best performance this prelude has ever received, but if one demands something of coherency, a degree of shading rather than wild extremes, and a trifle of accuracy in ensemble

then the praise may turn to emphatic censure. It is wonderful that a man as musically gifted as our conductor, who has heard the prelude performed in its best form, should have given such a hurly-burly of sound in its place, and it is strange that our orchestra, which has even a week ago, done fairly good work, should so entirely lose all sense of unity and effective attack.

The ensemble of the "Ocean Symphony"

was not much better, but here, at least, the *elan* of the chief theme of the first movement was grandly given, and the heavy crescendos led up to the solid climaxes at the re-entrances of this chief theme after development and in the effective coda. The second movement was rather coarsely played, and the symphony, after the first movement (which deserved praise), sank to the noisy vulgarity of the preceding performance. A word of commendation may be spoken for the execution of the florid piccolo passages, and the ugly tones of the muted horn made their due effect in the finale. The end was as loud as Gilmore himself could have achieved, and then

Silence like a poultice came
To heal the blows of Sound.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

THEATRES AND CONCERTS.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Three works, each with strongly distinctive peculiarities, made up the programme for the tenth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in the Music Hall, last Saturday night. These were:

Handel—Concerto for strings and the wind orchestras in F major. First time.
Wagner—Prelude to "Parsifal."
Rubinstein—Ocean Symphony. Original version.

For the opportunity to hear the Handel concerto, a thousand thanks. As explained in the programme book, six of the original nine movements (only a fragment of the ninth being in existence, by the way) have been taken and newly arranged into five movements. The scoring is for very simple appliances, judged from a modern standpoint—string quartet and two groups of wind instruments, each including horns, oboes and bassoons in pairs. Not even a flute for sweetness, a trombone for weight, or drums and cymbals to startle you with a momentary crash. But how delightful it all is! How clear the themes, how rich the harmony, and how expressive the instrumentation, despite its apparent poverty of color! A duet for oboes in the fourth movement so pleased the audience that its repetition was almost demanded. The entire work is an illustration of the rule in art that it is not *what* you use for material or means that brings success, as *how* you use it. Hearty and spontaneous applause followed each movement, testifying as much to the refined taste of the hearers as to the masterful performance which this most interesting work received. The wholesome breeziness of both concerto and performance was most refreshing and inspiring.

It would have been hardly possible to follow Handel's work with one more strongly contrasted in every element than is the prelude to

"Parsifal." In the first we had pure form, crystalline in its integrity, with color sparingly but effectively used. From Wagner we had elaborate interweaving of forms, requiring closest attention from the listener to detect their outline, while all the hues and tints known to modern musicians are laid on with greatest lavishness. The prelude, however, has now been heard in Music Hall often enough—at least four times previous to this occasion—for our amateurs to acquire a knowledge of its nature, so that its intricacies have lost some of their perplexity. It was played with splendid warmth, a warmth that was developed into a white heat at moments when some of the dreamy nature and reposefulness of the work seemed to be needlessly sacrificed.

Of Rubinstein's symphony it is again to be said that the first movement is superb, and its power over the hearer suffers no loss by repetition. But all that follows again appears labored. Why it should be called an "Ocean" symphony may well be a mystery, as the composer has given no catalogue of sea views depicted or of marine emotions experienced. Every hearer is, therefore, left to his own resources, if he cares for a translation. Were the possible intentions of the composer distinctly perceptible, the symphony might be grouped with Rossini's overture to "William Tell" as an illustration of an artist's power to paint in tones scenes and a life with which he had no sympathy, if indeed he had not an actual aversion for them. Rubinstein, they say, has for the sea an almost invincible repugnance; while as for Rossini, who can imagine him in entirely agreeable surroundings elsewhere than at a luxuriously served dinner in the heart of Paris where there was no hint of Swiss mountains other than the ice in the wine-cooler?

The programme for the eleventh concert, to be given next Saturday night, is: Goldmark—Overture, "Prometheus Bound;" Mozart—Symphonic concerto for violin and viola, first movement; Schubert—Entr'acte from "Rosamunde;" Brahms—Second symphony. Mr. Loeffler will be the violinist, and Mr. Kneisel the violist. The first concert of the Young People's Popular Series is announced for Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 6. Seats are for sale at the ticket office.

THE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

One of the best programmes of the season thus far was given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Sander's Theatre, in Cambridge, last evening. It was made up of three numbers, "Wagner's Faust Overture," Mr. C. M. Loeffler's suite for violin and orchestra, "Les Veillies de l'Ukraine," and Goldmark's beautiful symphony, "Rustic Wedding." The audience was large, but cold and unresponsive, and even Mr. Loeffler's fine rendering of his own work failed to bring forth the enthusiasm it merited. The Goldmark Symphony did produce a small amount of excitement, but the entire performance was admirable and deserved hearty applause. The wedding march in the symphony was exquisitely played, and great credit is due the basses and cellos for the fine effect produced in the opening measures. The next concert in the series will take place Jan. 21.

VIVIAN.

WORLD OF MUSIC.

Echoes from the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme selected by Director Nikisch for the Symphony orchestra contribution to Christmas week was not of a particularly joyous nature. To tell the truth, it proved rather stupid to all but the most thoughtful and cultured of the orchestra's patrons.

It is, of course, to be publicly declared that the frequenters of these concerts are capable of appreciating all that is good in the higher class of musical composition, but the conductor, the players and the managers knew within themselves that many of those who so eagerly strive to outbid one another in paying premiums for course tickets, enjoy melody more than they do the elusive harmony of the ultra refined classics; and it is to be said to the credit of their good nature that the directors of symphony bands do occasionally submit to the wishes of these richly paying but poorly educated patrons.

Such favors should create sufficient gratitude to overcome any feeling of resentment which might ordinarily be awakened by being forced to battle with two hours of almost unconquerable drowsiness.

That the audience at the rehearsal, given on Thursday instead of Friday, and at the concert last evening, were the smallest of the season, was probably due more to the Christmas festivities than to the unattractiveness of the programme announcements.

There were three numbers on the programme, a Handel concerto for strings and wind orchestra in F major, played for the first time by this orchestra, the prelude to Wagner's "Parsifal," and Rubinstein's "Ocean" symphony. Handel's writings are always interesting, even if they are sometimes beyond the comprehension of an average auditor. His tonal pictures are so brilliantly and uniquely colored that they win unbounded admiration from those who have not the least idea of what the composer is endeavoring to portray.

It is rather surprising that the concerto in F minor has not been given here before, for it is a most impressive work, grand in solemn harmonies and pregnant with the individuality of its composer.

The prelude was magnificently played and proved a genuine treat to the audience, particularly to those who had attended the "Parsifal" performance in Music Hall last season. The "Ocean Symphony" also received thoroughly satisfactory treatment from the orchestra.

On next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening the programme will be as follows: Overture, Prometheus Bound, Goldmark Symphonic concerto for violin and viola (first movement), Mozart Entr'acte, Rosamunde, Schubert Symphony No. 2, in D major, Brahms

DECEMBER 27, 1891 --- T

MUSICAL MATTERS.

No Soloist at Last Night's Symphony.

The Symphony concert of last evening commended itself to the students and those skilled in music rather than to those whose inclinations are not ultra classical. There was no soloist on the programme, and there were but three numbers given—Handel's concerto for strings and two wind instruments in F major, Wagner's prelude to the "Parsifal" and Rubinstein's Ocean symphony. The interpretation of these numbers by the fine orchestra under Conductor Nikisch was such as to meet with the heartiest approval, and, as usual, the applause was not lacking after each selection.

The concerto of Handel was written for a strong quartet and two choirs of two horns, two oboes and two bassoons. The work is full of the characteristics of the author. Handel was constantly striving for new effects in his compositions, and this work being most interesting in that direction.

The prelude to the "Parsifal" had its third presentation at the Symphony concerts in this city. It was last given at Mr. Gericke's farewell concert, May 23, 1889. Like all of the preludes of this author, it is immediately suggestive of the play, and one hears the melody that is sung in the great religious scene of the first act in the mystic feast, the Lord's Supper. The simple succession of harmonies and the soft and sweet accompaniments that follow are eloquent with expression of the development of the drama. Now the music impresses the auditor as that of a hidden orchestra, and again there is the sound as if of voices of children which occurs in the finale of the first act. The music broadens in the fourth theme, representing the sufferings of Christ, and here the whole orchestra is brought into play. The beauties of the production were finely delineated by the orchestra.

Last on the programme was the Ocean symphony of Rubinstein. The beauty of this work lies in its grand first number, so replete with melody and originality and so characteristic of the hand of a master hand. The succeeding themes do not lend themselves to such favorable impression, and about them there is a diversity of opinion. The standard of the first theme is not maintained, and the effect is disappointing to the auditor.

Messrs. C. M. Loeffler (violin) and Franz Kneisel (viola) will be the soloists at the next public rehearsal on Friday and concert on Saturday, and the following programme will be performed:

Goldmark's overture, "Prometheus Bound;" Mozart's symphonic concerto for violin and viola (first movement), cadenza by Hellmesberger (first time at these concerts); Schubert's Entr'acte, "Rosamunde;" Brahms' Symphony No. 2, in D major.

Music Hall.

1891-92.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

NIKISCH, Conductor.

CONCERT.

DECEMBER 10, AT 8, P. M.

PROGRAMME.

1. "Dedication of the House."

2. Prelude.

3. DAY SPELL, from "Parsifal."

4. "All of Song," from "Tannhauser."

5. No. 3, in E flat, (Rubinisch), op. 97.

6. Moderato—Andante—Vivace.

SOLOIST:

FRANZ KNEISEL, NORDICA.

Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1891-92.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. ARTHUR NIKISCH, Conductor.

II. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, AT 8, P. M.

PROGRAMME.

TSCHAIKOWSKY.

SUITE, op. 55.
(First time in Boston.)

MASCAGNI.

PRELUDE from the Opera "Cavalleria Rusticana."
(First time at these Concerts.)

BEETHOVEN.

MENUETTO AND FINALE. (Fugue), from String
Quartette, op. 59, No. 3, in C.
(Played by all the Strings.)
(First time.)

SONGS with PIANO.

MASSNET.

OVERTURE. "Phedre."

SOLOIST:

MR. WM. J. WINCH.

Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1891-92.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. ARTHUR NIKISCH, Conductor.

XI. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, AT 8, P. M.

PROGRAMME.

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| GOLDMARK. | OVERTURE. "Prometheus Bound." |
| MOZART. | SYMPHONIC CONCERTO for VIOLIN and VIOLA
(First movement.)
Cadenza by HELLMESBERGER.
(First time at these Concerts.) |
| SCHUBERT. | ENTR'ACTE. "Rosamunde." |
| BRAHMS. | SYMPHONY No. 2, in D major.
Allegro ma non troppo.—Adagio non troppo.
Allegretto grazioso.—Finale (Allegro con spirito.) |
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SOLOISTS :

MR. C. M. LOEFFLER, Violin.

MR. FRANZ KNEISEL, Viola.

THE SYMPHONY.

Goldmark's Overture to "Prometheus Bound."

A Few Remarks Concerning Local Color,

With a Short Digression Upon Cadenzas.

The programme of the eleventh Symphony concert was as follows: Overture, "Prometheus Bound," Goldmark; Symphonic Concerto for violin and viola (first movement), Mozart; Entr'acte in B flat, "Rosamunde," Schubert; Symphony No. 2 in D major, Brahms.

The two works in which the individuality of Goldmark is most strongly felt are the "Sakuntala" overture and the opera, "The Queen of Sheba." This individuality is at the same time Hebraic, Hungarian and what is vaguely described as Oriental: that is to say, Jewish chants, Hungarian modes and rhythms, and intervals that are used by Eastern people all give a peculiar color to his music. Then there must be added a pomp that is borrowed from Meyerbeer, and a richness of instrumentation that is due to Wagner.

The individuality of Goldmark is, then, chiefly remarkable for its feeling of what is called "local color" and its ability to express it. Johannes Weber, the learned and sarcastic musical editor of *Le Temps*, defines "local color" as the property attributed to music of its complying with the time and the country with which the subject of a vocal or instrumental work is concerned; and he is bold enough to add that it is merely a musical illusion. Thus, he says, "to make Oriental music, they imitate the rhythms and the melodic forms employed by Arabs; but the hearer must first be told that they are Oriental." Without stopping here to argue the question—and there is sound sense in many of Weber's theories on this subject—it may be said that Goldmark, by using old Jewish chants, by employing harmonies abounding in augmented fourths and diminished sixths, by constant shiftings from major to minor, suggested to an imaginative hearer the East. The listener was in the synagogue,

or he saw strange and oppressively luxurious vegetation; or in the desert, parched with thirst, he saw afar off the camels of the merchants; or venerable, white-bearded men, half stupefied by heavy perfumes, stretched on their rugs, watching, as in an opium dream, the swaying bodies of swart dancing girls. The music was as the odor of tuberose, of "charred frankincense and grated sandal wood." It lulled, it cloyed, it enervated. Its sensuousness approached sensuality. Such was the effect produced by Goldmark's local color. But it should be remembered that in "Sakuntala" the hearer was prepared by the very title for an Eastern atmosphere, and in "The Queen of Sheba" the eyes were regaled by Eastern scenes, Eastern costumes and Eastern groupings. He was, therefore, ready to accept the music as Eastern, provided it was strange to him and in keeping with what went upon the stage. Now, when Goldmark wrote an overture and called it "Overture to Prometheus Bound of Æschylus," he necessarily was obliged to lay aside the coloring that had made him an individuality. Balkis, the Queen of Sheba, delighting in luxury, tempting Solomon with hard questions, coquetting with the courtiers, and the lonely Prometheus, bound down in a cleft of a rock in a waste place in Scythia, are two very different subjects for musical treatment. So Goldmark was obliged to re-arrange his palette. His individuality vanished with the discarded colors. If the composer's name were not upon the programme, no one would say at once during the playing of the "Prometheus," "Why, this is Goldmark's music."

Goldmark has given the title without adding a descriptive text. The question then is, does the music give the hearer an adequate idea of the great tragedy of Æschylus? It is not necessary to examine the details, to pry curiously, in the hope of finding the chaining of the enemy of Zeus, the comfort vainly brought by the Oceanides, the gnawing of the eternal vulture, the plaint of the wandering Io, the combined attack of the elements upon the heaven-defying sufferer. But does the music rise in tragic grandeur to the level of the play? Is it filled with the spirit of Æschylus, that moves us so deeply even when filtered through the baldest, most prosaic translation? No, it must be confessed that there is a sublimity in the first and in the last speech of Prometheus that Goldmark with all his imagination has not rivaled. Try as he may, let him call upon the brass to do the bravest, let him goad the strings to fury, he is to Æschylus as the explosion of cannon crackers to the "spasms of the sky and the shatter of the sea." In spite of modern theories, music is not an interchangeable art. There are emotions, there are phenomena that are better expressed in prose, poetry or painting than in music. And nobler, more impassioned music is often suggested by the writer or painter than is in the power of the musician to invent.

Goldmark called it "Prometheus." He might as well have called it "Hamlet" or "Orestes," or "Napoleon." He chose "Prometheus," and, therefore, necessarily put himself in comparison with the Grecian poet. But let us not insist upon this point. For without giving a detailed programme, Goldmark has indicated by the title

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to the orchestra and to the hearer his intention; and as Rubinstein has well remarked in his new book, "Music and Its Masters," "every composer has put into his work a certain spiritual meaning, that is, a programme, with the conviction that the hearer will understand it." It is then an affair between the individual hearer and the composer, provided the composer's meaning is fully expressed by the player or players. To one it may be the very Prometheus; to another an effective concert-overture, too long, with too much treatment of the second theme, but interesting in its instrumentation; to a third it may be pretentious, full of bluster, weak in melody and without a suggestion of the spirit of the antique.

It is too long. It is not always well defined. And what has the sentimental second theme or the fanfare of brass to do with the tragedy of *Æschylus*? Nor in spite of the orchestral crashes is there a full expression of the storm that raged in the soul of the sufferer, a storm mightier than the war of the elements waged against him. It is an extremely modern treatment of an antique subject. It is at times effective, often ingenious, and always worthy of respect. But is neither characteristic of *Æschylus* nor of Goldmark.

The programme of the next concert is Schubert's Unfinished Symphony and Schumann's "Manfred" music. Mr. Riddle will read the poem, and the singers will be Mrs. Nikisch, Mrs. Wyman, Messrs. Heinrich, Lamson, Meyn, Sargent, Morawski, and a chorus from the Cecilia.

PHILIP HALE.

The Eleventh Symphony Concert.

The programme on Saturday evening embraced Goldmark's Overture, "Prometheus Bound;" Symphonic Concerto for violin and viola (first movement), Mozart; Entr'acte No. 2, "Rosamunde," Schubert, and Brahms's Symphony No. 2 in D major.

With renewed hearings the Goldmark Overture does not lose, but, on the contrary, impresses one more and more as the work of an able, earnest musician, dealing with his art according to its most modern modes. If one, however, was to estimate the work at its real value, he must follow the playing with the score and let his imagination furnish what was lost in the distortion of the composer's intentions by Mr. Nikisch's band on this occasion. Otherwise the listener would be induced to regard the work as bombastic and pretentious in the extreme.

It seems as if the sight of a forte mark has the same effect upon our conductor as does the waving of a red rag on a bull, while fortissimo in a full brass-wind passage evokes from his baton a blast of violence bulging the phrase to the point of bursting; tearing the passion to tatters. It has always been held that marks of expression have some significance, and that opinion is still entertained by musicians of refinement but the fact could not be realized in listening to the Symphony orchestra on Saturday evening.

Mr. Damrosch's New York orchestra gave evidence lately, when it appeared here, that music and noise need not be synonymous, and we dream of the days when the Boston Symphony orchestra, under Gerike, gave the most perfect examples of what value contrast, gradations of power and the limitation of tone production, are in delineating the intentions of the composer. With what refinement and perfect accord did Messrs. Loeffler and Kneisel display the beauties of the violin and viola solos of the Mozart concerto. In the cadenza by Hellmesbeyer these artists exhibited their well-known skill, and with true musicianlike feeling and delicate sentiment, presented a superb effect. It made the general coarseness of the conductor's interpretation of the antiphonal passages, and the roughness of the tutti playing all the more apparent. Our conductor handles the delicacy of Haydn and Mozart akin to the fondling of its cub by a grizzly bear. How the sublime and ridiculous do jostle each other in the musical world.

The "Rosamunde" music of Schubert is graceful and melodic, that goes without saying, and was fairly well played.

If the clarinet could only distinguish himself by a warmer touch in his intonation. When heard in comparison with the oboe and flute in this Schubert piece his playing suffered. This being a little under the pitch often puts the whole wood-wind passages out of tune. The first sixteen measures of the Andantino are marked pianissimo with repetition. Mr. Nikisch played them through mezzoforte the first time and very much softer on the repeat, a negro-minstrel effect that we are familiar with in the pathetic quartets of the burnt-cork fraternity. This is not the first instance that he has given us of a questionable taste in this direction.

The Brahms symphony is a work of remarkable power. It was first played in Boston by the Harvard Orchestra Jan. 9, 1879. At these concerts it was first given by Mr. Henschel in 1882. It is a work that appeals to the listener at once, and yet grows upon repeated hearings. It has not so much of the musical problem to it as No. 1 symphony, and shows its composer in a more genial light. It should have been first on the programme, however, for even at his best Brahms must not be offered to the listener at the latter end of a programme. Of the playing, not much can be said in its favor. It was ragged and rough and fraught with all the well-known shortcomings of the conductor, in spite of which the work stood out in all its nobility at times. Next Saturday the Manfred music of Schumann, complete with solos and chorus, will be given. Mr. George Riddle will read the text.

WARREN DAVENPORT.

TRANSCRIPT. MONDAY

THEATRES AND CONCERTS.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the eleventh concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Goldmark: Overture, "Prometheus Bound."
Mozart: First movement of Symphonic Concerto for violin and viola.
Schubert: Entr'acte from "Rosamunde."
Brahms: Symphony No. 2, in D, op. 73.
Mr. O. M. Loeffler was the violinist, and Mr. Franz Kneisel the violist.

Goldmark's overture has been heard here before, and does not seem to improve much on better acquaintance. There are passages in it of strong dramatic effectiveness, and, in the scoring the composer has departed somewhat from his usual routine manner; but the dramatic effect is too often obtained at the expense of musical beauty, and the greater part of the work seems strenuous rather than powerful. Goldmark's thunder is not entirely Jovian, and often reminds one a little of that *Salmonius* whom pious *Æneas* met (in very ungodlike circumstances) among the nether shades.

The "Rosamunde" entr'acte is lovely music indeed, and wholly characteristic of Schubert. Only the change Schubert made in the theme, when he used it for his B-flat pianoforte variations, is such a vast improvement that the melody sounds comparatively poor and tame in its original shape, and one is impelled to look upon this entr'acte as rather an "überwundener Standpunkt." We, for one, should be glad to see it laid on the shelf for good and all.

Brahms's second symphony was for some time, and perhaps still is, the most popular of his works in this form. When it first appeared, the Vienna critics proclaimed that whatever might have been criticised in the first, C minor, symphony, was thoroughly cured in this one, and that the whole work was "pure gold." There must be a wrong kink in our head, for, to save us, we have never been able to enjoy this D major symphony as much as any von please of its companions. Except in the *Allegretto grazioso*, there seems to us to be a certain vagueness of musical purpose in the work which keeps the attention constantly on the stretch, without affording the mind complete artistic satisfaction. Nevertheless it is not to be forgotten that Brahms has worked up the *Finale* to a really strong and brilliant dramatic climax, a thing that he does not often succeed in doing. Saving some rather ragged work in the first movement, and the insecure playing of the trombones almost throughout, the orchestra played the symphony very well indeed. Certainly, each successive movement went better than the one before it, and the last climax was given with great brilliancy and force.

Mozart's symphonic concerto is not one of the composer's strong works. The duet concerto is now a virtually obsolete form, and one could not help feeling, on Saturday evening, that Mozart himself must have felt that it was not destined to be eternal. Though composers in his day were in the habit of submitting quite willingly to certain extraneous conditions in music, one

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cannot but feel that he really found this sort of writing for two solo instruments a little irksome. The constant obligation to give each one of them an equal amount to do—lest the other should be jealous, and feel itself slighted—is no inspiration to a composer, but rather a shackle upon the free development of his ideas. Neither is it any inspiration to the listener to hear one instrument perpetually coming in as "me too" to the other; it is like the old, traditional pianoforte variations, where, after the right hand had had its innings, the left hand must have its innings, too! But, apart from these requirements which are inherent in the scheme of the work, the work itself is rather tame and colorless. Mozart nodded at times. Messrs. Loeffler and Kneisel played the movement to perfection, with exquisite grace, beauty of tone and refinement of style. They could almost induce one to swallow the long (too long) Helmesberger cadenza. The orchestra played the accompaniment all too roughly.

MUSICAL.

The Symphony Concert.

The eleventh concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in Music Hall, last evening opened with Goldmark's pretentious but garish and somewhat blatant overture "Prometheus Bound." The work is no more clear in meaning on a second hearing than it was on the first. Its rich and brilliant orchestral color was as impressive as before and its dramatic vigor was as striking, but what the music says by way of illustration of Prometheus and the cruelly persistent attack of the bird on his liver still remains a mystery to us. The composer appears to have wrestled with the subject of a tremendous tone picture that presented itself to his imagination, but the only outcome appears to be the laying of masses of gorgeous color on his canvas, and a forgetfulness in this color frenzy of a clearly drawn, or at least a readily comprehended design. It was played with much fire and brilliancy, and excepting some coarseness in the wind, and an occasional uncertainty of attack, the performance was satisfying and remarkably effective. It was followed by the first movement of Mozart's Concertante in E-flat, for solo violin and viola and orchestra. The movement is broad in style and almost symphonic in seriousness, and is fairly divided between the orchestra and the solo instruments. It is full of the Mozart charm, and the solo parts are little given up to bravura display, and are for the most part of an antiphonal character. The work was thoroughly interesting in the hearing, and delightful in effect. The solo instruments were played by Messrs. Loeffler and Kneisel with exquisite taste and finish and in a spirit of refined and perfect sympathy with the sentiment of the music. The artists were vigorously applauded at the close of the movement, and twice recalled. The entr'acte in B-flat to Schubert's "Rosamunde" followed and was gracefully and chastely read and played. The whole ended with Brahms's symphony No. 2, in D, which has been frequently heard at these concerts. The programme was not particularly attractive. In fact, the programmes of late have, as a rule, been dull and monotonous; but programme making is not Mr. Nikisch's strong point, and it becomes necessary every now and then to remind him that there is excellent music that is not music of the German school, and that a programme is not perforce classical and interesting because the solemn and the severely heavy prevails in it. The programme for the next concert is Schubert's Unfinished Symphony and Schumann's "Manfred" music. The poem will be read by Mr. George Riddle, and the singers are to be Mrs. Arthur Nikisch, Mrs. Julie L. Wyman, Mr. W. Heinrich, Mr. H. Meyn, Mr. G. S. Lamson, Mr. S. A. Sargent, Mr. I. Morawski, and a chorus from the Cecilia.

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MUSICAL.

The Symphony Concert.

The eleventh concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in Music Hall, last evening opened with Goldmark's pretentious but garish and somewhat blatant overture "Prometheus Bound." The work is no more clear in meaning on a second hearing than it was on the first. Its rich and brilliant orchestral color was as impressive as before and its dramatic vigor was as striking, but what the music says by way of illustration of Prometheus and the cruelly persistent attack of the bird on his liver still remains a mystery to us. The composer appears to have wrestled with the subject of a tremendous tone picture that presented itself to his imagination, but the only outcome appears to be the laying of masses of gorgeous color on his canvas, and a forgetfulness in this color frenzy of a clearly drawn, or at least a readily comprehended design. It was played with much fire and brilliancy, and excepting some coarseness in the wind, and an occasional uncertainty of attack, the performance was satisfying and remarkably effective. It was followed by the first movement of Mozart's Concertante in E-flat, for solo violin and viola and orchestra. The movement is broad in style and almost symphonic in serenity, and is fairly divided between the orchestra and the solo instruments. It is full of the Mozart charm, and the solo parts are little given up to bravura display, and are for the most part of an antiphonal character. The work was thoroughly interesting in the hearing, and delightful in effect. The solo instruments were played by Messrs. Loeffler and Kneisel with exquisite taste and finish and in a spirit of refined and perfect sympathy with the sentiment of the music. The artists were vigorously applauded at the close of the movement, and twice recalled. The entr'acte in B-flat to Schubert's "Rosamunde" followed and was gracefully and chastely read and played. The whole ended with Brahms's symphony No. 2, in D, which has been frequently heard at these concerts. The programme was not particularly attractive. In fact, the programmes of late have, as a rule, been dull and monotonous; but programme making is not Mr. Nikisch's strong point, and it becomes necessary every now and then to remind him that there is excellent music that is not music of the German school, and that a programme is not perforce classical and interesting because the solemn and the severely heavy prevail in it. The programme for the next concert is Schubert's Unfinished Symphony and Schumann's "Manfred" music. The poem will be read by Mr. George Riddle, and the singers are to be Mrs. Arthur Nikisch, Mrs. Julie L. Wyman, Mr. W. Heinrich, Mr. H. Meyn, Mr. G. S. Lamson, Mr. S. A. Sargent, Mr. I. Morawski, and a chorus from the Cecilia.

MUSICAL EVENTS.

THE VARIOUS CONCERTS OF THE LAST PAST WEEK.

THE SYMPHONY LAST NIGHT—THE FINAL PADEREWSKI RECITALS—THE PHILHAR- MONIC.

The eleventh Symphony rehearsal and concert programme had for its first number Goldmark's overture to "Prometheus Bound." A second hearing strengthens to some extent the favorable impression it created last season, when it was performed for the first time here. The composer's somewhat excessive dwelling upon the second theme imparts an air of monotony to the middle and concluding portions of the work, but as a whole it is strong and musically attractive. It was finely played.

Following the overture came the first movement of the Symphonic Concerto for violin and viola by Mozart. This work was on the original programme which was to have been presented at the Mozart concert two weeks ago, but was withdrawn owing to the illness of Mr. Kneisel and Mr. Loeffler. The movement performed is interesting and the treatment is broad and dignified; but its construction is such as to give to the solo instruments only moderate opportunities for individual display. Of course its performance in a hall as large as Music Hall was not dreamed of by Mozart. In spite of the brilliant, penetrating quality of Mr. Loeffler's violin and the full, noble tones that Mr. Kneisel drew from his viola, the solo parts were too slight in character to enable these players to hold their own successfully against the full string orchestra; and without the cadenza (written by Hellmesberger), the performance would have fallen flat. But this cadenza and especially its performance, made all the difference in the world. That each performer displayed in his part great beauty of tone and finish may be readily believed; but the unanimity of feeling that both evinced is less easily comprehended. The manner in which they played together,—their almost infallible accuracy in attacking and finishing phrases, the delicacy and variety of their nuances,—was nothing short of wonderful. It was, indeed, a triumph of a very unusual kind, and the enthusiastic applause which followed the conclusion of the movement was well earned.

The familiar and justly popular "Entr'acte" to Schubert's "Rosamunde" will never cease to be enjoyable. Its beautiful themes and exquisite tone coloring are always sure to excite a glow of delight in the heart of every music lover. It was given in an exceedingly delicate and tasteful manner; the wood-wind and horn playing being

especially worthy of commendation.

Brahm's Symphony in D, was the closing number. Like Schubert's entr'acte music, this beautiful work will always be a favorite with all lovers of pure music. Every successive performance but serves to reveal to the attentive listener many beauties of form and expression which contain, but which at first remain unnoticed. With Brahms as well as Schumann Mr. Nikisch is at his best, which is equivalent to saying that the symphony was performed in a thoroughly artistic manner.

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It is difficult to do entire justice to the concert of Saturday, for the dismal weather and the many rows of empty seats were unpleasant factors that in some degree jaundiced one's judgment and made that tone picture of liver complaint—Goldmark's "Prometheus Overture"—seem more than usually lugubrious. Yet its broad and massive treatment was quite suited to the ambitious vein of the conductor, and the climaxes were mighty enough, even if not in perfect unity. It is tiresome to continually repeat the same censure, but if any musical auditor will follow Mr. Nikisch's beat carefully, he will see, as clearly as the reviewer, that the orchestra does not unitedly follow it, and if there is a certain raggedness of attack, there is still more lack of unity in the leaving of a chord; the orchestra does not work as one great instrument, but is becoming perceptibly heterogeneous. I have so frequently stated this self-evident fact, that I may be excused from noticing any but the more flagrant blemishes in this direction in the immediate future.

The first movement from the Mozart symphonic concerto owed its success to the excellent playing of Messrs. Loeffler and Kneisel. It was interesting to note the clear shape with which Mozart replaced the vague form of the old Italian concerto, which was not any closer to the modern concerto form than a Corelli sonata is to a Beethoven symphony. But there were passages in the work which seemed rather in the "daily-exercises" vein, and had not the charm of the average Mozart compositions. A double recall followed the conclusion of the work, and was deserved by the artists.

The most graceful and acceptable work on the programme was the entr'acte from Schubert's "Rosamunde." This was given with commendable daintiness, and its melodic beauty illumined the entire programme. But the Brahms' Symphony (No. 2, D major) was not as satisfactory, for the reasons given above. The work itself is certainly the most popular of the composer's contributions to the classical instrumental repertoire, and its second movement is replete with charming effects which are not too intricate for the general public to follow. Fortunately this received the best execution and must have been a revelation of the sweetness of a composer who has a rather pedantic reputation to many. The first movement was not nearly so steady, and the brasses were very uncertain in their tones more than once.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

THE SYMPHONIES.

ELEVENTH CONCERT.

The programme of the eleventh Symphony concert at Music hall Saturday evening, Jan. 2, was:

Goldmark. Overture, "Prometheus Bound."
Mozart. Symphonic Concerto for Violin and Viola (First Movement)
Cadenza by Hellmesberger.
(First time at these concerts.)
Schubert. Entr'acte, "Rosamunde."
Brahms. Symphony No. 2, in D major.
Allegro ma non troppo.
Adagio non troppo.
Allegretto grazioso.
Finale: Allegro con spirito.

Soloists: C. M. Loeffler, violin; Mr. Franz Kneisel, viola.

Goldmark, born in Hungary sixty years ago, has not been a profuse writer, preferring to give a few good things rather than many poor ones. This overture, "Prometheus Bound," like many other musical compositions of the present day, is founded on a very mythical subject; hence, difficult to understand. The story of how Prometheus tricked Zeus by some is considered too absurd, too profoundly a lie, to tempt any one to try to portray it in music; and yet, many of the great composers, including Beethoven, have tried their skill at it. A great objection to Wagner's operas, for instance, is that they are founded on mythological stories, impossible of understanding without the most elaborate stage setting, accompanied with ample text and actors. Notwithstanding all these objections, Goldmark has succeeded in formulating a brilliant, showy overture, which was remarkably well read by Mr. Nikisch and his orchestra.

The concertante in E flat for solo violin and viola, supposed to have been written by Mozart in the later years of his life, made a pleasant impression. The solo parts were taken by those two favorite violinists of the orchestra, Messrs. Loeffler and Kneisel, who acquitted themselves with glory, according to the standard fixed by their friends, though their intonation at all times was not perfect.

The Entr'acte (overture) to "Rosamunde" is pretty music, but the author, Schubert, does not shine brightly in it. Schubert could compose symphonies, sonatas and songs, unexcelled by any, but when he attempted operas, his muse was lost. Mr. Nikisch gave a very tame reading of the overture, which was, perhaps, the reason it fell so flat.

Brahms's symphony No. 2 in D is one of the most enjoyable of this modern Hercules's writings. The first movement is spun out intolerably, but the orchestra made it enjoyable. The second movement commenced rather dubiously, and there appeared some danger of the orchestra becoming stranded, but they were finally extricated from peril by that tiny

little baton of Director Nikisch. The third movement is beautiful, too beautiful to last long. The orchestra did it exquisitely.

On the whole, the playing of the orchestra was better at this concert than at any previous one this season. However, the drum player beat his kettles several times as if he had gone mad, causing us to look down upon them with alarm, fearing he might fall upon them with his sticks and do them harm. But perhaps he was only trying to drown out the horn player and cover up the buzz of the oboes, which seemed a little out of order.

The analytical notes in the programme by Mr. Philip Hale are of great merit.

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Played by Nikisch's Band, with Loeffler
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Novel Concert in Music Hall—Young
People's Symphony.

The symphony concert last night attracted the usual large and interested audience to the Music Hall, where Director Nikisch presented a varied and interesting programme, including selections from Goldmark, Mozart, Schubert and Brahms.

Mr. Nikisch was very felicitous in his interpretation of Goldmark's overture, and it gave the orchestra a wide range of opportunities for effective play and dramatic climaxes.

Mozart's symphonic concerto for violin and viola, in which Messrs. Loeffler and Kneisel appeared as soloists, was listened to with great interest, as it was new at these concerts, and was probably heard for the first time in Boston by such a large audience.

The arrangement lends itself more to the display of wonderful skill in the manipulation of technique than to the elucidation of much harmony or melody. The movements were intricate, and at times suggestive of attractive effect, while both Loeffler and Kneisel displayed brilliant talent in their command of the violin and the viola. It was somewhat strained at the end, but it was more the fault of the conception than the laboriousness of the execution, and the warm applause of the audience was a deserved reward for what was really a difficult undertaking on the part of the soloists.

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Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1891-92.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MR. ARTHUR NIKISCH, CONDUCTOR.

FIRST

'YOUNG PEOPLE'S POPULAR.'

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, JAN'Y 6, AT 2.30.

SOLOISTS:

MISS ADELE AUS DER OHE,

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SOLOISTS:

MISS ADELE AUS DER OHE,

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PROGRAMME.

OVERTURE. "King Lear." *Littolff*
(First time.)

CONCERTO No. 1, in B flat minor, op. 23. . . . *Tschaikowsky*
Allegro non troppo e molto maestoso, D flat. Allegro con spirito. B flat minor.—
Andante Simplice. D flat.—Allegro con fuoco. B flat minor.

Miss AUS DER OHE.

a) "DANSE ET MARCHE DES GNOMES." *Reginald e Koven*
(First time.)

b) PAGINA D' AMORE. . . . *F. van der Stucken*
(First time.)

c) A CARNIVAL SCENE. . . . *Arthur Bird*
(First time.)

RONDO CAPRICCIOSO FOR VIOLIN. . . . *Saint-Saens*
Miss POWELL.

BALLET MUSIC. "Le Cid." *Massenet*

The Piano used is a Steinway.

Young People's Popular Concert.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave the first of its young people's popular programmes at the Music Hall yesterday P. M. to a good-sized audience, and probably if the day had been a fair one the hall would have been crowded. The opening number was Litoff's overture to "King Lear," a pompous, conventional composition. The other orchestral pieces were a "Danse and March of Gnomes" by DeKoven, Mr. Van der Stucken's "Pagina d'Amore," and a "Carnival Scene" by Arthur Bird, an American resident abroad.

Mr. DeKoven is, of course, well known through his operas, and Mr. Van der Stucken as the conductor in New York, and champion-in-general of American compositions at home and abroad. These three American pieces possessed characteristics creditable to the modern composer, and well paid the effort of production. Less can be said of the carnival scene than of the others, but all showed a good knowledge of orchestral effects happily employed. The other orchestral number was the ballet music from Massenet's "Le Cid," exciting and brilliant in the extreme, as are all such efforts of this sensuous French composer.

Miss Aus der Ohe played the concerto No. 1 of Tchaikowsky, a work that is more or less familiar here and one that abounds in themes that are striking and original. The orchestration is rich in color and there are many fanciful effects but the composition on the whole is not particularly coherent in form and lacks many elements that would favorably impress the critical musician. Miss Aus der Ohe met the difficulties of the work with ease and gave a marked performance in many respects, but her inability to define the notes in the softer passages is a blemish that outweighs many other good qualities. This has always been a fault in her playing and rendered her performance some time since, at the Symphony Concerts, of the E-flat Concerto of Beethoven, a failure in many listeners' estimation. It would seem as if less flourishing of the arms and more practice of acute finger work in the scales would be of great benefit in the improvement of her technique.

Miss Maud Powell, the eminent violinist, played Saint-Saens's "Rondo Capriccioso" in that broad, artistic manner marking her ability, supplemented with a delicate finish in all the details that has placed her at the head of all the lady violinists this country has produced or heard. In fact, there are few male artists who surpass Miss Powell, either in the matter of interpretation or virtuosity. She was recalled several times but refused to play again, to her credit let it be said. The encore fiend needs crushing on every occasion.

WARREN DAVENPORT.

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Litoff: Overture to "King Lear."
Tschalkowsky: Pianoforte Concerto No. 1, in B-flat minor, op. 23.
De Koven: Danse et Marche des Gnomes.
Van der Stucken: Pagina d'Amore.
Bird: A Carnival Scene.
Saint-Saens: Rondo Capriccioso for Violin.
Massenet: Ballet Music from "Le Cid."

Miss Adele aus der Ohe was the pianist, and Miss Maud Powell the violinist.

It is perhaps not necessary for a name to mean very much, but one likes it to mean at least something. If yesterday's concert was a "Young People's Popular," one wonders what sort of a programme Mr. Nikisch would draw up for an "Old People's Popular!" One looks in vain for anything especially juvenile in the list of music; there was little, if anything, especially adapted to the entertainment of youth, and certainly nothing of educational value. Almost everything seemed calculated, on the contrary, to appeal to a rather jaded musical palate. It was like setting the supper table at a juvenile party with curried lobster, paté de foie gras, and flagons of old Bourbon or "nice, cooling gin."

Apart from this, however, the concert was interesting enough. Litoff's "King Lear" overture, albeit sometimes verging upon the mock-terrible, is a notable advance upon his more familiar "Robespierre." The three American pieces were interesting to hear, Mr. De Koven's dance and march standing easily first for musical value. Van der Stucken's "Pagina d'Amore" seems rather flimsy, and Arthur Bird falls in with the prevalent notion today that painting the orchestra red is the true way of writing a carnival scene. The "Cid" ballet music is brilliant as may be.

It was a great pleasure to hear Miss aus der Ohe play the great Tchaikowsky concerto. The work itself holds its own admirably; very few modern concertos can compare with it in fertility of invention, firmness of musical purpose, and stout construction. There is some rather unkempt savagery in it, even some triviality now and then; but Tchaikowsky shows in it that he has so much to say, and says it with such force and distinctness, that the work cannot but be called admirable. Miss aus der Ohe played it superbly from beginning to end; she was in evident sympathy with the composition, and showed herself at her very best. It was grand playing.

Miss Powell played the bright and graceful Saint-Saens rondo in admirable style; with winning animation, musicianly feeling, and in every way adequate technique.

FIRST YOUNG PEOPLE'S POPULAR.

The first of the "Young People's Popular" concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was given yesterday afternoon. The orchestra was assisted by Miss Adele Aus der Ohe, the pianist, and Miss Maud Powell, the violinist.

The first number of the programme was Litoff's overture to "King Lear," a play that has been used as an opera subject by Andre and Semeladis. Overtures bearing the same title have been composed by Leidgebel, Balakireff and Berlioz. The one by the great Frenchman—alas! it is too seldom heard—is full of the grief and the agony and the raging storm of Shakspeare's tragedy. In comparison with it this overture by Litoff is a poor thing, conventional and dull. And what, pray, has it to do with Lear or Cordelia? To be sure it is not without an incongruous and tinsel pomp, not, perhaps, out of place in an overture written for some special occasion—for the opening of a German exposition of industries or for the dedication of a city market.

Three numbers by American composers were bunched together, and, as the overture, they were played for the first time in Boston. The name of Reginald De Koven has been hitherto associated with comic operas and songs. He is now the musical editor of the New York World. He has given the orchestral piece played yesterday the title "Danse and March of the Gnomes." The gnome is a familiar figure in the musical menagerie, and his habits are well known. He delights in the triangle, the cymbals and the bass drum, and he prefers, as a rule, the minor mode to the major. Mr. De Koven's gnomes have, however, learned one new trick. When they

dance they whistle the tunes of Grieg. Mr. Van der Stucken's "Pagina d'Amore" is a melodious salon piece for orchestra, and Mr. Arthur Bird's "Carnival Scene" is an echo of music that has been written before his day, descriptive, or supposed to be descriptive of the carnival. The instrumentation is clever—and that is all.

Miss Aus der Ohe was heard in Tchaikowsky's concerto in B flat minor. This concerto gains with each hearing. It is full of fine fantasy, noble frenzy, haunting melody, and skillful workmanship. Above all, it has a strange, pungent, savage perfume. It makes severe demands upon the temperament and the mechanism of the pianist. Now, Miss Aus der Ohe is a most interesting temperamental study. She glides across the stage, cool, virginal, the Diana of the pianoforte; but the moment she touches the keys she undergoes a transformation; and while she does not lose her self-control and while she watches the flight of her musical arrows, little by little she becomes intensely human. Seldom is such virility seen in a woman's playing; and, yesterday, her feminine instinct of refinement kept her from abusing her strength. So that while her performance was bold and broad, strong and manly, it was also impassioned; and when occasion required, she showed daintiness, elegance, and a sentiment that was never mawkish. Although she played with abandon, the ability to curb her passion accompanied the display of her temperament. She was most heartily applauded.

Miss Maud Powell played Saint-Saens's Rondo Capriccioso. She has long been distinguished

for the breadth and richness of her tone, the sureness of her mechanism, and the sincerity of her art. To-day she plays with greater elasticity and with more marked confidence in the expression of her convictions. It is a pleasure to watch the steady growth of this admirable violinist; it is also a pleasure to foresee that she has not yet reached the limits of her capacity. She, too, was most warmly applauded. In spite of many recalls she modestly and sensibly contented herself with bowing in response to the demands of the audience.

The final number of the programme was the brilliant and exhilarating ballet music from Massenet's "Le Cid." It was given with great spirit and with a full appreciation of its rhythms and its colors.

PHILIP HALE.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Young People's Popular Concert.

It was a programme full of interest, and containing many novelties, that was given at Music Hall yesterday afternoon by our symphony orchestra, and our conductor proved himself in sympathy with native work by placing three American compositions on the list. A fair-sized audience was in attendance, and the encore-fiend attempted to force the soloists into repetitions, but was defeated.

The "King Lear" overture by Litoff was a highly-spiced dish which began the banquet. It was military even to the bass-drum point, and the basses roared as if they had taken the line from the tragedy:—

"Blow winds and crack your cheeks."

to themselves. Only one tender clarinette phrase seemed to suggest the existence of a Cordelia; the rest was dissonant, sombre, and above all, spasmodic. It was played with amazing force, throughout. Now followed more legitimate power, in Tchaikowsky's first piano concerto, played by Miss Aus der Ohe. This lady is the most leonine of female pianists, and the work suited her broad and fiery vein. She held her own against the thunderings of the orchestra, and her octave work and heavy chords were very effective, but the light *passagen*-playing was not so perfect. The orchestra hurried the soloist once or twice in the andante, and the horn players gave a few specimens of disagreeable tone-color. The cadenza of the first movement was rather an incoherent bit of composition, but the entire work was full of those touches of folk-music with which not only Tchaikowsky, but Rubenstein, Grieg, Suendsen, Dvorak and Liszt have made their works characteristic. We owe many an original flavor, in modern music to the great northern repertoire of folk song and dance, and in this concerto all the themes seemed to speak of Russian influence, and all, except one in the andante, were beautiful; the exception was rather a tawdry subject in rapid waltz rhythm.

The other soloist was the young violinist—Miss Maud Powell—who performed a capricious work with great dash and purity of intonation, but with an occasional lack of force in passages on the G string. She received numerous recalls, but wisely forbore to inaugurate the encore system. The excellent Western com-

poser, Reginald de Koven, was represented on the programme by a "Danse et marche des Gnomes." The piece was sprightly and attractive, and although a trifle "Peer-Ginty" in its vein, was by no means plagiarized, or even conventional. The Gnomes skipped in fourths chiefly, the *Glockenspiel* added its sweetness, and *sforzando* effects were plentiful. Mr. Van der Stucken's "Pagina d'Amore" was ecstatic enough, but not as fine as some of the compositions that he has given us. Arthur Bird's "Carnival" was full of the modern sensational devices, all the way from piccolo shrieks to the baleful tones of muted horns, but such a musical Saturnalia is not very difficult to achieve since Berlioz led the way into tonal *diablerie*. There was some effective work in the deepest register of the bassoon, and an impressive march theme appeared, but as a whole the composition was not novel. Massenet's ballet music from "Le Cid," with many odd touches of flat sevenths and new scale forms, ended a concert that was popular enough and yet of sustained interest to the musicians present.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

The First "Young People's Popular" at Music Hall.

Everything considered, it was a large audience that heard the first "Young People's Popular" concert by the Symphony orchestra at Music hall yesterday afternoon. The programme was a fairly well selected one, but Mr. Nikisch should abide by the time-honored custom, and have at least one great composer represented in the orchestral numbers. Had it not been for the pianoforte concerto and the violin rondo, the timbre of the afternoon would have been light indeed. Litloff's "King Lear" overture, new to Boston, and first on the programme, was a smoothly written piece of music and quiet pleasing, but fell a bit short of the tragic grandeur necessary to portray its subject. It was admirably played.

Needless to say, the Tschalkowsky concerto was magnificently handled by Miss Aus der Ohe, who seems to gain in power and warmth of tone with each year. The finale was a wonderful piece of bravura playing, and moved the audience to great enthusiasm.

Miss Maud Powell, the violinist, made a marked impression with Saint-Saen's rondo capriccioso. Her playing is intensely virile and her tone sympathetic and broad. She attacks technical difficulties with a nervous energy that is sometimes excessive. But the effect of her work is entirely praiseworthy. She was recalled half a dozen times, at least. De Koven's "Dance and March of the Gnomes" was a pleasant bit of orchestral writing, but not so good as one would expect from the composer of "Robin Hood." Melodious and chaste was Van der Stucken's "Pagina d'Amore," and it was beautifully played. The concert ended with a fine performance of Massanett's somewhat majestic ballet music from "Le Cid."

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The first concert of the season in the Young People's Popular course was given at Music hall Wednesday afternoon. In spite of the heavy snow storm a very large audience was present and sufficient satisfaction was manifested by those who had braved the weather to make the success of such a series of concerts again no question. The programme:

Overture, "King Lear".....Litloff
Concerto No. 1, in B flat minor, op. 23....

Allegro non troppo e molto maestoso, D flat.
Allegro con spirito, B flat minor.—Andante
Simplice, D flat.—Allegro con fuoco, B flat
minor.

Miss Aus Der Ohe.

a) "Danse et Marche des Gnomes".....
Reginald de Koven
b) Pagina D'Amore.....F. van der Stucken
c) A Carnival scene.....Arthur Bird
Rondo Capriccioso for Violin.....Saint-Saens
Miss Powell.

Ballet Music. "Le Cid".....Massenet

The programme was a charming one, four of the numbers being produced for the first time. These were the "King Lear" overture by Litloff, the "Danse et Marche des Gnomes" by Reginald de Koven, the "Pagina d'Amore" by F. Van der Stucken, and "A Carnival Scene" by Arthur Bird.

A dreamy bit of musical writing is "Pagina d'Amore" and most exquisitely played on Wednesday afternoon by Mr. Nikisch's band.

"A Carnival Scene" is a delightfully jolly picture of the sights and sounds of carnival time, and made even more enjoyable by the fact that it is of American parentage.

The Overture "King Lear" was finely rendered, as was also the "Danse et Marche des Gnomes," and the fascinating ballet music from "Le Cid" by Massenet which ended the programme.

Miss Aus der Ohe and Miss Powell were highly appreciated, the former winning great applause in the "Concerto" by Tschalkowsky, the latter equally welcome in the "Rondo Capriccioso" by Saint-Saens. Both artists were repeatedly recalled to bow their acknowledgments.

These popular concerts in every way deserve the appreciation they are receiving and cannot come too often.

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The first Young People's popular concert was given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Music Hall last Wednesday afternoon. A highly entertaining programme was presented, which, without doubt, would have been enjoyed by an audience limited in size only by the capacity of the hall, if the violent storm of the day had not intervened. There were five orchestral numbers, four of which were played for the first time in Boston. Litloff's overture to "King Lear" was evidently written at a time when its composer's mind was pretty thoroughly saturated with Berlioz, Wagner and the theatre. It is a brilliant and effective concert piece, and is interesting in that it displays an easy command of the modern orchestra, and a charming dexterity in making use of other people's ideas. But even with all these resources to draw upon, the composer succeeded only in producing a conventional and, in most respects, commonplace work, which characteristics, its gorgeous instrumentation fails to conceal.

In the middle of the programme three short pieces by American composers were grouped together: "Danse et Marche des Gnomes," by Reginald de Koven; "Pagina D'Amore," by F. van der Stucken; and "A Carnival Scene," by Arthur Bird. All of these young men are admittedly the possessors of talent in no slight degree.

Of the three, Arthur Bird ranks first; but although in his "Carnival Scene" is to be found great variety of orchestral treatment, it is not the equal of his fascinating "Scene Orientale," in thematic material or in completeness of musical expression. The Danse has points of attractiveness in its rhythmic and instrumental effects; and Mr. van der Stucken's sensuous and boldly orchestrated song is certainly an effective concert piece.

Two of the most popular soloists now before the public were also heard at this concert. Miss Adele Aus der Ohe gave a generally strong, musician-like performance of Tschalkowsky's first concerto in B flat minor. She was not at her best in the first movement, her technical work being somewhat labored and unfinished. The andante, too, although played with much taste, suffered from a too great delicacy of touch, the player's pianissimo frequently being scarcely heard at all. Her handling of the finale, however, was characterized by buoyancy, fire and rhythmic clearness, and at its close she was enthusiastically and deservedly recalled. Miss Aus der Ohe is a pianist of brains as well as of keen sensibilities. She has made marked gains in delicacy of touch since last season, when it was to be feared that she was fast eradicating the womanly qualities of her playing, in her apparent ambition to play "like a man."

Miss Maud Powell, like Miss Aus der Ohe, not only evinces fine technical skill, but the nature of a musician in all that she does. Her performance of Saint-Saens's "Rondo Capriccioso" was exceedingly artistic and brilliant. For some reason her tone was not as pure as is usually the case, it being somewhat veiled in quality. Perhaps it was due to the damp atmosphere. She, too, was recalled until there appeared to be no longer a hope that she would grant an encore. The closing number was the gorgeous ballet music from Massenet's "Le Cid." The work of the orchestra was full of verve, and Mr. Nikisch's strongly dramatic instincts imparted an effect to every number that was little short of dazzling. The broad, fresco-like style of his tone-painting, however, was a little too pronounced even for Music Hall, a very considerable amount of coarseness of execution being apparent throughout.

Comier

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The soloists were Miss Aus der Ohe, who chose the first of Tschalkowsky's concertos, and Miss Maud Powell, who rendered the rondo capriccioso for violin by Saint-Saens. Miss Powell emphasized her right to a place in the first rank of women violinists of the day by her execution of this capricious subject and showed the results of her work even since her last appearance here. Miss Aus der Ohe in her broad, powerful treatment of her selection gave further evidence of her strength and virility as a pianist.

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Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1891-92.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. ARTHUR NIKISCH, Conductor.

XII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, AT 8, P. M.

PROGRAMME.

SCHUBERT.

UNFINISHED SYMPHONY in B minor.
Allegro moderato—Andante con moto.

SCHUMANN.

THE MUSIC TO BYRON'S "MANFRED."

Reader: MR. GEORGE RIDDLE.

SOLOISTS:

MRS. ARTHUR NIKISCH.

MRS. JULIE L. WYMAN.

MR. WILHELM HEINRICH.

MR. HEINRICH MEYN.

MR. GARDNER S. LAMSON.

MR. SULLIVAN A. SARGENT.

MR. CLARENCE E. HAY.

CHORUS OF MEMBERS OF THE "CECILIA."

"MANFRED."

Jan 18

An Admirable Performance of Schumann's Work.

A Discussion of Its Dramatic Value.

The programme of the twelfth concert of the Symphony Orchestra was as follows: Schubert's "Unfinished" symphony in B minor and Schumann's music to Byron's "Manfred." The arrangement of the poem was read by Mr. George Riddle. The singers were Mrs. Nikisch, Mrs. Wyman and Messrs. Heinrich, Meyn, Lamson, Sargent and Hay. The chorus was taken from the Cecilia Society. There was a very large audience.

Byron did not write "Manfred" for the theatre. In a letter to Murray, the publisher, he says: "I have made it impossible that it should be put upon the stage, having the greatest contempt for the theatre ever since my affair with Drury Lane." In another letter he speaks of having composed it with a horror of the stage, and with the intention of making even the thought of dramatic presentation impracticable. It is, indeed, eminently unfit for the theatre; not on account of its dismal subject, but there is no action, there are no incidents, there are no characters of flesh-and-blood interest. It has been called a species of "Faust." Manfred is, perhaps, a twin brother of Faust, but the drama, as a German critic keenly observes, is without Gretchen, without Valentin and Mephisto, without an Easter walk, without Auerbach's cellar, without Dame Martha's garden. There is the Walpurgis-night spirit in each, "but of the 'two souls' that dwell in the breast of Faust only one is found in the body of Manfred, a spirit dissatisfied, indulging in subtle inquiries, metaphysical." Furthermore, Manfred does not yield to the devil; "he conquers him by the might of the human spirit." As a poem, however, "Manfred" made a profound impression in Germany, and it is still seen, at intervals, upon the German stage.

Schumann was a passionate admirer of Byron, and it is not surprising that he tried to show in music the impressions made upon his mind by the English poet. He wrote a chorus and an aria for an opera, the subject of which was taken from "The Corsair;" but he abandoned his purpose, and the numbers were not published. He set three of the "Hebrew Melodies" to music. His perturbed spirit found special pleasure in "Manfred," and he once said that he never devoted himself to any composition with such lavish love and power as to his

music to Byron's dramatic work. Wasielowski tells us that when reading the poem aloud in Dusseldorf his voice suddenly faltered, he burst into tears, and he was so overcome that he could read no farther.

Schumann's "Manfred" music may be considered as stage music or as absolute music—that is, as music pure and simple, untrammelled by conditions, without reference to theatrical purpose. As stage music it is a failure. It is devoid of the elements that make such music effective. The object of melodramatic music is to accentuate a situation, to put a character in bolder relief, to intensify an emotion upon the stage. To do this successfully the composer must unite keen dramatic instincts with the power of expression. The genius of Schumann was essentially undramatic. He proved this fact in many ways—in his opera, which was a failure; in "Paradise and the Peri," where "the idea of dramatic form is often sacrificed to subjective caprice;" in a song like "Belshazzar," where he loses the whole effect by fretting over the detail; and, not to mention other instances, in "Manfred." His nature was lyric, and "only when personified does the lyric become dramatic." He had not the faculty of musical characterization. Crowds or individuals did not appeal to him dramatically, and instead of presenting the scenes in which they moved so that the music identified those scenes, he merely gave way to a series of "lyrical outbursts." Sneer as he might at Auber and Meyerbeer he never could have written the music that characterizes Fenella or Marcel.

Take his "Manfred." Whatever may be said about the merits of the overture as a strictly musical composition, as a theatre overture to prepare the hearer for a play, it is too subjective, too intimate. The theatrical perspective is disregarded, and as a prelude to a play or opera it must be placed below the overtures of Weber, for example, or the overture to "Coriolanus" or "Egmont" or even "Midsummer Night's Dream." I say "even 'Midsummer Night's Dream,'" for Mendelssohn, too, would have failed upon the stage if the fragment of his unfinished opera may be justly taken as an exhibition of his powers as an opera composer. Without discussing the question of whether Schumann's arrangement of the text of Byron's poem is satisfactory—and it might be argued that here, too, he showed his lack of dramatic feeling—let us pass on to the incidental music. The first three numbers are devoted to spiritual manifestations. In the first, four spirits sing in turn a few measures, characterless, unmelodious, uninteresting. One spirit is an alto, another a soprano and so on. Finally they sing together. That is all. Their lines well declaimed upon the stage, with the accessories of costume and scenery, would be more effective. And, pray, does the music, beautiful as it is, that accompanies the appearance of the female figure, fit in any way the agony and doubt of Manfred as he gazes and falls senseless? Or is the incantation with four bass voices an adequate supplement to the horror of the words? A few measures taken at random from the first pages of the scene in the Wolf's Glen in "Der Freischuetz" contain more blood-curdling suggestion than is found in this whole number. Or is the "Hymn

of the Spirits" filled with the demoniac fury of Satanic adoration? It is certainly written in defiance of the laws of vocal composition. No one would object to this if an effect were thereby gained. The final chorus is extremely effective, and at the sacrifice of dramatic truth. Manfred in the poem rejects the rites of the Church. The closing words are spoken by the Abbot: "His soul hath ta'en its earthless flight—whither? I dread to think—but he is gone." In a word, there is no hope. What fitness is there in the requiem with its "eternal rest" and "light perpetual?" The instrumental melodramatic music is sometimes delightful per se—as in the calling of the Alp witch and in the address to Astarte—but it can seldom be called characteristic, or suggestive of the text. As purely melodramatic music, "Manfred" is inferior to Beethoven's "Egmont," Mendels. Sohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream," and Bizet's "L'Arlesienne," for it lacks dramatic truth.

Objection has been raised against its use in the concert hall on the ground that the music does not bring vividly the play before the audience. There is also another objection that has been made against all melodramatic music of such pretension, and that is this: The text suffers by the musical interruption, and the music is neglected in the desire to hear the text. But if "Manfred" is banished from the theatre and the concert hall, where is its place? One ingenious writer claims that as the symphonic poem was unknown in Schumann's time, he put the impressions produced by Byron's poem into incidental music; and perhaps this is as satisfactory a summing up as any—that "Manfred" is a fine poetic rendering in music of Schumann's impressions.

The performance of the orchestra was very satisfactory, although at the opening of the overture and in a few passages of the melodramatic music the attack was ragged, as were the final measures before Act III. The "Calling of the Alp witch" was given with unusual delicacy and precision. The solo singers were adequate, although the unison passages of the "Incantation" were slightly marred by Mr. Meyn's singular habit of singing the two equal and final notes of a measure as though the first were dotted and the second of necessarily lesser value. In the "Hymn of the Spirits" the chorus was feeble; the Requiem was sung with due effect.

The applause of the evening, however, was given to Mr. Riddle, and deservedly; for he succeeded admirably in an arduous task. There might be a question as to his use of the "ascending scale"; possibly the last word of the vanishing Astarte should be uttered as a reproach; but in view of the breadth and dignity and discrimination of his performance, these and similar questions savor of hypercriticism.

The concert opened with an excellent interpretation of the "Unfinished" Symphony. It is interesting to note in this connection that the symphony was finished in 1891 by an earnest German named August Ludwig. His offense is aggravated by the fact that he has written a pamphlet in which he congratulates the world upon the accomplishment of his labor and the consequent satisfying of a long felt want. Incidentally he speaks of his own music in terms of warm approbation.

PHILIP HALE.

MUSIC.

Schumann's "Manfred" at the Symphony Concert.

An unusually large audience assembled at Music Hall, last Saturday night, to enjoy the attractive programme offered by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The "Manfred" reading and music was the principal feature of the occasion. Twice before it has been given here, in 1884 and 1886, but this was the best performance. The beautiful music that Schumann has given Byron's exquisite but rather gloomy poem is appropriate in every particular, and the expressive and sympathetic interpretation given it by Herr Nikisch, rendered the presence of the supporting artists, with the exception of Mr. George Riddle, almost superfluous. The solo parts were small but well done by Mrs. Arthur Nikisch, Mrs. Julie L. Wyman, Mr. Wilhelm Heinrich, Mr. Heinrich Meyn, Mr. Gardiner S. Lamson, Mr. Sullivan A. Sargent, Mr. Clarence E. Hay. The choral numbers were sung by a large number of members of the Cecilia Club, who gave the numbers with taste and precision. The requiem at the close of the poem was finely shaded.

Mr. Riddle's finished powers, his clear enunciation and his voice, whose quality can be described by no better word than "velvety," were admirably shown in his rendition of the poet's lines.

The performance of that exquisite fragment—Schubert's unfinished symphony in B minor, No. 8—was a fitting prelude to the melancholy charm which pervades "Manfred." It has truly been said that "it stands quite apart from all other compositions of Schubert or any other master." It was written in 1822, six years before the death of its composer. Why it was never finished cannot now be told. For forty-five years it was buried in oblivion and then suddenly leapt into fame. It offers great opportunities for fine effects, delicate shading and clear perception of the composer's meaning, and all these marked its rendition on Saturday night.

There will be no concert this week, as the orchestra will be in Philadelphia tonight, in New York Tuesday; Washington, Wednesday; Baltimore, Thursday; Brooklyn, Friday and Saturday. On Jan. 23 the programme will be as follows: "A Faust Overture," Wagner; concerto for pianoforte in F minor, Chopin; symphony No. 3, "Eroica," Beethoven. Mrs. H. H. A. Beach will be the soloist.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Symphony Concert.

The large audience and the rapt attention that was continuously displayed proved the concert of Saturday a popular success, and if a few flaws may be picked here or there, it must still be remembered that as a whole, the execution of the numbers showed an advance over the blatant vein that has frequently marred recent performances. The unfinished symphony by Schubert was generally well shaded and given in a conservative manner that was as welcome as it was unexpected, and made a few irregularities in the second movement at least condonable, although the exaggeration of the pauses and *ritenuto* effects was out of place in so simple a work as this—a violet among symphonies.

The quiet melancholy of Schubert's symphony made an excellent introduction to the profounder gloom of Schumann's "Manfred," and the historical link that Schumann drew much inspiration from Schubert and in his later days believed that the ghost of the latter was haunting him, implored him to complete this very symphony, made the juxtaposition especially apt. One can readily imagine how much the character of the Anglicized Faust (as "Manfred" may fairly be called) appealed to the introspective Schumann; it is said that he wept when he first read the poem. The use of melodrama (spoken dialogue accompanied by music), first employed by Rousseau in 1773, is an effective touch if perfectly carried out by the reader.

Mr. George Riddle certainly read with an intelligence and poetic feeling that swayed every auditor, but he did not unite the text to the musical expression as did Mr. H. M. Ticknor in a previous performance. Beautiful as was his rendering of the few sentences of the spirit of Astarte, the words were given with so little regard for the accompaniment that often they fell with the gloomy instrumentation which pictured Manfred, and not with the tender phrases of muted violins which portrayed the spirit of his beloved.

These dainty measure, also on muted violins, of the incantation to the witch of the Alps, presented an audacious innovation; the reading was not given with the music, as intended by Schumann, but postponed until after it! This was probably done in the hope that the music, the prettiest in the entire work, might win applause, but if so it failed of its object, for the audience seemed to enter into the spirit of the work and demand continuity rather than sporadic successes; but the most graceful effect of the composition was sacrificed by omitting the words.

The overture was fairly well played. It could have had more of subtlety in its pictures of the struggles of Manfred again fate, and more of unity in the many syncopated passages, but the contrast between the proud and dark nature, and the tender and forgiving one was well drawn. The overture is as subtle and soulful as anything that Schumann has ever written. The orchestral work in the passages of *melodrama* was of varying shades of merit, but even when it was excellent, the palpable

disjunction of reader and accompaniment caused many a blemish, as, for example, in the lines:—

O God, if it be thus,
And thou art not a madness and a mockery,
I yet might be most happy,
at the end of which the figure of Astarte vanishes with an expressive diminished seventh chord, just as Manfred cries:—

I will clasp thee, and we again will be—
just at this important point there was a sufficient aberration to destroy the meaning of the music almost totally.

But it is impossible to wholly impair the beauty of this work, and the choruses were given with much steadiness by the members of the Cecilia, the solos by such singers as Mrs. Nikisch, Mrs. Wyman and Messrs. Heinrich, Meyn, Lamson, Sargent and Hay, and the *entr'acte* was played by the orchestra with absolute perfection. The scenes in the Hall of Ahrimanes, with the exception noted, were splendidly given orchestra and chorus, and the vehemence of the phrases "Prostrate thyself" and "Destroy the worm," so much akin to the Turbæ of more classical and sacred music, was commendable.

Schumann, like Wagner and Rossini, uses the English horn to represent the shepherd's, or Alpine, horn, and the distant sounds of the instrument form a splendid background to the hero's attempt at suicide, but the tones could have been a little louder, for at times the phrases became unintelligible in the hall. The double canon which forms the final requiem was well shaded; it is a good piece of composition, but is none the less a sin against dramatic unity to introduce a requiem, which has no more right in "Manfred" than a Mass would have in a Mohammedan mosque, but Schumann evidently sacrificed something to attain a dramatic ending.

In summing up the concert one must acknowledge the great difficulties attendant on a performance of "Manfred"; the reader must be a practical musician, the conductor must balance against his declamation in a manner more changeable than that required against a singer's musical expression, and the continuity must be preserved in many rapidly shifting emotions. When one considers all these stumbling blocks placed in the path (they have been surmounted, however), it seems like hyper-criticism to demand an almost unattainable ideal, and it is much fairer to dwell on what has been surmounted; judged in such a manner one can repeat that the performance of Saturday was one to be remembered with much pleasure, and a great advance over many of the preceding concerts.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

—In Boston, says the New York World, they named the grandly topped musician Paderewski the Human Chrysanthemum. He is that and several other things. A New York woman who knows almost everything—much more than all of Beacon st. boiled down—has told just what kind of a chrysanthemum he is. He is a *tsuki-no-kasa*. This is Japanese. It means moon's halo and it designates, so say the books, "a flower of an orange-red color."

MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Twelfth Symphony Concert.

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The performance of the "Unfinished Symphony" was in some respects not an entirely objectionable one; that is to say, there was less coarseness and theatric affectation in the interpretation than might have occurred when we consider the standard that exists with the orchestra.

Still, however, the playing lacked the element of repose that is demanded in many of the phases of this beautiful creation of Schubert's, and never once was a sustained pianissimo realized. It does not seem to be a part of Mr. Nikisch's nature to conceive what *sempre pianissimo* means. If a phrase is marked pianissimo, and accidentally, or otherwise, it is begun so it is immediately changed to a sentimental exaggeration that is made to over-ride the rest of the score and entirely submerge important accompanying figures. If there is a swell indicated in a pianissimo passage it is distorted out of all reasonable proportion. As for repose, it is conspicuous by its absence in the efforts of Mr. Nikisch's band.

It must be from a rough musical nature that such deficiencies can proceed, one might naturally conclude, to say nothing of a doubtful, if not vulgar, taste, when it is observed in the rendering of the classics. The succeeding measures in sixteenths between the violins in the opening movement were played without unity of purpose, and the figure was soon lost in the exaggeration of the theme in the wood wind. The second movement fared little better than the first, the need of repose and a lesser volume of tone being constantly desired. We have had this delightful symphony played too many times in a faultless manner by the orchestra in days past, to sit by and accept this coarse substitute with approbation.

That it is the fault of the players does not follow, for we all recall the evening last season when Mr. Kniesel took the baton and at once, as if by magic, the delicacy and refinement that were always present under Gericke again appeared

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That Schumann was not a dramatic composer need not be told at this late day. Hence it is that the performance of "Manfred" on Saturday evening was in many respects dull and wearisome. It served principally to bring Mr. Riddle to the front, and he did his task so admirably that he elicited most of the applause of the evening. There were points where objection could be raised in the matter of concerted effort with the orchestral delineation, but they may have been wholly the result of the conductor's intentions.

The work of the orchestra in many places was remarkably good. Of course there was roughness here and there, and some ragged playing marred the beginnings, but not more than we are usually accustomed to, for unity of attack and exactness in the ensemble departed with Mr. Gericke. The chorus did its work passably well, and the solos, also, were adequate. If the chamois hunter who played his Alpine horn had been on the craggy heights of South Boston duetting with the bagpipes of the Mileian goat-tender, his tune would have been about as audible as it was coming from the "dense forest" of the ante-room in the Music Hall. The effort was entirely lost to most of the audience.

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WARREN DAVENPORT.

MUSICAL. *Parade*

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as it should be. And the reward was not wanting, for few concerts we can remember have been more noteworthy at once for splendor of subject-matter and triumphant performance.

The way in which the first movement of the Schubert Symphony was played can only be called superb. The playing did full justice to the romantic spirit of the music, without for a moment violating that classic symmetry and regularity of formal beauty which Schubert and the great composers of his day prized so highly. In the mere matter of tempo it was masterly; Mr. Nikisch's beat was ever sensitive to the emotional character of the phrase immediately in hand, now hurrying, now retarding a little, but ever and anon returning to the regular, typical rhythmic swing of the movement. Here was, in one sense, the *ne plus ultra* of musical performance: a sensitive, elastic, but, as a whole, regular tempo. And note especially what it was that made it fine: its variety, its occasional departures from metronomic exactness, never seemed premeditated, but actuated solely by a spontaneous, sensitive response to the immediate demands of the music; what did seem premeditated was its constant return to regularity, its adhering in the main to a definite plan. Of the second movement we care less to speak; not that the performance was less fine, for it was admirable, but that the movement itself is in every way inferior to the first.

The main business of the evening, however, was the "Manfred;" that was the *magnum opus*. Let us say, to begin with, that we were particularly glad to see no attempt made at anything like scenic effect in the arrangement of the singing forces. The solo-singers (spirits and apparitions) were simply drawn up in a line at the front of the stage on one side of Mr. Nikisch, while Mr. Riddle stood at his reader's desk, on the other. It has always been our opinion that, when a dramatic composition is given off the stage, as concert-music, it ought to be given purely, simply and strictly as concert-music: that no attempt should be made to appeal to the imagination, or assist the imagination, through the eye. Such an attempt is sure to be foiled by its necessary incompleteness. When a singer stands up in ordinary concert fashion, your attention is riveted upon what he is singing; but when he sings at the back of the stage, in order to give a suggestion of an apparition from the spirit world, singing from a distance, you are at once reminded of the very unspiritual aspect of his evening suit and white tie. A dramatic work, given as concert-music, must needs suffer some loss; let then this loss be compensated for by the better grouping of the singers for purely musical effect which belongs to the concert stage.

The wonderful overture to "Manfred" was wonderfully played; it was one of the finest performances that we have ever heard from our orchestra. It was a complete revelation of all the tragic depth and beauty of the music. The lovely Entr'acte, on the other hand, seemed to us to go a little heavily. The greatest thing in the whole work, however (always excepting the overture), is the melodrama music that accompanies Manfred's apostrophe to Astarte. We know of nothing in all music that attains to

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MUSICAL. Gazette

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The main business of the evening, however, was the "Manfred;" that was the *magnum opus*. Let us say, to begin with, that we were particularly glad to see no attempt made at anything like scenic effect in the arrangement of the singing forces. The solo-singers (spirits and apparitions) were simply drawn up in a line at the front of the stage on one side of Mr. Nikisch, while Mr. Riddle stood at his reader's desk, on the other. It has always been our opinion that, when a dramatic composition is given off the stage, as concert-music, it ought to be given purely, simply and strictly as concert-music: that no attempt should be made to appeal to the imagination, or assist the imagination, through the eye. Such an attempt is sure to be foiled by its necessary incompleteness. When a singer stands up in ordinary concert fashion, your attention is riveted upon what he is singing; but when he sings at the back of the stage, in order to give a suggestion of an apparition from the spirit world, singing from a distance, you are at once reminded of the very unspiritual aspect of his evening suit and white tie. A dramatic work, given as concert-music, must needs suffer some loss; let then this loss be compensated for by the better grouping of the singers for purely musical effect which belongs to the concert stage.

The wonderful overture to "Manfred" was wonderfully played; it was one of the finest performances that we have ever heard from our orchestra. It was a complete revelation of all the tragic depth and beauty of the music. The lovely Entr'acte, on the other hand, seemed to us to go a little heavily. The greatest thing in the whole work, however (always excepting the overture), is the melodrama music that accompanies Manfred's apostrophe to Astarte. We know of nothing in all music that attains to

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a higher poetic level, or gives greater poignancy of expression to such a depth of tragic emotion; it is almost too much to bear, but its finest artistic merit is that it never absolutely reaches the unbearable point. And how admirably Mr. Riddle read the passage! His reading throughout was excellent, but here he rose to a well nigh incomparable beauty of expressiveness. The solo-singers and chorus did grandly. There must have been many persons in the audience who felt, as they left the hall, that the concert was to be reckoned among the profoundest and most elevating artistic experiences of their lives.

The next programme (Jan. 23) is a Wagner, "Eine Faust-Ouverture;" Chopin, concerto No. 2, in F minor, op. 21; Beethoven, symphony No. 3, in E-flat ("Eroica"), op. 55. Mrs. H. H. A. Beach will be the pianist.

MUSIC. *Courier*

THE SYMPHONY.

The thousands of faithful attendants at the Symphony rehearsals and concerts were treated to a change at the twelfth in its series such as has not been their good (or ill) fortune to experience since that somewhat depressing performance of "Fidelio," which marked the close of last season. This time Schumann's "Manfred" was presented; and to put the audience into the right mood for listening to that tale of woe, Schubert's unfinished symphony was brought into play.

"Manfred," as a concert piece is on the whole, ineffective and disappointing; and it is probable that, produced on the modern stage, with all the scenic illusions that the stage mechanics of the day are enabled to create, it would be hardly less so. The reasons are obvious. One is that Byron's dramatic poem furnishes no basis for acting; indeed its author is on record as having boasted that, while setting no great store by the work, he at least had written something that could not be acted. A feeling of contempt that he at that time nourished for the theatre was engendered by the sometime previous failure of a play of his at Drury Lane. Another and far more important reason is that Schumann's music is not dramatic. Manfred's mournful soliloquies might become endurable if they were relieved by descriptive music, rich in harmonic effects and graphic in scoring. But, as it stands, there are few measures that act as a stimulus to the imagination; and, as for the vocal numbers, they are ill-designed to display the noblest qualities of the voice, or to arouse the dramatic instincts of the singer. It is to be doubted then, if the most enticing or awe-inspiring scenic display would serve to materially increase general interest in the work. As a concert piece, "Manfred" would reach the acme of its effectiveness in a hall about half as large as Music Hall. In such a place the voice of

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The performance as a whole was excellent. Mr. George Riddle read the text with his well known finish and breadth of style, keeping pace with the music with an ease that was at once artistic and admirable. Mrs. Nikisch, Mrs. Julie P. Wyman, Messrs. Heinrich and Meyn sang their short solos in an expressive manner, and Messrs. Meyn, Lamson, Sargent and Hay gave a smooth performance of the Incantation scene. The chorus, made up from the Cecilia, was also effective in its several numbers, the Requiem being delicately as well as broadly delivered. Little, if any, fault can be found with the work of the orchestra; on the contrary, both in the Schumann music and the symphony it was well up to the standard of this organization.

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By their union a work has been produced, composite in its make-up, and yet beautiful in its unity of effect; a work in which the tenderest and most recondite emotions of spirituality are so ethereally conveyed, that although it is classified as "dramatic," the relegation of all theatric aid to the imagination (that is, of course, the properly receptive imagination) only adds to its impressiveness and impalpable beauty. Beauty of a romantic cast, it is true, and so far removed from the clearness of outline dear to the classic muse, that the pen shrinks from attempting to imprison any adequate realization of it within the hard-set confines of words. A memory of the delights of Schumann's musical setting of "Manfred," which has twice before been produced in Boston—in 1884 and 1886—doubtless contributed largely to draw the immense audiences that assembled for the 12th concert this season of the Boston Symphony orchestra last evening, as well as the preceding rehearsal Friday afternoon, at both of which occasions the "Manfred" reading and music was the principal feature.

In its production were enlisted Mr. George Riddle, reader; vocal soloists, Mrs. Arthur Nikisch, Mrs. Julie L. Wyman, Mr. Wilhelm Heinrich, Mr. Heinrich Meyn, Mr. Gardner S. Lamson, Mr. Sullivan A. Sargent and Mr. Clarence E. Hay. The choral numbers were sung by a large contingent of the members of the Cecilia. It would hardly be possible for the superb training

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The vocal soloists contributed their share of the performance very competently, and the chorus manifested gratifying power and precision; it sang the requiem at the close of the poem with noble unity, typical of the exalted calm of a high once troubled spirit, that has at last found its rest.

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The performance of that lovely fragment—Schubert's unfinished symphony in B minor (No. 8)—with which last night's concert was begun, was in full accord with the melancholy charm that this tone-poem exhales; delicacy, sympathy and comprehension marked the execution of every passage. In one sense, the regret that this work was never completed is tempered by its bewitching charm as it is. And ambitious musicians had better let it alone. No sculptor has ever lived to conceive limbs the addition of which would not detract from the beauty of the armless marble goddess of the Grecian isle.

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Excellent support was contributed by a large and splendidly trained chorus from the Cecilia Society and the following soloists: Mrs. Arthur Nikisch, Mrs. Julie L. Wyman, Mr. Wilhelm Heinrich, Mr. Heinrich Meyn, Mr. Gardner S. Lamson, Mr. Sullivan A. Sargent, Mr. Clarence E. Hay.

Mr. George Riddle received cordial commendation for his intelligent reading of the text.

Schubert's unfinished symphony, that noble fragment of the great tone-maker's work, was played as the other offering of the evening and proved a genuine treat. Its performance is always welcome, and yesterday's presentation was more than commonly pleasing.

There will be no symphony concert next Saturday. On Jan. 23 the programme will be as follows: Wagner, a "Faust" overture; Chopin, concerto for pianoforte in F minor; Beethoven, symphony No. 3, "Eroica;" soloist, Mrs. H. H. A. Beach.

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Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1891-92.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. ARTHUR NIKISCH, Conductor.

XX. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, MARCH 26, AT 8, P. M.

PROGRAMME.

BRAHMS.

TRAGIC OVERTURE.

GLUCK.

ARIA from "Orpheus."

GLUCK.

REIGEN SELIGER GEISTER UND FURIEN
TANZ, from "Orpheus."

SONGS with PIANO.

a) SCHUBERT.

"LIEBESBOTSCHAFT."

b) SCHUMANN.

"SCHOENE WIEGE MEINER LEIDEN."

c) SCHUBERT.

"ERLKOENIG."

BEETHOVEN.

SYMPHONY No. 8.

SOLOIST:

MME. AMALIE JOACHIM.

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XIII. CONCERT.

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PROGRAMME.

WAGNER.

A FAUST OVERTURE.

CHOPIN.

CONCERTO for PIANOFORTE in F minor.
Allegro.—Adagio.—Rondo.

BEETHOVEN.

SYMPHONY No. 3. "Heroic."
Allegro con brio.—Adagio assai (Marcia funebre).—
Scherzo (Allegro vivace).—Finale.

SOLOIST:

MRS. H. H. A. BEACH.

The Piano used is a Steinway.

CAUSERIE.

The Symphony Concert of Saturday Evening.

Changes in the Meaning of the Word "Ballad."

Gossip Concerning Music and Musicians.

The programme of the thirteenth Symphony concert was as follows: Wagner's "Faust Overture," Chopin's Concerto for Pianoforte in F minor, and Beethoven's Symphony No. 3, the "Heroic." Mrs. H. H. A. Beach was the pianist. In 1840 Wagner had ready a "Faust" overture, which he sketched originally as a movement for a "Faust" symphony. Through the kindness of Schlesinger, the publisher, it was put in the hands of the Directors of the "Société des Concerts." We learn from a number of "La Gazette Musicale" of the same year that after the first and the only rehearsal the players looked at each other, perplexed, if not absolutely stupefied. They were the same players who had given a performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony that called forth the unqualified praise of Wagner. So the "Faust" overture was not heard in Paris until 1870, in its present form. And now in 1892 the question arises "What did Wagner mean?" For the hyper-moderns claim that the hearer must take into consideration the intentions of the composer as well as his actual performance. Viewed as purely absolute music, without any reference to "intentions," this overture is blatant, amorphous and dull. But let us examine the "intentions" of Wagner. This overture, it seems, should represent in music "the solitary Faust, longing, despairing, cursing. The feminine floats around him as an object of his longing, but not in its divine reality; and it is just this insufficient image of his longing which he destroys in his despair." This was Wagner's original idea, and when he rewrote the overture the idea was preserved without material change. The devout Wagnerite keeps this idea firmly in mind when he listens, and so finds enjoyment in the musical portrayal of "longing, despairing, cursing." But would he find these emotions and expressions of emotions in the music unless he were first prepared by the text? This is the old question, and the answer in each case must be an individual one. One hearer may agree with Mr. Hugo Bussmeyer, who once wrote a pamphlet of 40 pages to prove that the overture is a great work. Another may echo feelingly the remark of Hanslick, that the lines of the motto of the overture,

"Existence lies a load upon my breast; Life is a curse and death a longed-for rest," express faithfully the feelings of the unfortunate hearer.

Mrs. Beach was very warmly applauded for her performance of the Chopin concerto. This performance was distinguished by clearness, elegance and feminine refinement, rather than by breadth and passion. It was sane and free from sentimentalism. Her rubato was not always apparently spontaneous, and at times she robbed without giving back. Nor were the arabesques played with sufficient nonchalance. They were too precise, too exact, too carefully planned. But as a whole her performance was a very creditable one, although, as a pianist, she appears to greater advantage in a smaller hall and without the rivalry of the orchestra.

Mr. Nikisch showed in his version of Beethoven's "Heroic" symphony his most characteristic failing; the desire to produce an effect, even if the effect is directly opposed to the express wish of the composer. He is not alone. There are conductors in Europe and in America who look upon a composer's score as a medium merely of showing their own individuality. Rubinstein speaks of them in "A Conversation on Music," and as follows: "You spoke before of the best interpretation of the master works nowadays—I have my doubts of that—the interpreters of to-day (Director and Virtuoso) delight especially in a capricious interpretation of the classical works (for which Wagner and Liszt are most to blame)—change of tempo, holds, ritardandos, stringendos, crescendos and so on, not written by the composer." Take a very simple illustration. A theme of eight measures is given by the composer to the first violins. It is marked simply piano. A crescendo is indicated at the ninth measure. The simple beauty of the theme sung with pure tone does not satisfy Mr. Nikisch. With the second measure he begins a crescendo, so that when he reaches the ninth, instead of a mezzo-forte, or even a forte, there is very apt to be a fortissimo. Nervous unrest takes the place of serenity. The designed effect of the composer's crescendo is discounted at the very start. Or would any one Saturday evening have supposed from the performance of the "Funeral March" that Beethoven had written at the beginning of it sotto voce and pianissimo? But there is no need of multiplying instances. The new method of treating old works is admired by many. It shows the originality of the director; it makes the works themselves "more interesting."

A correspondent inquires concerning a distinction lately made in these columns between a song and a ballad. These words are used carelessly, and they are regarded by some as interchangeable. Now the song (musical) in its strict sense has been defined as "a more regular composition written with conscious art by men who have made music their study." The song then corresponds to the German Kunstlied. The ballad is "the spontaneous outcome of native inspiration, the wild indigenous fruit of a particular soil. Ballads are, then, allied closely to Volkslieder and Canti popolari." "The Bailiff's Daughter," "Barbara Allen," "The Willow" are well-known examples of the ballad. The ballad is foolishly and unjustly slighted or openly despised in these days, when the voice is too often used merely as an obligato to pianoforte or orchestra and deliberately robbed of the melody that should be its own. But this form of song shows the popular taste, feeling and life; many examples are of simple and irresistible beauty, and even the history of the word itself, with its changed meanings, is of lively interest and genuine value. Originally the words "ballad" and "ballet" were interchangeable. A ballad was a song intended as the accompaniment to a dance, or the tune to which the song was sung. For in olden days they danced to song, and if there were instruments, they only doubled the song in the

octave of unison, or marked strongly the steps and accents. In some parts of France, as in Auvergne, the peasants dance the bourree while one of them sings loudly native airs. Morley in 1597 speaks of "another kind of ballets, formerly called fa-las, devised to be danced to voices." It is also "a sentimental or romantic composition of two or more verses, each of which is sung to the same melody, the musical accompaniment being strictly subordinated to the air." So, in 1568 the Bishop's Bible gave the title "The Ballet of Ballets or Solomon" to the Canticles. Pepys, a collector of ballads, or ballets, writes in his diary, 1664: "I occasioned much mirth by a ballet I brought with me made from the seamen at sea to their ladies in town." Before and during the reign of Elizabeth, day laborers and handicraftsmen sang as they worked, as sang "the spinners and the knitters in the sun." "Never trust a tailor that does not sing at his work," said Fletcher, "for his mind is of nothing but fitching." Even Tennyson's haughty Maud did not disdain "a passionate ballad, gallant and gay." The word was once of another sense: "A popular song celebrating or curiously attacking persons or institutions," and Fletcher of Saltoun had this meaning in mind when he wrote of "a very wise man that believed that if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation." In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries a writer of scurrilous verses was called, therefore, a ballader. Or it was a proverbial saying usually in the form of a couplet. In an essentially modern sense, a ballad is "a simple spirited poem in short stanzas, in which some popular story is graphically narrated," and it is of this that Swinburne declares, "The highest form of ballad requires from a poet at once narrative power, lyrical and dramatic." An example that answers fully this definition is Buchanan's "Ballad of Judas Iscariot." In modern music this word is used loosely, as the title for choral works of large dimensions and with orchestral accompaniment, and even for purely instrumental compositions. This use of the word is, singularly enough, unnoticed by the Murray "English Dictionary."

Mr. H. E. Krehbiel, in his interesting article, "The Modern Orchestra," in Harper's Weekly of last week, speaks of the ignorance shown by literary men in their allusions to musical subjects, and he cites the following example:

"How did it come that Thackeray, who loved music, and knew that which was current in the concert-rooms, theatres, and drawing-rooms of his day, should credit Beethoven with having composed a 'Dream of St. Jerome,' which the King of Novelists says always soothed him and charmed him so that he fancied it was a poem of Tennyson's in music?"

The answer is simple. In Thackeray's day the "Dream of St. Jerome" or "Love of St. Jerome," for the two titles were in use, was frequently heard in drawing rooms. An andante written by Beethoven for the pianoforte—it was from op. 26, if I am not mistaken—was arranged or disarranged as a vocal composition; the words of Thomas Moore, "And who is the maid," were set to this arrangement; and it was known as "Saint Jerome's Love." This arrangement may be found to-day in a volume of "Sacred Songs," edited by John Hiles. As the arrangement, even without the words, is tuneful, no doubt Thackeray often heard it in houses frequented by him, and it no doubt soothed him. Of all such literary offenders, however, "Quida" is the most remarkable. In one novel her hero spends hours at the organ "playing the grand old masses of Mendelssohn." In "Moths" the tenor is "never weary of singing exquisite 'airs of Palestrina,'" and here are only two of many instances. Marion Crawford, by the way, made a singular blunder in "A Roman Singer," by unjustly crediting a well-known composer with the authorship of an equally well-known opera. But who in these days of nervous haste is safe in throwing stones against the glass house of a neighbor?

Dugan D'Albert, the famous pianist, will come to us with the winds of March. He will play with the Symphony Orchestra in Music Hall March 11 and 12. His new wife, the fascinating Theresa Carreno, will not cross the ocean with him. Carreno has had an assortment of musical husbands. There was Emile Sawret, the celebrated violinist, who now lives in London, where he is happily married and greatly esteemed. It is said that when Carreno was asked why she was divorced from him she replied: "Oh, I have learned everything he could teach me in my profession." Then there was Tagliapietra, the baritone, who was formerly afflicted with the acute mania of singing "Palm Branches" on all occasions, sacred and profane. Possibly she became too familiar with the tune; at any rate, she left him, and he is now in an operatic company in New York. What this woman of superb beauty can see in D'Albert baffles conjecture. To be sure, he is a great pianist; but his temperament verges upon temper. Vexed by an unfavorable criticism in an English journal, he renounced his birthright and became a German citizen. It will be remembered that he was first brought to this country by a firm of pianoforte makers, and he played with gusto upon their instruments. Trouble arose. Just before his return home he examined the pianofortes of a rival house, and the scales fell from his eyes, as well as from his fingers. He left behind him a glowing eulogy of the newly discovered treasure and an instance of sudden conversion—an instance only equaled by the celebrated case of Saul of Tarsus. Nor is D'Albert without matrimonial experience.

The concerts of this month have been few in number, but the thoughtful and experienced observer was not deceived by the comparative quiet that reigned in the musical world. He knew full well that pianists were practicing day and night, soaking their wrists and hands in hot water and indulging in light gymnastics. He knew that singers were examining carefully their respective methods and visiting throat doctors. He knew the treachery of this peace, the ominous lull that precedes the hurricane. And, lo, the storm breaks to-day, and it will rage until Sunday next. Within six days there will be nightly performances of comic opera; two orchestral concerts and a public orchestral rehearsal; two chamber concerts; two song recitals and two pianoforte recitals; an operatic concert, and two concerts by the Cecilia. Add to these the open-air entertainments given by hand organs, German bands, negro singers and lonely fiddlers, and it will be seen that we are in nearly as wretched a plight as the people of London in 1764—that is, if Ange Goudar's account of the society of that time can be believed. He, poor man, was harassed by music at every corner. He could not walk in a public garden without involuntarily keeping step to the tones of a violin. "In one of these gardens they drink tea in strict time and in another they sup to the conductor's beat. But these symphonic repasts have their inconveniences. Many people here complain that they do not sleep well, because their supper has thus been hurried. Now, I am afraid of indigestion, and when I eat a chicken in the evening at Vauxhall I choose always the moment of an andante." We are not original even in our amusements. In 1722 the poet Gay wrote Dean Swift from London as follows: "As for the reigning amusement of the town, it is entirely music; real fiddles, bass viols and hautboys; not poetical harps, lyres and reeds. Everybody is grown now as great a judge of music as they were in your time of poetry; and folks that could not distinguish one tune from another now daily dispute about the different styles of Handel, Bononcini and Attilio. People have now forgotten Homer, and Virgil, and Caesar; or, at least, they have lost their ranks. For in London and Westminster, in all polite conversations, Senesino is daily voted to be the greatest man that ever lived." Change the names of the composers to Wagner, Brannma or any modern; substitute Paderewski or De Pachmann for the once famous Senesino, and Gay's letter might be sent from Boston in the present year of our Lord.

PHILIP HALE.

THEATRES AND CONCERTS.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the thirteenth concert was as follows:

Wagner: "Eine Faust-Ouverture."

Chopin: Concerto No. 2, in F minor, Op. 21.

Beethoven: Symphony No. 3, in E-flat ("Eroica"), Op. 55.

Mrs. H. H. A. Beach was the pianist.

Wagner's "Eine Faust-Ouverture," written during his unhappy first Paris period as the first movement of a "Faust" symphony, and afterwards entirely re-written in Zürich, holds its own wonderfully well—indeed, it does rather more than this, it seems to ripen and grow finer with age, like sound wine. Time was when a certain lack of control over musical form was painfully apparent in the work, and the second theme seemed all too vague. But, with repeated hearing, has come better understanding. Perhaps, also, we now involuntarily and half consciously compare it in our mind with much of the more recent music that we hear nowadays, and the comparison shows it to us as very strong and coherent indeed. Certainly we can now recognize the second half of the *Allegro* as one of the finest bits of purely orchestral writing that ever came from Wagner's pen; it has more of the truly symphonic spirit in it than anything else he ever did, saving the corresponding part of the Prelude to the "Meistersinger." The performance last Saturday evening was really superb; the poetic essence and intent of the music were thrown into due relief, while every element that could make for musical coherence and clearness of outline was made the most of.

The first movement of the "Eroica" was grandly played: with clearness, vigor of accent, and just the right Beethovenish intensity of passion. The change of mood, too, from the stormy, tragic character of the main body of the movement to the radiant, Hellenic serenity of the Coda was admirably reflected in the performance. It was like turning from some mighty tragedy of Sophocles in the theatre of Dionysus, and looking out over the sun-steeped glory of the Attic landscape. In the Funeral March we found only one thing whereat to take exception: why, oh! why will Mr. Nikisch, when a passage in the wind instruments is answered by the strings, suddenly take the tempo of the response half as slow again as before? Is it for greater solemnity of impression? If so, we think it fails to gain its end; this outburst of merely human pathos seems weak and trivial in comparison with the superhuman solemnity of what has just gone before. Apart from this, the movement was admirably played; Mr. Sautet is especially to be praised for his playing of the first theme. The Scherzo was taken at the brisk tempo in which we used to hear it years ago, and we must own that we have grown to liking it to go a little more moderately. We have nothing to urge against the slight overblowing of the horns in the Trio. It may be a little contrary to the (perhaps rather finicking) modern notions about horn playing, but it is quite in accordance with German tradition,

and produces a fresh, breezy effect wholly consonant with the woodland associations of the instrument. A French conductor would be horrified at it; but there is no need of playing German music with a French accent. The Finale was splendidly given.

Mrs. Beach played the Chopin concerto very beautifully indeed, notably the first two movements. In purity and sincerity of feeling, beauty of tone, grace and elegance of phrasing, clearness and coherence, her performance left nothing to be desired. It showed fine fibre and artistic perception throughout. Not that it was great playing, for the music is capable of having a greater quantity of being thrown into it, and there is much in it that can be invested with more resplendent brilliancy. But it was superlatively good and artistic playing, fully adequate technically, and with the emotional and intellectual elements well balanced. The only point that seems to us fairly open to criticism is that, in the first movement, Mrs. Beach gave evidence of sharing one error with most players of her sex—and with not a few of the others, too, if the whole truth be told—that is, of considering pathos of expression as inseparable from a slow tempo. Reason about the matter as you will, you cannot escape the fact that this first movement is an *Allegro*, and that no pathetic possibilities that may be discovered in its first, and principal, theme can warrant a style of playing this theme—especially in its first announcement—that tends to efface its *allegro* character. But, with this exception, we can speak of Mrs. Beach's playing with hearty admiration.

The next programme is: Spohr, symphony No. 3, in C minor, op. 78; Bruch, violin concerto No. 1, in G minor; Chadwick, pastoral prelude; Dvorák, three Slavonic dances. Mr. T. Adamowski will be the violinist.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Thirteenth Symphony Concert.

The programme opened with Wagner's "A Faust Overture." Upon its merits and demerits as a musical composition it is unnecessary to comment at length, for according as one regards the music of this great innovator of the present century will he be influenced in rating its value. Rubinstein classes it with the "Lohengrin" and "Meistersingers" as the best of Wagner's compositions. Von Bulow declared that "the introduction is not surpassed by any other instrumental work of the kind." Critical judgment ranges from this point to that where it is termed "an incongruous mess," "groping, foggy, and artificial," "vulgar and blatant," "devoid of one salient musical idea, one purely musical conception." It certainly is original and full of orchestral combinations that are brilliant and startling, exhibiting the rare skill of the composer. At the same time in places it gropes, is devoid of

musical form, and is little less than mere cacophony.

Of the playing on this occasion it can be said that the strings were almost perfect, and had the wood-wind, which has much to do in conjunction with the strings, been equally successful, the performance would have been a fine one. But there is no longer any delicacy or repose in the wind departments of the orchestra since it fell under the present conductor's hand. Coarseness and blatancy are the dominant traits that distinguish this part of Nikisch's band. The very ending of the overture that in the wind should be barely breathed forth was tooted out almost as if it was a fanfare. What a difference from the days when Gericke had his iron grip on the orchestra and enforced delicacy and repose in every department where it was demanded and crushed every effort of grossness and vulgarity that showed itself, where now it seems to revel in all its ugliness!

This coarseness and blatancy is now so much the habit of the orchestra, where it formerly was unknown under Nikisch's predecessor, that what can one believe but that it is the taste of the present conductor that demands it? It is like the Irishman when given a glass of old whiskey, smooth as oil, and asked how he liked it, replied that he "liked Mother Murphy's down on Fedderal street better, because it burned all the way down." It is Mother Murphy's whiskey that we get from the wind departments of the orchestra about all the time nowadays, with a dose of cayenne pepper added when the drummer joins with his fiendish pounding.

The second number on the programme was Chopin's F minor Concerto, with Mrs. H. H. A. Beach as soloist. It seems as if it was an unfortunate selection upon the part of Mrs. Beach to play Chopin when we consider what surpassing models De Pachmann and Paderewski have given us of late. Mrs. Beach is a pianist of innate refinement and ample technique, and has done much in our concert halls that has called forth high praise. There was wanting, however, in her playing of this concerto a certain brilliancy and sentiment when observed that makes the works of Chopin so fascinating. There was less of the passionate element also than has been evident in her former appearances. The true artist, however, was ever present in her playing, and she was recalled in acknowledgment of her efforts.

The concert ended with the Eroica Symphony of Beethoven. Here again the work of the strings was superb,

while the wind instruments again, as in the Wagner piece, served to destroy the effect. The trumpets were particularly offensive. In justice to Mr. Muller, the regular first trumpet player, it must be noted that he was absent from his place, the second trumpet supplying it. A bad feature of the slow movement was the false pitch of the drums. The timpani are in C and G, but the player tuned the C drum to almost C sharp, and as the movement is in C minor, it made a bad fundamental to pound C sharp instead of C natural. It was particularly bad when heard in unison with the contrabasses in the softer passages.

This is not an isolated case either, for it happens often that this drummer fails to tune his instrument to the correct pitch. Sometimes both drums are out of tune. It may seem hypercritical to mention this, but if bad intonation is to be tolerated where will it stop? It is but one evidence of many that indicate the degraded state of the orchestra since Gericke left it. To the credit of the former drummer, Mr. Simpson, it can be said that he could tune his drums correctly and then use them discreetly and artistically. Anton Rubenstein recognized the importance of the timpani to the extent that when he conducted his Ocean Symphony here in 1873, he personally thanked Mr. Henry Greene, then the timpani player of the orchestra, for the artistic manner in which he played his part and for the correct pitch of his instruments, telling him he had no rival in Europe.

He certainly has not in the present importation that rules the whirlwind in his corner of the orchestra. Mr. Greene is now one of the leading contrabass players in the orchestra. Mr. Nikisch of course applied the modern touch to the expression of the symphony, distorting phrases that should remain in repose and exaggerating forte to fortissimo, and double fortissimo even. What a craving for noise some human individuals possess!

Mr. Adamowski will be the soloist at the next concert, playing Max Bruch's Concerto in G minor, and "A Pastoral Prelude," by Chadwick, will be offered as a novelty.

WARREN DAVENPORT.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Symphony Concert.

The concert of Saturday was heroic both in its beginning and end, for as Beethoven's "Heroic" symphony gives the character of a masculine warrior, Wagner's "Faust" overture portrays an equally masculine and virile philosopher; both works are examples of musical hero-worship, although cast in such different moulds. That Wagner was very much in earnest about this overture is sufficiently proven by his rescoring it in Zurich in 1855, 15 years after its composition in Paris. One can imagine its rather gloomy character to have sprung from the semi-starvation of the composer in the French capital. In the reaction from writing operatic transcriptions, cornet solos, etc., the pendulum seems to have swung too far in the direction of the abstruse, the mystical and the gloomy. The dark key-note is sounded even in the very first measures, where the sombre bass-tuba is added to the contrabasses. The performance of the work was a good one, although the demon of exaggeration seized upon one chord and a kettledrum note, which are marked in the score with a simple "f," but which became "sfz" in the interpretation.

Mrs. H. H. A. Beach was the soloist of the concert, and appeared in Chopin's F minor concerto. The public has recently had so much of Chopin, interpreted by such giants (in this school) as Paderewski and De Pachmann, that it was very bold, to say the least, for our Boston artist to make choice of such a work. Nevertheless the task was carried through with clearness and ability. One might have demanded more of passion and abandon, but eliminating these requirements, every movement was conscientiously and intelligently rendered. The first movement was rather square cut, and even the *rubato* effects of the second were made in cold blood, but the finale was the best part of the work, and was given with much grace and was well shaded. Much applause and a monster floral tribute followed. Mrs. Beach only appears in public for charitable purposes, and proves the old saying that "charity covereth a multitude of sins" untrue by the excellence of much of her work.

Beethoven's "Heroic" symphony began excellently; it is long since the orchestra has played with such steadiness and unity as were displayed in the first movement, and Mr. Nikisch seemed thoroughly *en rapport* with the subject, so that the performance equalled any ever given in Boston. The second movement was inferior, for not only was the orchestra often behind the conductor's beat, but certain *ritenuto* effects were introduced that never were authorized by Beethoven. At least one can compliment the performance of the movement in its avoiding the error of extreme slowness; many conductors sin in this respect; they should remember Coleridge's remark that the movement is "a funeral march in purple," that it is not pathos so much as brooding that is pictured, that it is Beethoven burying his hopes of freedom and of Napoleon, and not a feminine tearfulness that forms a chief part of the picture. It was noticeable

that the important oboe theme was given in accordance with this view. M. Sautet is a great artist, but the Parisian taste often drives French oboe players to seek a thin, nasal and pathetic tone rather than the broader style that is cultivated in Germany; but in this march the oboe was more broadly played than for a long time past, and the result was most praiseworthy; Beethoven here pictured feminine grief, not a Mrs. Gummidge, but something akin to what Tennyson meant in "Home they brought her warrior dead."

The pauses, the orchestral sobs and sighs that close the movement were splendidly given. The scherzo was taken at an appropriately rapid pace, which was well sustained by the orchestra. It is really the first scherzo in musical history, for the scherzo of the second symphony, with which the composer replaced the minuet, was more of a minuet than the movement which bore that name in the first symphony. Here all trace of dance effect is gone and the chatter of the world, forgetting its hero and all his deeds, is predominant. Yet the trio, with its revelations of horn playing (it contains the most difficult and effective horn passages that had up to that time been written) is heroic and romantic too. If only our horn players could achieve a romantic and mellow tone! They play as if they had trombones to deal with! There was exquisite flute and oboe work done in the variations that close the work, and just here one cannot help wishing that the composer had used trombones too, as he did in the finale of the fifth symphony (the first time those instruments were admitted into symphony) for the whole movement is not so heroic as that later finale. The capricious tempo was finely given, and the symphony must be numbered with the successes of the season. LOUIS C. ELSON.

THIRTEENTH CONCERT.

The programme of the Symphony concert in Music hall, Saturday evening, Jan. 23, was:

Wagner.	A Faust Overture.
Chopin.	Concerto for Pianoforte in F minor.
	Allegro.—Adagio.—Rondo.
Beethoven.	Symphony No. 3. "Heroic."
	Allegro con brio.—Adagio assai (Marcia funebre).—Scherzo (Allegro vivace).—Finale.
	Soloist: Mrs. H. H. A. Beach.

The overture of Faust in solitude was first performed at Dresden in 1844. It seems the music did not please Wagner, who, after hearing suggestions from Liszt, whom Wagner always sought for advice, the overture was rewritten in 1855. Like most works from great composers, it was founded on a poem; that is, the poem suggested and inspired the music, though the music does not pretend to picture Faust or Gretchen. The overture commenced in very subdued tones from the brass, but soon got away from its confinement, making its usual noisy demonstration. The performance as a whole was unsatisfactory; at times very good, at others, rough in quality, disjointed in rhythm. The reading of the score was decided-

ly romantic, especially when the drum came in, in the wrong place, which was of course an accident.

Everybody musical takes an interest in Mrs. Beach, because she is musical, modest, finely educated, and a Boston woman. She has on former occasions done exceptionally fine work, and did at this concert; but she proved inadequate to the difficulties she put before herself. This concerto of Chopin's bristles with difficulties, technical and artistic, requiring more of both than Mrs. Beach at present possesses. While Mrs. Beach played correctly all the notes, and in some instances showed good perception of the music, her rendition failed to bring out or produce that noble, refined sentiment required and demanded. A smaller hall would make Mrs. Beach shine in far more brilliant, artistic colors as a pianist.

The great Heroic symphony has been many times heard in Boston Music hall; sometimes with satisfaction, at others, with more or less displeasure. Hardly two conductors give us the same interpretative reading, and so it has come to pass that the true traditional reading has become one of the lost arts. From this cause, it will be seen that any exceptions taken to Mr. Nikisch's reading would be entirely superfluous. The first movement is of great power, bringing all the emotional feelings into constant play. The orchestra was not at its best. The funeral march was in parts beautifully expressed, but as a whole was slow and draggy. The third movement with its bright, quick sparkle was finely played, the strings excelling in soft, fine, precise quality of tone, such as is seldom heard in this orchestra in latter days. It was keenly relished by not a few of the croakers. The last movement received about the usual, careful treatment it generally receives. The concert as a whole was not so enjoyable as the previous one.

JAMES M. TRACY.

Ah!

The Musical Courier, of New York, expresses its disapproval of our recent comments on Wagner's dreary "Faust" overture, by pronouncing them "downright purblind criticism, or rather want of it," whatever that may mean. Our censor evidently lost his head, and with it, his command over lucid ideas and lucid English, in his horror at our criminal distaste for this overture, which he calls a "noble torso," expressing at the same time an undying regret that it should have remained uncompleted. But a torso, noble or otherwise, is a statue that has been completed, and deprived of its head and limbs. That our censor should have been thrown into a mental muddle is excusable when it is considered that he is suffering under an attack of that most distressing and most brain-fuddling of afflictions, Wagnermania. There is something deeply touching in that mental strabismus which caused the Courier man first to condemn our criticism as purblind and then to condemn it for its want of purblindness. Of course, we understand that he objects to our remarks anent the overture; but it is dreadful to reflect that the state of mind into which he was thrown by them prevented him from expressing himself intelligently; caused him, as it were, to foam at the mouth; caused him in fact, to become as obscure as to meaning, as is the overture to whose defence he rushes. His reproof of us winds up:

MUSICAL.

The Symphony Concert.

The concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Music Hall, last evening, opened with Wagner's inscrutable "Faust" overture. That ever-reliable incentive to acute melancholia has long been before a world more or less interested in discovering its meaning, but its mystery remains as elusive as ever. Some ingenious but perversely imaginative people have, from time to time, plunged into its dark profound and returned panting to the surface with what they deemed an interpretation of its meaning, but they have not succeeded in making followers and have left the world as vague and as comfortless on the subject as it was before. As music this overture has the same frolicsome flexibility and the same winsome cheerfulness that are such pleasing qualities in abstruse problems in conic equations. As a tone poem it is lacking in that plainness of purpose and lucidity of treatment that characterize the equally cacophonous and no less fervid overtures that are poured forth in the silence of night under the moon, in broad catacoustics and simple but effective polyphony by wooing feltness ignorant of any music but that of nature. We fear that the solution of this ugly musical problem must be delayed until those other problems, perpetual motion and squaring the circle, are solved. Whether this be so or not, the overture is as depressingly dreary, as drearily dry and as dryly disheartening on a twentieth hearing as it was on a first. It was read and played with much dramatic intensity of feeling, but whether it was read rightly or wrongly it is not easy to say; and after all it does not seem to matter much, for it resembles those picture aberrations of the famous Turner, that were so confused that it made no difference whether they were hung upside down, or not. It was followed by Chopin's Concerto in F-minor, the solo part of which was played by Mrs. H. H. A. Beach. We have been so surfeited on Chopin of late by such unapproachable Chopin interpreters as de Pachmann and Paderewski, that it is to be regretted Mrs. Beach did not select a work from some other composer, to say nothing of the exciting of comparisons, which, in the very nature of things, became inevitable. Her performance, however, may be warmly praised for its grace, its neat and delicate technique and its fluent ease. In style it was, perhaps, somewhat finical and wanting in breath and passion; but the effort, as a whole, was abundant in pleasing interest and was fairly entitled to the vigorous applause and the recalls that rewarded the artist. The concert ended with Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony. The reading accorded the work, did not, on the whole, depart widely from the conventional one. There were some liberties, of a sugary sentimental description, taken with the tempi here and there, and one or two new and obtrusively unnecessary rallentandos were made in the funeral march and an occasional neglect of some of the more significant nuances indicated by the composer; but taken altogether the interpretation was spirited and fairly interesting. The playing of the orchestra was admirable throughout. The soloist at the next concert is to be Mr. T. Adamowski. The novelty of the programme will be a symphony by Spohr, not before heard at these concerts.

"Funny world, funnier people, funniest of all, some music critics!" This is perhaps cutting as a summing up of its writer's sad estimate of human existence in relation to Wagnerism; but he should have added to the "funniest of all" list, some "critics of music critics," because he is deliciously funny. However, we cannot be angry with him; on the contrary we tender him our sincerest sympathies in his hour of unfortunate suffering under Wagner rables; and wish him a speedy restoration to health and common sense.

SYMPHONY ECHOES.

Mrs. Beach Makes a Favorable Impression as the Piano Soloist.

Music Hall was crowded last night with the usual attentive audience, who came to listen to an attractive programme, which included selections from Wagner, Chopin and Beethoven.

It is seldom that the Symphony orchestra has better opportunities for effective playing than was afforded by Wagner's "Faust's Overture." The theme, which is replete with passionate sentiment and dramatic feeling, was interpreted by Nikisch with wonderful vigor, and the cadence was executed by the orchestra with beautiful effect and vivacity.

The stormy discontent, the indefinite longings, and the bitter complaints and curses of Faust found grand expression in the harmonious altos and the sudden dropping into pathetic tremors—while the effect of distant tones and sudden modulation of notes, introduced here and there, added a poetic suggestiveness to the whole which was cordially appreciated by the audience.

Chopin's concerto for pianoforte in F minor, the orchestration of which was arranged by the composer himself, was played by Mrs. Beach, the soloist of the evening.

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Xaver Reiter, once first horn player of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, has recently made a success with the Detroit Symphony Orchestra.

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In his reading of the No. 3 Beethoven symphony, the "Eroica," Mr. Nikisch merited and received the highest praise, the beauties of the several movements standing out in bold relief in the performance of the work.

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ly romantic, especially when the drum came in, in the wrong place, which was of course an accident.

Everybody musical takes an interest in Mrs. Beach, because she is musical, modest, finely educated, and a Boston woman. She has on former occasions done exceptionally fine work, and did at this concert; but she proved inadequate to the difficulties she put before herself. This concerto of Chopin's bristles with difficulties, technical and artistic, requiring more of both than Mrs. Beach at present possesses. While Mrs. Beach played correctly all the notes, and in some instances showed good perception of the music, her rendition failed to bring out or produce that noble, refined sentiment required and demanded. A smaller hall would make Mrs. Beach shine in far more brilliant, artistic colors as a pianist.

The great Heroic symphony has been many times heard in Boston Music hall; sometimes with satisfaction, at others, with more or less displeasure. Hardly two conductors give us the same interpretative reading, and so it has come to pass that the true traditional reading has become one of the lost arts. From this cause, it will be seen that any exceptions taken to Mr. Nikisch's reading would be entirely superfluous. The first movement is of great power, bringing all the emotional feelings into constant play. The orchestra was not at its best. The funeral march was in parts beautifully expressed, but as a whole was slow and draggy. The third movement with its bright, quick sparkle was finely played, the strings excelling in soft, fine, precise quality of tone, such as is seldom heard in this orchestra in latter days. It was keenly relished by not a few of the croakers. The last movement received about the usual, careful treatment it generally receives. The concert as a whole was not so enjoyable as the previous one.

JAMES M. TRACY.

Ah!

The *Musical Courier*, of New York, expresses its disapproval of our recent comments on Wagner's dreary "Faust" overture, by pronouncing them "downright purblind criticism, or rather want of it," whatever that may mean. Our censor evidently lost his head, and with it, his command over lucid ideas and lucid English, in his horror at our criminal distaste for this overture, which he calls a "noble torso," expressing at the same time an undying regret that it should have remained uncompleted. But a torso, noble or otherwise, is a statue that has been completed and deprived of its head and limbs. That our censor should have been thrown into a mental muddle is excusable when it is considered that he is suffering under an attack of that most distressing and most brain-fuddling of afflictions, Wagnermania. There is something deeply touching in that mental strabismus which caused the *Courier* man first to condemn our criticism as purblind and then to condemn it for its want of purblindness. Of course, we understand that he objects to our remarks about the overture; but it is dreadful to reflect that the state of mind into which he was thrown by them prevented him from expressing himself intelligently; caused him, as it were, to foam at the mouth; caused him in fact, to become as obscure as to meaning, as is the overture to whose defence he rushes. His reproof of us winds up:

MUSICAL.

The Symphony Concert.

The concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Music Hall, last evening, opened with Wagner's inscrutable "Faust" overture. That ever-reliable incentive to acute melancholia has long been before a world more or less interested in discovering its meaning, but its mystery remains as elusive as ever. Some ingenuous but perversely imaginative people have, from time to time, plunged into its dark profound and returned panting to the surface with what they deemed an interpretation of its meaning, but they have not succeeded in making followers and have left the world as vague and as comfortless on the subject as it was before. As music this overture has the same frolicsome flexibility and the same winsome cheerfulness that are such pleasing qualities in abstruse problems in conic equations. As a tone poem it is lacking in that plainness of purpose and lucidity of treatment that characterize the equally cacophonous and no less fervid overtures that are poured forth in the silence of night under the moon, in broad catacoustics and simple but effective polyphony by wooing felicity ignorant of any music but that of nature. We fear that the solution of this ugly musical problem must be delayed until those other problems, perpetual motion and squaring the circle, are solved. Whether this be so or not, the overture is as depressingly dreary, as drearily dry and as dryly disheartening on a twentieth hearing as it was on a first. It was read and played with much dramatic intensity of feeling, but whether it was read rightly or wrongly it is not easy to say; and after all it does not seem to matter much, for it resembles those picture aberrations or the famous Turner, that were so confused that it made no difference whether they were hung upside down, or not. It was followed by Chopin's Concerto in F-minor, the solo part of which was played by Mrs. H. H. A. Beach. We have been so surfeited on Chopin of late by such unapproachable Chopin interpreters as de Pachmann and Paderewski, that it is to be regretted Mrs. Beach did not select a work from some other composer, to say nothing of the exciting of comparisons, which, in the very nature of things, became inevitable. Her performance, however, may be warmly praised for its grace, its neat and delicate technique and its fluent ease. In style it was, perhaps, somewhat finical and wanting in breath and passion; but the effort, as a whole, was abundant in pleasing interest and was fairly entitled to the vigorous applause and the recalls that rewarded the artist. The concert ended with Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony. The reading accorded the work, did not, on the whole, depart widely from the conventional one. There were some liberties, of a sugary sentimental description, taken with the tempi here and there, and one or two new and obtrusively unnecessary rallentandos were made in the funeral march and an occasional neglect of some of the more significant nuances indicated by the composer; but taken altogether the interpretation was spirited and fairly interesting. The playing of the orchestra was admirable throughout. The soloist at the next concert is to be Mr. T. Adamowski. The novelty of the programme will be a symphony by Spohr, not before heard at these concerts.

"Funny world, funnier people, funniest of all, some music critics!" This is perhaps cutting as a summing up of its writer's sad estimate of human existence in relation to Wagnerism; but he should have added to the "funniest of all" list, some "critics of music critics," because he is deliciously funny. However, we cannot be angry with him; on the contrary we tender him our sincerest sympathies in his hour of unfortunate suffering under Wagner rables; and wish him a speedy restoration to health and common sense.

SYMPHONY ECHOES.

Mrs. Beach Makes a Favorable Impression as the Piano Soloist.

Music Hall was crowded last night with the usual attentive audience, who came to listen to an attractive programme, which included selections from Wagner, Chopin and Beethoven.

It is seldom that the Symphony orchestra has better opportunities for effective playing than was afforded by Wagner's "Faust's Overture." The theme, which is replete with passionate sentiment and dramatic feeling, was interpreted by Nikisch with wonderful vigor, and the cadence was executed by the orchestra with beautiful effect and vivacity.

The stormy discontent, the indefinite longings, and the bitter complaints and curses of Faust found grand expression in the harmonious altos and the sudden dropping into pathetic tremors—while the effect of distant tones and sudden modulation of notes, introduced here and there, added a poetic suggestiveness to the whole which was cordially appreciated by the audience. Chopin's concerto for pianoforte in F minor, the orchestration of which was arranged by the composer himself, was played by Mrs. Beach, the soloist of the evening.

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concert at that city March 17, 1880, by Chopin himself.

Mrs. Beach did her task well; her playing was clear, clean and precise, although there was little vibration in the tones, little of the carrying quality that is so necessary in making pianoforte music interesting. Her shading was excellent and her touch very delicate at times, but she lacked, in a measure, the necessary power to make the performance masterly.

Mr. Nikisch's interpretation of "A Faust Overture" made it almost interesting, although it is lacking in Wagner's peculiar originality. His original plan was to write a Faust symphony, with this as the first movement, but the plan was never carried out. It is incomplete in many ways.

The Beethoven symphony No. 3, styled "Heroic," was finely rendered. It has been included in the repertoire of each season but one since the Boston Symphony concerts were founded. The funeral march received a masterly rendering and the heartiest reception of the whole programme. Next week's concert will present Mr. T. Adamowski as soloist and two novelties in orchestral music—Spohr's symphony No. 3, in C minor, and "A Pastoral Prelude" by Chadwick.

THE SYMPHONY.

PRINCIPAL MUSICAL EVENTS OF THE WEEK LAST PAST.

WAGNER AND CHOPIN PERFORMED LAST NIGHT—THE HOPEKIRK RECITAL TUESDAY—MISS LUNDE'S CONCERT.

Chopin's F minor concerto was hardly in the right place between Wagner's "A Faust Overture" and the "Heroic" symphony. In spite of this, however, the programme of the thirteenth Symphony, rehearsal and concert, proved in many respects one of the most enjoyable of the season.

Every successive performance of the overture under the direction of Mr. Nikisch reveals something more of its titanic strength and its depths of expression. Without doubt it is a great work, one that is destined to live. That Wagner himself, after an interval of ten years, during which he was absorbed by other matters of greater import, should have felt impelled to give more complete expression to the ideas embodied in the original score by re-writing it and this, notwithstanding his belief at one time that the work no longer interested him shows how strongly it appealed to his nature.

In the vigorous, yet finished performance, there was no evidence of fatigue on the part of the players, who have just returned from a periodical concert-trip. Their work was characterized by unwonted precision and virility, and this applies with equal force to Mr. Nikisch's conducting. It is doubtful, too, if the "Heroic" has ever been given in this city more effectively or in a manner more in accord with the spirit of its text. The titanic grandeur of the first movement and the pathos of the second never seemed more completely revealed. The scherzo, too, was given with delightful buoyancy, the pianissimo effects being unusually delicate.

Throughout the performance the playing was of a high order of excellence. Messrs. Molé and Santet fairly surpassed themselves, and the strings have seldom, if ever, done more exquisite work.

Mrs. H. H. A. Beach was the soloist. Her reading of the concerto was distinguished by its musicianly qualities and its simplicity. If it contained few evidences of breadth or passion, it was also free from the suspicion of sentimentalism. The rubato was used sparingly and with much skill; and many artistic effects throughout the performance more than sufficed to show the musical stuff that Mrs. Beach is made of. Of her technical work, little can be said but words of praise. It is true that in power it was not com-

mensurate to the size of the hall; but it was of crystalline clearness, and the precision with which both hands moved together was a model for students. In the matter of tempo, too, her fingers freely responded; the *fioriture* and the slighter embellishments were played with admirable freedom and delicacy, while the bravura passages presented no difficulties whatever. Mrs. Beach was warmly received, and was recalled with great heartiness.

IONY ORCHESTRA,

NIKISCH, Conductor.

CONCERT.

BER 6TH, AT 8, P. M.

GRAMME.

RE, "Coriolan."

TO for VIOLIN.

st time.)

NY in C major, No. 2.

SOIST:

Z KNEISEL.

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Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1891-92.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. ARTHUR NIKISCH, Conductor.

XIV. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, AT 8, P. M.

PROGRAMME.

SPOHR.

SYMPHONY No. 3, in C minor.

Andante Grave; Allegro.—Larghetto,—
Scherzo.—Finale; Allegro.
(First time at these Concerts.)

BRUCH.

CONCERTO for VIOLIN, in G minor.

Allegro moderato.—Adagio.—Finale; Allegro energico.

CHADWICK.

A PASTORAL PRELUDE.

(First time.)

DVOŘÁK.

THREE SLAVONIC DANCES.

SOLOIST:

MR. T. ADAMOWSKI.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Symphony Concert.

It was a wise proceeding to resuscitate Spohr, for the world at present passes him by with altogether too much superciliousness. Genius ought not to cause talent to be forgotten, and the overwhelming greatness of Beethoven in the symphonic field should not obliterate the sweetness and calm of Spohr's orchestral writings. The composer was not a reformer; he took the symphony just as Mozart had left it, and the influence of the "Jupiter" symphony may readily be perceived in the fugato of the finale of the symphony of Saturday. Of Beethoven and a broad and passionate school, Spohr desired to know nothing, his formalism was opposed to anything that seemed iconoclastic in music, at least in the instrumental forms, and ingenuity took the place of fervor in all his symphonies.

The symphony in C minor, given at this concert, has pretty themes, overflowing with melody, but its first movement has no real development, and there is a sameness in the first three movements that is not permissible in symphonic work, the Scherzo being anything but a good example of the character of this movement. The finale, however, makes some amends. The work was well played, not with great precision, but with a certain power and "*schwung*" that was effective. The work of the cellos and violas in the second movement, and the woodwind in the third, may be commended, and the fugato of the finale was quite clear and well balanced.

Mr. T. Adamowski deserves the heartiest congratulations on the success he achieved in Bruch's violin concerto; it was given with a breadth and yet a refinement that overtopped anything that he has yet achieved, and it suggested possibilities that I had not suspected, much as I have appreciated the poetic intelligence of the artist. A most sympathetic tone, a direct and manly interpretation quite in line with the work, a constant purity of intonation, and full and broad bowing, were a few of the many creditable points of the performance.

As to the work itself, this concert in G minor is the best instrumental composition of the master. It is far above the other two violin concertos that he has written (the third was played at Dusseldorf by Joachim this summer for the first time), and it may be ranked above the Mendelssohn concerto, which is the visiting card of every new comer that plays violin, and not so very far from the Beethoven concerto, with which it has this in common, it grows weaker towards the end, its chief beauty being in its first portions.

Mr. Chadwick's "Pastoral Prelude" was a disappointment; it began at once with a drone-bass, and gave a few bird-calls that seemed to come direct from the Wagnerian scores, but it was rather bombastic than pastoral, and seemed either a dilution or a parody of "Waldweben" with most of the work transferred from the strings to the woodwind. Its scoring was ambitious enough, but its themes were rather vague, and even the instrumentation was paled by the Slavonic dances by Dvorak (why not spell this name "Dvorjak" and give some idea of its pronunciation?) which were

spiced to the very brim with every kind of musical pepper known to the modern composer. In these Mr. Nikisch was entirely in his element, and there was fire, yes even an entire conflagration, in the interpretation. LOUIS C. ELSON.

THEATRES AND CONCERTS.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the fourteenth symphony concert was as follows:

Spohr: Symphony No. 3, in C minor.
Bruch: Violin concerto No. 1, in G minor.
Chadwick: A pastoral prelude.
Dvorak: Three Slavonic dances.

Mr. T. Adamowski was the violinist.

It is a refreshing thing to hear a work like the Spohr C-minor symphony now and then; a work admirably organic in construction, in which everything makes for beauty, and in which the composer's musical invention does not go lame after the first step or two. It is in no sense the work of a giant, but it is eminently the work of a fine-feeling, cultivated and genially inspired musician. One cannot always be titanic, and Spohr's sweetly piping muse is excellent company at times. Only once in the whole symphony did we find anything actually commonplace: the theme of the *fugato* in the last movement—which *fugato* is admirably written, by the way—has all too much the air of having been picked out of some text-book in counterpoint. It is so nicely adapted to facile imitative development that, as if sure of its own contrapuntal suggestiveness, it seems to think it superfluous really to say anything for itself. In the *Larghetto* one can hardly escape noticing the strong likeness between Spohr and Gounod, only one could well say that Spohr was Gounod *plus* something else. The symphony was beautifully played.

If Mr. Chadwick meant to give his audience a surprise by calling his latest orchestral work a pastoral, he certainly succeeded. One usually associates the lazy, dreamy, *patulae-sub-tegmine fagi* side of country life with the word pastoral, and here we have a bright, lively, chattering movement, full enough of a certain rusticity, if you will, but in no wise suggestive of that peaceful repose which it is conventional to seek in the country. But the music is none the worse for not being the conventional pastoral; it is bright, taking, cleverly written, and charming in effect.

The Dvorak dances are bustling, lively noisy pieces, rather vulgar in character and commonplace in effect. Only in the last one of the three, which might be entitled "Turkish March from the Ruins of Athens to Somerville," do we find any real piquancy of humor.

Mr. Adamowski surpassed himself in the Bruch concerto. For beauty of tone, supreme elegance and grace in phrasing, depth and poetic beauty of sentiment, his playing was beyond praise. Technically, too, it was exceedingly fine; but, in the presence of so much that belongs to the higher side of artistic performance, one does not care to talk about technique. Mr. Adamowski was rapturously applauded, as he deserved to be, and was twice recalled.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Fourteenth Symphony Concert.

There were two novelties on the programme of the Symphony concert, Saturday evening, Symphony No. 3 in C-minor by Spohr and Mr. George Chadwick's "A Pastoral Prelude." The other numbers of the programme were Bruch concerto for violin, No. 1, in G-minor, Mr. T. Adamowski, soloist, and three Slavonic dances, Nos. 8, 6 and 5, which have not been heard in these concerts since Mr. Henschel played them.

The Spohr Symphony begins with an introduction, Andante Grave in C time in short phrases, commencing forte and ending piano or pianissimo and then reversing the dynamics, nuances that demand sudden diminuendos and crescendos if the expression is to be observed.

Following comes an Allegro in six-eight time, a flowing theme, pianissimo, given to the first violins, with imitative passages on the other strings, taken up later on by the wind instruments in happy combination, and sustained unflagging to the end. The nuances are sudden and extreme in character, and require a most accurate rendering, at once delicate and then bold again, if the effect indicated by the composer is to be obtained.

A Larghetto follows in nine-eight time, a delightful cantabile with a second theme for the violins on the G string in unison with the 'celli. The Scherzo which follows is not in the form that the general acceptance of the term implies; at all events, it has not the effect that one would anticipate. It is in six-four time, and flows on in a legato manner with little or none of the detached form of treatment.

This movement also calls for some most delicate touches, the contrasts also being suddenly marked. The final movement has a bold theme which is carried out in imitations and fugue in the strings, with sustained harmonies occurring here and there in the wind instruments, the vigorous counterpoint between the violins and the basses being exhilarating in the extreme. There are delicate touches indicated in places, that in their episodic relation furnish a fine contrast to the boldness of other parts. Again in this movement is necessary the most careful and conscientious following of the composer's indications. The symphony as a whole upon the basis it is written is an interesting work, for it is beautifully melodious, pure in style, and devoid of the ultra-chromatic modula-

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It is useless to deny that Mr. Nikisch has signally failed as an interpreter of the classics if the traditions that have been handed down so carefully by eminent musicians are of value in preserving the characteristics identical with the ideas of the composer, his period and the resources that then existed. The modernism of these conductors that would turn a Mozart or Beethoven Symphony into a Hungarian Fantasia or a Dvorak Slavonic Dance, and profane what should remain sacred, deserves constant and vigorous reproof. Since Mr. Nikisch first came here, when his rendering of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony was little less than a musical bull fight, he has tempered his extravagances somewhat, but he yet indulges in a too wilful variation of the tempo, a too sentimental exaggeration of themes, and a coarseness of execution that is reprehensible in a conductor holding the exalted position he does—a position wherein he can educate a public or vitiate its taste. Had he an orchestra of players that had not been subjected to the rigid discipline of that superb drill master and conductor, Wilhelm Gericke, and that had absorbed to a certain degree the refinement that Gericke demanded in their efforts, it is easy to imagine what the result might be. Well, the leopard cannot change his spots, and I don't believe Mr. Nikisch will ever change his characteristics either.

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The programme of the next concert includes Dvorak's Symphonic Variations; Prelude and Fugue by Floersheim (first time); "Harold in Italy" by Hector Berlioz, in which the viola solo will be played by Mr. Kneisel.

The Symphony Concert.

The fourteenth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Music Hall, last evening, opened with Spohr's Symphony, No. 3, in C-minor, a genial composition and with less of that persistent chromatic modulation which characterizes Spohr generally and gives such mononony of effect to his work. This is solid music, clear as crystal, chaste in style and of infinite grace in melody and treatment. There is, perhaps, too much of smoothness and a lack of vigorous contrasts in the first three movements, charming as they are; but the brilliant and fiery finale, with its spirited and clean cut fugato, makes amends. The finale is, on the whole, the best and most interesting movement. The first allegro is delightful in its easy flow. The larghetto has no especial distinction except its purity of feeling and its suave melodiousness. The scherzo has scarcely the true scherzo spirit, and runs into a smoothness more befitting a minuet; but it is all solid music, exquisite in its finish, its warmth of sentiment, and its polished style. The work was admirably played, save for an occasional indecision in attack, a fault that seems to have become a permanency with the orchestra. The novelty of the programme was "A Pastoral Prelude," by Mr. G. W. Chadwick. It is full of life, bright in its themes and ingenious and brilliant in its orchestration. We failed to discover the pastoral element in it, but that may have been a lack of perception on our part. Now and then we fancied we heard the gobbling of turkeys, the quacking of ducks, the crowing of cocks and the bleating of lambs; but the meaning of the work did not make itself clear to us, and it seemed a trifle over long for its themes. It was played with animation and emphasis, and was heartily applauded. The concert ended with an inspiring performance of three Slavonic dances by Dvorak which had been heard here before. The soloist was Mr. T. Adamowski, who played Bruch's violin concerto in G-minor, and with a finish and elegance of style and beauty of phrasing that were adelic in the best sense of the word. The adagio was given with notable warmth, and largeness of sentiment. On the whole the effort was the best and the most satisfying that the artist has made at these concerts. He was applauded with fervor, and twice recalled. The programme for the next concert is Symphonic Variations, Dvorak; Prelude and Fugue, Otto Floersheim (first time), and Berlioz's Symphony, "Harold in Italy," in which the viola solo will be played by Mr. Franz Kneisel.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Fourteenth Symphony Concert.

There were two novelties on the programme of the Symphony concert, Saturday evening, Symphony No. 3 in C-minor by Spohr and Mr. George Chadwick's "A Pastoral Prelude." The other numbers of the programme were Bruch concerto for violin, No. 1, in G-minor, Mr. T. Adamowski, soloist, and three Slavonic dances, Nos. 8, 6 and 5, which have not been heard in these concerts since Mr. Henschel played them.

The Spohr Symphony begins with an introduction, Andante Grave in C time in short phrases, commencing forte and ending piano or pianissimo and then reversing the dynamics, nuances that demand sudden diminuendos and crescendos if the expression is to be observed.

Following comes an Allegro in six-eight time, a flowing theme, pianissimo, given to the first violins, with imitative passages on the other strings, taken up later on by the wind instruments in happy combination, and sustained unflagging to the end. The nuances are sudden and extreme in character, and require a most accurate rendering, at once delicate and then bold again, if the effect indicated by the composer is to be obtained.

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This movement also calls for some most delicate touches, the contrasts also being suddenly marked. The final movement has a bold theme which is carried out in imitations and fugue in the strings, with sustained harmonies occurring here and there in the wind instruments, the vigorous counterpoint between the violins and the basses being exhilarating in the extreme. There are delicate touches indicated in places, that in their episodic relation furnish a fine contrast to the boldness of other parts. Again in this movement is necessary the most careful and conscientious following of the composer's indications. The symphony as a whole upon the basis it is written is an interesting work, for it is beautifully melodious, pure in style, and devoid of the ultra-chromatic modula-

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CONCERT AND OPERA.

A WEEK OVERFLOWING WITH THE
CONCORDS OF SWEET SOUNDS.

THE SYMPHONY LAST NIGHT—THE BOSTON-
IANS AT THE TREMONT THEATRE—RECI-
TALS AND CHAMBER CONCERTS.

Two important works were presented at the fourteenth symphony rehearsal and concert. One was heard for the first time at these concerts and the other for the first time in any concert hall.

If Spohr's third symphony in C minor was ever performed in Boston, it was a good while ago. Probably it figured in the programmes of the Germania or the Harvard Musical Association concerts. The work is thoroughly characteristic of Spohr in its melodiousness, richness of harmony and perfection of orchestration. It has also one especial merit—its comparative brevity. Its performance consumes only thirty-five minutes. Like many of Spohr's works, this is more remarkable for its sensuous beauty than for the strength and the elaboration of its themes. Yet thematic strength and solidity of development are not wanting. The short introduction at the beginning which so quickly merges into the allegro has unexpected strength and nobility of utterance, while the development of the finale and its closing measures are full of energy and virility. The Scherzo, which is only a Scherzo in name, although by no means thematically weak, is the least interesting of the four movements because of the lack of contrast that its sombreness affords. The larghetto is a beautiful song throughout and appeals with considerable force to one's emotional nature.

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The playing of the orchestra, both in the symphony and the prelude, was well up to its

highest standard. In the first named work in particular, the magnificent bode of strings was heard in all its glory of breadth and sensuousness of tone, while the wood-wind and brass were practically above reproach.

Mr. T. Adamowski has seldom if ever appeared to better advantage than he did in Max Bruch's first violin concerto. In every respect his playing was unusually fine. Not only was his tone warm and pure, and his phrasing highly expressive, but there was a steadiness, a reserve force apparent through all that he did, which has not always characterized his work in public. His reading of the concerto was instinct with artistic taste, and his execution was alive with brilliancy and energy. He was enthusiastically received and recalled. The concert closed with a performance of three Slavonic Dances, by Dvorak.

FOURTEENTH SYMPHONY CONCERT.

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The symphony was very effective. The second and third movements offered continuous opportunities for delicate shading and harmonious blending of tones. The finale was given in all the perfection of rich harmonies and fine coloring which characterizes the composition.

Adamowski's rendition of Bruch's concerto was a surprise even to his friends. His improvement in touch, execution and breadth of style is marked, and he was particularly fortunate in choosing a work adapted in every way to his powers. His playing was characterized by purity of tone, refinement and expression, and was heartily appreciated by the audience, whose enthusiasm was only appeased after a second recall.

Mr. George W. Chadwick, the composer of "A Pastoral Prelude," had previously demonstrated his ability as a composer of rare merit, and the work so ably interpreted by Mr. Nikisch Saturday night bore testimony to his good taste in including the composition in his programme. It is full of color and built on the prescribed lines of pastoral music composition, is full of fine orchestral effects, and needs to be heard more than once to be properly appreciated.

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If any doubts concerning Mr. Nikisch's superlative merits as a conductor had entered the minds of those accustomed to attend the Music Hall performances, they must have forever departed since comparing the work done by the orchestra at the Nordica concert and that of Saturday night.

It seems to be the correct thing after the Symphony rehearsal or the matinee to go to Miss Fisk's, 44 Temple place, for her delicious ice-cream sodas. Do you go there?

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THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

When Conductor Nikisch of the Boston Symphony orchestra makes a good programme, it is "very, very good," and when the reverse happens the old nursery rhyme can be completed with equal truth. Last evening's selection was of the "very, very good" sort, and the enjoyment of the audience was in keeping with the musical feast provided for the occasion.

Beginning his programme with Spohr's third symphony in C minor, Mr. Nikisch gave a delightful interpretation of the tuneful movements, in which the beauties of the old time forms and their graceful treatment were given in all their perfection, and this example of the genius and melodious fertility of the composer was thoroughly enjoyed.

Mr. Adamowski, the soloist of the evening, was then heard in Max Bruch's concerto for violin in G minor, a composition exactly suited to the player, and in which he made, by all odds, the happiest effort in his whole career in this city. His playing was characterized by a degree of excellence in purity of tone, expression and refinement that he has never equalled in these concerts, and he held his audience at his will throughout the concerto. The beautiful adagio was sung upon the instrument with wonderful expression, and the finale was played with splendid breadth and vigor. The audience responded to his efforts with hearty good will, and recalled their old-time favorite with great enthusiasm.

Mr. George W. Chadwick's "Pastoral Prelude" followed, having its first hearing here on this occasion. Mr. Chadwick's eminent attainments as a musician and his genius as a composer entitle him to the honor thus conferred upon him, and it is pleasant to have Mr. Nikisch recognize the rights of local composers in such a scheme of concerts. Concerning the prelude, it is difficult to express an opinion on a single hearing, especially as no key is given making it possible to "dilute with the right emotion" in its hearing. It has the traditional pastoral sounds which, however, are as unlike nature as they can well be, and undoubtedly to the imaginative mind its several movements present beautiful tone pictures. It is skilfully and gracefully scored, and is all in all a work worthy the hearing given it, and in keeping with the excellent record of this composer.

Three "Slavonic dances" by Dvorak brought the bright enjoyable programme to an end, and these numbers were splendidly played, the readings given by Mr. Nikisch bringing out all the spirit and dash of the compositions with brilliant effect.

Next Saturday evening the programme will include Dvorak's symphonic variation, Otto Floersheim's prelude and fugue and Berlioz' symphony, "Harold in Italy," in which the viola solo will be played by Mr. Franz Kneisel.

SYMPHONY SOUNDS.

Welcome Novelties Played by Director Nikisch's Orchestra.

The attractions at the Symphony concert last night, besides Mr. Adamowski's solo, were Spohr's third symphony, in C minor, and Chadwick's "Pastoral Prelude," both of which were given for the first time at these concerts.

Mr. Nikisch was particularly felicitous in his interpretation of the scherzo, and the orchestra displayed their greatest skill and accuracy in harmony blending generally.

The symphony was very effective. It occasionally labored in construction, the delicate shadings, and growing harmonies of the second and third movement were delightfully pleasant, especially that shading and imperceptible blending of notes in the third movement of the finale resounding almost as a repeatedly distancing and dying echo.

Mr. Nikisch's interpretation of Chadwick's prelude was equally satisfactory, brilliant at times, and replete with those delicate touches which make the themes, under his interpolations, so full of rich and lovely coloring.

The humorous and lively staccatti with which the theme is introduced excites the imagination to reflect scenes of picturesque rustic life, and the obtrusion of the wood winds in the midst of the vivacious harmonies produces a charming effect in the ensemble.

The orchestra played the "Pastoral Prelude" with excellent technique, and the comical introduction of the second horn here and there, mingling and echoing with higher notes of the flute, contributed very picturesque effects, and was exceedingly pleasing to the audience.

Mr. Adamowski, as soloist, had the opportunity of once more displaying his great command over the violin.

He played Bruch's concerto, in G minor, and if in the allegro he was somewhat stiff and abrupt in bowing, in the adagio he exhibited a wonderful capacity of producing the loveliest and most delicate tones of which the instrument is susceptible.

Three Slavonic dances from Dvorak, which concluded the concert, were played with vivacity and that abandonment in movement which is characteristic of Slavonic music and which seem to breathe that native fantastic, almost wild buoyancy, which was thrown into more conspicuous relief by the emphasis and vigor of the tempo in which they were played, and of which Mr. Nikisch is probably the most brilliant exponent in this country.

The programme for the next concert will be as follows: Symphonic variations, Dvorak; prelude and fugue, Otto Floersheim; symphony, "Harold in Italy," Berlioz. Mr. Franz Kneisel will play the viola solo.

Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1891-92.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. ARTHUR NIKISCH, Conductor.

XV. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, AT 8, P. M.

PROGRAMME.

HANDEL.

CONCERTO for STRINGS and Two WIND CHOIRS, in F major.

Pomposo; Allegro.—Allegro ma non troppo.—Largo.—Allegro.—A tempo ordinario.

(By special request.)

OTTO FLOERSHEIM.

PRELUDE AND FUGUE.

(First time at these Concerts.)

SAINT-SAËNS.

SYMPHONIC POEM. "Le Rouet d'Omphale."

BERLIOZ.

SYMPHONY. "Harold in Italy."

(Viola Solo, MR. FRANZ KNEISEL.)

- I. HAROLD IN THE MOUNTAINS, (Scenes of Melancholy, Happiness and Joy).—Adagio; Allegro.
- II. MARCH OF THE PILGRIMS, (Singing the Evening Prayer).—Allegretto.
- III. SERENADE OF A MOUNTAINEER.—Allegro assai; Allegretto.
- IV. ORGY OF THE BRIGANDS, (Recalling previous scenes).—Allegro frenetico.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

When Conductor Nikisch of the Boston Symphony orchestra makes a good programme, it is "very, very good," and when the reverse happens the old nursery rhyme can be completed with equal truth. Last evening's selection was of the "very, very good" sort, and the enjoyment of the audience was in keeping with the musical feast provided for the occasion.

Beginning his programme with Spohr's third symphony in C minor, Mr. Nikisch gave a delightful interpretation of the tuneful movements, in which the beauties of the old time forms and their graceful treatment were given in all their perfection, and this example of the genius and melodious fertility of the composer was thoroughly enjoyed.

Mr. Adamowski, the soloist of the evening, was then heard in Max Bruch's concerto for violin in G minor, a composition exactly suited to the player, and in which he made, by all odds, the happiest effort in his whole career in this city. His playing was characterized by a degree of excellence in purity of tone, expression and refinement that he has never equalled in these concerts, and he held his audience at his will throughout the concerto. The beautiful adagio was sung upon the instrument with wonderful expression, and the finale was played with splendid breadth and vigor. The audience responded to his efforts with hearty good will, and recalled their old-time favorite with great enthusiasm.

Mr. George W. Chadwick's "Pastoral Prelude" followed, having its first hearing here on this occasion. Mr. Chadwick's eminent attainments as a musician and his genius as a composer entitle him to the honor thus conferred upon him, and it is pleasant to have Mr. Nikisch recognize the rights of local composers in such a scheme of concerts. Concerning the prelude, it is difficult to express an opinion on a single hearing, especially as no key is given making it possible to "dilate with the right emotion" in its hearing. It has the traditional pastoral sounds which, however, are as unlike nature as they can well be, and undoubtedly to the imaginative mind its several movements present beautiful tone pictures. It is skilfully and gracefully scored, and is all in all a work worthy the hearing given it, and in keeping with the excellent record of this composer.

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SYMPHONIC POEM. "Le Rouet d'Omphale."

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SYMPHONY. "Harold in Italy."

(Viola Solo, MR. FRANZ KNEISEL.)

- I. HAROLD IN THE MOUNTAINS. (Scenes of Melancholy, Happiness and Joy).—Adagio; Allegro.
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MUSIC.

THE SYMPHONY.

Berlioz's symphony, "Harold in Italy," is not a work of imperishable greatness. But it is great in certain respects. It is clear in form and treatment,—remarkably so, as compared with the "Fantasie Symphony";—it is wonderfully rich in rhythmic and orchestral effects; and, as a whole, it is fraught with poetic significance. Even the comparatively commonplace character of the melodic passages which are assigned to the viola is almost concealed by the fanciful and masterly manner in which they made to express the composer's ideas. It is probable that most lovers of music listen to it with no sense of weariness or of having to strain their imagination in order to associate the music with its "programme." They would not care for such music as a steady diet; but neither are poems of the "Childe Harold" class calculated to serve as daily food for the mental digestion. Such poems, however, are productive of much enjoyment and in a similar way "Harold symphonies are welcome diversions.

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The programme of this fifteenth rehearsal and concert had for its opening number Handel's concerto for strings and two wind choirs in F, which was given with such success two or three weeks ago. Its repetition was by request, and it was as finely performed and as warmly received as before. A prelude and fugue by Otto Floersheim and Saint-Saens's. "Le Rout d'Omphale" were the remaining numbers. Mr. Floersheim is well known as a composer of no ordinary ability, and this work, composed in 1883, gave much pleasure. The "bell tones" at the opening of the prelude are skilfully harmonized, and the development is broad and stately. The fugue is also treated in a musicianly style, and the orchestration of the entire work is both effective and discreet. It was well received. The Saint-Saens number was exquisitely played, and won the heartiest applause of all.

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The concerto of Handel was played for the first time in this city at the tenth Symphony Concert of this season. A second hearing confirms the opinion that was then expressed in The Journal: It is a remarkably fresh and vigorous work, rich in melody, interesting throughout to amateur and to pedagogue, and, above all—remember that it is at least one hundred and fifty years old—most ingeniously scored. There are many anticipations of modern instrumentation, such as the frequent antiphonal employment of contrasting instrumental families. There is a constant appreciation of the characteristic qualities of various instruments, and there is the knowledge of gaining effects by apparently simple means. The concerto was heartily enjoyed by the audience, although the performance by the orchestra was not equal to that of December in precision, purity or frankness.

This concerto of Handel was in all probability written before 1750; the Berlioz symphony, "Harold," was first played in 1834; and yet the concerto seems to-day the younger and fresher work. It was in December, 1833, that Hector Berlioz, coming out of a concert hall where his "Symphonie Fantastique" had just been performed, saw in the crowd a very tall man, whose black hair fell in neglected curls on his shoulders, "and formed a dark frame round the pale, cadaverous face, on which sorrow, genius and hell had engrained their indestructible lines." The strange being stopped him, seized his hand and poured out words of extravagant praise. It was Nicolo Paganini. Some weeks after Paganini called on him. "I have a marvelous viola," he said, "a wonderful Stradivarius, and I wish to play on it in public. I have no music. Will you write a solo for viola? I would trust you with it, and you alone." Berlioz wrote "Harold." The first movement was finished and Paganini saw it. He counted the rests in the allegro. "No, no," he cried, "I am silent there too long; I must play without ceasing." A few days after he went to Nice, a sick man. Berlioz then conceived the idea of writing four orchestral scenes, in which the viola should take part as a more or less active personage, preserving always the individuality. The symphony was first given Nov. 23, 1834. The march was repeated; the other movements were coolly received. Soon after this performance a writer in Paris began his criticism with the following pleasantry: "Ha! ha! ha!—haro! haro! Harold!" And in an anonymous letter the composer was asked why he did not have courage enough to blow out his brains.

"Harold" has been called a viola symphony, an opera without words, a viola concerto. Berlioz believed implicitly in the supreme power of

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Again, Berlioz, like the man in the Bible that fell down and worshiped the idol hewn by him, bows before his work and rashly calls it good. Here, the insanity of genius is conquered by the sanity of talent; for Saint-Saens, a man of talent rather than genius, stands by his musical machine and watches with you the workings of it. Do you hear Omphale's wheel? Clever instrumentation, is it not? If you reply, "Yes, but you are wrong. The spinning wheel was unknown in Queen Omphale's time; you should have represented her with a distaff"—Saint-Saens would say, with an ironical smile, "Very true; but what do we care in music for synchronism? If I were strictly accurate, you would have no whir. By the way, just listen to Hercules. I think he should groan a little louder."

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The Fifteenth Symphony Concert.

The only novelty on the programme, Saturday night, was the "Prelude and Fugue" by Otto Floersheim, whose compositions have been heard before in these concerts. They are the work of a skilful musician who has a good command of modern orchestral effects as well as the possession of spontaneity. The "Prelude and Fugue" is an interesting number, although the Fugue is

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not carried out in the strictly fugal style, the elaborate instrumentation perhaps serving somewhat to hide its development. The composition, however, is one of fine musicianship and effective orchestral writing, and the most pretentious that Mr. Floersheim has yet given us.

It was played in a heavy, cumbersome manner by the orchestra, which, generally speaking, did quite fairly with its work during the whole programme. The wood-wind, however, after a most rational employment of its forces during the performance of "Le Rouet d'Omphale" of Saint-Saëns, had to spoil the otherwise beautiful ending by quacking, like a lot of ducks, on the last four chords, instead of merely breathing them out. It didn't appear to annoy the conductor, however. If the players had offended so harshly under Gericke's direction he would have rebuked them, and perhaps discharged them at the end of the concert. Some people, however, have a musical hide that is impervious to such thrusts.

The other numbers of the programme were the Handel concerto for strings and two wind orchestras, played quite recently, and Berlioz's Symphony, "Harold in Italy," Mr. Kneisel playing the viola solo.

WARREN DAVENPORT.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Conductor Nikisch gave a somewhat odd combination of works at last evening's concert by the Boston Symphony orchestra, but his choice appeared to meet with the hearty approval of the house full of patrons.

The first number was the concerto for strings and two wind choirs in F major by Handel, this being played "by special request." The work has interesting characteristics in the way of an orchestral study; and, as it was played with most admirable skill throughout, it may be well to accept it as a contribution to the educational interests of the season.

Mr. Otto Floersheim's "Prelude and Fugue" followed, and proved a most scientific piece of musical composition, showing the ingenuity and remarkable skill of this composer who, upon the suggestion of the tones of two bells of a chime, heard on Easter morning, has built this prelude and fugue in a way to give a splendid chance for analytical study. The use of the modern substitutes for bells, steel bars instead of the glockenspiel, would give a more impressive character to the introduction, but the full orchestra of today has been employed otherwise in the most masterly manner in this strikingly original composition.

Saint-Saëns' symphonic poem, "Le Rouet d'Omphale," followed, and a more thoroughly pleasing performance of the work has seldom been had here. Mr. Nikisch showed off the string department of the orchestra in splendid shape in this number, the final pianissimo being brought down to the veriest whisper of a tone.

Whatever was dull and uninteresting in the beginning of the programme was made good in its finish, for it ended with Berlioz' symphony, "Harold in Italy," in which

the viola solo was played by Mr. Franz Kneisel.

Mr. Nikisch gave a charming interpretation of the brilliant work done by the composer throughout the four movements, and aroused his audience to repeated demonstrations of approval by the way in which he brought out the beauties of the work, and Mr. Kneisel gave him splendid aid in his solo playing.

The orchestra go on a tour the coming week, returning for the 18th concert on Feb. 20, when Mr. W. H. Sherwood will be the soloist.

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Works of Handel, Floersheim, Saint-Saëns and Berlioz Played.

The programme selected by Conductor Nikisch for last evening's Symphony concert gave his splendid band varied opportunities for displaying its resources, and a large audience expressed cordial commendation of all that was offered.

The first number was Handel's concerto for strings and two wind choirs, in F major. This was stated to have been given in response to a special request, presumably by some one of uncommon influence.

The work was played by the Symphony orchestra during Christmas week, and yesterday's performance, being an identical repetition, calls for no comment at this time further than to state that it proved very welcome to the audience.

Otto Floersheim's prelude and fugue was played for the first time at these concerts, and made rather a favorable impression, although no demonstration of enjoyment followed its performance.

The composer is said to have gained his inspiration for the composition from being awakened on an Easter Sunday morning by the chimes of a neighboring church. They sounded two notes, E and B, in a descending, and their continued regularity set his mind to harmonizing them.

These chimes are introduced in the prelude with impressive effect, and then follows a well developed theme of religious fervency which is finally moulded into a fugue, treated with modern orchestral effects. Mr. Nikisch read the work with expression of dignity and solemnity in keeping with the religious character of the composition.

Very dainty and beautiful was the orchestra's playing of Saint-Saëns' symphonic poem, "The Spinning Wheel of Omphale." The music is rarely suggestive of the several themes which it so delightfully treats, and its hearing gave a deal of pleasure.

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MUSICAL.

The Symphony Concert.

95

The concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, last evening, opened with selections from the Handel concerto, in F, for strings and two wind choirs, heard at a recent concert. It was a genuine delight to listen to this old but still fresh and vigorous music again. It was finely played throughout and with an admirable appreciation of its true character; and was heartily enjoyed, as was evidenced by the cordial applause that attended it. The last movement, with its pretty and brilliant oboe bravura, which by the way, was exquisitely performed, met with special favor. Then followed a prelude and Fugue by Mr. Otto Floersheim, which was given for the first time at these concerts on this occasion. It is the most musicianly of the works we have heard by this composer, is richly scored and with a thorough knowledge of the resources of the modern orchestra. In fact the work is well-written throughout, but the "fugue" is not a fugue in any sense that we have hitherto understood a fugue. After the subject has been fully entered, the movement resolves itself into a succession of imitations on various degrees of the scale, with now and then an episode suggesting a Wagnerian influence, and anything but a fugal style. The theme is always prominent, but the counterpoint that accompanies it never brought distinctly to the surface, and of double counterpoint and other fugal devices there was nothing that was recognizable as such. There is likewise no stretto. We doubt if the movement would bear analyzing as a fugue. However, it shows excellent musicianship, is ingenious and skilful in its harmonies, and, as we have said, admirable in its instrumental effects. It was interesting in the hearing, and we think would have been heard with still better results if it had been played with something more of flexibility. The charming Saint-Saëns "Spinning Wheel of Omphale" was beautifully read and performed and obtained the heartiest applause of the evening. The concert ended with Berlioz's symphony, "Harold in Italy." The work is not as impressive as it once was. The first movement and the last are felt to be too long, and the only movement to which the interest still clings is the March of the Pilgrims. It is curious to reflect that a work which was once lauded for its fire and brilliancy, should have become so tame and dull. It was well read and efficiently played, Mr. Kneisel performing the viola solo in a style of great finish, but without that largeness of tone that is necessary to make the solo part stand out with due prominence. The programme for the next concert is Symphony, G-minor, Mozart; concerto for pianoforte, op. 185, Raff; Symphonic Suite, Busoni, (first time); Huldigung's March, Wagner. The soloist is Mr. W. H. Sherwood. The programme books, by the way, are becoming almost useless, for all the information they afford of the works performed. Not a word was devoted to the Berlioz symphony, but there was a ridiculous portrait of the emperor, a gushing sonnet made up of threadbare commonplaces, meaning nothing in particular, and the well-worn story of the composer's life. To the Handel work there was not even an allusion.

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CHATTERER.

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WARREN DAVENPORT.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Conductor Nikisch gave a somewhat odd combination of works at last evening's concert by the Boston Symphony orchestra, but his choice appeared to meet with the hearty approval of the house full of patrons.

The first number was the concerto for strings and two wind choirs in F major by Handel, this being played "by special request." The work has interesting characteristics in the way of an orchestral study; and, as it was played with most admirable skill throughout, it may be well to accept it as a contribution to the educational interests of the season.

Mr. Otto Floersheim's "Prelude and Fugue" followed, and proved a most scientific piece of musical composition, showing the ingenuity and remarkable skill of this composer who, upon the suggestion of the tones of two bells of a chime, heard on Easter morning, has built this prelude and fugue in a way to give a splendid chance for analytical study. The use of the modern substitutes for bells, steel bars instead of the glockenspiel, would give a more impressive character to the introduction, but the full orchestra of today has been employed otherwise in the most masterly manner in this strikingly original composition.

Saint-Saens' symphonic poem, "Le Rouet d'Omphale," followed, and a more thoroughly pleasing performance of the work has seldom been had here. Mr. Nikisch showed off the string department of the orchestra in splendid shape in this number, the final pianissimo being brought down to the veriest whisper of a tone.

Whatever was dull and uninteresting in the beginning of the programme was made good in its finish, for it ended with Berlioz' symphony, "Harold in Italy," in which

the viola solo was played by Mr. Franz Kneisel.

Mr. Nikisch gave a charming interpretation of the brilliant work done by the composer throughout the four movements, and aroused his audience to repeated demonstrations of approval by the way in which he brought out the beauties of the work, and Mr. Kneisel gave him splendid aid in his solo playing.

The orchestra go on a tour the coming week, returning for the 16th concert on Feb. 20, when Mr. W. H. Sherwood will be the soloist.

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Works of Handel, Floersheim, Saint-Saens and Berlioz Played.

The programme selected by Conductor Nikisch for last evening's Symphony concert gave his splendid band varied opportunities for displaying its resources, and a large audience expressed cordial commendation of all that was offered.

The first number was Handel's concerto for strings and two wind choirs, in F major. This was stated to have been given in response to a special request, presumably by some one of uncommon influence.

The work was played by the Symphony orchestra during Christmas week, and yesterday's performance, being an identical repetition, calls for no comment at this time further than to state that it proved very welcome to the audience.

Otto Floersheim's prelude and fugue was played for the first time at these concerts, and made rather a favorable impression, although no demonstration of enjoyment followed its performance.

The composer is said to have gained his inspiration for the composition from being awakened on an Easter Sunday morning by the chimes of a neighboring church. They sounded two notes, E and B, in a descending, and their continued regularity set his mind to harmonizing them.

These chimes are introduced in the prelude with impressive effect, and then follows a well developed theme of religious fervency which is finally moulded into a fugue, treated with modern orchestral effects. Mr. Nikisch read the work with expression of dignity and solemnity in keeping with the religious character of the composition.

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CHATTERER.

THEATRES AND CONCERTS.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the fifteenth symphony concert was as follows:

Handel: Concerto for strings and two wind bands, in F.

Floersheim: Prelude and Fugue.

Saint-Saëns: Symphonic Poem; "Le rouet d'Omphale."

Berlioz: Symphony No. 2. "Harold en Italie" (solo viola by Mr. Kneisel.)

Handel's concerto was well worth repeating; a work of such freshness, vitality and vigor is good for every one to listen to, even if it be in a by-gone style. No better tonic can be imagined; after the somewhat morbid strenuousness of much of our modern music, it came like a "Sunday in the country" to dwellers in stuffy streets.

It was rather hard on Mr. Floersheim's prelude and fugue to play it immediately after a work by such a master of fugal writing as Handel. It showed all the difference between free, natural, genial development and carefully laborious construction. It may be taken as a foregone conclusion that any composer today—with very few exceptions—who attempts to write a fully developed fugue will do himself more good by the exercise than he will anyone else. Modern fugues, as a rule, smell so terribly of the lamp, they are so blistered with sweat-drops from the writer's brow, that one is often in doubt whether they should properly be called musical compositions. But it can be said of Mr. Floersheim that he has, in this case, shown a noble ambition, and has, upon the whole, succeeded better in his task than was to be expected.

Still one could not but feel, with Saint-Saëns's "Rouet d'Omphale," that here was the way in which a composer of today naturally writes, when he gives his inventive fancy free flight, and does not attempt a *tour de force*. Handel and Bach could fly on fugal wings; modern composers can, for the most part, only painfully trudge along in fugal shackles. What a pretty, genial, fanciful conceit this "Rouet d'Omphale" is! It shows the best, perhaps the only good side of modern French music.

In respect to Berlioz's "Harold" symphony we would permit ourselves to recall a remark we made some years ago: we think it a great mistake to give the work even a semblance of being a viola concerto by having the solo viola part played standing. Mr. Kneisel's usual place, at the head of the first violins, would allow his playing to be seen quite plainly by the audience, and would give the viola part all needful prominence. The notion of having this part played standing seems to have come from the idea that the "Harold" symphony was written as a sort of viola concerto for Paganini. This, however, is not quite true; Paganini ordered a viola concerto of Berlioz, but it did not turn out as he expected. Berlioz showed Paganini the first movement, and the great violinist immediately cried out: "It is not what I want! I am silent too long in it; I must be playing all the time." Berlioz himself writes thus about the matter: "Recognizing that my

plan could not suit him, I set to work to carry it out for another purpose, and without troubling myself any further about the means of giving prominence to the principal viola. It came into my head to write a series of scenes for orchestra, in which the solo viola should take part as a more or less active *dramatis persona*, but always preserving its own proper character. By placing the viola in the midst of the poetic memories I had kept of my wanderings in the Abruzzi, I wished to make it a sort of melancholy dreamer, like Byron's Childe Harold." We can see from this that, whatever intentions Berlioz may have had at first of treating the solo part as a *viola concertante*, he abandoned the idea after the first movement; and also that, even in the first movement, far less prominence was given to the part than could possibly suit a solo player like Paganini. Still it might be claimed that all this furnished no conclusive reason why Mr. Kneisel should not play the part standing. Our objections are wholly of a practical nature. There are some passages in which the viola part is so doubled by other instruments in the orchestra that its own tone is very much obscured; in these passages, if the player stands out in front of the orchestra, as if playing an actual solo, his prominent position on the stage leads one instinctively to try to catch every note that falls from his bow, and such concentration of the attention upon this single point distracts the listener from following the real development of the music.

But the symphony was wonderfully played! Mr. Kneisel infused more of poetic reverie into Harold's soliloquies than heretofore, and played throughout with admirable expressiveness. His and Mr. Nikisch's handling of the *tempo* in the first movement was simply masterly, and showed us for the first time the true meaning of the music. The ineffably beautiful pilgrims' march, and the quaint *Scherzo* were given to perfection. Only in the *Finale* did we feel that something was lacking; a little more fury would have done it no harm.

The next programme (Feb. 20) is: Mozart, symphony in G minor; Raff, pianoforte concerto, in C minor, op. 185; Busoni, symphonic suite; Wagner, Huldigungsmarsch. Mr. William H. Sherwood will be the pianist.

The Fifteenth Symphony Concert.

The only novelty on the programme, Saturday night, was the "Prelude and Fugue" by Otto Floersheim, whose compositions have been heard before in these concerts. They are the work of a skillful musician who has a good command of modern orchestral effects as well as the possession of spontaneity. The "Prelude and Fugue" is an interesting number, although the Fugue is not carried out in the strictly fugal style, the elaborate instrumentation perhaps serving somewhat to hide its development. The composition, however, is one of fine musicianship and effective orchestral writing, and the most pretentious that Mr. Floersheim has yet given us.

It was played in a heavy, cumbersome manner by the orchestra, which, generally speaking, did quite fairly with its work during the whole programme. The wood-wind, however, after a most rational employment of its forces during the performance of "Le Rouet d'Omphale" of Saint-Saëns, had to spoil the otherwise beautiful ending by quacking, like a lot of ducks, on the last four chords, instead of merely breathing them out. It didn't appear to annoy the conductor, however. If the players had offended so harshly under Gericke's direction he would have rebuked them, and perhaps discharged them at the end of the concert. Some people, however, have a musical hide that is impervious to such thrusts.

The other numbers of the programme were the Handel concerto for strings and two wind orchestras, played quite recently, and Berlioz's Symphony, "Harold in Italy," Mr. Kneisel playing the viola solo.

WARREN DAVENPORT.

adv: The Symphony Concert.

The 15th symphony concert was given last Saturday evening with a programme including a concerto by Handel for strings and two wind choirs, and a prelude and fugue by Otto Floersheim. The performance of the old Handel concerto was a source of genuine enjoyment to the audience, and the hearty spontaneous applause which attended it was well-merited. The strings were at their best, the precision of attack, the shading and general effect being admirable. The work of the horns was excellent and the whole concerto was played in strict accordance with the character and demands of the music. The difficult passages for the oboes, in the last movement, were exquisitely rendered and the audience was not slow in evincing their keen appreciation of the fact.

The prelude and fugue, by Otto Floersheim, is by far the best and most mature work we have yet heard by this talented composer. It opens with two notes, E and B, in a descending fourth, sounded by the bells (glockenspiel), repeated with continued regularity and harmonized in a very

clever manner. This effect was suggested to the composer by being awakened one Easter Sunday morning by the chimes of a neighboring church, whose constant reiteration of two tones set his mind to harmonizing them almost unconsciously. After this ceases a broad theme is introduced, which is worked up with much fervency and richness of orchestral coloring to a sonorous climax, followed again by the chimes and gradually dying away until it ends on one long sustained note for a single flute, a very clever and effective device. The fugue is constructed on the broad theme of the prelude, only this time it is in 4-4 time, where as in the prelude it was 6-4 time.

The programme states that the fugue is written in almost religiously strict style, but it must be confessed that a first hearing of the work does not bear out this statement. The work is admirably written and shows a master hand in the technique of orchestral writing, all the wealth of rich and noble effects of the modern orchestral school being brought into the treatment of it. This fact, coupled with the rather stiff manner in which the orchestra played the composition, may have obscured many of the contrapuntal effects intended by the composer, but the impression left by the performance was, that it was a most admirable and musicianly composition in free fugal style, rather than a "strict fugue." The noble climax rising in the strings in the middle portion was cleverly managed and very effective. The work deserved far greater recognition than it received.

The Saint-Saëns "Spinning Wheel" was delightfully done, and here again the fine work of the strings deserves praise; in fact, the work of the whole orchestra in this number was the best effort of the evening and received the most hearty and prolonged applause.

The Berlioz symphony has been heard too often to elicit extended comment; it was played with the requisite fire and brilliancy but the extreme length of the first and last movements seemed to impress one more than usual on this occasion, possibly from the fact that it followed the bright Saint-Saëns number, with its beauty of treatment and ingenuity of orchestration.

Mr. Kneisel played the viola solo in a thoroughly finished and artistic manner.

C. F. D.

LATE AT THE SYMPHONY.

It is a very fine thing to be rich, but, now and then, the advantage is with the man of humbler means. Friday afternoon, as I stood in the doorway of Music Hall, watching the people on their way to the Symphony concert rehearsal, I thought of this, says a writer in the Mahogany Tree.

A long line of carriages stood, waiting to get up to the entrance. Down there, at the corner of Tremont street, Mrs. Blueblood sat impatiently in her coupe. There were 20 carriages ahead of hers, I fancy, and it was nearly half-past 2 o'clock. She looked out her carriage window and saw the smiling pedestrians hurry by. Just why she did not get out and walk the short distance to the hall I cannot say, but, anyway, she sat there in her carriage, looking very unhappy.

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In the mean time the pedestrians who had walked by her had taken their seats in the hall, Mr. Nikisch had taken his place, and the concert had begun. In the midst of the second movement of the symphony there was a stir at the door which disturbed the whole audience. Mr. Nikisch, too, I imagine, was disturbed, but there was no help for it—the noise was caused by Mrs. Blueblood and a number of her belated friends.

The gloom of Music Hall during an afternoon performance there of any description is one of the Boston ways of expressing indifference to outward tokens of human comfort and vanity. Art, toujours art, and never a chance for the frivolous to see who's who in the benches in front, is the motto that hangs upon that temple's walls. Whether you go to hear Paderewski or to sit through the solemn service of a symphony rehearsal, the idea seems to prevail that the dim religious light not only helps the hearing, but gives "tone" to the congregation assembled. But people who have to go peering around Music Hall trying to make out their neighbors, generally tumble against somebody they wish to avoid or miss those they really want to see. Perhaps this does not so much matter at a rehearsal, for there all Boston is labelled. There is no difficulty in "spotting" friend or foe, for the season ticket holder could walk blindfold from "A" to "A A" and name the occupants of every row, but for the "casual," who may not possess this unerring instinct and who likes to read the programme without endangering his eyesight, this "Gotterdammerung," as given in Music Hall, is rather trying! One night this season when we heard Patti farewell there, the light was fairly brilliant, and I wondered how it happened; if it could be the extra sparkle of the diva's jewels that so heightened the scene and made such a grateful change in the often darksome hall. It is true one wants to listen to some music without regard to his surroundings, and it must be said the real lover is inclined to shut his eyes when drawing in delight through the sense of hearing. This is particularly the case when Miss Japonica's millinery screens the performer, and the skillful adjustment of feathers has no interest for the person behind her. Then man has no use for eyes, and he can hide his head in a bag without a murmur.

And now while I am grumbling, let me present a much worse affliction to the consideration of patrons of public entertainments. What is the matter with all the clocks and timekeepers in town? Can it be that people like to be always late at concerts? That it is no consequence to them if they miss the first numbers, and bring the artist to a complete pause in order that they may reach their seats? Or is it be-

cause they fail to keep any track of time and "drop in" haphazard between shopping and afternoon visits? I have been to many concerts, both afternoon and evening, this season, and in no instance has it ever happened that nearly a third of the audience has not straggled into the hall fully 35 minutes after the time announced in the newspapers or on the tickets. The whole audience has been disturbed by the hurried entrances, by the clash and clatter of seats and the performers themselves have been forced to wait the return of silence with as much dignity and unconcern as the embarrassment warranted. Mr. de Pachmann has more than once shown his displeasure at this gratuitous interruption, and Mr. Paderewski, who evidently hoped to get the better of it by being late himself in arriving, has frowned beneath his mask, and even sworn, so it is said, in the privacy of the dressing room at this rudeness of his fond admirers. Apparently at the symphony rehearsals it is considered "low" to be early. Only the admissionaries, if I may coin a word, arrive betimes and make an afternoon of it. But they go for the sake of the music, and not to be seen. Of course, it can be argued that this is a free country, and when one pays for his or her ticket it is nobody's business at what moment the holder gives it up to the "ticket person," as a well known social light designated one of our hall guardians the other day. Nevertheless, what a blessing it would be if Boston's noble army of concert-goers could be smitten with a fever of punctuality!

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Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1891-92.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. ARTHUR NIKISCH, Conductor.

XVI. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, AT 8, P. M.

PROGRAMME.

MOZART.

SYMPHONY, in G minor.

Allegro molto.—Andante.—Minuet.—Allegro assai.

RAFF.

CONCERTO for PIANOFORTE, in C minor, op. 185.

Allegro.—Andante, quasi larghetto.—Finale, Allegro.

BUSONI.

SYMPHONIC SUITE, op. 25. (Three movements)

Gigue.—Gavotte.—Allegro fugato.

(First time.)

WAGNER.

HULDIGUNG'S MARCH.

SOLOIST:

Mr. WILLIAM H. SHERWOOD.

The Pianoforte is a Mason & Hamlin.

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In the mean time the pedestrians who had walked by her had taken their seats in the hall. Mr. Nikisch had taken his place, and the concert had begun. In the midst of the second movement of the symphony there was a stir at the door which disturbed the whole audience. Mr. Nikisch, too, I imagine, was disturbed, but there was no help for it—the noise was caused by Mrs. Blueblood and a number of her belated friends.

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XVI. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, AT 8, P. M.

PROGRAMME.

MOZART.	SYMPHONY, in G minor. <i>Allegro molto—Andante—Allegro—Adagio</i>
RAFF.	CONCERTO for PIANOFORTE, in C minor, op. 185. <i>Allegro—Andante—Moderato—Allegro</i>
BRUNN.	SYMPHONIC SUITE, op. 25. (Three movements) <i>Allegro—Andante—Allegro—Moderato</i> (First time.)
WAGNER.	HULDIGUNG'S MARCH.

SOLOIST:

Mr. WILLIAM H. SHERWOOD.

The Pianoforte is a Mason & Hamlin.

THE SYMPHONIES.

SIXTEENTH CONCERT.

The programme of the sixteenth Symphony concert in Music hall, Saturday evening, Feb. 20, was:

Mozart, Symphony, in G minor.
Allegro molto.—Andante.—Minuet.—
Allegro assai.

Raff, Concerto for pianoforte, in C minor,
op. 185.

Allegro.—Andante, quasi larghetto.—
Finale, allegro.

Busoni, Symphonic suite, op. 25. (Three
movements)

Gigue.—Gavotte.—Allegro fugato.
(First time.)

Wagner.—Huldigung's March.

Soloist: Mr. William H. Sherwood.

The symphony in G minor, which is musically interesting, by many thought to be Mozart's *liebling*, was read splendidly so far as the notes were concerned; but Mr. Nikisch imparted altogether too much modern thunder and lightning into it for a truthful representation of this poetic master. It has already been stated that, while Mozart, Haydn and Schubert's music is susceptible of Wagnerian coloring, such coloring takes away all the beauty, leaving scarcely any charm or reminder of what it was intended to be, what it would be without this transfiguration.

It may be true that Mr. Nikisch does not wish to be called old-fashioned, but may he not make a mistake in modernizing these heavenly inspired and gifted masters? He may think from his standpoint that the public desire sensational noise, but if he will bend his ear to the four corners of Music hall and attentively listen to what is said about his free modernizations, he will realize his error.

The allegro molto was too loud all the way through, but, as stated, well played. The andante was completely enveloped in brilliant effects, losing all its poetic beauty and identity. Why, and where, is the tradition for it? The minuet fared better, and, perhaps, the allegro assai was less impassioned than some other portions of the work. If Mozart had been present, he would have been greatly surprised at the vigorous treatment his symphony received at the hands of Mr. Nikisch, and without doubt, would have expostulated.

Considerable interest was manifested to hear Mr. Sherwood play again, for he is an American pianist who stands deservedly high; not alone in Boston, but throughout the country, as he is known far and near. Mr. Sherwood possesses a fine technique, acquired by faithful, diligent study with some of the best masters of Europe, and behind this lies a musical temperament which enables him to play with expression and fidelity to the master he interprets. For some reason there seemed to be a want of understanding between the soloist and

the orchestra for they were not always together. Indeed, at one time it was a matter of doubt who would come out on top, the pianist or brass player, but it must be conceded the trumpeter was triumphant, although Mr. Sherwood gave him a good pull. Mr. Sherwood is one of the very best American pianists and perhaps, as a public performer, stands at the head. There is no occasion to speak in detail. Mr. Sherwood was heartily encored, and appeared several times on the stage to acknowledge the compliment.

Mr. Busoni's three movements from a symphonic suite displayed his musical talent in a pleasant light. The music is more fantastic than deep, but is of such a joyous, light airy nature as to furnish interest and enjoyment to all. Better things may be expected of this young composer.

The concert closed with Wagner's "Huldigung's March." We presume Mr. Nikisch was happy during its performance, for it is a piece in which the brass and drums have full sway.

JAMES M. TRACY.

THE SYMPHONY.

Mozart's Music Arranged for Modern Use.

An Interesting Suite by Ferruccio Busoni.

Musical Gossip and Events Here and Abroad.

The programme of the sixteenth concert of the Symphony Orchestra in Music Hall, Saturday evening, was as follows: Mozart's symphony in G minor, Raff's concerto for pianoforte in C minor, three movements; from Busoni's symphonic suite op. 25 (first time), and Wagner's Huldigungs March. Mr. William H. Sherwood was the pianist.

The first movement of Mozart's famous G minor symphony is an allegro molto. The first subject is a simple melody, passionate and intense; its whole effect is in the sincerity of the appeal to the hearer. The composer was terribly in earnest, he wasted no time in preparing or introducing it; he struck directly at the heart of the hearer. But Mr. Nikisch was not satisfied Saturday evening with the music of Mozart, its simplicity was apparently abhorrent to his genius. He therefore adorned and embellished it to suit his taste. He turned the allegro or Mozart into an allegretto; he coquetted with each phrase; he so exaggerated the penultimate note of each phrase that it became a hiccup; and the whole sentence, which is a rapid flow of melody until the entrance of the first forte, was broken into spasmodic jets. Thus he thought to gain in expression; and he was so pleased with his own inventions that he displayed them at every opportunity. In the andante he was not content with the Mozartian serenity of the opening statement; he used italics and capitals; and so when he came to the first sforzando of the first violins the effect of Mozart was already discounted. The menuetto was taken at such a pace that it might have been an ultra-modern scherzo; the entire character of the movement was lost, although the conductor no doubt thought that the trio would gain by the treatment, and the strongly marked phrases of Mozart were almost a jumble. The exaggerations of Mr. Nikisch were without any musical excuse—they often prevented the proper exposition of the melos, and Wagner claimed, and justly, that the proper tempo is merely the finding out the movement which best suits the melody; they were often directly opposed to the spirit of Mozart and the intentions as explicitly expressed by him. From the standpoint of

mechanism the performance, as a whole, was excellent, and these exaggerations of the conductor were, therefore, the more to be regretted.

It may be said that a conductor should be granted a certain liberty; that he should not be the slave of traditions; that his own individuality should have play. There is a vast difference, however, between liberty and licentiousness. When a conductor deliberately chooses a tempo which is contrary to that of the composer, when he reads and punctuates the sentences so that the meaning of the composer is distorted or made false, when in dealing with the masterpieces of such men as Mozart his most earnest endeavor is apparently to make all things new, when the hearers find a greater pleasure in discussing the caprices of the conductor than in the music itself, then the musical sincerity of that conductor may well be questioned.

Extracts from a Symphonic Suite by Mr. Ferruccio Busoni were played for the first time. It is said that in this Suite Mr. Busoni tried to "emancipate himself from the influence of the Italian style." "Italian style" is a vague term. It is here probably used as a reproach; for it is the fashion with many to say openly that music is peculiarly a German invention. We are apt to forget that in Italy the opera and the oratorio first saw the light; that the influence of Italian musical art and song is the leaven of the whole lump; that this influence was felt by Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert and Wagner; that last year the one opera that was given most frequently in the Imperial Opera House of Berlin was the work of a young Italian, who did not expatriate himself in his music. The Italians that resolutely turn their backs on melody, which seems their birthright, and strive after German profundity, are apt to make a sad mess of it; for in their endeavors to write German music they out-German their models, and their music is too often pretentious, ugly and dull. When, on the contrary, Italians cling fast to that which is already their own, and clothe melody with the substance of Germany and the grace of France, they are still loyal to their country. Mr. Busoni studied chiefly in Germany, but his blood is Italian; and the temperament of the composer as revealed in the fragments of this work, written when he was about eighteen years of age, is Southern. The jig, evidently shaped after the old and approved models, has Southern fire. The unexpected and effective pauses, the sense of color that warms the contrapuntal devices, the unerring sense of rhythm—all these turn that which might have been merely a school-task into a thing of beauty. The gavotte opens with a delightfully quaint melody for the oboe, and throughout the movement charming effects are gained by the simplest of means—and yet this simplicity is so difficult, as Carissimi said years ago. The finale, an allegro fugato, is broadly built, and interesting to musician and layman. For the counterpoint of Mr. Busoni seems so natural, so inevitable, that the knowledge of the composer is almost overlooked on account of the grace of his expression. These movements are melodically and harmonically strong; the counterpoint is fluent and effective; the instrumentation is rich without ostentation, and again, it is often very ingenious without strainings after effect, without whimsicalities. Mr. Busoni knows the peculiarities and the speech of each instrument, and he also knows the value of occasional silence, so that when the trumpet or the clarinet enters into the conversation it is because it has something to say. Mr. Nikisch read these fragments with an evident appreciation of their value, and they were sympathetically treated by the orchestra. They were very favorably received by the audience, and the applause was hearty and long-continued.

Mr. William H. Sherwood gave in many respects a remarkably fine performance of the Raff concerto. His scales, arpeggio work, chord attack and use of pedals have long excited the

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admiration of musicians. His playing Saturday evening was broad and brilliant, bold and free in the first and last movement; and in the andante he played with marked elegance. The concerto made certain demands on him to which his response was more than adequate; it did not call for any expression of deep emotion. Mr. Sherwood was enthusiastically applauded and he was several times recalled.

Louis II. of Bavaria was an unfortunate monarch. He was undoubtedly insane, and his death was tragic; Camille Mendels wrote a most unpleasant book about him; and Richard Wagner dedicated to him a "March of Homage" that was played at his coronation. This march is full of pompous noise; there is one short phrase that suggests the entrance of the riders in the opening exercises of the old-fashioned circus; the rest is fuss and fret, the apotheosis of blatant inanity.

PHILIP HALE.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Director Nikisch was particularly happy in his programme making for last evening's concert by the Symphony orchestra, and the patrons present gave many evidences of their appreciation of the excellent selection of works made for the occasion.

Very great interest centred in the reappearance here of William H. Sherwood, the pianist, formerly a prominent figure in Boston musical circles, and his choice of the concerto in C minor, op. 135, by Raff, as the medium to display his present skill added much to the pleasures of anticipation.

Mr. Sherwood hardly needs any extended reference to his playing in this city, as he was long ago accepted here as one of the standards of ability in this class of musical effort, and his masterly interpretation of all schools of piano compositions have been admitted on all sides. The Raff concerto is a work well calculated to inspire any pianist, and, after the first half of the opening allegro, Mr. Sherwood threw himself into the duty in hand, and from that on held the audience at will by his splendid playing. His command of all the technical details of the pianoforte won him distinction among American pianists at an early period in his career, and this skill is so happily supplemented by a rare degree of musical feeling and expression, which add greatly to his value as an artist.

His success was quickly recognized by the audience after each movement, and the applause which rewarded his efforts was most worthily bestowed.

The novelty of the evening consisted of three of the five movements of the symphonic suite, op. 25, by Ferruccio Busoni, the pianist, who was heard at these concerts earlier in the season. The movements played consisted of the gigue, gavotte and allegro fugato, and in each and all of these the bright, fresh, tuneful ideas of the composer were ever apparent. The suite was written at the age of 18, and its construction shows at times a lack of experience, but this partial defect is more than made good by the vim and dash which the youthful writer put into his work. Its orchestration is at times decidedly humorous, and the three movements heard last evening appear to stamp the work as one written under the influence of the gay carnival time. Mr. Nikisch entered into the spirit of the composition with admirable success, and gave the suite for all it was worth.

An excellent performance of the G minor Mozart symphony introduced the programme, and the pompous "Huldigungs march," by Wagner, brought it to a close.

AT A SYMPHONY REHEARSAL.

One of the Most Noted Features of Boston Life.

Remarkable Way in Which These Concerts Have Grown Away from Their Original Purpose—Fashion Made Them Her Own—An Audience Analyzed—Listeners Who Not.

Of all Boston institutions of the present day there is no doubt that the symphony concerts are the most famous.

Their renown has reached from Dan to Beersheba, and not a stranger ever comes within the gates who does not insist upon being taken to one, at least, to feast his eyes upon the delicious spectacle of the hub of the universe sitting rapt and reverent at its favorite shrine.

Music Hall on a Friday afternoon is the city in little, well worth a visit from the the social philosopher, apart from the music, which in itself will afford him a rare treat.

To begin with, it is amusing to reflect how thoroughly and perversely the concerts have grown away from the original purpose of their founder. Mr. Higginson's avowed object some 10 years ago, when he first began to consider the scheme, was to provide the best of classical music at a price which should bring it within the reach of all.

In the memory of man there has never been a time when good music was not to be heard in Boston, but not everybody could afford to listen to it, and there seemed to be no really sensible reason why a series of subscription concerts should not be possible here on the same plan as that so successful abroad at the Gewandhaus in Leipzig and at a hundred other places in Germany.

So it came about, Mr. Higginson agreeing to make up any deficit which this philanthropical idea might leave at the end of the season. The subscriptions for the series of 24 concerts were placed at a figure which put them practically in reach of every one. Single tickets could be bought for 25 and 50 cents, and it seemed as if a new era of bliss were opening out before music lovers. But hardly two years had gone by before it began to be apparent that fashion had marked the Symphony concerts, and especially the rehearsals, for her own. Vast as the audiences were, they

Took on a Back Bay Tone, noticeable at the hastiest glance. The seats on the floor were occupied almost wholly by people whose names are rolled like sweet morsels under the Boston tongue. To secure these places, they paid large premiums on the regular price, which grew

greater and greater with each succeeding year.

It was the thing to be seen at the rehearsal. There was a scramble for tickets. The auction sales in the fall came to be a competition between millionaires, and at the present moment it is not often that a good seat on the floor, in the midst of the elect, can be bought for less than \$50 for the 24 concerts, which is not too dear, perhaps, for the satisfaction it gives, but certainly proves that the music, marvellous as it is, is not at a marked-down figure.

The same with the balconies. In the top places not reserved are still to be had according to the original plan at the price of admission, 25 cents, but to secure one of them it is necessary to wait for an hour or so outside in an impatient, pushing crowd, to fight one's way up stairs tooth and nail, and finally to fall into a seat so breathless and cross and tired that not even Beethoven has charms enough to sooth the savage breast.

If the programme happen to be a popular one, the chances are against one getting a seat at all. You are far more likely to be obliged to stand during the entire afternoon. For once in a way this is worth while, but, persisted in, will ruin the sweetest disposition and cause curses, not loud, but deep, to be breathed against symphonies and all play therein.

However, nobody cares whether the 25-cent people are pleased or not. Beacon street and Commonwealth avenue are happy. Every Friday 2 o'clock finds them rustling into place, with all those noddings and greetings and whispered inquiries about Aunt Jane and Cousin Curtis which give to every select Boston symposium the air of a large family party.

To be in Boston without relations is very much like being

In Heaven Without Wings.

An outsidest stumbling into this network of connections, feels himself a helpless intruder with blushes mounting to the roots of his hair and an involuntary desire to get up and explain the reason of his being there. Nowhere is this more noticeable than at the rehearsals, which have come to wear very much the air of a large afternoon reception with music, where, seeing an awning up at the door, a few waifs and strays from the street, of no social value or position, have wandered in.

Alas! poor woman from the wrong side of the avenue, you may have money enough to buy your ticket and to adorn yourself with the most gorgeous attire in town, but when you sit week after week surrounded by people who calmly ignore your very existence, talking over and around you as if you were an empty chair, about their most intimate personal concerns, how can you help your soul growing smaller and ending that 24 afternoons of torture crushed by a sense of your own insignificance?

But you, stranger, must not by any means think of going alone. Take somebody with you, if it is only the letter carrier, who knows who is who, and who can let you into all the secrets of society. Otherwise the audience will lose half its savor. For instance, why should you know or how should you guess that the portly lady in black, who always sleeps through the andante movements, has a pedigree longer than your arm, and belongs to a family which speaks of Columbus as a Cook's tourist? Is there any outward and visible sign to tell you which is the celebrated Mrs. Jack Gardner, the accomplished Mrs. Monty Sears, the gentle Mrs. Gray, or to point out the noble army of Lymans, and Salstonstalls, and Lowells, and Cabots, and

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rys, and Winthrop, who are the pillars of the commonwealth?

Dr. Holmes everybody recognizes from the photographs and engravings sown broadcast over the land. The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table rarely misses a concert. His familiar figure, straight and apparently strong as ever, appears Friday after Friday in its accustomed place well down toward the front, and he has a cheery, whimsical greeting for his dear 500 friends. People often stand stock still and watch him as he goes out with a tender affection and admiration.

There are Harvard professors by the dozen, musicians of all ages, degrees, nationalities and accomplishments, editors of magazines and newspapers, artists,

A Host of Dilettanti

with more brains than money, and to offset them the nouveaux riches with more money than brains, scribblers by the hundreds, for every soul in Boston has written, is writing or means to write a book. School teachers with a flock of damsels in tow, and all that vast indescribable miscellany of men and women who live the busy Boston life, full of intellectual enjoyment and philanthropic work.

The faces of the women are generally refined, delicate and placid. They dress generally with the greatest simplicity, which may be either costly or inexpensive, and in a quiet taste affording the greatest contrast to an audience of similar quality in New York or Philadelphia or Chicago where gay colors take the feminine fancy and the house blooms like a fairy flower garden.

As for the men, they have the thin nervous features of New England, and the wiry figures, too. They are always in the proper cut of coat and trousers, with a careful attention to the prevailing tying of cravats, and they look like gentlemen, which is saying a great deal. To glance over that sea of human beings you cannot help fancying in each long line the traces of a direct descent from the Puritan settlers whose influence is still felt in this corner of the land.

While you are taking all this in, and feeling the subtle Boston atmosphere penetrating the inmost fibres of your being with a sort of lifting up, as it were, the orchestra is gradually occupying the chairs on the platform over which the bronze Beethoven keeps guard. Do realize that it is he, dear stranger, and don't be deluded, as many have been before, into thinking those mighty features belong to a local celebrity, such as Prof. J. K. Paine or Jonas Chickering.

There is a subdued scraping of strings and fluttering of music books. The audience looks into its neat little programme books to refresh its memory as to the afternoon's menu, and feels a thrill of pride that those programmes are so different from any others with their analyses of the various numbers, and the sketches of the musicians who have furnished the coming entertainments. Even the advertisements boast a certain literary merit and are furtively studied during the intricate passages of the concerts by the very young and the very old.

Presently in slips Nikisch himself, and a little bustle of applause greets

The Idol of the Hour

The pretty girls nudge one another and smile ecstatic rapture. The Harvard boys silently notice that he wears light trousers and a frock coat. The great conductor mounts his perch, turns over the pages of the score, for he no longer keeps up the

mighty feats he performed in days of yore in leading his orchestra without a note outside his memory. He raises that magical baton. A hush settles over the whole house, and, with the first wave of his hand, the enchantment begins. It may be Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn—perhaps the glorious overture to "Ruy Blas," given with a verve and precision that sets every pulse to thrilling. Then comes one of St. Saen's symphonic poems, "Le Rouet d'Omphale," played as no other orchestra in America ever has played it, or ever will, for only Nikisch can elicit those exquisite crescendoes diminuendoes. Then something else,—what you will—always perfectly rendered, and then the intermission.

Buzzes of conversation rise all over the hall. People get up and shake themselves. There is a good deal of criticism whispered—some of the music, but more of the neighbors' bonnets and back hair. The girls exchange enraptured comments about that first violin, who is supposed to have half the susceptible hearts in town in his toils. He sits back in his chair languidly, apparently unconscious that several hundred pairs of eyes are focussed upon him admiringly, and bends such affectionate glances upon his fiddle that many a foolish young woman grows wildly jealous of that thing of wood and catgut. Why is it that first violins are always irresistible? Upon the curl of their mustaches a good deal of the success of an orchestra depends—yes, even in Boston.

At last the leader is back again. All the old maids assume the expression of absorbed rapture supposed to be especially suited to symphonies. Old Moneybags who comes because his wife wants to be fashionable and who hates any music above the "Annie Rooney" order, with difficulties suppresses a groan as he settles himself uncomfortably in his leather chair. Mrs. Moneybags grasps her silver-cornered pocketbook tightly and sits up as straight as a ram-rod. Her tailor advises it strongly. Does she adore symphonies? She says so. The real music-lovers prepare for a rich treat, and an hour of happiness begins for them with the opening strains of the Eroica.

And you, stranger, must not be so absorbed by the noble rendering of that noble symphony that you forget to glance around you while it is going on. Choose a moment when the harmonies are too complex and intricate to be intelligible to common clay—the moment in which the student and the musician above all others delight, and look about.

Oh, for the sake of Boston and of culture, tell it not in Gath, nor breathe it in Askelon, how many of the first families are sound asleep! Not only old Moneybags, who, to do him justice, is not a bit of a hypocrite, and honestly declares that he means to get a wink or two if he can, but the gifted and great of the land are unconscious that

Their Heads Are Nodding

like so many apples stuck on knitting needles.

What a howl of denial and indignation would go up if they were accused of dozing during a Beethoven symphony.

But there they are, row after row, napping beyond all manner of doubt. Naughty Maud Pinckney amuses herself every week by making a list of the people in her neighborhood who go to sleep. She says that at the end of the season she shall give it to a reporter to publish in a Sunday newspaper, and if she puts that dreadful threat into execution, it is safe to predict that the

Back Bay will witness such scenes of excitement as never before in its career.

There is a far-away look in some faces that the enthusiastic believer in Boston might mistake for aesthetic transfiguration. But it is not aesthetic transfiguration—it is just what it appears to be, far away. The mothers of families, who wear it, are busy arranging the family meals for weeks ahead, planning whom they shall ask to stay with them next summer at Nahant or Pride's Crossing, and when, making over the children's clothes and wondering if by any possible manoeuvring they can get Charley and Emily into the Friday afternoon dancing class. Something inexpressibly soothing lies in Beethoven's music, and by the time the slow movement ends these thrifty matrons have smoothed their paths in life for a long time to come, and straightened out a good many tangles that have somehow crept into their households.

To hint that there are other ladies who choose this ill-advised time for the planning of their spring and summer wardrobes would be too base for anything. Only, how very funny it would be if, just for one concert, everybody could be persuaded to write down exactly and honestly what their thoughts were during a single number—the Symphony, let us say! O what shrieks of delight would be heard all over this wicked, flippant land of ours, and what a laughter at Boston humbuggery! I take it there would not be any too much about counterpoints and harmony in those records.

Coming Out After the Finale

has awakened the sleepers, and covered the retreat of the players and conductor with tremendous applause, there is plenty of amusing conversation to be overheard by those who keep their ears open, and still more as the crowd surges along through Hamilton place into the Back Bay cars. It certainly seems as if almost the entire audience goes home in those blue vehicles or in the smart broughams waiting along Tremont street.

The criticisms by really intelligent women would convulse Nikisch if he could hear them. Here there comes in more humbuggery. All sorts of stock expressions are tugged in right and left. They give a flavor to talk, and it is well to be able to find fault with the strings and the wood-wind, even if you don't know one from the other. Very few, very, very few have the courage to come out and declare with our friend Moneybags what in the bottoms of their souls they are most likely saying. "Well," he announces, while the whole car looks properly horrified at these vulgar sentiments, "give me tunes; that's what I like. Who wants to sit all the afternoon, and listen to the same little air played over and over again, first on one side of the band, and then on the other, first fast, and then slow? I call it pretty poor fun. I wouldn't give a cent to hear a band that can't turn a tune! Why don't they bring in something jiggy now and then?"

The idea of mentioning tunes and something jiggy after a Symphony concert! It is a wonder the electricity doesn't come right down from the trolley wire and annihilate old Moneybags.

Humbug! All humbug!

But the Girls,

bless their hearts! It would never do to mention the rehearsals without a word for that lovely rosebud garden which makes the dim old hall bright. There never were anywhere in the world such pretty, sweet young things as these genuine Boston maidens, never such rosy cheeks, such white,

even teeth, such bright eyes and such glossy curls as theirs.

From Brookline, Longwood, Cambridge, from Roxbury, Dorchester, and even farther away, they come in laughing flocks to join those other bevy from the new-made land. Tremont street and Winter street suddenly become alive with youth and prettiness, and the air is full of merry chatter, often clever enough to surprise one.

They may be lacking in style—their New York cousin says so—but they have certainly no want of charm.

The sourest old cynic smiles in spite of himself as he looks at them, and feels his heart growing light again when they surround him on the way out, sweeping him along in a resistless current toward the great rendezvous at Hayler's, where they all repair to revive themselves after the concert with ice cream soda. The shop is crammed. The atmosphere is faint with the fragrance of violets, for every lassie wears a bunch of them. They are all talking and laughing at once. Chaos is come again, but such a fresh, cheery, blushing, smiling chaos that it seems quite delightful. To see your Symphony rehearsals properly ended this is the place. You will go home with a glow of rapture which you will attribute to the music, but the Boston witches will account for it all. While the concerts bring out such a beauty-show every Friday, may their success never grow less! M. E. W.

Symphony Concert.

Last evening's Symphony concert gave a great deal of pleasure to one of the largest audiences of the season. A varied programme of enjoyable selections was offered by Director Nikisch, and admirable interpretation of all was given by his orchestra.

Mr. William H. Sherwood was the soloist, and he very naturally received an enthusiastic greeting from a host of admirers, who were delighted at the opportunity of hearing him again. Until a few years ago Mr. Sherwood was a resident of Boston, and was esteemed as one of the most talented and popular pianists of the city. He now resides in Chicago.

He played Raff's concerto in C minor yesterday, and gave the work a masterly and finished interpretation. At the conclusion of the number he was recalled four times by the enthusiastic and thoroughly delighted audience.

The novelty on the programme was the first hearing here of three movements from a symphonic suite Op. 25, by F. B. Busoni, a pianist and composer, who has during a residence of but a few months here gained the cordial regard of the Boston musical public.

Although the "Symphonic Suite" was written when the composer was 18 years old, it is a scholarly composition, full of agreeable melodies, and is treated in a thoroughly musicianly manner. The three movements played were Gigue, Gavotte and allegro fugato. The Gigue is vivaciously written and treats with many novel effects, a pleasing sprightly theme.

The Gavotte is rather severe in style, and its chief motive is sombre until near the close of the movement, when it becomes more cheerful. The allegro fugato is the most interesting of the three movements. It is broad in style and the several themes are developed in a masterly way.

Mozart's charming symphony in G minor proved a welcome offering and was finely played by the orchestra. Wagner's "Huldigungs March," also splendidly performed, brought the concert to a close.

Next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening the programme will be as follows:

Overture, Ruy Blas.....Mendelssohn
Symphony No. 4, in G minor.....Dvorak
(First time in America.)
Symphonic poem, Les Preludes.....Liszt

SICAL MATTERS.

The Sixteenth Symphony Concert.

The programme of the 16th symphony concert at the Music Hall Saturday evening, was as follows: "Symphony" in G minor by Mozart; concerto for piano in C minor by Raff, played by Mr. William H. Sherwood; three movements from a symphonic suite by Busoni and the Huldigung's March of Wagner. The novelty on the programme was the Busoni piece. The three movements, gigue, gavotte and allegro fugato, although antique in name and form, were characteristically modern in treatment. Musical knowledge was everywhere evident, the treatment was skilful, the themes original and the orchestral scoring admirable throughout. It is a spontaneous and effective work, and reflects great credit upon the composer. The orchestra saw-sawed the first movement at times; otherwise than that, barring the inherent coarseness that prevails at all times in the playing of the orchestra, it went with precision and effect.

Mr. W. H. Sherwood's playing of the Raff Concerto was characterized by the elegance, brilliancy, freedom and virility that mark the efforts of this eminent pianist, whose return to our concert halls, after a long absence, is an event for congratulation. The list of players counts many, yet are they few, for artistic value is considered. It was gratifying to observe the enthusiastic applause that followed Mr. Sherwood's performance. He was recalled several times. The accompaniment was overloud and coarse at times; it would have been a happy disappointment had it been otherwise.

The performance of the G minor symphony of Mozart was another specimen of the tawdriness and vulgar sentiment that are identical with Mr. Nikisch's efforts with the classics. As the superiority of Mr. Gericke was reflected in his musicianlike and discreet interpretations of the old masters, so also is the inferiority of Mr. Nikisch exhibited in his attempt to improve upon these models.

The opening movement was begun at as unreasonably slow pace and in a coarse, loud manner for a movement marked "Allegro Molto" and piano. As the movement went on the tempo was increased or diminished to suit the caprice of the conductor in his evident effort to better Mozart, resembling the fluctuating rhythm of a circus band keeping time to the canterings of the calico horse that carries the rider on his back

in the performances of his lotty tumblings. The reprehensible "pumping" of every phrase, regardless of its character, so dear to the heart of Mr. Nikisch, if one is to judge by its iteration and reiteration upon every occasion, was displayed in all its sickly sentimentality.

The andante followed in the same vein of coarseness and exaggeration that characterized the first movement, without a touch of the serenity and delicacy that is demanded in contrast to the vigor of the forte passages. Both the menuetto and the finale were rasped off in the band's most degenerate style, regardless of the expression indicated by the composer, and it only needed the trombones, tuba and the athletics of the tympani player to have made it audible possibly on Long wharf. In order that our readers may not think that the writer is dealing harshly with this performance, we append the critical review of Mr. Woolf and Mr. Hale, the two eminent musical critics of Boston.

It will be seen that they are unsparing in their denunciation of such an exhibition. The Huldigung's March gave Mr. Nikisch the opportunity to let slip the dogs of war and revel in the roar and rumble of all the noise that could be evoked from the violent efforts of his lusty crew. It was an offering of pomposity and blatancy that might well usher in the morn of the day that we celebrate in honor of the birth of the Father of His Country. "Clang the bells! Let the cannon roar!"

WARREN DAVENPORT.

Disgraced Forever.

[Youth's Companion.]

The Boston symphony concerts have become, in a way, sacred ceremonials, at which even those not born with a musical ear must assist in becoming fashion. One Friday afternoon the two little daughters of a certain family returned from the Music Hall "in a state of mind." "One of them was evidently scornful and the other depressed."

"What's the matter?" asked some one. "Wasn't the concert fine?"

"The concert was all right," said Ethel, superbly. "I don't complain of the concert!"

"Then what did go wrong? Something, I'm sure."

"The amount of the matter is," said the young lady, looking haughtily at her drooping sister, "that Mildred has disgraced herself. She sneezed in the middle of the symphony!"

MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Symphony Concert.

Our orchestra has returned from its Southern tour crowned with the laurels which the Washington, Baltimore and New York press always shower upon them. It is singular that the paeans of praise cannot always be re-echoed in Boston, but it is just possible that, as we are behind New York in operatic matters, we may be in advance of that city in orchestral work, and allow a higher criterion to rule. Be that as it may, the first impression made on Saturday, after two weeks of silence, was a poor one. The Mozart G minor symphony is a tender violet among symphonies, but the most gorgeous sunflower could not have made more display than its first movement did on this occasion. It was given with pomp and slowness, instead of with *naivete* and simplicity; the geniality was changed into turgidity, and everything seemed to go in a "King Cambyzes" vein that was altogether out of place. The second movement followed the first in its too ambitious path, but the third began to show improvement, and if one found but little contrast in the minuet, the trio at least was all grace and delicacy. The finale was still better, and the figure in imitations was well balanced and intelligible as it threaded its way from instrument to instrument, the contrabasses doing exceptionally excellent work.

Mr. Sherwood's high professional rank was never better illustrated than by his performance of the Raff C minor concerto. He seemed to entirely grasp the character of the composition, the best points of his instrument and the just value of the ensemble effects, and the orchestra seconded him in grand style, Mr. Nikisch appearing at his best in the conducting of the work. The concerto begins in the style established by Mendelssohn and Schumann, by allowing the piano to enter at once with thematic material. It is brimful of staccato and chord work, and the pianist in these passages and in octave runs seemed to have wrists of steel. Not less effective, however, was the legato work of the second movement, which was given with a degree of expression entirely commendable. The finale again turned to the bravura school and began with a solo display that seemed like a cadenza occurring in an unexpected place. The presentation of themes entirely unaccompanied, followed by others wholly orchestral, gave a peculiarly antiphonal effect to this movement that militated against that perfect union of forces which should obtain in a concerto. Only Beethoven and Brahms have thoroughly attained this intertwining, and Raff has followed Chopin and Rubinstein in making a concerto which at times seems like a piano solo with an orchestra obligingly filling in the waits between the themes. There was some fine trumpet work in the first movement, but it was a trifle too loud for the piano part which was balanced against it. The oboe work in the second movement deserves recognition, and the *floriture* woven around the theme by the piano were exquisitely performed. The only faults to be found with the perform-

ance were that the bass passages were too light and seemed to lack sustaining power, while the composition as a whole leaned too much toward martial effects, being a sort of military fantasia in its finale, and decidedly lacking depth and subtlety. Mr. Sherwood was recalled with an enthusiasm that was but a just tribute to his merit as an artist.

And now there followed a composition in the old forms, but in the most modern style—three movements from a suite by our newly arrived pianist, Busoni. The suite might also be called a *suite de spectres*, so weird, uncanny and ghost-like are many of its effects. It began with a gigue that came much nearer to Berlioz than to Bach. All the percussion, from triangle to glockenspiel, were kept busy in this "Queen Mab" like number, and the speed was that of a Tarantelle. The Gavotte also was in the spirit of the new school, while observing the shape of the old. It began with an English horn theme which was very musette like in character, but the real Musette appeared in proper place as Trio, with plentiful horn-playing, and an appropriate drone bass. This movement was altogether charming in its delicate rusticity and its playful syncopations. If the first movement suggested an elf in revel rather than a hilarious gigue, this Gavotte portrayed shepherds and shepherdesses *a la Watteau*, on the sylvan scene, and the contrast was a delightful one. The final allegro fugato was not so inspired as the two preceding movements, although the musicianly knowledge of the young composer was evinced in every measure, and the scoring throughout was of wonderful efficacy.

The concert ended with Wagner's "Huldigungs Marsch." Even Homer sometimes nodded, and it is not very heterodox to say that the world would not be very much the poorer if Wagner's marches were allowed to fall into obsolescence. They are frequently bombastic and overswollen. But if they passed away, how could our conductor get his *fortississississimo* effects? Such clatter could not be introduced into Beethoven, or Mozart, or Haydn, and even Liszt is only sporadically deafening! It is the highest compliment that can be paid to the orchestra to say that they played louder in this work than they have ever played before. Their whole attention was directed towards this end, and it is but justice to say that they achieved it; I do not think that any band on this Continent, or any other, could have played louder. The injunction of the psalmist to "play skilfully and with a loud noise" was carried out at least in its latter portion. I do not pretend to say that the tumult was out of place; perhaps the blame should rest on Wagner only, but since the extreme possibilities of uproar have been overcome let us now try to achieve a few good *diminuendo* efforts, and see what may be done in the direction of perfect ensemble.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

—The engagement has been cabled to Boston of Wilhelm Gericke, former leader of the Symphony Orchestra, and Fraulein Flamm, of Vienna.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

It is hardly possible to deny that the tours of the Symphony Orchestra, while they certainly increase its reputation and put money into their treasury, which must now show a solid balance to the good, are not to the artistic advantage of the band. The fulsome praises of people who have heard no other orchestral playing of distinction and the deliberate manipulation of the truth by some critics whose knowledge is more than their sincerity, have an effect upon the director against which the just and sensible criticism of Boston judges, far less desirous to find fault than anxious that this orchestra shall be perfect, cannot prevail. An eminent musical writer of New York said to us that Mr. Nikisch's directing was not always satisfactory by any means, and added that "if he does not do better next time, we shall really have to say something about it." But as there are prominent critics in New York who have allowed their peculiar interest in German opera to lead them into trivial or injurious comment upon the present Metropolitan season, so there are those who have an antipathy to Mr. Damrosch and his philharmonic orchestra, and make the concerts of the Seidl and the Boston bands the upper and nether millstones between which his enterprises are to be crushed. There is therefore given to Mr. Nikisch's work praise which he does not deserve and blame which he does deserve is withheld.

The sixteenth concert demonstrated this, when Mozart's G-minor symphony was delivered in opposition to tradition, practical sense, interior evidence and the plain directions of all previous time. Technically the performance was fine, for the band obeyed their conductor implicitly. But for the unreasonable individualism of the reading there is no possible excuse.

Three movements—a gigue, a gavotte and an *allegro fugato*—from a symphonic suite begun by Mr. Busoni, when he was but a youth less than twenty years old, constituted the novelty of the evening, and a delightful novelty they were. The encyclopædic compiler of the programme-book, who seems to be a Wagnerian *acharné*, remarks enigmatically and contradictorily that Mr. Busoni wrote this when he was trying to "emancipate himself from the influences of the Italian style" and that this is proved by his "opulent contrapuntal work." The compiler has apparently forgotten that some of the chief forms of musical composition originated in Italy and that the early masters of counterpoint—than whom none have been greater—were Italians and taught the world. Be this as it may, Mr. Busoni's writing is no less opulent in beautiful and various melody and in fresh fanciful devices of orchestration than in genuine polyphony and free, graceful and powerful counterpoint. A touch of mystery is felt here and there or a bit of humor shines out; the scoring is full, but not heavy or cloudy,

and the leading themes and *obbligati* are agreeable in themselves and well set for the single instruments. Mr. Nikisch read and the orchestra played with sympathy and effectiveness.

The last number was that blatant commonplace, Wagner's "Huldigungs Marsch," which perhaps the United States Marine Band might play more vociferously and furiously, and which only needed a magic-lantern scene of a grand circus entry to make its din and vulgarity complete.

The soloist of the concert was Mr. W. H. Sherwood, whose playing had even more of the ardent force of mind and hand, the perfect intellectual grasp, the absolutely responsive technique and the emotional enthusiasm which have always characterized him. He was *en rapport* with his chosen work at every point and in every phase, and his vehement recalls were well won. He had taken Raff's concerto in C-minor, *opus* 185, which is so generous in melody, so brilliant in figuration, so favorable to both soloist and orchestra, and whose military spirit so often recalls the moods, if not the exact expressions of the "Lenore" symphony. Here again Mr. Nikisch and the orchestra were irreproachable.

It is not exactly in the concert-critic's province, perhaps, but we should like to say a word in honor of the Mason & Hamlin piano, heard for the first time in Music Hall, as a welcome addition to the list of worthy concert-grands. Put forward modestly and almost tentatively, it showed excellent staying qualities, was sweet, clear, even and strong; a little cool in the upper registers, but still agreeable; sufficient in the *ensembles* and easily modulated for solo passages. Taking this as their *coup d'essai*, it is probable that the grands of this long established house must obtain and hold a fine position among concert instruments.

Tonight's programme is: Mendelssohn's "Ruy Blas" overture and Liszt's "Preludes," with between them the first hearing in America of Dvorák's fourth symphony.

The Symphony Concert.

The programme for the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in Music Hall, last evening, was: Symphony, G-minor, Mozart; Concerto for pianoforte, *op.* 185, Raff; three movements of a Symphonic Suite, Busoni (first time); Huldigung's March, Wagner. The Mozart symphony Mr. Nikisch undertook to "improve" after his now familiar fashion, and, as a consequence, this masterpiece that came perfect from its composer's hands, was disfigured by unauthorized and impertinent variations of tempo suggestive of the sickly sentimental devices peculiar to the conventional prima donna. Whenever a great composer is thus, as it were, bedaubed with rouge and decked out with fancy furbelows, it is urged that something must be left to the conductor and his impression of the work performed; but something also must be left to the master's clearly expressed meaning of his own music. If a conductor's impression leads him to set himself in complete opposition to the composer's directions, something may be left to the critical listener, who is certainly entitled to affirm that he prefers Mozart to Nikisch. The opening phrase of the first movement of the symphony was taken at a slow pace, despite the fact that the composer had indicated that the tempo was to be *allegro molto*. It will not be claimed, we presume, that what a composer has written to be played *allegro molto*, a conductor has the right to play *allegretto moderato*. There is no greater reason for playing the opening phrase at a slow pace than there is for playing the whole movement in the same manner. The life and spirit of the movement were neutralized by this treatment, which was repeated whenever the phrase reappeared. Great musical classics are not to be subjected to such "improving" especially when it does not rise to any higher intellectual plane than twaddling sentiment. When Mozart says *allegro molto*, *allegro molto* let it be, Mr. Nikisch! If Mozart is a blunderer he is responsible for it; and if he is to be set right, it must be by another Mozart. The probabilities are, however, that Mozart was right and that Mr. Nikisch is wrong. There has been enough and to spare of this trifling with great works of the old composers. The G-minor symphony was recognized as a perfect masterpiece, long, very long before Mr. Nikisch tried to better it by impressing his individuality upon it, and nothing will be added to its chaste and simple beauty by his decking it with a peacock feather here and there. A novelty and a remarkably interesting feature of the programme were found in a gigue, a gavotte and an *allegro fugato* from a Symphonic Suite by Mr. F. Busoni. The gigue is exceedingly brilliant, though it perhaps suggests a tarantella rather than a gigue. The theme is bright and pleasing, and its orchestration is ingenious, original and effective, especially in the treatment of the wood wind. It is musically in every essential, and the same may be said of the other movements. The gavotte is delightful in its subject, and its grace and delicacy are fascinating. The trio is especially fresh, rich in tone color, and charming in effect. The finale displays the composer's knowledge and his thorough skill in the use of it, and the *fugato* is developed in a masterly manner. The instrumentation is exceptionally thoughtful and discreet. Every note tells. It is gratifying to know that we have in Mr. Busoni not only a fine pianist, but a composer of such admirable powers as this music proves him to be. The soloist of the evening was Mr. W. H. Sherwood, who played Raff's Concerto for pianoforte, in C-minor, *op.* 185. His performance may be heartily praised for its brilliancy, clearness, and the splendid technique that was brought to bear on it. The perfection of the playing was absolute. The touch was fine and true, the spirit was admirable, the style was broad, thoughtful and thoroughly artistic. For some reason or other, however, it left the listener unmoved except by admiration for the artist's technical skill; and, despite the fire with which it was played, the sentiment of the whole seemed cold and formal. It was warmly and deservedly applauded, at the close of each movement, and the player was recalled three times with great enthusiasm. The programme for the next concert is: Overture, "Ruy Blas," Mendelssohn; Symphony No. 4, Dvorák (first time); and "Les Preludes," Liszt.

MUSIC. *Continued*

THE SYMPHONY.

The one novelty on the programme of the sixteenth Symphony rehearsal and concert was in the form of three movements of a Symphonic Suite *opus* 25, by Mr. F. B. Busoni, the accomplished young pianist of this city. This suite was written by him eight years ago and is in five movements, Praeludium, Gavotte, Gigue, Intermezzo lento and *Allegro fugato*. Those performed were the second, third and last. These movements created, on a single hearing, a decidedly favorable impression. The two dances are especially interesting and characteristic. The gigue is full of life and energy, and the quaint gavotte is not behind in attractiveness. The finale is the broadest and most elaborately constructed movement of the three. In all are to be found evidences of well trained skill in composition, while the orchestration is generally free, clear and adequate. That the gigue and the gavotte are well calculated to appeal to the popular taste was proved by the hearty applause that followed their performance. All three movements were admirably played.

It was a pleasure to hear Mr. William H. Sherwood once more at these concerts. We cannot help wishing, however, that he had chosen some other work for performance. For Raff's concerto, with all its melodiousness and masterly construction, is merely a show piece, containing little or nothing that appeals to one's deeper feelings. Mr. Sherwood's playing was remarkably fine throughout.

Boldness, fire, fluency and brilliancy characterized his work in the extreme movements, tenderness and grace the charming *andante*. He was warmly received and enthusiastically recalled.

Mozart's ever delightful symphony in G minor stood first on the programme. In his reading, Mr. Nikisch took fewer liberties with the tempo of the first movement than he has done heretofore; in fact his conducting was notably straightforward throughout the work. The playing of the orchestra was also thoroughly in harmony with the spirit of the music. It was a wholly enjoyable performance.

Wagner's gorgeous "Huldigungs March" was the closing number and was played in a befitting manner.

Arthur Nikisch, on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the New York Philharmonic Society last week, gave a notable instance of his friendship for the profession with which he is associated in his adopted home, by taking the initiative in sending a floral offering to the Philharmonics from the Boston Symphony orchestra.

210 Music Hall: The Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the sixteenth symphony concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Mozart: Symphony in G minor.

Raff: Pianoforte Concerto in C minor, Op. 185.

Busoni: Three Movements from Symphonic Suite, Op. 25.

Wagner: Huldigungs-Marsch.

Mr. William H. Sherwood was the pianist.

The ever-beautiful G minor symphony was admirably played. Nothing of the poetic effect of the performance of the work under Mr. Nikisch during his first year here was lost, and much was gained in the way of symmetry of proportion and regularity of tempo. The exquisite opening phrase in the violins sounded just as romantic, at a normal tempo, as it did two years ago, when Mr. Nikisch took it too slow; and our excellent conductor is much to be thanked for his perfect tempo in the *Andante*. All that the performance left to be desired was, perhaps, a still finer delicacy and finish in the first and second movements, and a more nervous, definite accent in the accompanying eighth-notes in the violas at the beginning of the first. The viola passage sounded too much like a whispering tremolo; as it stands in the score, it is evidently meant to say something.

The movements from Mr. Busoni's suite are full of life and charm, and are excellently written for the orchestra. One had rather the composer had not used the word *fugato* in his heading to the last movement; it arouses expectations which the movement fulfils rather stingily. There is enough *fugato* in it to swear to before a jury, but not enough to be worth mentioning. Not that this impugns the musical value of the movement in the least, but that, when you are told that you are going to hear a *fugato*, you like to hear something that is a *fugato* all through. Still the fresh, lively charm of the music is its own defence.

Never before have we heard the Huldigungs-Marsch sound so gloriously as it did last Saturday evening. Here Mr. Nikisch really gave us a new revelation. We had always thought the Huldigungs-Marsch a good and worthy thing enough, decidedly inferior to the Kaiser-Marsch, but just as decidedly superior to that \$5000 composition which rejoices in the compendious title of "*Grosser Festmarsch zur Eröffnung der hundertjährigen Gedenkfeier der Unabhängigkeits-Erklärung der vereinigten Staaten von Nordamerika*." In fact, we had looked upon the Huldigungs-Marsch as a work in which Wagner had joined Homer in nodding a little. But, as Mr. Nikisch takes it, it is simply superb! It took the audience off its feet. If that is what the Huldigungs-Marsch sounds like, then long live the Huldigungs-Marsch! We would almost hazard the wish that, as Mr. Nikisch has made such a triumphant success in this case, he would try his hand at the—well, we really cannot go through all those polysyllables again, but must simply say—"Centennial March." Perhaps he might succeed in making something out of the wonderful triplet, now that a certain college song has passed into oblivion.

Mr. Sherwood was cordially received, and, what is still better, applauded to the echo after finishing the Raff concerto. The composition itself has never seemed to us to be worth very much. To be

sure, it cannot rightly be ranked with works of respectable mediocrity; it is both too good and too bad for that. It shows Raff's cleverness, his inventiveness, and brilliancy; but also his want of self-criticism, his tawdriness and lack of true nobility. It cannot be a work to live very long, and there seems to be no sound reason for keeping it above ground. But Mr. Sherwood's playing of it was superb at every point; he played it with a brilliancy, a dash, an incisiveness of accent, and a sustained power that were simply electric. And all through he showed a self-possession—by which we mean a thorough possession of, and mastery over, his own resources—that prevented his ever going too far, or falling short of perfect clearness and coherence. It was a grand piece of pianoforte playing.

The next programme is: Mendelssohn, overture to "Ruy Blas;" Dvorak, symphony No. 4, in G minor; Liszt, symphonic poem, "Les Préludes."

211 Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1891-92.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. ARTHUR NIKISCH, Conductor.

XVII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, AT 8, P. M.

PROGRAMME.

MENDELSSOHN.

OVERTURE. "Ruy Blas."

DVOŘÁK.

SYMPHONY No. 4, in G major.

Allegro con brio.—Adagio.—Allegretto grazioso.—

Finale; Allegro ma non troppo.

(First time in America.)

A. BORODIN.

"EINE STEPPENSKIZZE AUS MITTEL-AISEN"

(A Prairie Scene in Central Asia.)

(First time.)

LISZT.

SYMPHONIC POEM. "Les Préludes."

Music Hall: The Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the sixteenth symphony concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Mozart: Symphony in G minor.

Raff: Pianoforte Concerto in C minor, Op. 185.

Busoni: Three Movements from Symphonic Suite, Op. 25.

Wagner: Huldigungs-Marsch.

Mr. William H. Sherwood was the pianist.

The ever-beautiful G minor symphony was admirably played. Nothing of the poetic effect of the performance of the work under Mr. Nikisch during his first year here was lost, and much was gained in the way of symmetry of proportion and regularity of tempo. The exquisite opening phrase in the violins sounded just as romantic, at a normal tempo, as it did two years ago, when Mr. Nikisch took it too slow; and our excellent conductor is much to be thanked for his perfect tempo in the *Andante*. All that the performance left to be desired was, perhaps, a still finer delicacy and finish in the first and second movements, and a more nervous, definite accent in the accompanying eighth-notes in the violas at the beginning of the first. The viola passage sounded too much like a whispering tremolo; as it stands in the score, it is evidently meant to say something.

The movements from Mr. Busoni's suite are full of life and charm, and are excellently written for the orchestra. One had rather the composer had not used the word *fugato* in his heading to the last movement; it arouses expectations which the movement fulfils rather stingily. There is enough *fugato* in it to swear to before a jury, but not enough to be worth mentioning. Not that this impugns the musical value of the movement in the least, but that, when you are told that you are going to hear a *fugato*, you like to hear something that is a *fugato* all through. Still the fresh, lively charm of the music is its own defence.

Never before have we heard the Huldigungs-Marsch sound so gloriously as it did last Saturday evening. Here Mr. Nikisch really gave us a new revelation. We had always thought the Huldigungs-Marsch a good and worthy thing enough, decidedly inferior to the Kaiser-Marsch, but just as decidedly superior to that \$5000 composition which rejoices in the compendious title of "*Grosser Festmarsch zur Eröffnung der hundertjährigen Gedenkfeier der Unabhängigkeits-Erklärung der vereinigten Staaten von Nordamerika*." In fact, we had looked upon the Huldigungs-Marsch as a work in which Wagner had joined Homer in nodding a little. But, as Mr. Nikisch takes it, it is simply superb! It took the audience off its feet. If that is what the Huldigungs-Marsch sounds like, then long live the Huldigungs-Marsch! We would almost hazard the wish that, as Mr. Nikisch has made such a triumphant success in this case, he would try his hand at the—well, we really cannot go through all those polysyllables again, but must simply say—"Centennial March." Perhaps he might succeed in making something out of the wonderful triplet, now that a certain college song has passed into oblivion.

Mr. Sherwood was cordially received, and, what is still better, applauded to the echo after finishing the Raff concerto. The composition itself has never seemed to us to be worth very much. To be

sure, it cannot rightly be ranked with works of respectable mediocrity; it is both too good and too bad for that. It shows Raff's cleverness, his inventiveness, and brilliancy; but also his want of self-criticism, his tawdriness and lack of true nobility. It cannot be a work to live very long, and there seems to be no sound reason for keeping it above ground. But Mr. Sherwood's playing of it was superb at every point; he played it with a brilliancy, a dash, an incisiveness of accent, and a sustained power that were simply electric. And all through he showed a self-possession—by which we mean a thorough possession of, and mastery over, his own resources—that prevented his ever going too far, or falling short of perfect clearness and coherence. It was a grand piece of pianoforte playing.

The next programme is: Mendelssohn, overture to "Ruy Blas;" Dvorak, symphony No. 4, in G minor; Liszt, symphonic poem, "Les Préludes."

Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1891-92.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. ARTHUR NIKISCH, Conductor.

XVII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, AT 8, P. M.

PROGRAMME.

MENDELSSOHN.

OVERTURE. "Ruy Blas."

DVOŘÁK.

SYMPHONY No. 4, in G major.

Allegro con brio.—Adagio.—Allegretto grazioso.—

Finale: Allegro ma non troppo.

(First time in America.)

A. BORODIN.

"EINE STEPPENSKIZZE AUS MITTEL-ASIEN"

(A Prairie Scene in Central Asia.)

(First time.)

LISZT.

SYMPHONIC POEM. "Les Préludes."

The Two Novelties of the Symphony Concert.

Concerning the Career of Amalie Joachim.

The Centenary of the Birth of Rossini.

The programme of the seventeenth Symphony Concert was as follows: Mendelssohn's overture, "Ruy Blas;" Dvorak's Symphony No. 4 in G major (first time in America); "A prairie scene in Central Asia," by Borodin (first time at these concerts); and Liszt's symphonic poem, "The Preludes."

Borodin is a composer not utterly unknown in Boston. His first symphony was played under the direction of Mr. Nikisch in January, 1890, and it then provoked much comment. As a musician he was an amateur, an amateur of rare natural gifts and earnest purpose. He was born in St. Petersburg in 1834, and he died in 1886. He studied medicine and chemistry, was an army physician, and finally became a professor at the Imperial Academy of Medicine and Surgery. And he was honored by his Government in various ways. When he was a young man he fell in with Balakireff, who was the centre of the group of the composers of the new Russian school: Cui, Moussorgsky, Rimski-Korsakoff and others. He wrote two symphonies, the "Scene" played last week, some chamber music, including two string quartettes, and a few songs and piano-forte pieces. He left unfinished an opera, "Le Prince Igor," an opera ballet, "Mlada," and a symphony in A minor.

We are apt to associate the compositions of the modern Russian school with alcohol and dynamite. We have been warned against revolutionary principles, and we have been told that Russian musical Nihilism included even the rejection of the modern system of tonality. But certainly this "Scene from Central Asia" is neither amorphous nor Nihilistic. On the contrary, it is charming in its form, clearly written, full of an originality that attracts and does not repel. Its melancholy is not lugubrious; its apparent simplicity is never inane or infantile. The themes are characteristic; they are skillfully brought together, and, as Cui has well remarked in speaking of Borodin as a symphonic writer, "he crosses his melodic phrases with remarkable dexterity and with an irreproachable harmonic purity." The instrumentation is masterly. It is so discreet; it is also so full of color. The effects are gained by simple means, but each note, each instrument tells. And when the effect is gained, the composer is satisfied; he does not repeat it and repeat it, as though the hearer were a reluctant jurymen. Although it is programme-music, it is eminently sane; Borodin leaves the hearer to his imagination, telling him first his own ideas concerning

the music; he does not, however, put a cross under a measure, and say "This is a camel," or "This is the hoof-beat of a horse." If the "descriptive comments" were removed, the music itself would give delight; for as absolute music it is beautiful. It is to be hoped that in due time Mr. Nikisch will give us an opportunity of hearing some of the compositions of Rimski-Korsakoff, Balakireff and Glazounoff.

Dvorak's Symphony No. 4 in G was first played in Prague Feb. 2, 1890, under the direction of the composer and from the manuscript. It is, upon the whole, a disappointing work. It is true that there are a few pleasing themes, and the instrumentation is at times ingenious. But we have a right to demand something more than prettiness and clever instrumentation, when Dvorak offers to the world a symphony. The pedagogue might say with some justice to the composer, "I asked for a symphony and you gave me a suite." The amateur might also say, "Yes, that is a good tune in the finale, but it seems to me that I have heard it before; and as for the whole work it is not unlike a potpourri in which Bohemian folk-songs are contrasted with Bohemian dances. The second movement, I frankly admit, is unintelligible to me." Now it is possible, indeed probable, that neither of these two judgments is final, but there is truth in each. The first movement is curiously constructed, and as though Dvorak were hurried in the making of it; the adagio is perhaps "deep," and it is undeniably dull; the third movement is thoroughly delightful from beginning to end; and the bustle of the finale is dangerously near vulgarity. As a whole, the symphony will not add to the fame of the composer.

The "Ruy Blas" overture was well played, with the exception of an occasional lack of precision in the attack of the brass; and the symphony and the "Sketch" were finely played in spite of the horn-wabbling in the former. But is it not about time that Liszt's "Preludes" should be refused admission to our symphony concert hall, or at least admitted only once in ten years, and then as a shocking example? Its gilt is tarnished, its lace is tattered, its plume is broken. Time has turned its ornaments into derision; the stuff of its indispensable clothing is shoddy and through the gaping holes is seen a meagre, wretchedly nourished body.

Amalie Joachim, the celebrated singer, will soon be heard in this city; and a few words concerning her career may not be impertinent. Her maiden name was Schneeweiss, which was afterward changed to Weiss, and she was born the 10th of May, 1839, in Marburg in Steiermark. She sang in the chorus and in minor parts in Hermannstadt and in Vienna during the early fifties. In the latter city she was at first in the chorus of the Kärnthnerthor Theatre, and one of her associates was Pauline Lucca. There she was given few opportunities for the display of her talent. She was then a girl of more than ordinary beauty, "with deep-blue eyes and a serious, bell-like voice." She was the gypsy maiden in Rubinstein's "Kinder der Haide," who sang the wedding song and beat on a tambourine. She was the Fatime in "Oberon," and in 1861 she took the part of Amazilli in "Jessonda." Soon after this, "tired of watching over Norma's children and waiting on Verdi's Leonora," for, in spite of her natural gifts, she was kept back by the manager, she went to the Hannover Court opera. In 1863 she became the wife of Joseph Joachim, and soon forsook the opera for the concert stage. Still she sang with great success in the operas "Iphigenie en Tauride," "Orpheus" and "Fidelio," for her voice, although it had the full and rich quality of the true alto, was in compass a mezzo-soprano. Joachim was called to Berlin to take charge of the newly founded "Music High School" (1868), and his wife became famous throughout Germany as an oratorio singer and an interpreter of German songs. Although there were

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one, and there was a divorce, not without attendant scandal. Otto Gumprecht, in his second volume of musical essays (1872), paid Amalie Joachim a glowing tribute, in which he spoke of the beauty of her tones "without a blemish;" of her "modest earnestness;" of "the simplicity and at the same time the grandeur of her delivery." "However carefully she colors the detail, she never loses sight of the unity of the whole." And, according to him, neither the intellectual force and depth of the ancients nor the sweetness and nervous intensity of the modern romanticists were foreign to her. Hanslick, when he heard her in 1872 in Vienna, for she gave there concerts with Clara Schumann, said that she made the most profound impression in the shortest songs, in which "a certain universality of sentiment is necessary in the interpretation rather than a sharply defined and specific characteristic;" and he named Mendelssohn's "Greeting" and Brahms' "Cradle Song."

One hundred years ago to-day the town trumpeter of Pesaro alternately entreated and threatened the plaster statuettes of the twelve apostles, which were the sole decoration of the room next to the bedchamber of his wife. Relatives and friends, who had lighted little candles and placed them before the statuettes, were scandalized, and the more when, in a burst of southern fury, he seized a stick and attacked the apostles. Three were in pieces. The raging man stood before Saint Giacomo with upraised stick, when, lo, there was the feeble cry of a babe in the adjoining room, and the father of a moment fell on his knees before the saint. Such is the tale of the birth of Gioacchino Antonio Rossini.

To-day the centenary of this birth will be celebrated throughout Italy and generally on the continent. The Government of Italy marks the occasion by the publication of the composer's correspondence. At Pesaro the cottage where he was born is to be turned into a museum, and the festivities will last a week. At Venice there will be a water carnival. At Turin the "Stabat Mater" will be sung, and in the Paris Opera House there will be a performance of "William Tell." It is meet that such honors should be paid to the memory of the great melodist. It is the fashion of the day with not a few to snap derisive thumbs at Rossini and call him a mere music-maker. Yet as long as music endures among men, so long will the name of the composer of "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," the masterpiece, the coming glory of opera buffa, be held in loving reverence. In natural musical endowment, in spontaneity of melody, in fluency and in facility he was only surpassed by Mozart, the idol of his devotion, before whom he humbly bent and confessed his own unworthiness.

PHILIP HALE.

SEVENTEENTH SYMPHONY.

Mendelssohn, Dvorak, Borodin and Liszt on the Programme.

Music Hall was crowded Friday afternoon at the 17th rehearsal of the Symphony orchestra. There was not much enthusiasm on the part of the audience, but the performance, as a whole, was good, and the performance of the several numbers on the programme was marked by considerable technical care. The audience at last night's concert was equally as large and was much more cordial in expressing approval of Mr. Nikisch's offerings.

The programme embraces the names of Mendelssohn, Dvorak, Borodin and Liszt, and the selections were at once classical and popular.

The "Ruy Blas" overture by Mendelssohn, and "Les Preludes" by Liszt, were without question the successful numbers. The "Ruy Blas" overture was well received and finely played by the orchestra.

The Dvorak symphony No. 4, in G major, was new, and, therefore, did not evoke as much applause as the notable work preceding it, with its grand opening chords, its magnificent allegro, and its passionate cantabile, all so well known.

Yet the Dvorak symphony was a grand effort, and each movement was characterized by marked care.

The fortissimo crescendo, in the first movement, was a splendid bit of musical effect, so, also, was the coda in G major in the third movement. The finale was given grandly from the faufare of trumpets to the pianissimo by the cellos, and the symphony, as a whole, was warmly applauded.

The Borodin number, "A Prairie Scene in Central Asia," with its sensational effects, was well received.

The success of the concert was the Liszt number "Les Preludes." Both orchestra and audience warmed to this selection, and at the close it was greeted with merited applause.

The piece is full of weird poetry, musical effect, changing rapidly from grave to gay, and charming the ear at every step. The allegro animato violins and trumpets is a fitting finale to this powerful work, and the audience evinced its pleasure by generous applause. There was no lack of attention to "Les Preludes."

The programme for the 18th rehearsal and concert will be as follows:

Symphonic poem, Hamlet..... Tschalkowsky
First time.
Concerto for violin, No. 3, in D minor..... Bruch
Soloist, Mme. Camilla Urso. First time.
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First performance in Boston of the original version.

Extra Symphony Concert.

The Boston Symphony orchestra will give an extra concert on Wednesday, March 2, at Music Hall—a benefit for the members of this famous organization, whose meritorious work has given unalloyed pleasure to thousands and made this city famous wherever music is appreciated. They deserve well, and their services for art are worthy of the warmest recognition as well as praise.

Paderewski's appearance at this concert is a voluntary offering in compliment to the superiority of the orchestra's work and an expression of his appreciation of the manner in which it accompanied one of his own compositions.

Among the pieces in this really brilliant programme are the "Suite Esclarmonde," by Massenet, and a symphonic poem, "The Sea," by Nicode, for the orchestra, and Schumann's A minor concerto and Liszt's "Hungarian Fantasia," which will be played by Paderewski.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Symphony Concert.

It is a pleasant task to acknowledge the amount of novelty which is given to the symphony programmes this season. One may not always like the new works, but it is none the less valuable to have the opportunity of hearing different schools and of knowing what the very latest additions to the repertoire are like. On Saturday the novelties were Slavonic, and it must be added that they were caviare to the general public, for the first and last numbers of the programme were the most appreciated features of the concert.

The opening number was Mendelssohn's "Ruy Blas" overture, which received a fiery and dramatic reading well suited to its character. The pomp and blare of the brasses was quite in place here, and the spirited interpretation was evidently relished by the audience. In the string passages there was something left to be desired in ensemble; the chief fault with our excellent string orchestra is that the first violins are allowed to dominate everything; their dash and enthusiasm are never restrained, and as a consequence one rarely hears the seconds or the violas, and as we possess an unusually large body of violas, one of the finest possible effects is lost. The first movement of the recently played G minor symphony by Mozart was an example of this, for it possesses a beautiful viola figure which was inaudible, and in the same manner the string portions of this overture seemed to be first violins, cellos and contrabasses, and nothing else; a little repression of the first violins, and corresponding encouragement of the seconds and the violas will make a wonderful change in many performances.

Dvorak's new symphony was a disappointment at its first hearing. It is not so much a symphony as a fantasia on Slavonic folk music. It is a hopeful sign in the instrumental music of the present that the composers are beginning to draw from the characteristic repertoire of folk-song and national dance, for from this broad field our classical music will derive a new virility, and many new effects of scale form, of weird and effective mode, will be acquired. Let the reader play for himself upon the piano these notes: C, D, E flat, F sharp, G, A flat, B, and C, and he will have a scale which can produce many a strange yet pleasing effect, the scale of the Hungarian folk music; in like manner C, D, flat, E, F, G, A flat, B, and C, used harmonically or melodically, induct us into an almost untrodden field of composition, an Oriental mode; and a half-dozen other modes might be mentioned, were it not for the risk of becoming pedantic, that have influenced folk-music much, and classical music not at all. But the employment of such scales for theme-construction as, for example, in Brahms' slow movement of his last symphony, in E minor, does not preclude musicianly development, and this is just what one did not find in any movement of this work by Dvorak. It seemed a pasticcio of folk-music, each theme leading to a tame and commonplace ending, not far removed from the Italian cadence as exemplified by Verdi in those young days when he deserved his patro-

nymie. The second movement, however, was a curiosity, not as the programme book said, because of its continuance in one key, but because of the strange intermezzo in which an interval of a third, sometimes major, sometimes minor, was repeated over and over, making one of the quaintest imaginable effects. This was by all odds the most interesting movement of the work, and its *bizarrerie* was attractive in the highest degree. The third movement was more of the same sort, and its strange final cadence, a veritable orchestral sigh, was finely given. The finale was more military, but suggested rather a Tartar horde going out to battle, than anything European. It dealt in every kind of semi-civilized scale. To sum up, then, the work errs in not having a clear development of its thoughts and in giving an overdose of the quaint and the weird, but it is interesting, viewed as a fantasia, and an orchestral study. It was generally well played, and certainly lost nothing of its effect in Mr. Nikisch's hands. The horn played badly, the trumpet overblew, and the flute work was excellent, while of course the phalanx of first violins carried everything before them in their impetuous charge.

A Russian picture by Borodin added to the savagery which seemed rampant in the programme. It was charmingly played and the woodwind instruments had abundant opportunities to display themselves, and used them well. The shading was excellent, but the work came to palates that had already been surfeited with odd progressions.

Liszt's best symphonic poem, "Les Preludes," was given with becoming breadth. Its chief theme is reminiscent, and that, too, in a very unexpected manner. An eminent Bostonian once exclaimed, after hearing the finale of Beethoven's ninth symphony for the first time, "That's only a glorified 'Yankee Doodle!'" in a similar manner the unregenerate can find in Liszt's work an apotheosis of "We won't go home till morning." But the climax is grand, and the breadth of the interpretation was undeniable, for here our conductor's intensity and enthusiasm found proper vent.

THE ORCHESTRA'S CONCERT.

One Wednesday evening next the benefit concert for the Symphony men will take place in Music Hall, and to the pleasure to be expected from the novelties we announced last week will be added the charm of Mr. Paderewski's appearance and the interest attaching to his first performance here of a Schumann concerto. This is the first time that any testimonial has been offered to the orchestra as a body other than that of passing applause and merited praise. If the house be filled as it should be each member should have a substantial sum to put in his pocketbook; and, better than this, an ample audience will be like a personal assurance that the pains, the steady work and the good spirit of these seventy men are appreciated and directly encouraged.

children born, the marriage was an unhappy one, and there was a divorce, not without attendant scandal. Otto Gumprecht, in his second volume of musical essays (1872), paid Amalie Joachim a glowing tribute, in which he spoke of the beauty of her tones "without a blemish," of her "modest earnestness," of "the simplicity and at the same time the grandeur of her delivery." "However carefully she colors the detail, she never loses sight of the unity of the whole." And, according to him, neither the intellectual force and depth of the ancients nor the sweetness and nervous intensity of the modern romanticists were foreign to her. Hanslick, when he heard her in 1872 in Vienna, for she gave there concerts with Clara Schumann, said that she made the most profound impression in the shortest songs, in which "a certain universality of sentiment is necessary in the interpretation rather than a sharply defined and specific characteristic," and he named Mendelssohn's "Greeting" and Brahms' "Cradle Song."

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Liszt's best symphonic poem, "Les Preludes," was given with becoming breadth. Its chief theme is reminiscent, and that, too, in a very unexpected manner. An eminent Bostonian once exclaimed, after hearing the finale of Beethoven's ninth symphony for the first time, "That's only a glorified 'Yankee Doodle!'" in a similar manner the unregenerate can find in Liszt's work an apotheosis of "We won't go home till morning." But the climax is grand, and the breadth of the interpretation was undeniable, for here our conductor's intensity and enthusiasm found proper vent.

THE ORCHESTRA'S CONCERT.

One Wednesday evening next the benefit concert for the Symphony men will take place in Music Hall, and to the pleasure to be expected from the novelties we announced last week will be added the charm of Mr. Paderewski's appearance and the interest attaching to his first performance here of a Schumann concerto. This is the first time that any testimonial has been offered to the orchestra as a body other than that of passing applause and merited praise. If the house be filled as it should be each member should have a substantial sum to put in his pocketbook; and, better than this, an ample audience will be like a personal assurance that the pains, the steady work and the good spirit of these seventy men are appreciated and directly encouraged.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Seventeenth Symphony Concert.

The programme of the 17th Symphony Concert was: Overture, "Ruy Blas," by Mendelssohn; Symphony No. 4, Dvorak; "A Prairie Scene in Central Asia," by Borodin, and "Les Preludes," by Liszt. Dvorak's No. 4 Symphony was played for the first time in America, and, although interesting in so much as it was a novelty, for which we thank Mr. Nikisch, still it was a disappointing work. It is more in the character of a fantasia, having a number of agreeable themes and a clever working-out of orchestral devices. This the listener might expect from so able and practised a hand as Dvorak's. The Allegretto Grazioso, it must be said, is a charming movement. As a symphonic model, clear in development, however, this work will not reflect credit upon its eminent author.

The other novelty, Borodin piece, is a characteristic work, original both in the themes and its delicate orchestral coloring. Its form is clear and everything is simply but beautifully wrought out. It was finely played by the orchestra, the delicacy of the shading being well preserved. The "Ruy Blas" overture was given a spirited performance, although the brass would get in its furious blasts at times, and the much-abused "Les Preludes" of Liszt with its "won't-go-home-till-morning" tune, was given the benefit of the full draft of the orchestral furnace.

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On Saturday afternoon the Music Hall was literally packed with an audience that filled every seat and occupied every bit of available standing room. Such a sight has never before been witnessed in Boston Music Hall; to wit, the gathering of 3200 people to listen to a piano recital. The programme consisted of the Variations Serieuse of Mendelssohn; Sonata, Op. 111, Beethoven; five pieces by Schumann; B-flat Minor Sonata of Chopin; Nocturne by Paderewski, and a Hungarian Rhapsody by Liszt. Paderewski was in his best form, and of course charmed, delighted and thrilled his large audience with his masterly playing. The next and last recital will take place at the Music Hall on the afternoon of March 22. This will be the last opportunity to hear this wonderful artist before he sails for Europe, and it is safe to say that the audience will test the capacity of the hall, as it did on Saturday afternoon, in the desire to bid him a reluctant farewell.

Tomorrow evening Mr. Carl Baermann will give his second chamber concert at Union Hall, with the assistance of Mr. Loeffler and Mr. Schulz. Miss Gertrude Franklin will also sing. There are no more charming occasions than these evenings with Mr. Baermann and his associates. There will be a trio for violin, 'cello and piano by Haydn (in E flat); the D minor trio of Schumann and 2 sonata for 'cello and piano by Saint-Saens. Miss Franklin will sing songs by Schubert and Widor.

The eighth and last concert of the Philharmonic Orchestra will be given at Tremont Theatre on Thursday afternoon, with the assistance of Miss Gertrude Edmonds and Mr. W. H. Sherwood. The latter will play the Grieg Concerto. The orchestral numbers will be the "Rienzi" overture, Wagner; Orpheus Symphonic Poem of Liszt; and "Invitation to the Dance," by Weber. The Philharmonics have struggled against fate in giving their concerts this season, and as there is a deficit, it has been suggested that a benefit performance be given a little later on, which we trust will receive the generous support of musical patrons. The date of the concert will be announced immediately.

WARREN DAVENPORT.

MUSICAL.

The Symphony Concert.

The programme played at the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, last evening, was: Overture, "Ruy Blas," Mendelssohn; Symphony No. 4, in G, Dvorak (first time); "A Prairie Sketch in Central Asia," A. Borodin (first time); and "Les Preludes," by Liszt. Of all this, the Mendelssohn overture was, by far, the best music; and it is not one of its composer's finest works in its kind. The Dvorak Symphony ranges all the way from pretentious to dry and trivial. The opening movement is conventional and uninteresting; the adagio says nothing new, and the meaning of much that it says is unintelligible. The third movement is bright and daintily pretty generally, and was the first portion of the work that stirred the audience from the perfunctory applause that had hitherto attended the symphony. The finale has a sharply defined theme with a well-marked rhythm, and is tuneful and pleasing, but of no especial distinction. In fact the world is full of such symphonies as these which are less rigid but no better than Kapellmeister music, and not so good as much music of that class. The Borodin selection is a charming bit of tone color, original in effect and full of character. It was admirably played, as were also the overture and symphony. The Liszt selection was given with great fire and tremendous noisiness, the drum player reveling in the opportunities afforded him. The work sounded more cheap and vulgar than ever. Its day has passed, and it should be permitted to go to the eternal rest that it deserves, and to which so much worthier music has gone. The programme for the next concert is: Symphonic poem, "Hamlet," Tchaikowsky; Concerto, for violin, No. 3, D-minor, Bruch; Symphony No. 4, D-minor, Schumann, according to the original version, for the first time here. The soloist is to be Mme. Camilla Urso.

MUSIC. *Continued*

THE SYMPHONY.

Dvorak's latest symphony, and "A prairie scene in Central Asia," by Borodin, were the principal features of the seventeenth Symphony rehearsal and concert. The symphony is Dvorak's fourth, and was completed last year. Richter produced it at his concerts in Vienna and London, where it is said to have been warmly received. The word symphony arouses great expectations in the mind of the musician. It is difficult to get rid of the idea that a work bearing that name must be as elaborate in form and as weighty in matter as are the typical works of Beethoven, Schumann and Brahms. From this point of view this new symphony in G minor is disappointing. Neither in matter nor scope does it seem important enough to deserve so high sounding a title. As a whole it appears to be an attempt to lend new interest to the symphonic form by the avoidance of extended development, and by the introduction of rhythms and a general style of treatment that are associated with the orchestral suite. The work also shows a decided falling off on the part of Dvorak as a composer, when his D minor symphony is recalled. Nevertheless, it is in many respects very interesting; and not the least of its merits is that it is of reasonable length. The first theme of the opening allegro con brio given out by the 'cellos and horns makes an impressive beginning and suggests many possibilities of treatment. A lively episodic passage in the major and the second theme in the minor are well contrasted and all three are ingeniously if somewhat sparsely and conventionally developed, while the orchestral coloring is warm and varied. The adagio has a more pronounced vein of originality. Its two strongly opposing themes are treated with much skill and consistency, and the instrumental effects, which are largely confined to the wind, are well calculated to emphasize the intent of the movement. The allegretto grazioso, with its fascinating and unexpected rhythmical effects, suggestive of a *valse melancholie*, its charming modulations and odd orchestration is very attractive. The finale, which opens with a fanfare, is in strength and interest about on a level with the first movement. The symphony was effectively read and played, the two middle movements winning hearty applause.

The Borodin orchestral "scene" is intended to describe the passage of a caravan across the desert. It is programme music of a very realistic kind. The melancholy Russian folk-song is the key-note of this picture of monotony and desolation; and the orchestral devices employed to suggest the ap-

proach of the caravan, the tramp of the horses, the presence of the military escort, are those of a master of the modern orchestra. The scene was well played, and was thoroughly appreciated. The opening and closing numbers were Mendelssohn's overture to "Ruy Blas," and Liszt's "Les Preludes," both of which familiar works were performed in an exceedingly brilliant manner.

THEATRES AND CONCERTS.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the seventeenth concert given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Mendelssohn: Overture to "Ruy Blas."
Dvorak: Symphony No. 4, in G major.
Borodin: "Eine Steppenskitze aus Mittel-Asien."
Liszt: Symphonic Poem. "Les Preludes."

If Mendelssohn had a hearty detestation of Victor Hugo's play of "Ruy Blas," so much so as to prefer to call his overture the "Overture to the Charitable Association"—having been induced to write it in a single night for a performance in aid of a charity—what would his feelings have been last Saturday evening at finding the overture serve as introduction to such a list of Czech, Russian and Magyar music as was on the programme? He would, likely enough, have thought: "Serve me right for writing it at all!"

Of Dvorak's new symphony we can, with the best will in the world, find nothing good to say. No one can damn a work after a single hearing; but we mistake much if this one will not be found to have damned itself. To perform it, as a composition in an important form by a composer of Dvorak's prestige, was eminently proper; we doubt, however, if Mr. Nikisch or any member of the orchestra will care to look at it again. One is tempted to say, as a French critic once said of a certain requiem, "Brought out at its own funeral!"

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The orchestra played capitally throughout the concert, giving "The Preludes" with especial fire and brilliancy.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The patrons of the symphony concerts had a most enjoyable programme performed for their entertainment at Music Hall last evening, and the absence of a soloist was lost sight of in the hearing of the brilliant novelties brought forward by Conductor Arthur Nikisch on this occasion.

Dvorak's fourth symphony made the leading feature of the programme, and the work was given its first American performance. Nothing in this class of composition has proved more pleasing than this symphony was to its hearers of last evening, its wealth of tuneful themes, the beauty of their development and treatment and the marked originality of the several movements all going to make the work a decided departure from the usual symphonic writings of modern composers.

In the opening allegro the nationality of the composer is made distinctly apparent by the strong Slavonic characteristics of the themes, and the odd, almost fantastic manner of their treatment, but there is not a dull moment in it all, and the breezy, independent fashion in which the movement is written is fairly captivating, even upon a first hearing.

The adagio, making the second movement, is a bit of a curiosity in its form, and its strong contrasts give it a charm which was instantly recognized by the audience. Its principal theme, a sombre march; the lovely episode, which is first stated by the flute and oboe, and the masterly ending of the movement, all making it a very notable portion of this most remarkable contribution from the Slavonic composer.

The third movement, allegretto grazioso, which does duty as the scherzo, is a veritable gem of orchestral writing; and the fanciful way in which the bright, tuneful ideas have been treated show the composer in quite a novel light, his work in this movement having a dainty grace and beauty that cannot be too highly commended.

Whatever freedom from conventionalities is shown in the first three movements is entirely eclipsed in the finale, allegro "Ma Non Troppo," for here the composer has not only thrown off all restraint, but amply justified himself by establishing new forms that charm at once by their originality and effectiveness. The leading theme has the simplicity of a folk song, but in its development it is treated with variations which are as quaint as they are enjoyable.

Mr. Nikisch gave his best efforts to the performance of the new work, and his reading brought out its beauties in strong relief.

Another novelty consisted of a contribution from the writings of the Russian composer Borodin, called, in plain English, "A Prairie Scene in Central Asia." No better idea of the style of the composition can be given than that supplied by Borodin, which reads as follows: "In the silence of the sandy steppes of Central Asia there is heard the first refrain of a Russian folk song, also the melancholy notes of the songs of the Orient, followed by the hoof beats of the approaching horses and camels. A caravan crossing the great desert, and escorted by Russian soldiers, pursues its long journey without fear, confidently relying on its military guard. The procession steadily advances. The voices of the Russians and of the natives blend in the same harmony; their songs are heard for a long time, and are finally lost in the distance."

The tone pictures of the composition show the masterly skill of the writer, and as a bit of "programme music" it is most en-

joyable. It was admirably played and was heartily applauded.

Mr. Nikisch gave a splendid performance of the "Ruy Blas" overture to introduce the programme, and ended it with a strikingly effective reading of the Liszt "Les Preludes."

Next Saturday evening the soloist will be Mme. Camilla Urso, and the programme Tchaikowsky's Symphonic poem, "Hamlet"; Bruch's concerto for violin No. 3, in D minor, and Shumann's symphony No. 4, in D minor.

Seventeenth Symphony.

The audiences at Music Hall during the last five or six concerts have been strangely cold and unresponsive, and not even the unusual excellence of Saturday night's programme and its rendition were sufficient to create any marked degree of enthusiasm. Two of the numbers were old-time favorites—Mendelssohn's overture "Ruy Blas," and Liszt's symphonic poem, "Les Preludes"—but the novelties offered to the apparently sated audience were Dvorak's symphony, No. 4, in G major, and "A Prairie Scene in Central Asia," by A. Borodin.

The symphony is the latest composition of that character by Dvorak, and was finished only last year. The first movement begins with a distinctly melancholy theme in G minor, for the 'cellos and horns, which soon develops into a bright motif in G major, in which the flute predominates; a tremendous crescendo by the full orchestra ends the movement. It is a grand movement, and was given with fine effect.

The violins had an opportunity for fine work in the dainty motif of the third movement, with an accompaniment by the flute and clarinet. The finale, opening with the fanfare of the trumpets, attaining a brilliant climax, descending to a pianissimo by the 'cellos and ending with a brilliant coda, was grandly given.

The work by the Russian composer, A. Borodin, is somewhat varied in character, depicting a scene on the sandy steppes of Central Asia, where is heard, amid the silence, the first refrain of a Russian folk song and the sad songs of the Orient, followed by the sound of approaching horses and camels, accompanied by Russian soldiers, fearlessly singing as they pursue their way. The piece is full of sensational effects, arranged in a masterly manner, and required a more than ordinary attention to detail on the part of both conductor and orchestra to make it enjoyable.

Next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening will present Mme. Camilla Urso, the violinist, as the soloist. She will give Bruch's concerto for violin, No. 3, in D minor.

VIVIAN.

THE SYMPHONIES

SEVENTEENTH CONCERT.

The seventeenth Symphony concert was given in Music hall Saturday evening, Feb. 27. The programme:

Mendelssohn, Overture, "Ruy Blas."
Dvorak, Symphony No. 4, in G major.
Allegro con brio—Adagio—Allegretto grazioso.

Finale; Allegro ma non troppo.

(First time in America.)

A. Borodin, "Eine Steppenskitze aus Mittelasien" (A Praise Scene in Central Asia)

(First time)

Liszt, Symphonic Poem, "Les Preludes."

When Liszt's "Ruin of Athens" was first played by von Bülow and the King's orchestra at a Court concert in Berlin, it was received with disfavor by some of the royal family, notably the elder princess, who, when the orchestra reached the climax where the big six foot drum and extra cymbals make a tremendous percussion, jumped excitedly to her feet, exclaiming: "Horrible! Horrible!" Von Bülow rose from the piano, stepped to the front of the stage, and addressed the audience in these words: "If there are any present who do not like my father's music let them leave at once. They can have their ticket money refunded them at the box office!" The princess gathered her wraps about her and stalked proudly, but madly, out of the hall. The piece was then re-commenced and played through without further disturbance. The next day von Bülow resigned his position as court pianist, creating at the time much comment.

Now what would have happened at the Symphony Saturday night if that princess had been present? The clash, the roar, and the din of musical instruments far exceeded that heard at the court concert. We believe no greater noise, created by musical instruments, was ever before heard in Music hall. Now, we are fond of good brass band music, provided it is produced at a sufficient distance to preclude being stunned or overpowered by its effect. It must be confessed the orchestra succeeded in reaching the utmost limit of its brazen power. Each and every player vied with every other to see who could make the most noise: it was a trial of purely physical strength and endurance.

The result was too terrific, too demoniac, to contemplate. What influences had been at work on Herr Nikisch the previous week to cause him to bring forth so much noise from his orchestra is, no doubt, a secret.

The overture was well played, though at times there was nice discrimination lacking in soft and loud. It was, as a whole, very brilliantly given, albeit there were sensational nuances injected into the score.

The interest of the evening mainly centered on the new Symphony No. 4, in G major, by Dvorak. First, because it is one of the most advanced, most extreme, of the modern composers whose works are very popular, and eagerly sought by all those tinctured with the modern craze for something strange, stunningly sensational. Second, because he has been engaged by Mrs. Thurber of New York to become director of her National conservatory of music. The music of the Symphony certainly is modern and strange enough to meet the demands of the most ultra extremists. There is genius and scholarship displayed in the construction of its various parts. Some musical, pretty themes are introduced which are apparently interestingly worked out, but they were so weighted down and covered up by the tremendous noise of the orchestra as to make it well nigh impossible to follow them in their intricate windings to a satisfactory conclusion. Perhaps mere noise constitutes music; but if it does, people greatly differ. Whether or no Mr. Dvorak intended such a noisy result is a matter for him to decide. The adagio is the quintessence of eccentricity, commencing in a melancholy, dirgeful manner, though not long continued, for it soon assumes a brazen, demonstrative hue, finally closing in almost furious abruptness, leaving one to wonder whether the world has not come to an abrupt end. The allegretto is very pretty, furnishing the pleasantest imaginative tone picture of the symphony. This movement was beautifully well played, furnishing no cause for complaint on the score of inadequate performance. The finale proved a demonstrative piece of noise and fury, a repetition in this respect of the first movement. The symphony has many qualities to admire, possesses an intensifying charm to the lover of the wild, romantic music, notwithstanding the overpowering loudness with which it was played. The work as a whole made a deep and favorable impression on the minds of the musical people present, which no doubt a second hearing would improve and intensify.

"The Prairie Scene in Central Asia" furnished an extreme contrast to what had gone before, affording ample opportunity for the mind and nerves to recuperate from the overstraining effect of what they had previously passed through, preparing them for the final struggle to come. During the playing of this piece one easily imagines how, in the great silent sandy desert, the approach of horses' hoofs can be distinctly heard, no matter how deeply they may be buried in the soft sand (as the text states), provided one's ears are near enough; but leaving this imaginative part out, how much more readily can be heard the wild, tumultuous voices of the soldiers as they sing and march along. We listened attentively to hear the caravan and the advancing soldiers,

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which, if not real to life, was quite near enough to give our imagination a little activity in stretching capacity.

As many times as we have heard Liszt's "Les Preludes," we never before thought it was designed for an out-door brass band! It has the reputation of being Liszt's best orchestral piece, is the most frequently given of all this master's works; but, if judged by this Saturday evening's performance, it would be condemned to the lower regions for all time to come. We cannot believe, however, that it is often given in such a rude, rough manner, and hope never to hear it again so given, for the sake of the happy recollections we have of it.

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Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1891-92.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. ARTHUR NIKISCH, Conductor.

XXI. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 2, AT 8, P. M.

PROGRAMME.

MENDELSSOHN. SYMPHONY No. 3, in A minor. "Scotch."

MOZART. CONCERTO for FLUTE and HARP.

VOLKMANN. SERENADE for STRING ORCHESTRA, in F major.

WAGNER. "WOTAN'S FAREWELL" and "FIRE CHARM,"
from "Die Walkure."

SOLOISTS:

MR. HEINRICH MEYN. MR. CHARLES MOLÉ.

MR. HEINRICH SCHUECKER.

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BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

EXTRA CONCERT

: : BY THE : :

Boston · Symphony · Orchestra.

Mr. ARTHUR NIKISCH, Conductor.

For the Benefit of the Members of the Orchestra.

Wednesday Evening, March 2, 1892, at 8 o'clock.

SOLOISTS:

Mrs. JULIE L. WYMAN,

Mr. ALWIN SCHROEDER,

AND

Mr. PADEREWSKI,

Who have generously offered their services.

PROGRAMME.

- Wagner - - - - - Overture, "Tannhaeuser"
- Schumann - - - - - Concerto for Pianoforte in A minor
Allegro affettuoso.
Intermezzo; Andantino grazioso.
Allegro vivace.
- Massenet - - - - - Suite from "Esclarmonde"
I. Evocation (Andante maestoso).
II. L'Ile Magique (Andante moderato assai).
III. Hyménée (Andante cantabile).
IV. Dans la Forêt.
a Pastorale (Andantino sans Lenteur).
b Chasse (Allegro).
(First Time.)

SOLI FOR VIOLONCELLO.

- a Bach Sarabande
b Schubert Moment Musical
c Davidoff At the Fountain
- Tschaikowsky Andantino and Scherzo from the Symphony in
F minor, No. 4

SONGS WITH PIANO.

- a Delibes Regrets
b Massenet Bonne Nuit
c Ferrari A une Fiancee

- Liszt - Hungarian Fantasie for Pianoforte and Orchestra

THE PIANO USED IS A STEINWAY.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

Benefit Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The members of the Boston Symphony orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Arthur Nikisch, gave, at Music Hall last evening, the first benefit concert in the history of this organization, and the public responded in the most liberal manner.

It would have been a pleasure to have had the large audience called together to listen to the orchestra alone, so that the tribute paid to its members would have been an unqualified one, and a demonstration of the taste of the public for the music of the organization, aside from any interest in the soloists who assisted.

Doubtless, however, a practical hand had charge of the affair, and the value of soloists in addition to the orchestra was conceded by availing of the services of Paderewski, the pianist, Mr. Alvin Schroeder, 'cello, and Mrs. Wyman, the contralto singer, both of whom are understood to have volunteered for last evening as an evidence of their appreciation of the Boston orchestra.

The programme was such a list of selections as the regular patrons of this season's concerts by the orchestra hear all too seldom, and its enjoyment was universal among those present, if applause can be accepted as evidence on this point.

The orchestra introduced the evening's entertaining numbers by a magnificent performance of the "Tannhauser" overture, adding as its novelty for the occasion Massenet's "Esclarmonde" suite, and giving also the andantino and scherzo from Tchaikowsky's fourth symphony. The modern French school of composition finds a very happy illustration in Massenet's pretty suite, and the beautiful tone coloring of its movements was brought out very finely by the performance given the work.

Mr. Paderewski contributed as his first selection the concerto by Schumann in A minor, and ended the programme with a performance of the Hungarian fantasia for pianoforte and orchestra by Liszt, in which his virtuosity fairly dazzled those who heard him.

A half-dozen recalls followed the Schumann concerto, and finally the pianist added another Schumann selection in response to the demands of the audience.

Mrs. Wyman's share in the programme consisted of the songs, a. "Regrets," Delibes; b. "Bonne Nuit," Massenet; c. "A une Fiancee," Ferrari, and a more pleasing choice of numbers could hardly have been made by this great artist. Her singing is at all times a revelation of the beauties of any composition she selects, and the art of vocalization finds in her a perfect interpreter.

Mr. Schroeder, the leader of the 'cello division of the string players, gave a fine exhibition of his skill and taste as a solo player in a "Sarabande," by Bach; the "Moment Musical," Schubert, and "At the Fountain," by Davidoff.

The concert was in every way a credit to the orchestra, its conductor, and the assisting artists, and it is to be hoped that similar programmes may be possible for future concerts in the regular series.

Two presentations were added to the events of the evening announced on the programme. The first consisted of an elegant laurel wreath in silver, given by the orchestra to Mr. Paderewski as a token of the "admiration and gratitude" of the members. The second, an elegant gilt mantel clock in the old French style, presented by the members of the orchestra to Mr. Nikisch also as a token of the "admiration and gratitude" of the members to their conductor. A kind friend also decorated the conductor's stand and all the orchestra desks with flowers in honor of the occasion.

SOLOISTS AND PADEREWSKI.

Extra Concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra for the Benefit of its Members.

Music Hall was crowded, floor and galleries, last night, at the extra concert by the Symphony orchestra.

It was a benefit concert in the fullest sense, and it was also a Paderewski ovation. Long before the hour of commencing every seat was occupied and standing room was at a premium.

It was a representative musical audience moreover, familiar with the orchestra and its work, and ready to enjoy the pleasure of the evening, and it was an audience composed of the elite of Boston, gathered to do honor to a noble body of artists of which the Hub is justly proud.

The orchestra, too, was at its best, and a brilliant programme was presented. Wagner, Schumann, Massenet, Tchaikowsky and Liszt were the names offered. Mrs. Julie L. Wyman, Mr. Alvin Schroeder and M. Paderewski were the soloists.

Conductor Nikisch was greeted warmly as he took baton in hand to lead the Tannhauser overture, and Wagner's "Music of the Future" had a fine rendering, and at the close applause came from all parts of the hall.

Paderewski's friends must have been numerous, for the moment the great pianist was caught sight of the wildest applause broke forth. A bouquet of beautiful roses lay on the piano, and as Paderewski took them in his hand the audience and orchestra loudly cheered him.

In an instant all was hushed as the opening notes of Schumann's concerto in A minor were heard. Each movement was finely given, the allegro affettuoso, the intermezzo, andantino grazioso, and the allegro vivace.

It was a rare bit of playing, both on the part of the orchestra and pianist. The applause which greeted the pianist was spontaneous and genuine, and somewhat discomposed the artist who awkwardly bowed his acknowledgments.

Then the orchestra presented Paderewski with a silver wreath in a velvet case, Mr. S. S. Kneisel making the presentation. But Paderewski was recalled again and again, and to calm the storm he played a Chopin selection.

The suite from "Esclarmonde," Massenet, followed, and the work of the orchestra was finely done.

Three dainty selections, "Sarabande," Bach; "Moment Musical," Schubert; and "At the Fountain," Davidoff, for the violoncello, were given by Mr. Alvin Schroeder.

The Schubert number was loudly applauded, as was also the orchestra selection by Tchaikowsky, andantino and scherzo, F minor, symphony No. 4.

Mrs. Julie L. Wyman won the audience by her exquisite songs, accompanied by Herr Nikisch on the piano—the vocal morsels being by Delibes, Massenet and Ferrari. Mrs. Wyman was especially delightful when rendering "Bonne Nuit" by Massenet.

This grand concert, opening with the Wagner overture, closed with Liszt's amous "Hungarian Fantasie," for pianoforte and orchestra.

Again the Paderewski furor reigned, and when the pianist came on after playing to take hands with M. Nikisch the vast audience rose en masse and cheered.

AN EXTRA CONCERT

It Was of Benefit to the Orchestra and the Audience.

A concert was given last evening in Music Hall for the benefit of the members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Nikisch, was assisted by Mrs. Julie L. Wyman and Messrs. Paderewski and Schroeder. The three generously offered their services on this occasion. The desks of the leader and the members of the orchestra were ornamented with flowers. There was a very large audience. The programme was as follows: Overture, "Tannhauser," Schumann's pianoforte concerto, A minor; Massenet's suite from "Esclarmonde," three 'cello numbers: Sarabande, by Bach; moment musical, by Schubert, and Davidoff's "At the Fountain," the andantino and the scherzo from Tchaikowsky's symphony, F minor, No. 4; three songs, with pianoforte accompaniment: "Regrets," Delibes; "Bonne Nuit," Massenet, and "A Une Fiancee," Ferrari; Liszt's Hungarian Fantasie for pianoforte and orchestra.

The orchestra was evidently inspired by the occasion; for the performance of the "Tannhauser" overture was eminently worthy of the reputation of the organization, and one long to be remembered. The suite by Massenet was played for the first time in Boston. It was arranged by the composer from numbers of the opera, "Esclarmonde," in which Miss Sibyl Sanderson made her debut in Paris and created at the same time the part of the heroine. The arrangement was first played at a Lamoureux concert. While it is in a measure unfair to judge music that was intended for the stage by the concert version, stripped as it is of the accompaniments of scenery, action and all theatrical illusions, it is still possible to say of the concert music, that it is effective or dull, crudely made or cunningly designed. Now the first number of this suite, "Evocation," an appeal by the heroine to the spirits of air, water and fire, seems to be a collection of commonplaces pompously announced with liberal quotations from Wagner. The second, "L'île Magique," is, in the opera, used to accompany the movements of a ballet, and there are carefully sought-out effects of color and rhythm rather than any originality of theme. The third, "Hymene," is played after the curtain has fallen upon the long embrace of the lovers, and it is the most genuine and the most spontaneous music in the suite. The pastorale is the same old pastorale that we have heard in French music so many times, and the fantastic hunting scene belongs to the theatre, and it should be kept there. The instrumentation of "Esclarmonde" was censured at the time of its production and Massenet was accused of introducing two new instruments, Miss Sanderson's voice and the sarrusophone contra bass; this latter instrument was used in Paris in the place of the contra bassoon, although the composer wrote the part for the more familiar instrument.

Mr. Paderewski gave a masterly performance of the concerto. The first movement was taken a little faster than is the custom, but clearness was not sacrificed thereby. He was enthusiastically recalled, and Mr. Kneisel, in behalf of the orchestra, gave him a silver laurel wreath. There was another enthusiastic scene, and Mr.

Paderewski played Schumann's "Des Abends." The Hungarian fantasia was given with true Hungarian spirit, and the pianist was recalled again and again. He modestly divided the popular tribute by leading Mr. Nikisch with him before the audience. Mrs. Wyman and Mr. Schroeder added greatly to the pleasure of the evening by the display of their art.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Extra Symphony Concert.

The musicians of the Boston Symphony Orchestra have had a benefit. Just why they should be the recipients of beneficence is not altogether clear, but the programme which they gave in Music Hall last night was long enough to atone for the fact that they had not had an eleemosynary occasion before. But every part of it was so interesting that one may not find fault with the fact that it extended a full hour beyond the customary limits. The programme began with the "Tannhauser" overture, which was brilliantly given, although it has had had even better performances in this city.

Then came Paderewski, who certainly was responsible for a large part of the great attendance, and played the A minor concerto by Schumann in a glorious manner, and one can also, in this case, extend the adjective to orchestra and conductor, for the ensemble was excellent. This concerto is one of the masterpieces of its form, and may readily rank with even the best of Beethoven's concertos, the G major and the "Emperor." Is it necessary, at this late day, to say that Paderewski received an ovation? Rather let me state that he never deserved it more, for he proved himself in this work the true poet of the piano, and once more all his great technique was subjugated to the interpretation of the composer's intention, individuality was kept entirely in the background, and this must be a rather difficult task for a so much beworshipped individual. Only at the end could hypercriticism demand a trifle more of sustained power and less of vehemence.

After the work a very quiet presentation took place on the stage, and Mr. Kneisel, on behalf, presumably, of the orchestra, handed the artist a silver laurel wreath. The encore fiend took advantage of this to demand more, a demand which should never have been acceded to, for, after so great a performance, even another Schumann work came as an anticlimax.

The orchestral suite from Massenet's "Esclarmonde" is only a *pasticcio*, made up from instrumental numbers of the opera, and not half so attractive as Bizet's "Suite Ariésienne," which arose in almost a similar manner. It is altogether a motley affair; the "Magic Isle" presented some good work on the woodwind, of the "horns of elf land" type, the "pastorale" had plenty of English horn pipings, and the "chase" was as weird and uncanny as could be desired, but the "Hymene," particularly to those who know its position in the opera, was the extreme of erotic music, and its sensuous measures can scarcely please thinking musicians. The suite was well played.

Mr. Alwyn Schroeder's solos on the cello were beautifully played, the flexibility displayed in Davidoff's "At the Fountain"

being an evidence of the great virtuosity of the performer. In popular concerts virtuosity is its own reward, and the player received hearty recalls.

Two specimens of Russian melancholia, in the shape of two movements from Tchaikowsky's fourth symphony, followed, and contained some fine English horn and flute work. Mrs. Julie L. Wyman is the best singer of French *chansons* that we have among us at present, and her three numbers were altogether delightful, especially the tender "Bonne Nuit," which evoked a tumult of applause. But the key-stone of the arch was placed by Paderewski with a performance of Liszt's "Hungarian Fantasia," that was more than fiery—it was an entire conflagration! The orchestra seconded this nobly, and Mr. Nikisch seemed quite in his element in the caprice and dash of the performance. Then came a whirlwind of applause which finally tapered down into the stolid clappings of those intent upon an encore. Mr. Paderewski skilfully balked this by shaking hands most effusively with the conductor, and at each recall, and there was a most persistent clapping, which brought forth Mr. Nikisch and the pair bowed as if they were musical Siamese twins. Mr. Nikisch has not received so much applause at any previous concert in Boston.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

On Wednesday evening the Boston Symphony Orchestra had a benefit in Music Hall, Mr. Paderewski and Mrs. Julie L. Wyman volunteering. It is not customary to criticize an occasion of this description, but its most striking features may be noticed briefly. There was a large audience, which it is only fair to presume was attracted chiefly by Paderewski, who was received with tremendous enthusiasm and gave a splendid performance of Schumann's concerto and an exciting rendering of Liszt's Hungarian Fantasia. At the end of the first-named work Mr. Kneisel presented to the artist a silver laurel wreath, whereat the applause became tumultuous, and an encore imperative. At the end of the Liszt fantasia the plaudits were still more stormy, and the demon of encore raged furiously for more; but he was destined to remain unappeased this time, for Mr. Paderewski shook Mr. Nikisch by the hand, which induced a still greater frenzy of applause, and then Mr. Nikisch bowed, and Mr. Paderewski bowed, and then they both bowed together, until the audience was satisfied with the bowing. The orchestra was at its best; but the lion of the occasion was Paderewski, whose Boston apotheosis was fully accomplished, while his halo was so vast that he had sufficient to spare to make a smaller one for Mr. Nikisch.

The benefit concert given in Music Hall last evening by the Boston Symphony Orchestra surpassed in brilliancy any similar entertainment of the season. The hall was completely filled with women in gay attire and well-dressed men, and even the stage partook of the general air of festivity, for the small platform and stand belonging to Mr. Nikisch were artistically trimmed with festoons of green, with a bunch of flowers attached to the stand by a broad pink ribbon. A similar bunch of flowers, also tied with pink, was laid upon the piano. On the upper corners of all the other music racks were small posies tied with red ribbon, making charming bits of color among the black coats of the musicians, who fairly outdid themselves all through the evening.

See opposite page for balance.

THEATRES AND CONCERTS.

Symphony Orchestra Benefit.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave an extra concert in the Music Hall last evening for the benefit of the members of the orchestra. Mrs. Julia L. Wyman, Mr. Ignace J. Paderewski and Mr. Alwin Schroeder assisted in the following programme:

Wagner: Overture to "Tannhäuser."
Schumann: Concerto for pianoforte, in A minor.
Massenet: Suite from "Esclarmonde."

Solos for 'cello—

Bach: Sarabande.
Schubert: Moment musical.
Davidoff: At the Fountain.

Tchaikowsky: Andantino and Scherzo from Symphony No. 4, in F minor.

Songs with pianoforte—

Delibes: Regrets.
Massenet: Bonne nuit.
Ferrari: A une fiancée.

Liszt: Hungarian Fantasy for pianoforte and orchestra.

The hall was crowded, and the occasion a particularly brilliant one. The orchestra seemed to play with especial painstaking throughout, and did—notably in the Tchaikowsky scherzo—some exceedingly fine work. The event of the evening was Paderewski's playing of the Schumann concerto; the great pianist differs somewhat from most of his predecessors here in his conception of the work, his tempo in the first and second movements being unusually brisk, although he takes the slow episode in the former very slow indeed, and works up the coda in the latter with more deliberateness than any one we have ever heard. But these innovations seemed in no case excessive, and his performance was a singularly fine, coherent and brilliant one. In nothing that he has played here has Paderewski shown himself in a finer light. In the Liszt fantasy he worked wonders. At the close of the concerto Mr. Kneisel presented him with a handsome silver wreath on the part of the orchestra.

Mrs. Wyman sang the three French songs exquisitely to Mr. Nikisch's sympathetic accompaniment, and Mr. Schroeder played the 'cello solos in capital style.

The new things by Massenet and Tchaikowsky can hardly be greeted as valuable additions to the concert repertory. Tchaikowsky's scherzo is ingenious, with its intermingling of three themes, on the strings pizzicati, on the wood-wind, and on the brass, but has little more than its ingenuity to recommend it; the Andantino is poor enough. Massenet's "Esclarmonde" music is brilliantly, if at times rather coarsely, scored, after the French fashion, but has not much in it beyond its gorgeous coloring. The "Tannhäuser" overture went grandly. The audience was very enthusiastic throughout.

THE "EXTRA" SYMPHONY.

An extra concert by the Symphony Orchestra for the benefit of the members of the orchestra, was given last Wednesday evening, March 2. The soloists were Mrs. Julie L. Wyman, Mr. Alwin Schroeder and Mr. Paderewski, who generously offered their services. The programme:

Wagner: Overture, "Tannhäuser."
Schumann: Concerto for Pianoforte in A minor
Allegro affettuoso.
Intermezzo; Andantino grazioso.
Allegro vivace.

Massenet: Suite from "Esclarmonde"
I. Evocation (Andante maestoso).
II. L'île Magique (Andante moderato assai).

III. Hymène (Andante cantabile).

IV. Dans la Forêt.

a Pastorale (Andantino sans Lenteur).

b Chasse (Allegro).

(First time.

Soli for Violoncello.

a. Bach: Sarabande.

b. Schubert: Moment Musical.

c. Davidoff: At the Fountain.

Tchaikowsky: Andantino and Scherzo from the Symphony in F minor, No. 4.

Songs with Piano.

a. Delibes: Regrets.

b. Massenet: Bonne Nuit.

c. Ferrari: A une Fiancée.

Liszt: Hungarian Fantasy for Pianoforte and Orchestra.

This extra concert really calls for an extended notice, so far as matter and performance are concerned, for both were far above the average. The programme contained a great variety of interesting pieces, the orchestra evidently made great endeavors to do its best, while the solo talent furnished was of the best quality and plenty of it. It was in every respect an unusual programme. The orchestra gave a fine performance of the Tannhäuser overture, though the main portion of it was tamed down to an unusual degree, for Mr. Nikisch. The last episode of the overture was superbly rendered.

The Massenet suite, while more Frenchly modern than musical, is, to say the least, a queer conglomeration of all the resources of the orchestra, including some extra ones brought in. A few pleasant melodies are scattered through the different movements, mostly played by flutes, but it remains for the last, or closing, number to picture out a complete riot of all the good and bad in music, mostly bad. There is no music in it: it descends to a mere whirlwind of noise. However, it furnished a first rate novelty, and as such becomes interesting.

The andante and scherzo of Tchaikowsky's was beautifully played, affording much pleasure to the large audience present.

Mr. Paderewski commenced the concerto in somewhat of an indifferent manner, but soon regained himself, giving a notable interpretation of Schumann's masterpiece. A good deal of liberty was taken in the allegro, the whole movement being given in a more subdued

quality of tone than is often heard here, and the tempi were considerably stronger. The andante was made bewitchingly lovely, singing in soft, subdued tones from beginning to end in an unsurpassed, dreamy manner. The orchestra shared with Mr. Paderewski in the honor of helping make this movement seductively beautiful. The allegro vivace, so difficult in rhythmic and technical qualities, was apparently overcome with that ease and repose which have become so characteristic of all Paderewski's work. There is no ostentatious display or style, as many term it, of arms, hands or body about Mr. Paderewski's playing. His style does not come from any "fad," but from the heart to the brain and fingers, which is as it should be. At the close of the concerto, Paderewski was vociferously bravoed and applauded. The Hungarian Rhapsodie was also played with astonishingly brilliant effects. Paderewski was the recipient of a beautiful laurel wreath of silver from the members of the orchestra. He hardly knew what to do with it, but finally succeeded in getting it off the stage in safety.

Mr. Schroeder of the orchestra, played three pieces on the 'cello in a most charming, artistic way. He was loudly praised and applauded.

Mrs. Julie Wyman has been so often spoken of as a superior singer that there is nothing to be said, except in praise of the fine manner in which she sang her three songs. They were of a very musical nature and can be classed thus: pretty, beautiful, brilliant. Only one fault can be found with Mrs. Wyman's singing, and that a common one with most singers—too much tremolo effect. Without this defect, for such it is, Mrs. Wyman would be a perfect singer.

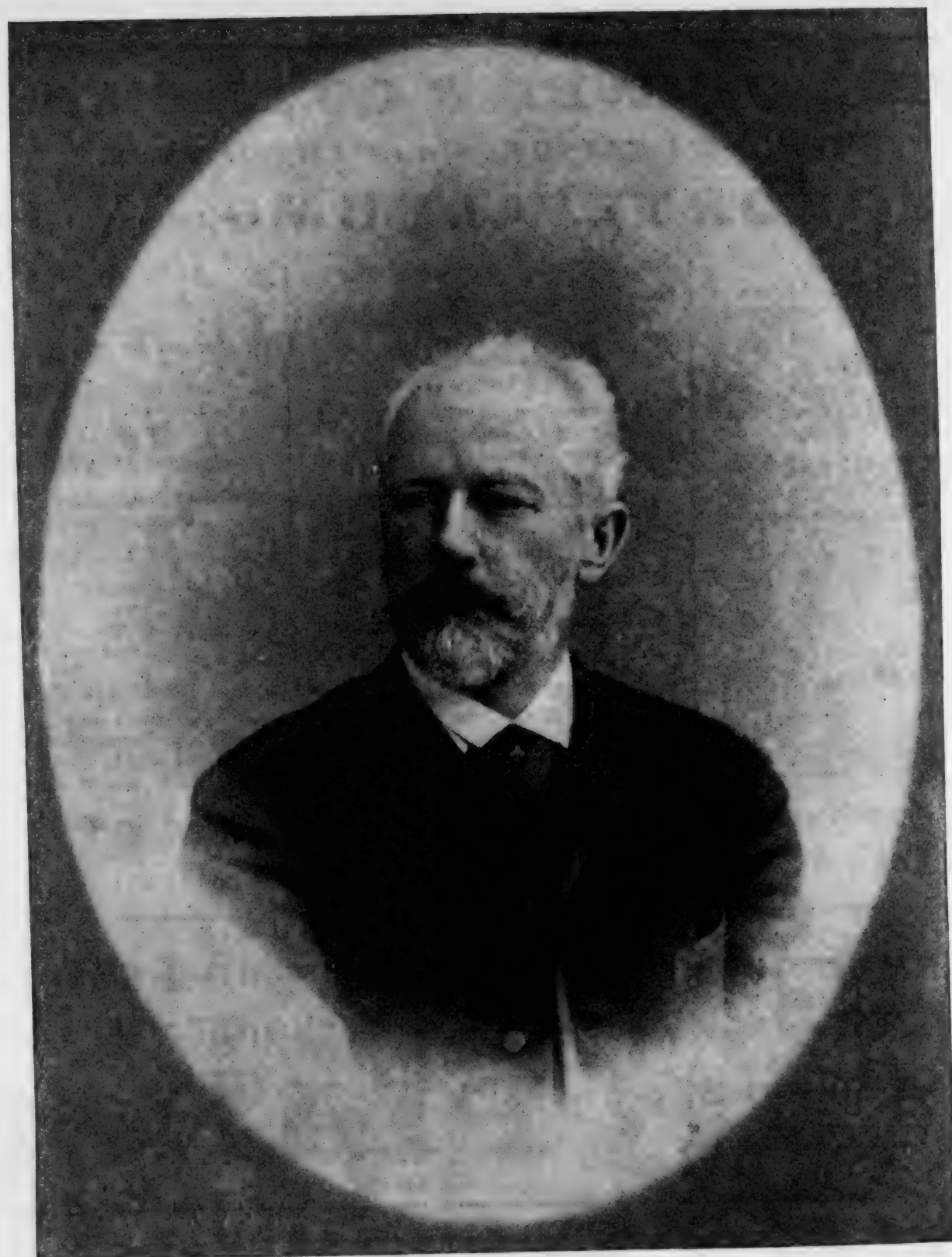
Too much praise cannot be awarded to Mr. Nikisch for his most admirable accompaniments, both to Mrs. Wyman's songs and to Mr. Schroeder's solos.

JAMES M. TRACY.

The programme was of unusual length for a symphony concert, and of unusual excellence, containing Wagner's overture, "Tannhäuser"; Schumann's concerto for pianoforte in A minor; Massenet's Suite from "Esclarmonde"; Bach's "Sarabande," Schubert's "Moment Musical," Davidoff's "At the Fountain," for 'cello; the andantino and scherzo from the symphony in F minor, No. 4; Delibes' "Regrets," Massenet's "Bonne Nuit," Ferrari's "A une Fiancée," for contralto; Liszt's Hungarian Fantasy for pianoforte and orchestra.

Mrs. Julie L. Wyman and Mr. Alwin Schroeder were heartily received and well applauded for the admirable rendition of their solos, but the wildest enthusiasm was bestowed upon Paderewski, who received a more substantial token of appreciation in the form of a silver laurel wreath of exquisite workmanship, accompanied by a silver plate bearing the inscription: "From the Boston Symphony Orchestra, with gratitude and regards. March 2, 1892." Mr. Nikisch was also remembered by the members with a handsome French clock.

At the close of the performance, enthusiasm reached the point of cheers and bravos, and both Paderewski and Mr. Nikisch were recalled many times.



Peter Tschaikowsky

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Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1891-92.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. ARTHUR NIKISCH, Conductor.

XVIII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, MARCH 5, AT 8, P. M.

PROGRAMME.

TSCHAIKOWSKY

SYMPHONIC POEM. "Hamlet."
(First time.)

BRUCH.

CONCERTO for VIOLIN, No. 3, in D minor, op. 58.
Allegro energico.—Adagio.—Allegro molto.
(First time in Boston.)

SCHUMANN.

SYMPHONY No. 4, in D minor, op. 120.
Introduction (adagio non troppo).—Allegro.—
Romance (adagio non troppo).—Scherzo.—
Finale (allegro).

SOLOIST:

MME. CAMILLA URSO.

CAUSERIE.

Hamlet, the Dane, in Russian Musical Dress,

With a Digression Concerning Operatic Hamlets.

The Tragic End of the Inventor of Recitals.

The programme of the eighteenth Symphony concert was as follows: Symphonic poem, "Hamlet," Tschaikowsky (first time); Bruch's concerto for violin No. 3, D minor (first time); Schumann's Symphony No. 4, D minor. Mrs. Camilla Urso was the solo violinist.

Shakspeare's "Hamlet" has been the subject of much musical consideration. First of all, there is the stage music—incidental numbers, overtures, entr'actes and marches—music that is chiefly instrumental; for the songs of Ophelia are almost always sung to traditional airs. There is the music by Mangold, Miltitz, Hirschbach, Pierson, Holland, Holly, Vogler; and the noble funeral march with chorus by Berlioz may here be mentioned. There are the operas by Gasparini, Scarlatti, Caruso, Mercadante, Marczek, Buzzola, Stadfelt, Faccio, Hignard, Thomas. There are the overtures for concert use by Joachim, Gade, Bach, Macfarren, Bischoff, symphonic poems by Liszt and E. A. MacDowell, and a "Psychic sketch" for grand orchestra by H. W. Nichols. Nor is it probable that this list is complete.

Many of these composers, as well as their compositions, are covered with dust. Even the names of some of them are forgotten, save by the compilers of dictionaries. The only operatic Hamlet known to us is the gentlemanly baritone invented by Ambroise Thomas; and his other name is Faure or Lassalle. How was it in those operas given in Rome in the early years of the eighteenth century? Did the heart-sick son meet the awful spectre on the platform of Elsinore in Gasparini's version, and did the Ophelia of Domenico Scarlatti trill in her madness and drown herself in a torrent of roulades? The opera of those days was a formal, rigid thing, not unlike our "grand operatic concert, with scenery, costumes and stage appointments." Hamlet was probably a male soprano; and it is not likely that even the Ghost was allowed to be a bass.

When it was announced that French makers of opera text had laid violent hands on Shak-

speare's play there was an outcry from the French; and the Germans, who claim to have discovered Shakspeare as well as music, saw another proof of the immorality of the French character. And yet it is a story to fire the fury of a musician. In the future "Hamlet," the opera as yet unwritten, the hero will be a baritone; the King, Osric, the spies will be tenors. The Ghost will be a member of a Russian choir, the owner of a true contra-bass. Polonius will not be a buffo role; let that be reserved for the First Gravedigger. Ophelia must be an alto, for she and Juliet, Cordelia and Desdemona never were sopranos. The Queen is the soprano, and a light soprano. If the old accusation of want of action be brought against the tragedy and it be again condemned as unfit for operatic purposes, the reply is simple: The modern music drama rejects action; it insists on moods, and the supernatural, intrigue, love, madness, sudden death. Surely here are themes to excite music.

Now, Tschaikowsky in his Overture-Fantasia, or Symphonic Poem, has attempted to give a musical version of the play. He frankly says to the hearer, "This is the way I am affected by the tragedy, and I wish by music to convey to you my impressions." Let us waive the question, whether such a thing be possible; let us consider the attempt of the composer, and not regard the music as absolute music. But the only way of considering the attempt is to judge the performance. First of all it may be said that such a work cannot be grasped at one hearing; yet the composer fails utterly, if a work of such long breath does not make at once a more or less definite impression. What is Tschaikowsky's self-imposed task? To suggest different scenes and different moods: the melancholy of Hamlet; the errand of the Ghost; the revenge of the son, thwarted continually by native irresolution; the Ophelia incident; the gloomy end. The division of these scenes is strongly marked; the hearer is treated as though he chiefly used his eyes, and he is led by the musical showman to different peep-holes. There is an introduction full of despair. The horn announces the unearthly visitor, and the poor Ghost brings with him a gong. The story of the murder is told by instruments of brass. Hamlet confides his purpose to the strings and Ophelia appears in the midst of the wood-wind. There are conflicting scenes in which the lovers are more strongly characterized. The drums remind us that Hamlet was a soldier. A short and simple dead march is the end. As absolute music this composition is patchwork. The prevailing colors are sombre. The stuff of the patches varies in quality. The introduction, the Ghost scene and the close are the strongest features. The Ophelia theme cannot be justly regarded as characteristic in its melodic construction or instrumental dress, however interesting it may be. The Hamlet theme is passionate enough, but in the expression of the passion there is no hint of the beauty that must lurk even in musical raging and commotion. The instrumentation as a whole is affected and not effective, and melodically and harmonically the work seems inferior to other compositions of Tschaikowsky, not to be named, for instance with the "Romeo and Juliet." The straining of the composer is too often apparent, but the most impressive passage is the close, where the effect is gained by artistic simplicity. Now, whether the scenes appeal successfully to the hearer and translate faithfully the tragedy, this question can only be answered individually by the different hearers.

The third violin concerto of Bruch was first played by Joachim in 1891 at a concert under the direction of the composer in Ousseldorf, and it has been played in other towns by Joachim and by Sarasate. Bruch has little to say in the first movement, nevertheless he consumes much valuable time. The second movement is not without pleasing moments. Then comes the inevitable third movement, and when a composer faces this task he may well imitate Henry Field-

ing, who once drank confusion to the man who invented the fifth act of a play. Bruch girds up his loins and makes a brave start, but after the achievement of the first theme he goes to pieces, nor does he gain his second wind. The concerto as a whole is respectable, long and dull. Mrs. Camilla Urso was unfortunate at the beginning, for her playing was untuneful; she soon recovered herself and played admirably, with full tone, musician-like phrasing, nobility of taste and mastery of technical difficulties. She was loudly and deservedly applauded.

The Symphony Saturday evening was the D minor of Schumann. Next Saturday the early version of this work will be performed, i. e., Messrs. Brahms and Wuellner's edition; for these learned gentlemen arranged the original version according to their taste, now preferring one reading, and now choosing another. Mr. Nikisch's ideas concerning the interpretation of the familiar version are well known. The performance Saturday evening was dramatic, or rather, melo-dramatic. There was fire and there was swing; the brass roared lustily; the drummer never flinched from the assigned duty and there was considerable excitement.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Conductor Nikisch appears to have an ample supply of novelties for the latter part of his season of concerts with the Boston Symphony orchestra, and last evening his programme contained two more works which were given a first hearing.

The symphonic poem "Hamlet," by Tchaikowsky, introduced the evening's selections, and the admirable performance given it displayed its characteristics to excellent advantage.

To the imaginative mind each composition appeals with a force that cannot be appreciated by those who seek for enjoyment in the music itself without the associations which the composer has in mind in his writing. The official description of the work states that the introduction expresses the deep grief of the young prince because of his father's death, and that a passage by the muted horns represents the striking of the midnight hour. There follows a symphonic allegro typical of Hamlet's heroic intent and indecision, and a second broad and beautiful motif depicts the character of Ophelia. These two subjects are marked out at considerable length, and the work comes to a sombre and tragic end.

There is no reason to doubt that this is an accurate statement of the idea that Tchaikowsky intended to convey in his tone pictures, but his intentions are open to misinterpretation if the imagination does not follow his lead.

The poem, however, is an admirable orchestral study and the virtuosity of the band was well shown in its performance.

The second novelty consisted of the violin concerto No. 3, by Max Bruch, in which Mme. Camilla Urso was the soloist. The concerto gained instant favor abroad last season, and was played by Dr. Joachim and other leading violinists in leading European cities.

It has many characteristics which make it attractive to soloists looking for opportunities to display their virtuosity, but it will hardly have the popular favor of audiences to the same extent as the earlier works of this class put forward by Herr Bruch.

The opening movement, an allegro energico, shows the skill of the musician rather than the genius of the composer, and is effective as an illustration of the mastery of the composer in musical construction.

The chief claim of the concerto to popu-

lar favor, is found in the graceful and melodious adagio in which the composer has given evidence of being in his most fanciful mood, and he has embellished his tuneful ideas in a very pleasing fashion.

The remarkable difficulty of the final movement undoubtedly makes it a fascinating study to such a player as Mme. Urso, but to the music lover the merits are not of the sort to make it altogether enjoyable.

The work of the composer throughout the concerto is clear and easily appreciated at a first hearing, and its value was made distinctly apparent by the masterly interpretation given it by Mme. Urso, whose popularity with the public was shown by a hearty greeting and an enthusiastic approval of her playing at the close of her performance.

It was intended to have the so-called "original" version of Schumann's fourth symphony for the final number on the programme, but, as this version of the work has, oddly enough, only just been published, with certain editing by Herr Brahms and Herr Wuellner, there was some delay in sending the parts. The second edition of the symphony, which has been used generally since it has been a standard work, was, therefore, substituted on the evening's programme, and the new old version assigned for a hearing at the next concert.

Mr. Nikisch gave the familiar symphony a splendid reading, leaving no chance to object to its lack of fire and virility, as the more brilliant passages were played with fine freedom and dash.

Next week the soloist is to be Herr Eugen d'Albert, pianist, who makes his reappearance in this country on this occasion, and plays the fifth concerto by Beethoven in E flat. The "Leonore" overture No. 2 will introduce the programme, and the new old version of the Schumann fourth symphony will end it.

MORE NOVELTIES

IN SATURDAY'S SYMPHONY CONCERT PROGRAMME.

Shakespeare's "Hamlet" as Filtered Through the Mind of Tchaikowsky—Camilla Urso as the Soloist in Bruch's New Concerto for the Violin—The Pachmann Recital.

Again a programme of novelties. We are having as many novelties in the programmes of the present as we were wont to have in the days of Henschel. It may be confessed that, in Saturday's instance, the new works were not very interesting, but since they were compositions by acknowledged masters of modern music, it was but right that they should have a single hearing. A constant round of the standard masterpieces would mean stagnation; opportunities for comparison generally lead to musical growth. The concert began with a Shakespearian subject filtered through the mind of Tchaikowsky. It was called "Hamlet," but the "melancholy Dane" seemed to have borrowed a few traits of "Bombastes Furioso" and became a military swaggerer. The Fortinbras episode was made far too prominent, and marches and the shocks of battle were in the work until the auditor became half convinced that Hamlet entered upon the revenge of his father's wrongs at the head of a few battalions. The ghost was, however, quite recognizable; he entered after a stroke of the gong, just like his spectral cousin, King Ninus, in Rossini's "Semiramide." A muted horn made desperate attempts to sound like a midnight bell of a most baleful order, and the kettledrums were big with fate as they ushered in the opening theme. The work throughout was scored in the heaviest manner. A long phrase for English horn was charmingly played, but I dare not attempt to guess its Shakespearian meaning, although a slip or two in the woodwind may have illustrated the lines.

Hamlet—Will you play upon this pipe?
Guildenstern—My lord, I cannot.

But the general performance was excellent and so was the conductor's reading; this time the mountain came to Mahomet for the work suited Mr. Nikisch's enjoyment of powerful phrases.

Then came Bruch's new concerto for violin (in D minor), with Camilla Urso as soloist. It is 40 years since Camilla Urso appeared in Boston first as a child prodigy. In Dwight's Journal of Music of Oct. 9, 1852, we read: "Little Camilla Urso, the girl violinist, but 11 years old, announced a concert at Masonic Temple for last evening, just too late for notice in this paper. But we had the pleasure, and a choice one it was, of hearing her the other evening in a company of some 40 invited guests, in Mr. Chickering's saloon. Her playing is not only truly wonderful, but wonderfully true; true in style, expression, feeling, as it is true in intonation and all mechanical respects."

"Her appearance is most interesting; a face full of intellectual and sedate expression; a large forehead wearing the 'pale cast of thought,' etc. Pity only that such a fine life must be lived out so fast, and always in the blaze of too much sun for plants so young and tender."

The prediction has not been fulfilled in its sad prognostication, for the life that seemed destined to run a short but phenomenal course, has now developed into a sturdy musical nature of the worthiest sort. The playing of the artist was not of the astonishing kind, but broad, soulful and majestic, a playing like that of the lamented Wieniawski, that caused technique to be forgotten by the auditor.

But the work, although possessing some noble thoughts, particularly in the adagio, was a disappointment; it is too prolix. It is dwarfed by comparison with Bruch's own concerto in G minor (one of the world famous compositions in this form), and it seems but a dilution of the majesty and breadth of that masterpiece. It was composed in 1891, and was played by Joachim, to whom it is dedicated, at Dusseldorf, last summer, for the first time. It is warlike in many of its themes, as a great deal of the music of this modern Tyrtæus seems to be. The adagio has a touch of Wagner in its ecstatic ending in high positions on the strings, and long notes on the woodwind. The tutti passages of the first movement are more than mere transitions—they are lofty themes, and the stately rhythm of the finale might represent a Greek war dance. But the inordinate length will militate against the success of the work as a concert number. The playing of Mme. Urso, however, won a great triumph, and recall followed recall at the termination of the task.

Schumann's D minor symphony ended the concert. The first movement was taken at a furious speed, which sometimes obscured the accompanying figures. The preponderance of the first violins, to which I have previously alluded, increased this fault. But the two last movements were finely given. The Scherzo is not humorous; none of Schumann's Scherzi are playful (he is the opposite of Mendelssohn in this respect), for what humor there was in the introspective master was as earnest as that of an Aristophanes. The performance seemed to bring out just this earnestness, and was very successful.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA'S TOUR.

The sixth annual tour of the Boston Symphony orchestra will end with the arrival of its members in this city tomorrow morning, the last week having been given to single concerts in Grand Rapids and Ann Arbor, Mich., and Detroit, and a series of three festival concerts in Pittsburg, Pa.

During the tour of 3200 miles so ended, the orchestra has travelled with 81 persons, given 18 concerts in 14 different cities, to over 30,000 people—the full capacity of every concert hall used having been tested to accommodate its audiences.

The soloists have been D'Albert, Mr. and Mrs. Henschel and Messrs. Kneisel, Adamowski, Schroeder and Rath. The tour has been throughout the most successful known in the history of the organization.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Eighteenth Symphony Concert.

The numbers that made up the programme of the 18th Symphony concert on Saturday evening were "Hamlet," a symphonic poem, by Tschalkowsky; Concerto No. 3, Max Bruch, and Schumann's D-minor Symphony, No. 4. Mrs. Camilla Urso was the violinist. Both the Tschalkowsky and Bruch pieces were played for the first time in these concerts, and neither of them are in the best vein of their composer. The "Hamlet" is a pompous, commonplace piece of patchwork, but it gave Mr. Nikisch the opportunity to whip up the band to the dynamic indications of the composer who reaches in his score the extraordinary high-water mark of *ffffs*. Now, we have often wondered what mark would designate the noise and fury of the Symphony orchestra sometimes, and here came the revelation.

To be sure the band played just as loud when it was marked *fff* and *ff* and even *f*, but this didn't matter in disturbing the conclusion that *ffffs* was really the indication of the pressure per square inch of loudest noise that we have dealt out to us by the orchestra under the enthusiastic lead of Mr. Nikisch. "The Concerto No. 3 of Bruch is a great falling off from the standard of his No. 1, which takes a place among the greatest works of its class. Mrs. Urso played it with all the well-known grace and skill that we are accustomed to from this eminent artist, although the intonation was not faultlessly perfect. This was more particularly the case in the first movement. The Schumann symphony which ended the concert was rendered in the stereotyped form that is now so familiar in all of Mr. Nikisch's work, a vigorous coarseness being one of the most prominent elements.

Mr. de Pachmann's Recital.

The Chickering Hall was completely filled on Saturday afternoon by an audience that listened with undiminished pleasure and attention from beginning to end of the request programme that this exquisite player presented. The works given that are less familiar to his repertoire were the Sonata op. 54 of Beethoven and the Rondo Capriccioso of Mendelssohn, both of which received a most characteristic and charming rendition. The Chopin pieces were, of course, played in Mr. de Pachmann's inimitable manner. At the end of the programme the audience made little or no effort to depart, and loudly called for Mr. de Pachmann's reappearance. At

the end of most piano recitals the audiences are usually glad to escape to the outer air, but the reverse seems to be the case with Mr. de Pachmann's listeners. Well, the applause brought him forth again, and the result was three more numbers were played, ending with Listz's "Rigoletto" fantasia, a marvellous performance.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

The eighteenth Symphony concert programme, like those of the four or five preceding concerts, offered novelties of a high nature. Tschalkowsky's symphonic poem "Hamlet," and Bruch's concerto for violin in D minor, Op. 58, No. 3, with Mme. Camilla Urso as soloist.

Tschalkowsky is probably one of the most remarkable composers of the day, his compositions bearing the impress of the Slavonic temperament—fantastic in outline, bold in modulation, with strongly marked rhythms. The symphonic poem is a tone picture of the tragedy of Hamlet. A passage by the muted horns representing the striking of the midnight hour is followed by a symphonic allegro typical of Hamlet's heroic intent and indecision, and a broad and beautiful motif depicting the character of Ophelia. The end of the work is solemn and tragic.

The delicacy of shading and breadth of treatment which Mr. Nikisch demanded from the orchestra was carried even beyond the point of excellence usually attained by this organization. The Schumann symphony in D minor, No. 4, op. 120, was exquisitely done. From the bold measures of the first movement, given with imposing power, through the beautiful mazes of the romance—the gem of the whole work—the heavier and strongly marked scherzo to the brilliant finale, perfect balance of tone, true adjustment of light and shade, virility and purity of tone characterized the rendition.

The second novelty possessed additional interest to the audience, inasmuch as it again brought before them Mme. Urso, whose appearance March 2 and 3, 1888, was remembered with feelings of pleasure. Possibly four years have somewhat dimmed our recollections of the fine points of that other performance, but she seemed to have gained in strength of touch, in size of tone and breadth of treatment. Certainly the concerto throughout was played in a masterly manner, with a beauty of phrasing rarely heard. The beautiful adagio movement, with its rich sustained notes, gave Mme. Urso an opportunity to display her artistic taste and feeling.

Next week's concert will bring Eugen D'Albert and the Beethoven concerto for pianoforte, No. 5, in E flat. The programme will also contain Beethoven's overture, "Leonore, No. 2," and Schumann's symphony, No. 4, in D minor, the first performance in Boston of the original version.

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Mme. Urso Plays a Violin Solo and the Orchestra is Heard with Pleasure.

Mme. Camilla Urso was the soloist at yesterday's Symphony concert, and Music Hall was crowded beyond comfort by an audience eager to hear the talented violinist and to enjoy the good things offered by Director Nikisch's band.

The programme was made up of a symphonic poem, "Hamlet," by Tschalkowsky; Bruch's concerto for violin, No. 3, in D minor, and Schumann's splendid symphony in D minor.

The concerto had not before been heard in Boston, and it is a pleasure to record that the high expectations of the audience regarding the composition, awakened by the brilliant success of the composer's first concerto, were fully realized.

It is a magnificent work, full of interesting musical ideas, intelligently set forth, and rich in delightful melodies. Excellent opportunity is offered for display of virtuosity by the solo performer, and the instrumentation of the accompaniment is notably rich and effective.

That Mme. Urso would give an admirable interpretation of the writing was, of course, confidently expected, so generally known is the ability of this talented artist.

Her last appearance with the Symphony orchestra was in 1888, but she has often been heard here in concerts since then, and she has never failed to win the admiration of her most critical auditors.

There are very few women violin players who compare with her either as an exponent of the mechanical possibilities of the instrument or of its resources for expression of musical sentiment.

She plays in a free, unaffected manner; surmounts with ease the most difficult passages; gives artistic expression to every theme, and to every note a delicious, pure and always accurate tone.

At both the afternoon rehearsal and evening concert she was repeatedly recalled by most enthusiastic applause.

Another "first offering" by Conductor Nikisch was the Tschalkowsky symphonic poem, "Hamlet." It is an excellent example of this composer's rare skill in creating effective tone pictures, and it is treated throughout in a thoroughly artistic and musicianly manner. A second hearing of the work will be welcome.

Schumann's symphony in D was the final offering, and very few of the auditors left their seats, or moved from their few inches of standing room until the end of the performance. Few symphonies are more gladly listened to than this masterpiece of Schumann's, and most grateful are the majority of the Boston Symphony concert patrons to Mr. Nikisch for his sympathetic, intelligent and altogether delightful interpretation of the work.

For next Friday afternoon's rehearsal and Saturday evening's concert the programme will be as follows:

Overture, Leonore, No. 2 Beethoven
Concerto for pianoforte, No. 5, in E flat . . . Beethoven
Symphony No. 4, in D minor Schumann
(First performance in Boston of the original version.)
Mr. Eugen d'Albert, soloist.

The Symphony Concert.

The programme for the eighteenth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in Music Hall, last night, was: Symphonic Poem, "Hamlet," Tschalkowsky (first time); Concerto for violin No. 3, in D minor, Op. 58, Bruch (first time); Symphony No. 4, D-minor, Op. 120, Schumann. The soloist was Mme. Camilla Urso. Tschalkowsky's "Hamlet" is a fiery work; but there is little in it that attracts or interests on a first hearing, and even the peculiar charm with which this composer generally invests his orchestration is lacking. The effect of the whole is heavy, not to say dreary, and there are portions of it that are arrant commonplace padding, the character of which is but poorly disguised by the pompous instrumentation. Early in the work mid-night is sounded on the horn, and a blast of brass announces the ghost of Hamlet's father. From this point the "poem" becomes almost distractingly fragmentary and noisy. There is a brief glimpse of melody to typify Ophelia. Beyond this nothing is clear. There is a tremendous effort to be impressive, but it ends in becoming fantastic; and to make it at all comprehensible, the listener should be provided with a full description of the composer's intention. As music pure and simple, it is quite unmeaning. It was played with great fire and precision, but it made no very favorable impression. The Bruch concerto is not as pleasing as is either of its predecessors. The solo part is skilfully written and the orchestration is richly colored throughout; but the work is dry, of wearisome length, and too persistently sombre. Even its brilliancy is never exhilarating, and there is little in the concerto that appeals to the emotions by its melodiousness, its grace, or its warmth. It was beautifully played by Mme. Urso, whose perfect technique, purity of taste, chastity of style, large and round tone and artistic phrasing renewed all of their familiar charm, and met with an enthusiastic recognition. Her performance was delightful from beginning to end, and if interest could have been imparted to the work it would have been by her masterly interpretation of it. She was applauded with immense heartiness and twice recalled. The programme for next week is: Overture, "Leonore," No. 2, Beethoven; Concerto for pianoforte, No. 5, in E-flat, Beethoven; and Symphony No. 4, D-minor, Schumann, according to the original version, which will, on this occasion, be heard for the first time in Boston. The soloist is to be Mr. Eugen d'Albert.

In the old theatres the pit, as they called the first floor of the auditorium before the French terms parquet (parquette for variant) and orchestra were adopted, had no reserved seats. The barbaric rule "first come first served" was followed. A desirable seat was secured after competition which generally ended in favor of him whose legs were the fleetest for running or the longest for clambering over the backs of the benches. How long we have waited at the pit door of the National, the Federal Street or the Howard, or at the doors that once opened from the curiosity hall of the Museum into the lobby of the theatre at that house! When at last the reward of patience—there was never much of that virtue, however—came with the swinging back of the barriers, how we have rushed and fought our way into the dimly lighted, gas and peanut-scented pit. The rough ways still prevail in the galleries of our theatres and in both pit and gallery of almost every English theatre. You can see them in full practice at the public rehearsals of our Symphony Orchestra Friday afternoons, when there are enacted scenes that would teach the toughest newsboy new ways to gain his point. You can see them too at the concerts of the hyper-genteel Apollo Club, whose swallow-tailed and bellows-bosomed members may turn faint with horror to hear their shows compared to a circus; but that is what they are most like at 7.15 o'clock on a concert night.

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That Mme. Urso would give an admirable interpretation of the writing was, of course, confidently expected, so generally known is the ability of this talented artiste.

Her last appearance with the Symphony orchestra was in 1888, but she has often been heard here in concerts since then, and she has never failed to win the admiration of her most critical auditors.

There are very few women violin players who compare with her either as an exponent of the mechanical possibilities of the instrument or of its resources for expression of musical sentiment.

She plays in a free, unaffected manner; surmounts with ease the most difficult passages; gives artistic expression to every theme, and to every note a delicious, pure and always accurate tone.

At both the afternoon rehearsal and evening concert she was repeatedly recalled by most enthusiastic applause.

Another "first offering" by Conductor Nikisch was the Tschaiakowsky symphonic poem, "Hamlet." It is an excellent example of this composer's rare skill in creating effective tone pictures, and it is treated throughout in a thoroughly artistic and musicianly manner. A second hearing of the work will be welcome.

Schumann's symphony in D was the final offering, and very few of the auditors left their seats, or moved from their few inches of standing room until the end of the performance. Few symphonies are more gladly listened to than this masterpiece of Schumann's, and most grateful are the majority of the Boston Symphony concert patrons to Mr. Nikisch for his sympathetic, intelligent and altogether delightful interpretation of the work.

For next Friday afternoon's rehearsal and Saturday evening's concert the programme will be as follows:

Overture, Leonore, No. 2..... Beethoven
Concerto for pianoforte, No. 5, in E flat..... Beethoven
Symphony No. 4, in D minor..... Schumann
(First performance in Boston of the original version.)
Mr. Eugen d'Albert, soloist.

The Symphony Concert.

The programme for the eighteenth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in Music Hall, last night, was: Symphonic Poem, "Hamlet," Tschaiakowsky (first time); Concerto for violin No. 3, in D minor, Op. 58, Bruch (first time); Symphony No. 4, D-minor, Op. 120, Schumann. The soloist was Mme. Camilla Urso. Tschaiakowsky's "Hamlet" is a fiery work; but there is little in it that attracts or interests on a first hearing, and even the peculiar charm with which this composer generally invests his orchestration is lacking. The effect of the whole is heavy, not to say dreary, and there are portions of it that are arrant commonplace padding, the character of which is but poorly disguised by the pompous instrumentation. Early in the work mid-night is sounded on the horn, and a blast of brass announces the ghost of Hamlet's father. From this point the "poem" becomes almost distractingly fragmentary and noisy. There is a brief glimpse of melody to typify Ophelia. Beyond this nothing is clear. There is a tremendous effort to be impressive, but it ends in becoming fantastic; and to make it at all comprehensible, the listener should be provided with a full description of the composer's intention. As music pure and simple, it is quite unmeaning. It was played with great fire and precision, but it made no very favorable impression. The Bruch concerto is not as pleasing as is either of its predecessors. The solo part is skilfully written and the orchestration is richly colored throughout; but the work is dry, of wearisome length, and too persistently sombre. Even its brilliancy is never exhilarating, and there is little in the concerto that appeals to the emotions by its melodiousness, its grace, or its warmth. It was beautifully played by Mme. Urso, whose perfect technique, purity of taste, chastity of style, large and round tone and artistic phrasing renewed all of their familiar charm and met with an enthusiastic recognition. Her performance was delightful from beginning to end, and if interest could have been imparted to the work it would have been by her masterly interpretation of it. She was applauded with immense heartiness and twice recalled. The programme for next week is: Overture, "Leonore," No. 2, Beethoven; Concerto for pianoforte, No. 5, in E-flat, Beethoven; and Symphony No. 4, D-minor, Schumann, according to the original version, which will, on this occasion, be heard for the first time in Boston. The soloist is to be Mr. Eugen d'Albert.

In the old theatres the pit, as they called the first floor of the auditorium before the French terms parquet (parquette for variant) and orchestra were adopted, had no reserved seats. The barbaric rule "first come first served" was followed. A desirable seat was secured after competition which generally ended in favor of him whose legs were the fleetest for running or the longest for clambering over the backs of the benches. How long we have waited at the pit door of the National, the Federal Street or the Howard, or at the doors that once opened from the curiosity hall of the Museum into the lobby of the theatre at that house! When at last the reward of patience—there was never much of that virtue, however—came with the swinging back of the barriers, how we have rushed and fought our way into the dimly lighted, gas and peanut-scented pit. The rough ways still prevail in the galleries of our theatres and in both pit and gallery of almost every English theatre. You can see them in full practice at the public rehearsals of our Symphony Orchestra Friday afternoons, when there are enacted scenes that would teach the toughest newsboy new ways to gain his point. You can see them too at the concerts of the hyper-genteel Apollo Club, whose swallow-tailed and bellows-bosomed members may turn faint with horror to hear their shows compared to a circus; but that is what they are most like at 7.15 o'clock on a concert night.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the eighteenth symphony concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Tschaikowsky: Symphonic Poem, "Hamlet."
Max Bruch: Violin Concerto No. 3, in D minor, op. 53.
Schumann: Symphony No. 4, in D minor, op. 120.
Mme. Camilla Urso was the violinist.

Composers, when writing an overture to, or symphonic poem on, a tragedy, have sometimes been known to select a short quotation from the tragedy itself to serve as a motto for their composition. Thus Wagner took Faust's "*Entbehren sollst du, sollst entbehren!*" as a motto for his "Eine Faust Overture;" in like manner Tschaikowsky might have taken Hamlet's "Woe't weep? woe't fight? woe't fast? woe't tear thyself?"

Woe't drink up Esil? eat a crocodile?
I'll do't. Nay, and thou'lt mouth.

I'll rant as well as thou." as a motto for his symphonic poem, "Hamlet." When a man throws himself so frankly, so unreservedly, into violence of expression as Tschaikowsky has in this composition, we can not help liking him—if with certain restrictions. There is an immense amount of sound and fury in the work, and yet it does not, somehow, give the impression of signifying nothing; at the very least, it shows the composer to have red blood in his veins. It has been said that the present Russian school derives mainly from Schumann and Berlioz; but in this "Hamlet" the Berlioz influence shows itself as largely predominating. It is as wildly and frantically written as almost anything by the great Frenchman. One finds little musical invention in it; the thematic material is always, as it were, steeped in emotion, but seems rather sterile musically, and often commonplace; some of the recitative-like passages sound terribly like things of a similar sort that we all have heard years ago in violin concertos by Vieuxtemps and writers of that ilk. You look in vain for a phrase of the pithiness, force and distinction of the opening passage in Berlioz's "Roi L  ar" overture, not to speak of the recitative for 'celli and double basses in Beethoven's ninth symphony. These portentous-sounding phrases all seem to smack a little of the stencil. Yet, if Tschaikowsky has apparently little to say here that is either new or musically very valuable, he says what he has to say with such hearty good will, with such vigor of emphasis, that it compels your attention, and seems, for the moment, not unimpressive. Frantic as he is, he does not fall into the absolutely ludicrous, as Berlioz did in the tomb scene in his "Rom  o et Juliette." If, in point of style, construction and general musical value, this "Hamlet" may be put on a par with much that has been written by contemporary French followers of Berlioz—always excepting those of Saint-Sa  ns's symphonic poems—it rises superior in virtue of a certain evident sincerity and depth of feeling. It does not seem entirely written for the gallery. We should rank it between the composer's "Romeo and Juliet" and his "Francesca da Rimini." It was superbly, wonderfully played.

About the performance of Schumann's D minor Symphony—the current, not the original version—we hardly know what to say. As far

as the orchestra was concerned, it was a splendid piece of playing; on Mr. Nikisch's part, it was one of those "expressive renderings" against which every musical fibre in us protests instinctively—we must say this. The time is past for considering this sort of thing as a matter of musical principle; we are quite content to abandon this position. As the world is now going, in five years more this style of performance may be called classical, and in ten years, dry and old-foggyish,—who knows? It is in the air, in the spirit of the times. But, as a matter of personal musical feeling, of musical taste, we must regret that, after having had this sort of thing pushed well-nigh *ad nauseam* by pianists and other solo players, we can no longer hope to find a safe refuge from it in orchestral performances. The modern orchestra seems to be fast giving up what can properly be called concerted playing on the largest scale, and to be converting itself into a huge, complex instrument, on which the conductor performs solos, and "interprets" compositions to the public. The last chance of hearing a classic composition played simply as it stands seems gone, or fast going.

The worst of it all is that one fails to see where this style can logically stop. This spice of personal emotion, of purely individual musical feeling, is like other spices. Once begin with cayenne, and you will go on with more and more cayenne, until at last you get to drinking Worcestershire sauce and tahasco out of Madeira glasses. We have already got far beyond Wagner's "expressive style" of orchestral performance, with its almost infinitesimal and scarcely perceptible modification of tempo; we have got to modifications so intensified that they threaten to tear the phrase limb from limb, and annihilate all unity of impression in a movement. And what is to be done when all this begins to pall upon the jaded ear? Evidently nothing but over-bid once more what has been done already, and so on, until the cohesive power of the music gives out, and the composition flies off into fragments, as over-driven millstones do, by sheer centrifugal force. And, after all, how irksome and disturbing all this "interpretation" of stoutly constructed symphonic compositions is! It is like hearing Shakespeare read, with all the foot-notes. A work like Schumann's D minor symphony can interpret itself; Liszt wrote symphonic poems in which the essence of the music was to be read between the lines, and which consequently needed interpretation; but Schumann's constant endeavor in composing was to express himself. And, to our thinking, he succeeded tolerably well.

Max Bruch's new concerto made no very definite impression upon us, as a work. Not so Mme. Urso's playing of it. Her performance can not be spoken of in terms of too warm admiration. The wonderful warmth, purity and volume of her tone, her admirable style, both stout and graceful, dignified and impassioned, her fine totality of conception and coherent presentation, are all beyond praise. Here is an artist who, from the outset, has steadily grown in force, musical comprehension, and wealth of resource. Such playing leaves nothing to be desired.

THE SYMPHONIES.

EIGHTEENTH CONCERT.

The eighteenth Symphony concert was given in Music hall, Saturday evening, March 5. The programme:

Tschaikowsky Symphonic Poem. "Hamlet."
(First time)
Bruch Concerto for Violin, No. 3, in D minor, op. 58.
Allegro energico—Adagio—Allegro molto.
(First time in Boston)
Schumann Symphony No. 4, in D minor, op. 120.
Introduction (adagio non troppo)—Allegro—Romance (adagio non troppo)—Scherzo—Finale (allegro).
Soloist: Mme. Camilla Urso.

If one is to judge of the symphonic poem music by the performance of the orchestra under Mr. Nikisch last Saturday evening, it must be stamped as having been a riotous, noisy demonstration of the most turbulent character. There is little wonder Ophelia went insane, albeit there is a motif which is supposed to depict her beautiful character. The grief of Hamlet at his father's death, represented by the striking of the midnight hour by muted horns, together with the subject representing Ophelia when the two are brought together, as they are in the music, is astonishingly more like a good-sized earthquake than the solemnities of a death scene. The orchestra undoubtedly did their part well, it being evident they had made careful preparations for the fiery ordeal. This was the first representation of the symphonic poem in Boston.

The violin concerto of Bruch, played by Mme. Camilla Urso, is, as a whole, disappointing. The first part by all odds is the most interesting as music. There are many fine passages which are well calculated to rivet the attention of sincere lovers of good music. The second movement begins with a melody which is carefully worked out to such a length as to become painfully monotonous. It contains so little of tone color, so little virility, that one soon loses all interest in following it to its end. The last and concluding movement is better calculated to show the technical powers of the violinist than any music it contains. Madame Urso is a violinist of rare abilities, musical and technical. Her rendering of the entire concerto was beautifully artistic, which the large audience present fully conceded, showing their appreciation with very hearty applause at the end. The orchestra were not always thoughtful enough to accompany her properly, playing much too loudly most of the time. The last movement demands a more masculine treatment than the madame accorded it, though she is not strikingly effeminate.

The Schumann symphony was well played, Mr. Nikisch imparting to it much of his brilliant, magnetic qualities, which, by the way, really belong to the symphony.

The concert was made particularly interesting by the two novelties presented, and the appearance, after some years' absence, of Madame Camilla Urso, always a great favorite with Boston people.

Eugene D'Albert ("little lion") is to be the next Symphony attraction.

JAMES M. TRACY.

MUSIC MAD.

The storm of music that has poured over Boston during the past few weeks has almost flooded it, and there is every prospect that it will rage to the end of the season. It has already begun to wear on the nerves of many lovers of the art, but there are enthusiasts who, undismayed by all that they are called on to hear, revel in the tone deluge and valiantly face it. Twelve concerts in one week, as was recently the case, would seem sufficient to fill to satiety the most hungry of music lovers; but the excess, instead of allaying, seemed to stimulate the appetite for more. Now and then three or four concerts a day have appealed to the musical public, and not in vain. There has been so much of pianoforte music that it would not be unnatural to imagine that the public ear had grown weary of the tones of the unsympathetic instrument. It has proved, however, far otherwise. At De Pachmann's three concerts the audiences were larger at each, the hall being packed at the last. Paderewski has given nine recitals, and at each succeeding recital the attendance increased until at length was seen that hitherto unprecedented circumstance, Music Hall packed to listen to performances given by one artist. It is true that these two players are among the greatest of the world's pianists; but so are Rubinstein and Von Bulow, and so is D'Albert, but they never played here to such large audiences, which would seem to indicate that we have either grown more appreciative or more sensitive regarding the proper thing to do when celebrities visit us. Two or three eminent pianists from abroad are yet to appear here; and it remains to be seen if the hunger for piano recitals will continue.

It is evident, however, that this is to be essentially a piano season, for chamber concerts have not been as numerous as they have been

238 in past seasons, but vocal recitals have already reached and overtopped the record, and there are, as yet uncounted, more to come. Of these only few have attracted large audiences, and as few can have paid expenses. However, they have served to keep the names of their givers before the public, which was, perhaps, all that was expected from the larger proportion of them. The Symphony concerts, of course, are a regular and an expected feature of our season's music, but the wonder of it is that, after feasting for five days and nights of the week on music, people should have sufficient musical stomach left to partake of and to digest the heavy symphony plum pudding that is provided for dessert at the close of the week. Still, the symphony concerts are a matter of local pride; they have given us an art distinction elsewhere; and of all the proper things in things musical, they are the proper things par excellence. Then, too, they have a special interest in many ways. People discuss them with more or less fervor, and at present the discussion is concerned largely with the momentous question whether the orchestra is at present as finely trained as it has been in the past; whether or no it still deserves to rank among the perfect orchestras of the world.

This state of affairs makes the symphony concerts the nucleus of the musical season. Opinion is divided, and consequently a mild excitement is maintained. There are those who believe that the orchestra has steadily deteriorated since it passed from the charge of Mr. Gericke. There are some who believe that it has lost nothing under Mr. Nikisch's direction. There are none who argue that the latter has improved its efficiency. Then again, there are some who fancy that Mr. Gericke was wholly absorbed in the music he directed, and kept his own personality in the background as much as possible while Mr. Nikisch is notable for pursuing a diametrically opposite course. These, also, have an ardent yearning for the return of Mr. Gericke to the position he formerly held here at the head of this orchestra; and after all, it would not be a bad thing for the orchestra, by any means; and the chances are that he would be welcomed back with tremendous enthusiasm. This and other considerations in kind surround the Symphony concerts with a peculiar interest. In the meanwhile the question is, how much more music Boston is to have this season.

THE SYMPHONY. *Continued*

Tschaikowsky's latest symphonic poem, "Hamlet" was the opening number of the eighteenth symphony rehearsal and concert and was performed for the first time in this city. A new work by the eminent Russian is a notable event nowadays. The one in question, though not so strikingly effective as his "Romeo and Juliet," is in nowise disappointing at a first hearing. On the contrary, one's impression is that it would grow steadily on further acquaintance.

The broad and gloomy opening measures with an unusual and weirdly suggestive passage for muted horns, are well designed to command attention. The first theme of the allegro is bold and characterful, and its second, though more quiet and melodic, has no elements of weakness. This second theme is subjected to rich and extended treatment until a surprise comes in the shape of a sudden interruption by an episode of martial character. A repetition of these effects ends in a splendidly worked up climax, after which the movement relapses into gloom and comes to a quiet close. As a whole, "Hamlet" is a remarkably coherent work, there being few indications of the episodic form which prevails in most works of the symphonic poem order. It was read in a very expressive and dramatic manner by Mr. Nikisch, and the playing of the orchestra was well up to their standard.

Mme. Camilla Urso, the soloist, had every reason to feel pleased with her reception. It is just four years ago since she was last heard in these concerts. The unrestrained applause that greeted her as she appeared on the platform proved that she had suffered no diminution of popularity in this long interval. And surely, no musical performer before the American public more fully deserves its highest esteem. Mme. Urso has ever been an artist of the highest aims, and to her aims she has always been loyal. For more years than it perhaps would be polite to mention, she has been largely instrumental in familiarizing music-lovers in every part of the country with works of the great composers; and her influence in raising the standard of music can hardly be overestimated. Of her playing in Max Bruch's third and latest concerto for violin and orchestra, scarcely more need be said than that it was fully worthy of her reputation. The same beautiful tone and phrasing, the same technical command, the same artistic apprehension that have always characterized her work were apparent in this performance. The concerto itself is interesting and attractive, although not equal to its composer's second in strength or beauty of thematic material.

Bruch's easy and charming flow of melody is present in a considerable degree and there is no lack of skill displayed in the construction and instrumentation of the three movements, the orchestral coloring being warm and varied. The first and second movements are the best, the finale,

though brilliant, showing a decided falling-off in definiteness of purpose. Prolonged applause followed its closing chords and Mme. Urso was recalled several times. 239

A performance of Schumann's D minor symphony with the original instrumentation, had been announced for this week, but postponement was unavoidable, owing to the non-arrival of the parts; and the work, as it is known, was played instead. General interest has been excited in the musical world by Breitkopf and Hartel's publication of this symphony as it was first scored by Schumann; and its performance is once more promised for next week. Mr. Nikisch's reading of this favorite work of his was fully equal to those of previous seasons, and was heartily applauded.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

A concert was given in Music Hall, last Wednesday evening, for the benefit of the members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. An admirably arranged programme was performed by the orchestra, Mrs. Julie P. Wyman, Mr. Alwin Schroeder and Mr. Paderewski giving their services. To musician and layman alike, the occasion was one of the most enjoyable of the season. The very large gathering was representative of musical Boston, and everybody in the hall was imbued with a spirit of enthusiasm. And, though no floral tributes found their way from audience to platform, yet flowers were not wanting to add to the cheerfulness of the scene, for the stands of conductor and players were prettily decorated. The magnificently played "Tannhauser" overture gave immediate assurance that no pains had been spared at rehearsal. But careful rehearsing does not always produce the best results in performance. At the supreme moment much, very much, depends on the moods of the performers. In this instance it was evident that every one on the platform was inspired. Virility, breadth and fullness of tone are a matter of course when this orchestra plays. But it must be said that the degree of artistic excellence it displayed in all its departments in this performance has not been frequently attained of late. Long-continued applause followed. The other orchestral numbers were a suite from Massenet's opera, "Esclarmonde," and the two movements from Tschaikowski's fourth symphony, which were played not long ago. The suite was given for the first time, and consists of four movements, or at least four were performed.

The music is thoroughly theatric in style. There is much gorgeousness of instrumentation and effect, but no part of it, except the third movement, created a strong impression at this single hearing. The symphony movements were beautifully played and warmly received. Mrs. Wyman's contribution to the programme was a group of three French songs, "Regrets," by Delibes; "Bonne Nuit," by Massenet; and "A une Fiancée," by Ferrari, all of which displayed her beautiful voice and artistic style of singing to advantage, and won deserved recalls. In three numbers by Bach, Schubert and Davidoff, Mr. Schroeder fairly outdid himself in beauty of tone and technical finish, and was no less heartily applauded. Naturally, Paderewski was the center of attraction. In the Schumann concerto, he gave one more proof of his greatness as pianist and musician. His conception and execution of it were

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replete with those characteristics which are now familiar to Boston's army of music lovers. The work of both soloist and orchestra was wholly in harmony with the spirit of Schumann's exquisite music; and one could only lament that this rare performance had not taken place in a smaller hall, where nothing of its most delicate beauties would have been lost. After the concerto, amidst great applause, Paderewski was presented by Mr. Kneisel on behalf of the orchestra with a large silver laurel wreath, and finally in response to repeated recalls, played Schumann's "Des Abends." His remaining number, the last on the programme, was Liszt's Hungarian Fantasia, which he played in an electrifying manner. The entire audience rose and gave vent to its enthusiasm. Again and again he bowed his acknowledgments in company with Mr. Nikisch, but, true to his artistic instincts, refused to spoil this impressive climax of the concert by playing again.

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Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1891-92.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. ARTHUR NIKISCH, Conductor.

XIX. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, MARCH 12, AT 8, P. M.

PROGRAMME.

BEETHOVEN.

OVERTURE. "Lenore, No. 2."

BEETHOVEN.

CONCERTO for PIANOFORTE, No. 5, in E flat.
Allegro.—Adagio un poco mosso.—Rondo (Allegro).

SCHUMANN.

SYMPHONY No. 4, op. 120.
Andante con moto.—Allegro di molto.—
Romanza.—Scherzo.—Largo.—Finale.
(Original version first time).

SOLOIST:

MR. EUGEN D'ALBERT.

The Piano used is a Knabe.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

The Symphony Concert.

The programme of the nineteenth Symphony concert, which was given Saturday evening in Music Hall, was as follows: Overture, "Lenore," No. 2, Beethoven; Concerto for pianoforte No. 5, E flat, Beethoven; Schumann's Symphony No. 4 (original version). Mr. Eugen D'Albert was the pianist.

The manuscript of the original version of Schumann's D minor Symphony is owned by Johannes Brahms. He loaned it to Franz Wuellner of Cologne. It was played in that city in October, 1889, and there was so much talk about it that, under the editorship of Dr. Wuellner, it was published lately by Breitkopf & Haertel. Unfortunately for the student, the learned Brahms and Wuellner were not content with the Schumann version; they revised it, and in one or two instances they adopted the instrumentation of the later and familiar version. A week ago Saturday we heard Schumann's D minor Symphony as interpreted by Mr. Nikisch, full of exaggerations and even contradictions of the composer's expressly indicated wishes. Last Saturday we heard the Symphony in D minor, rejected by the composer and revised by Messrs. Brahms and Wuellner. It might now be a pleasure to hear Schumann's preferred version played with a due regard for his own directions.

It is true that in the first form of this symphony the instrumentation is clearer than it is in the second; for the instrumentation of Schumann's later period is not free from the reproach of muddiness. Nor, indeed, was the cunning mixing of orchestral tone colors ever a distinguishing feature of the genius of this composer. On the other hand, the thematic and contrapuntal alterations in the second version of 1851 are, as a rule, an improvement. In certain respects the performance of last Saturday was an improvement on that of a fortnight ago. The duties of the second violins and the violas were not passed over that the first violins might benefit thereby. The dynamic contrasts were more carefully observed. Schumann was evidently acquainted with fiery and "magnetic" conductors, for he wrote on the outer covering of the manuscript of 1841, "The sudden changes of piano and forte should be strictly observed." In the forte passages, however, there was at times a tendency to exaggerate, and Schumann's body was clothed in Hungarian dress. The dramatic overture of Beethoven was exceedingly well played.

Mr. D'Albert was most enthusiastically applauded after the concerto, and he played a rhapsody by Brahms. His performance of the concerto might justly excite gaudy words of extravagant praise, were it not that polychromatic adjectives would be at variance with the unsurpassable dignity of the occasion. It would be idle to speak of any technical display, for the supreme virtuosoship of Mr. D'Albert has been the wonder of his colleagues and the musical public ever since his first appearance in Germany. This virtuosoship was at first the plaything of his youth. The giant delighted in his strength. He abused it; so that often he smote the keys until the wires shrieked in agony. But now he seems to have fully mastered himself, the only task that remained for him. Saturday evening his mighty powers were used reverently in the service of Beethoven. The reading of the concerto was distinguished by its nobility. There was nothing common, mean or earthy. The soul of a great man was revealed, and the medium was con-

tent with the holy mission. Beethoven spoke. The pianist listened. He did not seek to interrupt, to contradict, to explain. He did not question any mood of the master. He accepted passion, tenderness, pride, arrogance, tumultuous joy, grotesque fancy. And it was as though D'Albert knew full well the value of the marvelous apostrophe of the Opium Eater to Shakspeare: "O mighty poet! Thy works are not as those of other men, simply and merely great works of art, but are also like the phenomena of nature, like the sun and the sea, the stars and the flowers, like frost and snow, rain and dew, hail storm and thunder, which are to be studied with entire submission of our own faculties, and in the perfect faith that in them there can be no too much or too little, nothing useless or inert, but that, the farther we press in our discoveries, the more we shall see proofs of design and self-supporting arrangement where the careless eye had seen nothing but accident!"

PHILIP HALE.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The event of last evening's symphony concert was the appearance of Eugen D'Albert, the pianist, who has returned to America for a short tour with the Boston orchestra and a few recitals. He chose the concerto in E flat, No. 5, by Beethoven for this occasion, and gave the work such a performance as it has rarely had in later years.

The reception given the pianist left no doubt as to the sentiments of the audience, and the members of the orchestra joined with unusual enthusiasm in welcoming the soloist of the evening back to the scene of his earlier triumphs in the recitals of his earlier visit here.

His broad, masterly treatment of the opening allegro commanded the instant admiration of the audience, and no pianist could ask for a more attentive hearing than that given the concerto from first to last. The remarkable clearness and purity of tone brought out by this pianist's touch gives an indescribable enjoyment to the listener, and the maintainance of this characteristic of his playing throughout the most stupendous technical difficulties, gives a degree of satisfaction that is seldom realized in the piano work of the most noted soloists.

The beautiful adagio movement was played with admirable taste, and the theme was sung with rare expression and sentiment, the embellishments never interfering with the clearness of the subject thus elaborated. There was a womanly delicacy of touch combined with a masterly control of the instrument in this portion of the work that could but find the heartiest appreciation of the most critical. In the final movement the player surpassed his own remarkable work in former appearances here, and aroused the most pronounced demonstration in his honor at its end that has been known here for many seasons, the musicians all joining in the applause, which called the artist back to the stage repeatedly to make his acknowledgements.

Mr. Nikisch kept his promise of giving a hearing of the fourth of the Schumann symphonies, in its original version, and now that, as a clever man expressed it, "Boston has heard this symphony as Schumann didn't want it," there seems no good cause for a repetition of the work in the form which, thanks to Herr Brahms, has just been made public from the original manuscript, of which Brahms is the owner. There are few marked thematic differences between this original version and that which has been the standard in the orches-

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libraries of the day, and the differences in themes and the orchestration are all in favor of the more generally known form of the symphony.

A very enjoyable performance of the "Leonore" overture No. 2 began the concert, and the work of the orchestra during the evening was at all times up to its best standard.

The usual monthly tour will take place the coming week, and the 20th of the season's concerts, on Saturday, the 26th inst., will be with Mme. Amalia Joachim as soloist, the programme including Brahms' "Tragic Overture," Aria from "Orpheus," Gluck's "Reigen Seliger Geister und Furien Tanz," from "Orpheus," songs, with piano, and Beethoven's symphony No. 8.

D'ALBERT THE SOLOIST.

Globe
He Plays a Beethoven Concerto at the Symphony Concert.

The 19th rehearsal and concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra was pleasantly anticipated by the regular patrons, and there was scarcely an absentee, and those who take chances for a seat were present to the limit.

This season has been replete with piano recitals. The fact that Paderewski can completely fill the Boston Music Hall at one of his concerts, and hold an audience in deep attention for two hours, speaks well for the hold this form of musical entertainment has on the Boston public.

The announcement that D'Albert was to take part in the Friday afternoon rehearsal doubtless drew many who were anxious to compare his style with that of other pianists who have so recently appeared here.

However that may be, when Mr. Nikisch took his baton in hand an unusually large and attentive audience were prepared to listen.

The concert began with one of the three overtures to Fidelio, Leonore, No. 2. This overture was composed in 1805, and though styled No. 2, is in reality No. 1, since the others were produced in 1806-7 respectively.

This overture opens adagio in the key of C, and at once captivates the ear and senses. The work is well distributed and introduces the well-known air of Florestan, which he sings in the dungeon scene in the second act of the opera.

Then came an allegro, which is in no way associated with the parent theme, but full of original thought.

The pizzicato was a delightful effect at this stage—sustained by the basses—doing accompaniment for the flutes and oboes.

A pleasing feature was the introduction of two trumpet calls announcing the arrival of the governor.

The first violins at this point begin a very faint introduction to the finale, followed in succession by the other strings, until the entire orchestra is involved in a most rapacious termination.

The concerto for pianoforte, No. 5, in E flat, by Beethoven, was selected to introduce the soloist of the occasion, D'Albert. The movements were made up of allegro, adagio un poco mosso, allegro.

This best of Beethoven's concertos has been called a "symphony, with pianoforte obligato."

The pianist begins with a brilliant chromatic scale passage and his work thenceforth exhibits the great resources and fullness of this soloist.

He not only meets all the difficulties of

the score, but sustains a volume of sound sufficient to dominate the whole work.

The adagio offered excellent opportunities for delicate shading which were accepted with becoming grace of treatment. In the allegro which followed, D'Albert warmed well to his work and was both spirited and brilliant.

The coda was short but emphatic, and when the artist arose to accept his well-earned applause he showed evidence of the earnestness he had put into his work.

He favored his audience with an encore, after having been called back repeatedly.

D'Albert is a hard worker and intensely earnest. He has the facility of Paderewski, but we would wish he possessed the sympathetic quality of Paderewski. D'Albert unquestionably has a very strong hold on his audiences, and is growing in popularity.

The third and last number was the No. 4 symphony in D minor (original version), by Schumann. This symphony was brought out by the New York Philharmonic Society some three weeks since for the first time in this country. It was delightfully rendered yesterday. It possesses in a high degree the soulful feelings of Schumann,

and much of his romantic spirit. It is to be regretted that space does not admit of discussing merits at greater length.

THEATRES AND CONCERTS.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the nineteenth concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Beethoven: Overture to "Leonore," No. 2.
Beethoven: Pianoforte concerto No. 5, in E-flat, op. 73.
Schumann: Symphony No. 4, in D minor (first version).

the price, pray?"

ut! Know better than to ask the amount of a choir

See the signed check for three consecutive months;

now! Faith has been most cruelly abused on the

of choir salaries, hence the demand for tri-visual

e.

fortunate individual?"

Carl Alves, who, from being merely a first-class

musicale, concert and oratoric work, has suddenly

to the pinnacle of musical fame as the engaged

in the church of the millionaires—namely Dr.

Presbyterian edifice on Forty-second street.

air change of the decade has been more startling in

ance and unexpectedness than this, Mrs. Sara Baron

having filled the position for fourteen years and

considered a fixture in it, Mrs. Carl Alves, being the

contralto of Dr. Terry's South Reformed Church,

wer to will and to do according to her own sweet

when Dr. Terry, who has sole control of things

at South Church, said: "Mrs. Alves sign no con-

without letting us know," he thought he was voicing

tant danger. So did the little lady herself when

ed in all sincerity: "Never fear, doctor!"

e contract binding her to the Forty-second street

stands to-day written upon the back of one of the

ards of Mr. E. Francis Hyde, musical spokesman

house of worship, where it was hastily penned by

leman at the very first symptom of hesitation

the sweet voiced singer, whose allegiance to Dr.

church was well known and well rewarded.

'musical ambition' ever since marriage has been

raw from public musical work," says Mrs. Alves,

lliant seductions like this keep ever coming up to

my intentions."

laughter, daughter and wife of musicians, Mrs.

nce seven years of age has not been out of public

re through the birth of her two children. Her

t musical achievement in that time has been the

of Rubinstein's "Hagar in the Wilderness," in

where, all unheralded, she won unquestioned

ing at the inauguration of the Music Hall, also

symphony concerts and "Passion" music, is remem-

Yorkers. In April she is to sing in "The

given by the Handel and Haydn Society, of

an engagement won by her recent singing of a

D'Albert's playing of the great Beethoven concerto was so absolutely magnificent, exhaustive and great that, having said this, one can find nothing more to say about it. It was a model at every point. He was four times recalled and played a rhapsody by Brahms wonderfully.

The next programme is: Brahms, Tragic Overture; Gluck, Aria from "Orpheus;" Gluck, Dance of blessed spirits and dance of furies, from "Orpheus;" songs with pianoforte; Beethoven, Symphony No. 8, in F. Mme. Amalie Joachim will be the singer.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Symphony Concert.

The performance of the "Leonora" overture, which opened the concert of Saturday, was an epitome of the merits and defects of the Nikisch system. It was emphatically dramatic, and this, in a school of free overture of which Beethoven was, next to Gluck, the most earnest advocate, was a decided merit. We obtain now in our orchestral performances the virility which we have desired in previous years, and although it would be unjust to two conductors to allude to the fable of King Log and King Stork, it may be stated that we are getting too much of it. There was an abandon and a power in the performance that was refreshing, but the extreme exaggeration of the pauses, the ferocity of the kettledrum and the obliteration of the interior figures, were blemishes that are not to be condoned. Probably the last-named fault is the one most dangerous to the orchestra. In following any recent performance with a score one will see many figures and phrases with the eye which he will listen in vain for with the ear. The first violins overbalance the string quartette, and the brasses dominate the rest. The violas and second violins have seldom any prominence, and are often lost in the violent ensemble passages. Spite of these faults the overture was brilliant and exciting, the attacks of the orchestra more united than usual and the pizzicato of the contra basses almost as effective as the celebrated one which follows the horn quartette in the "Freischuetz" overture.

Then came the hero of the concert. Which is the bolder, a lion or a tiger? Which has the more delicious flavor, Johannisberger or Lacryma Christi? Answer these questions authoritatively and I can tell whether D'Albert eclipsed Paderewski or no. I can only compare D'Albert with D'Albert. In doing this I found the tone less resonant than heretofore and perhaps a trifle less sympathetic; but the performance of the "Emperor" concerto was one beyond and above criticism. Never a trace of exaggeration, never a suspicion of individuality! It was Beethoven pure and undefiled, not Beethoven spiced for an extra round of applause. The final rondo was a triumph of virtuosity, but of virtuosity applied to its proper end. At its termination there was recall after recall. The orchestra and its leader had a right to share in this triumph, for seldom has a concerto received more faithful orchestral treatment. But to give an encore-piece after the great work was a mistake; encores should never be allowed in

244
libraries of the day, and the differences in themes and the orchestration are all in favor of the more generally known form of the symphony.

A very enjoyable performance of the "Leonore" overture No. 2 began the concert, and the work of the orchestra during the evening was at all times up to its best standard.

The usual monthly tour will take place the coming week, and the 20th of the season's concerts, on Saturday, the 26th inst., will be with Mme. Amalia Joachim as soloist, the programme including "Tragic Overture," Aria from Gluck's "Reigen Seliger Geister Tanz," from "Orpheus," songs, and Beethoven's symphony No.

D'ALBERT THE SOLOIST

He Plays a Beethoven Concerto in the Boston Symphony Concert

The 19th rehearsal and concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra was anticipated by the regular public, there was scarcely an absentee, who take chances for a seat were the limit.

This season has been replete with recitals. The fact that Paderewski completely fill the Boston Music Hall of his concerts, and hold an undivided deep attention for two hours, is for the hold this form of musical entertainment has on the Boston public.

The announcement that D'Albert would take part in the Friday afternoon concert doubtless drew many who were to compare his style with that of others who have so recently appeared.

However that may be, when he took his baton in hand an unusually attentive audience were listening.

The concert began with one of the overtures to Fidelio, Leonore, No. 2, styled No. 2, is in reality No. 1, others were produced in 1805.

This overture opens adagio, and at once captivates the ear. The work is well distributed and the well-known air of Florestan sings in the dungeon scene in act of the opera.

Then came an allegro, which was associated with the parent theme of the original thought.

The pizzicato was a delightful stage-sustained by the bass accompaniment for the flutes and violins.

A pleasing feature was the part of two trumpet calls announcing the arrival of the governor.

The first violins at this point, faint introduction to the finale, succeeded by the other strings, entire orchestra is involved in a furious termination.

The concerto for pianoforte, No. 5, by Beethoven, was selected to introduce the soloist of the occasion. The movements were made up of adagio, un poco mosso, allegro.

This best of Beethoven's concertos has been called a "symphony," with obbligato.

The pianist begins with a brilliant scale passage and his forthright exhibits the great resourcefulness of this soloist.

He not only meets all the

the score, but sustains a volume of sound sufficient to dominate the whole work.

The adagio offered excellent opportunities for delicate shading which were accepted with becoming grace of treatment. In the allegro which followed, d'Albert warmed well to his work and was both spirited and brilliant.

The coda was short but emphatic, and when the artist arose to accept his well-earned applause he showed evidence of the earnestness he had put into his work.

He favored his audience with an encore.

BOSTON OFFICE OF THE MUSICAL COURIER.
157 Tremont Street, Saturday, March 12, 1892.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

THE program for the nineteenth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Music Hall this evening was: Overture, "Leonore," No. 2, Beethoven; concerto for piano, No. 5, in E flat, Beethoven, and Symphony No. 4, in D minor, Schumann (according to the original version.) The soloist was Mr. Eugen d'Albert.

In the opening number the orchestra reached a state of perfection which should fill every individual member with merited pride, and did, as it was, fill every member of the audience with melodious delight. Nothing was wanting in the performance of this number. If ever a faultless rendering were given this earliest of the four great "Leonore" overtures it surely was by Mr. Nikisch and the Boston Symphony Orchestra this evening. The "original version" of the Schumann symphony played this evening is not so widely different from the edition heard last week. At least the difference is not so great as we have been led to expect from the many annotators who have felt called upon to make themselves shine with reflected glory.

The more modern color given the orchestration in the revised version seems to be its principal distinguishing mark and is possibly the favorite form at the present time. Scarcely less praiseworthy was the work of the orchestra in this than in the preceding number.

The most enjoyable feature of the program, quite needless to observe, was the great "Emperor" concerto, so called, and to write of Mr. d'Albert and his performance of it, as should be written, calls for greater descriptive powers than are at our command and a more profound appreciation of master workmanship than we possess. Such breadth of conception, such straightforward methods, such true piano playing have certainly not been equalled in Boston since Rubinstein's visit. As a Beethoven player, religiously faithful to the every intention of the composer, he surely has no rival.

Mr. d'Albert was recalled five times, at last responding with an impromptu by Schubert.

The program for the next concert is: "Tragic" Overture, Brahms; aria from "Orpheus," Gluck; ballad from "Orpheus," Gluck; songs by Schubert and Schumann, and Beethoven symphony No. 8. The soloist is to be Mrs. Amelie Joachim.

THEATRES AND CONCERTS.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the nineteenth concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Beethoven: Overture to "Leonore," No. 2.
Beethoven: Pianoforte concerto No. 5, in E-flat, op. 73.
Schumann: Symphony No. 4, in D minor (first version).

Mr. Eugen d'Albert was the pianist.

It was interesting to hear two "first versions" given at the same concert, and first versions, too, by men who were especially noted for subjecting their works to an elaborate process of retouching. Curiously enough, one finds that the changes made in both these works by their respective composers, in writing the second versions, are often of a very similar sort. It is reported that Schumann was prompted to make the second (generally accepted) version of his D minor symphony because of the poor quality of the wind in his orchestra at Düsseldorf, he having found that the wind players were not up to playing the frequent solo passages in the first version satisfactorily. Thus the second version was prepared mainly with an eye to giving prominence to no single wind instrument. But when Schumann once got to work on his second version he also made some changes of another sort, changes which may in general be described as of much the same nature as those made by Beethoven in writing the second version of his "Leonore" overture. (It should be remembered that the so-called overtures "No. 2" and "No. 3" are in reality the first and second versions. The so-called "No. 1" and "No. 4"—overture to "Fidelio"—have nothing to do with these; they were written later, on totally different thematic material.)

Now, the differences between the "Leonore" overtures Nos. 2 and 3, and between the first and second versions of Schumann's D minor symphony, consist largely in the suppression of a good deal of contrapuntal thematic work, and in filling out long silences between crashing staccato chords for the full orchestra with melodic matter.

As for the "Leonore" overture, one can hardly feel any hesitation about much preferring the No. 3, in spite of Moscheles's opinion that the No. 2 was the "more perfect" of the pair. The immense improvement in the second theme, and in the development of the coda, the introduction of the beautiful slow passage from the prison-scene between the trumpet calls, and the superior conciseness and dramatic simplicity of the *Durchführung*, all contribute to make the No. 3 the finer and more titanic work. On the other hand, it would be hard to give the preference to either version of the Schumann symphony. Some of the changes made in the second are evidently improvements; but others are not.

Both overture and symphony were superbly played. We see no reason to change anything in what we wrote last week about Mr. Nikisch's "treatment" of the latter work, except to add that this treatment has the full and enthusiastic endorsement of Mme. Clara Schumann. But even this fact cannot change our feeling in the matter.

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The announcement that D'Albert will take part in the Friday afternoon concert doubtless drew many who were anxious to compare his style with that of others who have so recently appeared.

However that may be, when he took his baton in hand an untiring and attentive audience were listening.

The concert began with one of the overtures to Fidelio, Leonore, No. 2, which was composed in 1805, and is in reality No. 2, others were produced in 1805.

This overture opens adagio, and at once captivates the ear. The work is well distributed and the well-known air of Florestan sings in the dungeon scene in the act of the opera.

Then came an allegro, which was associated with the parent theme of the original thought.

The pizzicato was a delight to this stage—sustained by the bass accompaniment for the flutes.

A pleasing feature was the part of two trumpet calls announcing the rival of the governor.

The first violins at this point, with a faint introduction to the finale, succeeded by the other strings, the entire orchestra is involved in a furious termination.

The concerto for pianoforte, in E-flat, by Beethoven, was selected to introduce the soloist of the occasion. The movements were made in an adagio un poco mosso, allegro.

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these programmes, that is, if the programmes are made with any artistic ideal. There should be a certain homogeneity in a concert of this class, and any interpolated number does away with this. When the encore fiend is aided and abetted by conductor and soloist, it proves that the art of programme-making is undervalued or not understood. Any thoughtful auditor would have preferred to have had the impression of the concerto left undisturbed.

There is not enough of difference between the original version of Schumann's D minor symphony and its later revision to make it worth while to resuscitate the former; a few slight variations of development, and especially a fuller scoring, seem to be the chief points of change. The advantage is certainly on the side of the later version, although it may be pleaded that the first is clearer because of its rarer doubling of the parts. This advantage, however, if any, was lost by the tremendously forcible manner in which it was played, and the work seemed but a recapitulation of the symphony of the previous week so far as its general effect went. Brahms has not added much to the repertoire by fostering the performances of the version which Schumann discarded. It is not the first time that the Viennese master has dug up Schumann relics, for the very last theme that Schumann wrote, when his brain had practically given way, was a subject that he maintained had been communicated to him by spirits, and this sad reminder of an unsettled mind was made into piano variations by the phlegmatic musical heir. LOUIS C. ELSON.

THE SYMPHONIES.

NINETEENTH CONCERT.

The programme for the nineteenth concert of the Symphony Orchestra in Music hall Saturday evening, March 12, was:

Beethoven. Overture. "Lenore, No. 2."
Beethoven. Concerto for Pianoforte, No. 5, in E flat.
Schumann. Allegro. — Adagio un poco mosso. — Rondo (Allegro).
Symphony No. 4, op. 120.
Andante con moto. — Allegro di molto. — Romanza. — Scherzo. — Largo. — Finale.
(Original version first time.)
Soloist:—Mr. Eugen D'Albert.

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these programmes. That is, if the programmes are made with any artistic ideal. There should be a certain homogeneity in a concert of this class, and any interpolated number does away with this. When the encore fiend is aided and abetted by conductor and soloist, it proves that the art of programme-making is undervalued or not understood. Any thoughtful auditor would have preferred to have had the impression of the concerto left undisturbed.

There is not enough of difference between the original version of Schumann's D minor symphony and its later revision to make it worth while to resuscitate the former; a few slight variations of development, and especially a fuller scoring, seem to be the chief points of change. The advantage is certainly on the side of the later version, although it may be pleaded that the first is clearer because of its rarer doubling of the parts. This advantage, however, if any, was lost by the tremendously forcible manner in which it was played, and the work seemed but a recapitulation of the symphony of the previous week so far as its general effect went. Brahms has not added much to the repertoire by fostering the performances of the version which Schumann discarded. It is not the first time that the Viennese master has dug up Schumann relics, for the very last theme that Schumann wrote, when his brain had practically given way, was a subject that he maintained had been communicated to him by spirits, and this sad reminder of an unsettled mind was made into piano variations by the phlegmatic musical heir.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

THE SYMPHONIES.

NINETEENTH CONCERT.

The programme for the nineteenth concert of the Symphony orchestra in Music hall Saturday evening, March 12, was:

Beethoven.	Overture, "Lenore, No. 2."
Beethoven.	Concerto for Pianoforte, No. 5, in E flat.
	Allegro. — Adagio un poco mosso. — Rondo (Allegro).
Schumann.	Symphony No. 4, op. 120.
	Andante con moto. — Allegro di molto. — Romanza. — Scherzo. — Largo. — Finale.
	(Original version first time.)
Soloist:—Mr. Eugen D'Albert.	

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Every seat in the hall was occupied, and all the available space in the outside aisles was taken up by the many who were not regular attendants, but had been attracted by the prospect of an unusually fine performance by the pianist whom all Europe unites in calling the greatest living exponent of piano music. As an interpreter of Beethoven he probably has no equal, and Saturday night's concert fully sustained the judgment passed upon him by foreign critics and those of our own country, during his visit two years ago.

D'Albert's treatment of the opening allegro was broad and masterly, and characterized by remarkable clearness and purity of tone. His easy mastery of the prodigious technical difficulties commanded the instant admiration of the audience.

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The opening number on the programme was one of the three overtures to Fideho, Leonora, No. 2, containing a lovely adagio in C, an original allegro and an exquisite pizzicato, in which the orchestra excelled. In no other composition has been exhibited such precision and purity of tone, such delicacy and beautiful manner of phrasing.

The organization will make its usual monthly tour this week, but the twentieth concert will take place March 26, with Mme. Amalie Joachim as soloist and a programme consisting of Brahms's "Tragic Overture," aria from "Orpheus," Gluck's "Reigen Seliger Geister und Furien Tanz," from Orpheus, Schubert's "Liebesbotschaft," Schumann's "Schoene Wiegemeiner Leiden," Schubert's "Elkoenig," and Beethoven's Symphony No. 8.

Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1891-92.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. ARTHUR NIKISCH, Conductor.

XX. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, MARCH 26, AT 8, P. M.

PROGRAMME.

BRAHMS.

TRAGIC OVERTURE.

GLUCK.

ARIA from "Orpheus."

GLUCK.

REIGEN SELIGER GEISTER UND FURIEN TANZ, from "Orpheus."

SONGS with PIANO.

a) SCHUBERT.

"LIEBESBOTSCHAFT."

b) SCHUMANN.

"SCHOENE WIEGE MEINER LEIDEN."

c) SCHUBERT.

"ERLKOENIG."

BEETHOVEN.

SYMPHONY No. 8, in F major.
Allegro vivace e con brio.—Allegretto scherzando.—
Tempo di minuetto—Allegro vivace.

SOLOIST:

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The Piano used is a Steinway.

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a) SCHUBERT.	"LIEBESBOTSCHAFT."
b) SCHUMANN.	"SCHOENE WIEGE MEINER LEIDEN."
c) SCHUBERT.	"ERLKOENIG."
BEETHOVEN.	SYMPHONY No. 8, in F major. Allegro vivace e con brio.—Allegretto scherzando.— Tempo di minuetto.—Allegro vivace.

SOLOIST:

MME. AMALIE JOACHIM.

The Piano used is a Steinway.

THEATRES AND CONCERTS.

Symphony Orchestra.

The twentieth concert of the season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Music Hall was given on Saturday night in accordance with this programme—

Brahms: Tragic Overture.
Gluck: Selections from "Orpheus"—Air "Che faro senza Eurydice;" Dance of Spirits; Dance of Furies.
Songs with pianoforte—
Schubert: Liebesbotschaft.
Schumann: Schöne Wiege meiner Leiden.
Schubert: Die Erbkönig.
Beethoven: Symphony, No. 8, in F major.
Mme. Amalie Joachim was the singer.

This was a noble programme, well balanced between old and new schools, but fresh throughout; short, but satisfactory; familiar, but not commonplace. The overture quickly commands attention by the virility that is early manifested, and holds it by the clearness that is an all-pervading quality. Mr. Nikisch treated it with sympathetic earnestness, making its more forceful moments tell with convincing power, and producing all the effect of contrast possible in the less gloomy passages. The ballet movements from "Orpheus," simple in form and modest in treatment, compared with modern manners in music, were played in a style that testified strongly to the conductor's purpose to give the composer as he is, and not as the conductor will have him. It was a satisfaction to see that the audience recognized and admired this purpose, though, possibly, a good part of the applause that followed the performance was an expression of admiration for the very simplicity and comparative modesty of the compositions. Mr. Molé's flute solo in the first of these movements was deliciously played. The symphony went off with the heartiness and breezy out-door feeling that characterizes the work, for even the minuet sounds as though danced on the sward in the sunlight by gentle countryfolk, and not on a polished floor, beneath myriads of candles, by wigged and painted lords and ladies. There are many touches of humor in this symphony—the frequent assignment of figures to the bassoon, the unexpected changes of key, the sudden forte bursts after a piano passage, or actual silence.

Mme. Joachim's singing had much that was of distinct and peculiar interest. Her superb physical strength enabled her to sing the song of lament for Eurydice as if it were really a man that was mourning a lost wife, though without coarseness of effect, be it understood. The interpolation of a tone to give the feeling of a return to the original key after the modulation to the dominant was not pleasing, however. Let this sort of thing remain with our friends the minstrels. Her variations in time also were distracting and apparently unjustified. Mme. Joachim's singing of the first Schubert song was an apt illustration that the strongest lungs can best sing pianissimo, provided, of course, the apparatus has been properly trained, and is directed by intelligence; as the biggest trip-hammer can be made to strike the gentlest blow; or as the most powerful locomotive will draw a train at a slow pace with the greatest steadiness, and least exhaustion of material. Schumann's

song was aptly sung, and the audience was well satisfied with "The Erl-King," though here and there the singer again disturbed some ears by her changes in time. Still, her strong dramatic style was exhibited in lights that fully warranted the demonstration of favor on the part of the hearers.

The programme for this week's public rehearsal and concert, includes Mendelssohn's "Scotch Symphony." Mozart's concerto for flute and harp, Volkmann's serenade in F major for string orchestra, and Wotan's farewell and the fire charm from "Die Walküre."

Mrs. Joachim Sings at the Symphony Concert.

A Digression Concerning "Intellectuality" in Song.

A Few Words About the Late Operatic Season.

The twentieth Symphony concert was given Saturday evening in Music Hall. The programme was as follows:

Tragic Overture.....Brahms
Aria from "Orpheus".....Gluck
Reigen Seliger Geister und Furien Tanz, from "Orpheus".....Gluck

Songs with Piano.
"Liebesbotschaft".....Schubert
"Schöne Wiege meiner Leiden".....Schumann
"Erlkönig".....Schubert
Symphony No. 8, in F Major.....Beethoven

Mrs. Amalie Joachim was the singer.

The orchestral numbers are familiar, and they require no words of explanation or criticism. The work of the orchestra was excellent. Mr. Nikisch gave a sane and manly reading of the Beethoven symphony. It was free from the caprices, the mannerisms and the theatrical spirit that on former occasions have often disfigured the performance of the compositions of Beethoven as conducted by him. The ballet music from "Orpheus" was effective, and the effects were due to the fact that Mr. Nikisch was in sympathy with the old writer of operas. There was no attempt at modernization. The pure, almost severe, simplicity of Gluck was reverently preserved. The flute solo in the ballet music was played in a delightful manner. All in all, the concert was worthy of the high reputation of the orchestra.

Mrs. Joachim appears in certain respects to better advantage, as a singer, in Music Hall than in a room of small dimensions. For the full exhibition of the breadth of her style she needs space and freedom. Saturday evening she displayed passionate power and dramatic intelligence. But the same faults were seen in this concert and in her three recitals. There is no need, perhaps, of dwelling on them, but two are grievous and not to be excused. Her intonation is often false, and in her attack she frequently strikes under and slides up to the desired tone. Now, the Symphony concerts are supposed to serve an educational purpose. When a singer comes before a Symphony audience, the student should be able to profit by the

When the student finds that vocal art is quickly forgiven, she may well be the wisdom of her teacher, who finds her for similar omissions and com-

It is true that the curiosity to hear famous singers of other lands is legitimate, even when they have passed the zenith of their glory. Applause is often justly given as a tribute paid to the glorious past. The intelligence displayed by Mrs. Joachim is admirable, worthy of all praise. Even now there are excellent points in the mechanical means employed to convey this mental intelligence. There is a danger, however, in the unqualified acceptance of her art, and the danger is this: That students hearing her and knowing her reputation may be induced to regard the rudiments of the science of song as things of little moment, and to seek only the expression of emotions without providing themselves with the means of full expression. And there are many in these days who claim that the first thing required of a singer is intelligence. This intelligence is not vocal; it is vaguely described as "intellectuality." That is to say, a singer may have an unpleasant voice, he may sing habitually below or above the true pitch, he may show ignorance of important rudiments of the art of song; and he is promptly pardoned for his vocal ignorance or vocal inability, provided there is a rumor that he in some mysterious manner has caught the true spirit of the composer and will consent to serve as a medium between the composer and the hearer. When it is once announced that Mr. X or Mrs. Z sings with uncommon "intellectuality," the fortune of the singer is made for a season, and possibly for two seasons. There is a cult. Unfortunately for Mr. X or Mrs. Z, some one, whose "intellectuality" is said to be even more pronounced, raps at the stage door. The old shrine is hastily abandoned. For music is too often the sport of the constantly changing fashion.

THE SYMPHONIES. *Times*

TWENTIETH CONCERT.

The programme of the twentieth Symphony concert in Music hall, Saturday evening, March 26, was:

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| Brahms. | Tragic Overture. |
| Gluck. | Aria from "Orpheus." |
| Gluck. | Reigen Seliger Geister und Furien Tanz, from "Orpheus." |
| a) Schubert. | Songs with Piano. |
| b) Schumann. | "Liebesbotschaft." |
| | "Schoene Wiege meiner Leiden." |
| c) Schubert. | "Erlkoenig." |
| Beethoven. | Symphony No. 8, in F major. |
| | Allegro vivace e con brio.—Allegretto scherzando.—Tempo di minuetto.—Allegro vivace. |
- Soloist: Mme. Amalie Joachim.

The overture is one of Brahms's long-winded compositions, solidly but not over-richly orchestrated. It is elaborated on a dry theme, though not entirely uninteresting to the student of music. That it is interesting as music to a promiscuous audience, is somewhat doubtful. The orchestra did not at all times seem at its best, which caused the nervous movements of the conductor to multiply.

Apropos of the movements of a conductor's baton, the advice one of the best conductors of Germany, Dr. Julius Rietz, once gave to his class at the Leipsic Conservatory of Music is

recalled: "Young men, this baton (holding it up) is useful only when properly used. In the hands of some, it is an intelligent object, conveying time, expression, and phrasing of the music to all the members of the orchestra; but in the hands of others, it becomes confusing and embarrassing in the extreme. It should be used sparingly, without ostentatious display, and only to mark the time, expression and phrasing of the music, which can be done with very slight motions. Remember, you are not handling a gun, drum-sticks, or an Indian club, and the less display the better."

The extra motions Conductor Nikisch imparted to his body and baton in commencing the overture were, to us, perfectly sensational and useless. One stroke, in a direct line down, would have answered the purpose just as well, expressed more decision, and attracted more attention to the music from both orchestra and audience. After the tragic event in the overture of brass, wood-wind and drums, conveying the death of somebody or something by their intense noise, a very pleasant little funeral chant is introduced, the music of which was truly delightful, because it furnished such a relief from former excitement of the tragic events. However, through all the din and struggles of the various instruments, nobody was apparently hurt, and the overture closed calmly.

Thirty years ago, Madame Joachim was a famous singer at Berlin; indeed, was considered the finest in Germany. She is yet a great artiste, but her voice is not what it once was. There are some reminders of the past worth preserving, worth looking at, and worth hearing, if they happen to be animate ones. Madame Joachim, notwithstanding her long service, is yet good for another decade. We will not enter into a close criticism of her vocal efforts, but simply say that she seemingly carried away all the honors of the evening. If hearty, spontaneous applause gives pleasure to artists, she ought to be more than satisfied, for she was many times called back to acknowledge marks of appreciation. Mme. Joachim is a fine, noble, queenly appearing woman, and was elegantly attired in a white gown. The Schubert songs were most artistically rendered, showing her art to perfection, while the accompaniments by Mr. Nikisch on the piano were admirable.

The symphony, one of the pleasantest of Beethoven's, was, for the most part, well read and played, affording great satisfaction to all those who remained to hear it to the end.

We have been looking for great improvement in the orchestra, on account of the increased rehearsals said to have taken place recently, but so far, there are no signs of any having taken place.

JAMES M. TRACY.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Twentieth Symphony Concert.

The programme of the 20th Symphony Concert at the Music Hall Saturday evening embraced Brahms's "Tragic Overture," two movements from the ballet music in "Orpheus," by Gluck; Beethoven's 8th Symphony; an aria from "Orpheus," "Che faro," Gluck; two songs by Schubert and one by Schumann. The vocalist was Mme. Amalia Joachim, who appeared to much better advantage in the large area of the Music Hall than in the more confined space of Steinert's concert room. Her false intonation was just as pronounced, however, and her method of voice production just as reprehensible for the observance of the student in vocal culture.

Mr. Nikisch accompanied her songs upon the piano in a most artistic and charming manner. In fact, the accompaniment of the "Erl King" of Schubert attracted more attention, and rightly so, than did the singing of the piece. It is a rare gift of Mr. Nikisch, this ability to so superbly accompany a singer. The "Tragic Overture" of Brahms is a noble work, bold and original in many respects, but wanting in something to brighten it up and relieve the dramatic or heroic intensity of much of the music. Mr. Henschel first brought it out in these concerts in 1881.

Mr. Gericke also played it, and to him we are indebted for the favorable impression it has created, for under his masterly direction all that there is of repose in it was revealed in relief to the tragic energy that prevails so generously. It was played Saturday evening by Mr. Nikisch with fierceness and harshness and almost devoid of any contrast, so slight was the variation between the more or less loudness of the rendering. Such indications as *P sotto voce*, *PP sempre*, *Sempre P e dolce*, *PP tranquillo* were never for one moment experienced in the playing. But, then, one has little reason for expecting any refinement from Mr. Nikisch's orchestral efforts. For three years he has revelled among the delicate nuances of compositions of every class as a bull would in a china shop.

I cannot understand how a man can sit at a piano and play with such wonderful delicacy and artistic judgment as he did in accompanying Mme. Joachim at this concert, and then climb up on his two boxes and go at the playful, humorous eighth symphony with his whole band rasping and blowing ffff's, as on Saturday night. The delightful strains of

this symphony have been given us so beautifully and effectively by the refined Gericke that it will take several seasons more of this violent discipline under Nikisch before the intelligent and musical listener at the symphony concerts can become accustomed to having it fired at them out of a 20-inch gun, so to speak, and not rebel. The *Allegretto Scherzando* was taken too slowly, having neither the sense of *Allegretto* or *Scherzando* about it.

It has been a most unfortunate thing for Mr. Nikisch's reputation as a classic interpreter that Theodore Thomas and Wilhelm Gericke have set a standard in the rendering of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven years ago in Boston—a standard so far above anything that Nikisch has shown that the critical or even the refined musical listener cannot accept what Nikisch has given us as other than an example of coarseness, if not to say vulgarity of interpretation.

The Gluck numbers went fairly well, the first one particularly so. The flute solo by Mr. Mole was played in a masterly manner. The "Furientanz," however, got a good rasping from the strings; the *dim poco a poco smorzando PP* could hardly have been discovered with a telescope of high power.

The two weeks' season of Italian and French opera at the Mechanics' Hall ended on Saturday with a performance of "Faust" in the afternoon and with Patti in "La Traviata" in the evening. The house was crowded to overflowing on each occasion. The greatest enthusiasm prevailed at "Faust." Patti has probably made her last appearance in Boston. WARREN DAVENPORT.

Symphony Concert.

The twentieth concert of the course presented Mme. Amalie Joachim, the famous German lieder songstress, and a programme consisting of Brahms's "Tragic Overture"; aria from Gluck's "Orpheus," and "Reigen Seliger Geister und Furien Tanz," from the same work; three songs for piano—Schubert's "Liebesbotschaft," "Schoene Wiege Meiner Leiden," by Schumann, and Schubert's "Erlkoenig"; Beethoven's eighth symphony in F major.

As an interpreter of German songs, Mme. Joachim has few equals. She possesses a voice of unusual power with which she can secure wonderfully softened tones that are infinitely more pleasing than those of greater power. Her high tones were always admirable, but the quality of the lower register is not as good. This was the first opportunity she has had to sing in a hall which did not restrain her power. Her rendering added new beauty to the familiar "Orpheus" aria, and her delicate shading was shown to decided advantage in the charming group of songs with Mr. Nikisch for accompanist.

The orchestral numbers were well chosen, clearly showing Mr. Nikisch's keen perception of the value of contrast. The overture was splendidly treated by the orchestra, but the charming first movement of the Orpheus number called forth great enthusiasm, the lion's share of which was due to M. Mole's beautiful flute solo.

Beethoven's brightly colored eighth symphony was a fitting close to a carefully chosen programme. As the course nears its close the audience is beginning to appreciate the fact that this year the Boston Symphony Orchestra has given the public a quantity of rarely good music.

Next Saturday evening will bring a trio of soloists and a programme with Mendelssohn's Scotch symphony, No. 3, in A minor; Mozart's concerto for flute and harp; Volkmann's serenade for string orchestra, in F major; and "Wotan's Farewell" and "Fire Charm" from "Die Walkure."

TWENTIETH SYMPHONY.

Mme. Amalie Joachim Receives a Flattering Reception.

The twentieth Symphony concert was given at Music Hall yesterday evening. The interest of the occasion was centred in Mme. Amalie Joachim, who has already made many friends in Boston. As she moved along to the front of the stage amidst a most cordial welcome, her manner had all the easy grace of the hostess receiving her friends. The reception accorded her was genuine and was justified by her subsequent work.

At her initial performance in Union Hall she labored under the disadvantage of a contracted auditorium, but yesterday at the Music Hall the conditions were much more favorable to her voice, which is not only acceptable in tone but of very considerable volume. She selected an aria from Orpheus as her opening number, accompanied by full orchestra, which she sang with admirable taste and skill. Her rich, round voice was fully equal to all demands made upon it.

In addition to the above she sang three songs, by Schubert, Liebesbotschaft and Erlkoenig, together with Schumann's "Schoene Wiege Meiner Leiden." She was accompanied on the piano by Mr. Nikisch with that grace and delicacy which has won so much praise for him.

Mme. Joachim was at her best in these songs, which she gave with extreme tenderness, and returned at the finish no less than three times to receive the flattering attention of the audience.

The instrumental portion of the rehearsal consisted of Brahms' "Tragic Overture," which met careful treatment at the hands of the orchestra, though we cannot help feeling the overture might be called an ode to melancholy.

The second number consisted of Gluck's "Reigen Seliger Geister und Furien Tanz," from "Orpheus." Symphony No. 8, in F major, Beethoven, was selected for the occasion, sometimes known as the little symphony. This cheery and refreshing music was charmingly played. The scherzo work

its merry measures delighted the audience into applause at its termination, and it is fair to say the little symphony will not soon lose its place amongst the pleasant musical memories of these delightful concerts.

The next rehearsals and concert will be given April 1 and 2.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The appearance of Mme. Amalia Joachim, the contralto whose vocal recitals have attracted so much attention, made one of the interesting features of last evening's symphony concert, the complete programme of which was as follows:

Tragic Overture..... Brahms
Aria from "Orpheus"..... Gluck
Reigen Seliger Geister und Furien..... Gluck
Tanz from "Orpheus".....
Songs with piano.....
"Liebesbotschaft" (a)..... Schubert
"Schoene Wiege meiner Leiden" (b)..... Schumann
"Erlkoenig" (c)..... Schubert
Symphony No. 8, in F major..... Beethoven

Mme. Joachim's delivery of the familiar aria from "Orpheus" displayed the rich sympathetic tones of her voice to fine advantage, and her singing of the selection was marked by a degree of dramatic strength and sentiment which quite realized all its beauties, and she honestly won the commendation which was awarded her at the conclusion. In the group of songs at the piano she again displayed her rare gifts as a vocalist and won especial favor by the intelligent and artistic fashion in which she gave the Schubert songs.

The strong contrast afforded by introducing the old-time music of Gluck with the modern mysteries of a Brahms' overture heightened the effect of both these styles of composition and added largely to the enjoyment of the older forms from the "Orpheus."

No better flute playing has ever been heard here than that of M. Mole in the theme of the first movement of the Orpheus music, for it was sung upon the instrument with faultless taste and such skill that the player was compelled to repeatedly bow his acknowledgments from his seat in the orchestra at its conclusion.

The dance of the furies was splendidly given by Mr. Nikisch, who also made intelligible the intentions of the composer of the "Tragic" overture. An admirable reading of the eighth symphony greatly pleased the audience.

Next Saturday evening the soloists will be Mr. Heinrich Meyn, baritone, Mr. Charles Mole, flute, Mr. Heinrich Schuecker, harp; the programme including Mendelssohn's symphony No. 3, in A minor, "Scotch"; Mozart's concerto for flute and harp; Volkmann's serenade for string orchestra, in F major, and Wagner's "Wotan's Farewell" and "Fire Charm," from "Die Walkure."

ING, MARCH 28, 1892

LACK OF CONTRAST.

THE CHIEF DEFECT OF THE "TRAGIC OVERTURE."

Saturday's Symphony Concert—Mme. Joachim, the Soloist, Appeared to Good Advantage—Her Dramatic Conceptions a Study in Themselves—Close of the Grand Opera Season.

Brahms' "Tragic Overture" began the programme. This work is not intended to represent any special plot, only presenting a strongly dramatic or tragic element as justification for its title. It opens with two ponderous chords, exactly as Beethoven's "Heroic Symphony" does, and it might as readily deserve the adjective "heroic" as that of "tragic." The chief defect of the work is its lack of contrast; it is almost constantly sombre or agitated. It was played with great spirit and unanimity, although the violins pushed their fury to the verge of harshness, and there was little intermediate shading between the extremely soft and the extremely loud passages.

Gluck's ballet music gained immensely by being performed in Music Hall; in Mechanics' Hall, last week, the opera of "Orpheus" seemed entirely out of place, the delicate touches were lost, and the simplicity could not charm. In this performance everything was restored to its proper balance and perspective. The flute solo (or *obligato*) in the picture of the blest spirits, was finely performed by Mr. Mole, and the entire picture was given with commendable conservatism, only the 19th century ghosts would be apt to find such saccharine enjoyments as are here portrayed a trifle cloying. A few blurs towards the close of the "Dance of the Furies" may readily be condoned in view of the lack of exaggeration, which made the work a very acceptable representation of the beginning of dramatic music. In the performance of the eighth symphony by Beethoven, however, the first violins ruled the roost in their usual forcible manner, and the development of the first movement was so tumultuous that it might have pictured battle rather than a mere outburst of animal spirits. The whole symphony is the playful Beethoven, but this composer had rather a brusque humor, and his sport took him into the domains of the grotesque, rather than into the piquant and dainty as was the case with Mendelssohn. The bassoon was Beethoven's favorite instrument; that is, he generally used it when he was in a thoroughly good humor; and as he was in the best of spirits in the writing of this work (it might be called "the humorous symphony") we find plenty of comical bassoon work in its measures. All through the symphony the instrument was well played, and in the finale its odd octave figure with the kettle drum was charming. Next to the bassoon the contrabasses came into prominence and they were magnificently played.

In fact, whenever these ponderous instruments have anything like *obligato* phrases they give them in a most artistic manner; they are one of the most perfect departments of our orchestra. Yet I could have wished for more force in that exquisitely grotesque presentation of the chief figure in the finale. The chattering theme has become sweeter and sweeter, and finally is given to flutes and violins when, just as one is lulled into tranquillity,—*presto!* there is a leap from the garret into the cellar of the orchestra, and the contrabasses ferociously mock the sweeter instruments! It is all a practical joke, but it cannot have too much emphasis. One does not often have to call our conductor to account for lack of emphasis, and the symphony was in the main well done.

Madame Joachim was the soloist. She has never appeared to such good advantage since she has been in Boston. The large hall suited to her heavy voice far better than any smaller concert-room could possibly do, and if there was a slight flattening from pitch occasionally, it was far less perceptible than heretofore, and her undeniable wealth of dramatic expression was employed in the best possible way. "Che faro senza Euridice" was sung with great earnestness, although in the final appearance of the theme of this vocal ronde the singer took the tempo at a very rapid pace and the orchestra was often left far behind, for the conductor seemed not in accord with the artist's view.

I could not entirely agree with the overwhelming enthusiasm with which the public greeted the performance of the "Erl King," for there were unnecessary caprices of tempo, and of accompaniment too. The Erl-king's "Willst du mich, du mit mir geh'n" was far quicker than Kreissmann or Schott used to take it, and the climax, "So brauch ich Gewalt," showed but little "Gewalt," for the singer was evidently tired, as was evinced both by huskiness and flattening—a little from pitch. It seems odd to read in a Hanslick review of 20 years ago, that the singer charmed by a quiet reserve rather than by a vehement presentation of *lieder*; *nous avons change tout cela*; there is now less reserve and more passion. Nevertheless, the work of Mme. Joachim must command respect. Her dramatic conceptions are in themselves a study, and she has fought a good fight for art through all her days.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

The Symphony Concert.

The programme for the twentieth Symphony Concert in Music Hall, last night, was: Tragic Overture, Brahms; "Che faro senza Euridice," Gluck; selections from the ballet music of "Orpheus," Gluck; "Liebesbotschaft," Schubert; "Schoene Wiege Meiner Leiden," Schumann, and "Erlkoenig," Schubert; Symphony No. 8 in F, Beethoven. The work of the orchestra was excellent throughout. The Brahms overture was clearly and impressively read and effectively played; and the Gluck ballet music was interpreted in a wholly sympathetic spirit and admirably performed. The symphony was given without any important innovations on the traditional reading and with a frank simplicity and a graceful flexibility that may be heartily commended. The soloist was Mme. Amalie Joachim. Her singing was often painfully false in in-

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 tonation, and this fault, which seems to be a radical one with the artist, overtops whatever may be praise-worthy in her work. Purity of intonation is the first requisite in a vocalist, and the lack of it cannot be condoned, without setting a bad example to young singers and proving unfaithful to the best interests of vocal art. To encourage it at the Symphony concerts is to assist in lowering the standard that should prevail there. Not having heard Mme. Joachim in the meridian of her powers, we cannot tell what she has been; we can only know what she is, and, unpleasing as it is, to write thus harshly of an artist of her repute, we do not feel that it is just to pass by in her that which we would condemn severely in a less noted artist. Her singing last evening had little in it that can be honestly commended, and though it may have shown traces of an excellence that has passed away, it was scarcely worthy of a hearing at these concerts. However, the audience evidently thought otherwise, for it recalled her twice after the Gluck aria, and after the group of Schubert and Schumann songs it broke forth in a rapture of delight and recalled her five times. The programme for the next concert is: Symphony, A-minor, Mendelssohn; Concerto for flute and harp, Mozart; Serenade for strings, Volkmann; and "Wotan's Farewell" and "The Fire Charm," Wagner. The soloists will be: Messrs. H. Meyn, C. Molé and H. Schuecker.

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Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1891-92.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. ARTHUR NIKISCH, Conductor.

XXI. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 2, AT 8, P. M.

PROGRAMME.

MENDELSSOHN.

SYMPHONY No. 3, in A minor. "Scotch."
 Andante con moto; Allegro un poco agitato.—
 Vivace non troppo.—Adagio.—
 Allegro vivacissimo; Allegro maestoso assai.

MOZART.

ANDANTE AND ALLEGRO from CONCERTO
 for FLUTE and HARP.

VOLKMANN.

SERENADE for STRING ORCHESTRA, in F major.

WAGNER.

"WOTAN'S FAREWELL" and "FIRE CHARM,"
 from "Die Walkure."

SOLOISTS:

MR. HEINRICH MEYN.

MR. CHARLES MOLÉ.

MR. HEINRICH SCHUECKER.

Music Notes.

The programme of the concert of Saturday evening, April 2, given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was: "Scotch Symphony," Mendelssohn; concerto for flute and harp, Mozart; serenade for strings, in F, Volkmann, and "Wotan's Farewell" and the "Fire Chorus" from "Die Walküre," Wagner. The soloists were Mr. H. Meyn, Mr. C. Molé and Mr. H. Schuecker. The symphony was un-Mendelssohnized and subjected to a Nikischization that wholly misrepresented the composer's clearly-expressed intentions. The opening movement is marked "allegro un poco agitato"; but Mr. Nikisch, for some undiscoverable motive, began it at a pace closely bordering on andante, and the poco agitato was conspicuous by its absence. The second movement, marked "vivace non troppo," was, on the contrary, hurried along at a break neck speed, the non troppo being wholly ignored. The slow movement was better used, but the finale was subjected to an almost complete revision in respect to tempo. Not only this, but the dynamic marks were boldly disregarded. Mr. Nikisch doubtless imagined that he improved the symphony by subjecting it to this treatment; but we must confess, in view of the immense distance between the reputation of the composer and that of the conductor, that we greatly prefer Mendelssohn to Mr. Nikisch, to say nothing of the fact that the former took the trouble to indicate, with great exactness, the manner in which he desired his work to be read. It would seem, however, that in regard to this symphony, at least, that he had no rights which Mr. Nikisch felt bound to respect, for in addition to the other liberties taken by him, he utterly pooh-poohed Mendelssohn's injunction that the separate movements of the work must follow each other without any halt between them. When we add that the playing was rough and noisy, we feel that we are not unjustified in claiming that the performance was radically bad and thoroughly reprehensible. The trouble seems to be either that Mr. Nikisch fancies it to be imperative on him to inject his own individuality into every work that he conducts, or that he does it through ignorance. In any case, the result is an exasperating misrepresentation, not to say belittling, of great masterpieces. If our conductor would only remember that it is of great consequence that Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, and other famous composers should be read according to the directions they have given, and that it is of no consequence whatever if Mr. Nikisch thinks they ought to be read differently, we should reach a consummation devoutly to be wished. The Mozart concerto was delightfully played by Messrs. Molé and Schuecker; but, unfortunately, the pitch of the harp was painfully at variance with that of the orchestra in the first movement. The Volkmann serenade has some graceful moments of melody and effect, but does not as a whole rise above the level of labored, highly proper Kapellmeister music. It was well played. The Wagner selections were given with immense vigor and almost deafening noisiness. Mr. Meyn sang his share in them in a style wholly in sympathy with the turmoil. It was a struggle between him and the orchestra; but he bore himself bravely, and though now and then his voice was nearly extinguished by the storm of tone against which it was pitted, it was never quite eclipsed, and if he did not come in a winner in the race, he was not left far in the rear.

THEATRES AND CONCERTS.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the twenty-first Symphony Concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Mendelssohn: Symphony No. 3, in A minor ("Scotch").

Mozart: Andante and Allegro from concerto for flute and harp.

Volkmann: Serenade for string orchestra, in F major.

Wagner: "Wotan's Abschied" and "Feuerzauber," from "Die Walküre."

Mr. Heinrich Meyn was the singer, Mr. Charles Molé the flutist, and Mr. Heinrich Schuecker the harpist.

It is not unlikely that Mendelssohn knew the old story of the monk who summoned a familiar of the devil to fetch him some ale, and found that the forthcoming supply of ale so far exceeded his personal demand that it ended by drowning him. But, if Mendelssohn did know it, he probably did not think of applying its moral to himself. He, as a "romantic" composer, player and conductor, asked for a certain elasticity of rhythm in the performance of his own and other people's music; for an intelligent and sympathetic reading of the composer's intention between the lines, as it were; nothing was more irksome to him than a metronome. We believe that he even did not care to take the usual indications of tempo—such as *Andante*, *Allegro*, etc.—too much *au pied de la lettre*, but liked, even in this matter, to have a certain freedom allowed. His discussion with Berlioz about metronome marks is tolerably well known. Yet it is out of all likelihood that he would have advocated a complete disregard for a composer's expressed wishes; and it is toward this fashion that the performing musical world of today seems tending with ever increasing speed. Take, for instance, Mr. Nikisch's conducting of the "Scotch" symphony. On the fly leaf of the score stands the following direction to the conductor: "The separate movements of this symphony must follow, one after the other, immediately, and not be separated by the usual longish interruptions." Mr. Nikisch made the usual longish waits between the movements, quite in the usual way; just as he would have done in any other symphony. The first movement is marked "*Allegro un poco agitato*"; Mr. Nikisch began it so slow as to make all "*agitato*" out of the question, and even to leave one in doubt as to its being "*allegro*" at all. The second movement is marked "*Vivace non troppo*;" if Mr. Nikisch thinks the rattling tempo at which he took it "not too lively," one asks in dismay what rate of speed he would consider "too lively"? The peroration of the finale is marked "*Allegro maestoso assai*," the dotted quarter-note=104;" Mr. Nikisch took the dotted quarter at 86. Now this seems to us bringing on ale with a vengeance! almost, if not quite, enough to drown the good Mendelssohn. Add to this that our excellent conductor seems to have a deeply rooted objection to a piano cantilena on the violins; so soon as it comes to a melodic phrase on the violins, he seems to have no shades on his palette between a murmuring *pianissimo* and a frank, outspoken *forte*; a bit of cantilena, played simply piano on the strings, seems not to exist for him. Of course he can reply to this

criticism by pointing to the invariably strong effectiveness of his rendering of the "Scotch" symphony; it was undoubtedly an enormously effective piece of playing throughout, as effective a performance of the work as we can remember ever to have heard. But a reply of this sort is no satisfactory answer. In the matter of musical performance, the proof of the pudding is not wholly in the eating; to make music sound well is doubtless no mean achievement; but, in the case of works of the character and calibre of Mendelssohn's "Scotch" symphony, it is a still higher achievement to make the music sound right. And we insist upon our criticism with all the more emphasis, because, although Mr. Nikisch's prevailing tendency to put a good deal of himself into his performances is, after all, essentially Mendelssohnian, we are thoroughly persuaded that the excess to which he inclines to push this tendency, his frequent running freedom of interpretation into the ground, is the most un-Mendelssohnian thing in the world; of all the composers of the post-Beethoven period, Mendelssohn is just the one who should be most jealously guarded against it. We can, however, say heartily that, apart from the restrictions we have made, the performance of the symphony was wonderfully fine, vital and exciting. As a piece of playing, it was magnificent.

Of the two movements given from Mozart's flute and harp concerto, the *Andante* seems to us exceedingly beautiful, and the *Allegro* rather commonplace and unworthy of the composer. The performance by Messrs. Molé and Schuecker would have been utterly masterly but for one unlucky circumstance—both the flute and the harp were well out of tune with the orchestra. Truly musical enjoyment was possible only in the cadenzas, where the orchestra was silent. Perhaps "unlucky" is rather a mild term for this accident; we know that extremes of temperature affect string and wind instruments very differently, and the Music Hall was hotter than Tophet last Saturday evening; but no state of the atmosphere should make it impossible for an artist to put his instrument into what tune he pleases, and if it is out of tune the fault is presumably his.

The (new?) Volkmann serenade has more life and fluency of musical invention—in its second and third movements, at least—than anything of his that we have yet heard; here the composer evidently had, what was almost as great a rarity with him as bread and coal during his unhappy life, an inspiration. The first movement does little more than catch the attention, and the fourth is trivial enough; but the two middle movements are full of charm and grace, and show conspicuous cleverness in construction. The whole serenade was admirably played by the strings.

It was good to hear some thoroughly Wagnerish Wagner once more. We would by no means be understood to complain of the comparative infrequency of his name on the programmes of late, for but few of his works are properly in place at a symphony concert, and one cannot keep giving these few over and over again. Still, when anything particularly good and characteristic by him does come our way, we cannot but rejoice; it is inspiring to feel the stroke of his lion's paw from time to time. There are not many finer nor more Titanic

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 passed in his works than Wotan's "Farewell" and the wonderful "Feuersüber." What a wealth of tragic power, of all-subduing anguish of soul, there is in that "Farewell" to Brünnhilde! What a delicacy of expressive beauty in the closing lullaby! Here is true greatness, if ever there was. Mr. Meyn sang the scene with the profoundest sentiment and with irreproachable beauty of expression; it was finely artistic singing (or lyrical declamation, if Wagnerians prefer the term) throughout. At moments the orchestra—which, by the way, was not quite complete, according to the score—threatened to overpower his voice, but such moments were few, and he made himself, for the most part, perfectly well heard. He was enthusiastically recalled at the close, and never was applause better earned.

The next programme is: Goldmark, overture to "Sakuntala;" Edmond de Mihalovich, ballad for orchestra, "The Mermaid;" John K. Paine, symphony No. 2, in A major, "In the Spring."

THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

Beethoven
 People who like to get excitement and effect out of their Symphony concerts ought to have been satisfied at the twenty-first of the series; for although the middle part of the programme moved placidly enough, the last number was intrinsically tremendous in noise, while in the first Mr. Nikisch exceeded even the extravagant limits of false reading which he is wont to allow himself when the fantasy takes him. Mendelssohn's "Scotch" symphony is so well known and its beauties are so obvious that the Music Hall audience is always prepared to welcome it. Perhaps on this account and to give the hearers something to astonish them, or perhaps again to contend against the almost mephitic torpor and torridity of the atmosphere, Mr. Nikisch chose to deliver this work in frequent violation of principle, custom, good sense and the author's express injunctions. It is probably idle now to protest against the wrong which Mr. Nikisch does to the cause, the study and the understanding of music; he seems to feel himself so firm in his position as to defy any criticism and to set at naught judgment and propriety. But truth demands that his unmusically freaks shall be set down as falsifications of art and that the thoughtless and ignorant shall be warned against being led by nervous excitement into accepting them as true and good expositions. The symphony was followed by the *andante* and *allegro* from a harp and flute concerto by Mozart, which Mr. Schuecker and Mr. Molé played delightfully after they got into tune with the band. Not great music nor exciting—such could not be got out of these two instruments; but suave, fluent, bright, naive and wholesome. The honesty and purity of it deserve to be kept fresh in mind by an occasional performance in these days of sophistication and learned dogmatism. Next came Volkmann's serenade in F for strings, which might better have been omitted, for it has no particular quality except an easy-going cleverness and a respectable prettiness to recommend it to a place in an important programme. The concert ended with one of the few extracts from the master which the Wagnerians ever dare to put forward as absolute music—"Wotan's Farewell" and the "Fire Charm" from the "Valkyre." The orchestra went at it with a will and all the earlier part roared and blared and crashed so that only now and then could anybody hear Mr. Meyn, who was making herculean efforts to have *Wotan's* speeches appear (*vari nantes in gurgite vasto*) now and then in the oceanic volumes of sound. The fire music had a lighter movement and a more elastic force, but even this not only lost some character by displacement from the stage, but did not equal in brilliancy, flash and sweep some other renderings which we remember.

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The Story of the Origin of a Mozart Concerto.

The Thoughts of Walt Whitman Concerning Music.

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Serenade for string orchestra, in F major..... Volkmann
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The solo parts were taken by Mr. Heinrich Meyn, baritone; Mr. Charles Molé, flute, and Mr. Heinrich Schuecker, harp.

It was a pleasure to find the symphony in its proper place, at the beginning of the programme and not at the end. The programme was too long, however, and the Volkmann Serenade might have been omitted, for, with the exception of the waltz movement, it is dull and commonplace. The dryness of the serenade enhanced the effect of the gorgeous instrumentation of the Wagner excerpt which followed. There is no doubt that the concert, as a whole, was thoroughly enjoyed by the audience, for the applause at the end of the symphony, after the Mozart selection, and after the final number, was hearty and long continued. The "Scotch" symphony, as well as the "Italian," is always relished by concert-goers. They know the tunes. They have the utmost confidence in the composer. When a work is played for the first time they are obliged to exert the faculties of perception and judgment. Amusement is turned into a task. An unexpected modulation, a strange instrumental effect, or a veiled melody may affect the process of calm digestion. Ferdinand Hiller recognizes this fact in his entertaining essay, "Too Much Music," and he speaks of the natural curiosity of the musician to hear constantly that which is new as opposed to the wish of the public at large to take enjoyment "easily and conveniently." Nor is the average concert-goer seriously disturbed by an extravagance or an exaggeration in the reading. He does not question, as a rule, the pace set by the conductor, and he is not inclined to be criticised in matters of detail. It is enough that he greets an old friend. The costume may follow the present fashion, or the coat and trousers and cravat may be of somewhat antiquated cut and style; the features of the friend are the same, the voice is not changed. And when he hears again the old, familiar story that pleased him he does not complain if the incidents are varied, he is not shocked by a stray solecism or a touch of slang. The point of the story is the same, and he is satisfied. Nor does he understand why others are so precise and exact, and refuse to join in the merriment, and even shake the head.

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made his second visit to Paris he was introduced by Grimm to the Duke de Guines. The Duke was an accomplished courtier. He gave much attention to his coiffure and his clothes, that is, if Mrs. de Genlis's malicious sketch was founded on fact. He had a mocking wit, and he was a brilliant flute player. His daughter played the harp with unusual skill. Mozart was asked to write a concerto for the purpose of this family display. Now the two instruments that Mozart detested, according to the testimony of Joseph Frank, were the flute and the harp. He wrote the concerto, however, and gave the girl a two-hour lesson daily in composition. This was the father's wish, and he told Mozart that he would be happy if she could write sonatas for flute and harp; he did not expect her to make operas or airs, or symphonies. Unfortunately the girl had no musical ideas, and the teacher could not put them in her head; furthermore it turned out that she was stupid and lazy in her exercises. The father was Ambassador to Prussia and to England. The daughter met a more tragic fate. She married the Duke de Castries and died in childhood.

The concerto in question is amiable music. It soothes for a time, and it might be of medicinal influence in certain cases of nerve disorders. But its very tranquillity becomes irritating. It will be remembered that Saul was at first kindly disposed toward David, and he listened to his performance on the harp; afterward he sought to slay him. Last Saturday evening Mr. Schuecker's instrument was tuneful through the first movement, and no one knew this better than the accomplished player. An opportunity was given him for proper tuning, and the second movement was played delightfully. Mr. Molé displayed his accustomed beauty of tone and technical skill.

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MUSICAL MATTERS.

Return of "The Queen's Mate" at the Tremont Theatre.

The Symphony Concert—Success of the Henschel Recitals—Notable Oratorio Performances—The Kneisel and Adamowski Quartet Concerts—Events of the Spring Season.

The patrons of the Symphony concerts were afforded a rare treat in last evening's programme, as the selections were of unusual interest and variety, excellent soloists took part and the performance of the several numbers was in the main admirable.

Beginning his programme with the "Scotch" symphony by Mendelssohn, Mr. Nikisch afforded his audience an opportunity to hear its inspired movements under the most favorable circumstances, and his reading of the work was thoroughly enjoyed. There was a conservative following of accepted interpretations in the opening movement which predisposed those familiar with other performances of the symphony in favor of the conductor's ideas, and when he made a radical departure from custom, in playing the bivace, his audience was quite ready to, and did, applaud the spirited fashion in which this movement was given. The beauties of the adagio were all made delightfully clear by Mr. Nikisch, and the final movement was also given with rare success under his skillful direction.

Following the symphony came the andante and allegro from Mozart's concerto for flute and harp, played by Messrs. Mole and Schuecker, and these two men of the orchestra gave a splendid exhibition of their best work in the performance of this tuneful number. Mr. Mole sang the beautiful theme of the andante upon his flute with faultless taste and with fine expression, having excellent support in the equally artistic harp playing of Mr. Schuecker. The allegro was brilliantly interpreted by the two players, Mr. Mole excelling in all the difficult execution demanded in the flute part, giving a free, pure, true tone at all times, and displaying a mastery of the instrument that charmed and delighted all who listened.

Volkman's serenade for string orchestra in F major made the third number, and, despite the fact that, aside from its third movement, it is little more than a study for the string players, it made a pleasing effect and afforded a good contrast to "Wotan's Farewell" and the "Fire Charm" from "Die Walkure," which made the last selection on the evening's list.

Mr. Heinrich Meyn was the soloist in the "Farewell," and he met with fair success in overcoming the difficulties it presents to the single soloist opposed to all the instrumental forces arrayed against him. His delivery of the declamatory measures of Wotan was characterized by intelligence and

good taste, but his voice is not quite of the heroic quality demanded to realize all the possibilities of this untuneful, unthankful selection which loses well nigh all its meaning when stripped of the stage surroundings of the opera house.

In the playing of the "Fire Charm" Mr. Nikisch was not altogether successful; for, despite the purity of the string tone, there was a lack of the brilliancy which has been given to this wonderful tone picture by other conductors. The audience, however, appeared delighted with the interpretation of both these Wagner numbers.

TWENTY-FIRST SYMPHONY.

Mendelssohn, Mozart, Volkmann and Wagner Pleasingly Interpreted.

The symphony concert season is nearing its close, but three more concerts of the series remaining to be given. The offerings yesterday consisted of Mendelssohn's "Scotch" symphony, the andante and allegro from Mozart's concerto for flute and harp, Volkmann's serenade of string orchestra, and "Wotan's Farewell" and "Fire Charm" from "Die Walkure."

Mendelssohn's familiar and always welcome symphony was particularly well played by the orchestra, and extremely cordial were the plaudits which rewarded its performance.

The concerto for flute and harp gave opportunities for hearing two of the most popular soloists of Mr. Nikisch's band, Charles Mole, flute, and H. Schuecker, harp. Each received a warm welcome and at the close of their performances were repeatedly recalled. Mr. Mole's exquisite tones and perfect technique gave a charm to Volkmann's splendid concerto that previous performances of the work here, excellent as they were, had not made manifest. Of Mr. Schuecker's harp playing only words of highest praise are to be said. The graceful passages in which the concerto abounds were played with exceeding delicacy, finish and expression. The accompaniment was finely and sympathetically played by the orchestra.

The Volkmann serenade was played for the first time by the Boston Symphony orchestra. It was given a magnificent performance, but failed to make a particularly favorable impression upon the audience. Although a scholarly composition there is a deal of sameness in it which is apt to become wearisome before the ending. Of the four movements the waltz is rather the most pleasing.

Mr. Heinrich Meyer was the vocal soloist in the scenes from "Die Walkure." Mr. Heinrich is undoubtedly an able artist, and his voice is one which is usually heard with pleasure. Unfortunately very little of his singing was heard yesterday. The thunderous tones of the brasses, basses and drums, which Wagner so delighted in, were too much for his moderately strong voice. He sang with a good deal of expression, however, and received kindly recognition from the audience.

The programme announced for the next concert is as follows:

Gohlmart.....Overture, "Sakuntala"
Edmond de Mihalevich.....
Ballade for Orchestra, "The Mermaid"
(First time.)

J. K. Paine.....
Symphony No. 2, in A major, "In the Spring."

PRAISE AND BLAME

BOTH DESERVED BY THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony Excellently Given, but the Performance of the Wagnerian Number Was Extremely Poor and Misleading to Those Who do not Know Wagner's Ideal.

Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony is one of the most popular of the works in this form, and is undoubtedly the best of the four great symphonies of the master. Its performance on Saturday was a notable one, and both conductor and orchestra can be unreservedly praised. The first movement shows how Mendelssohn was impressed by the forbidding scenery of the north, and the deep clarinette notes (the so-called "chalumeau register") have just the right tone-color to portray this dark and awe-inspiring effect. The coda of this movement is, however, a slight blemish, and does not seem a logical sequence of the preceding matter. The scherzo is daintiness personified, its themes are full of character, and their treatment is throughout masterly. Mendelssohn is the only one of the German composers who was able to attain the Scotch style in his musical work. Beethoven, Schumann, Bruch, Franz and a host of others have attempted the vein, and have failed to produce anything that could be called really characteristic of Scotland; Mendelssohn has, however, here given a movement which Hamish MacCunn or any other Scotch composer could not excel in the matter of national character—it is Scotch as a Haggis. All through the symphony Mendelssohn shows a great fondness for the woodwind, and in the finale the bassoon and clarinette have some very important phrases to give; the playing of these instruments was especially good in this performance, and as already intimated, the entire work was a success.

Two movements of Mozart's concerto for harp and flute followed, and Messrs. Schuecker and Mole won a triumph in a work that is by no means an inspiring one. Of their playing only the highest praise can be spoken, but of the composition not so much can be said. It was only *piece d'occasion* in the first place, and Mozart was never much inspired by the flute, and in fact used it less than any other of the great masters. It must be remembered also that both harp and flute have undergone radical changes since Mozart's day, the double-action harp coming in through Erard in 1810, and the Boehm flute in 1834. At the time that this concerto was composed there existed only Simon's single-action pedal harp and the old keyed flute, neither of which could modulate freely. The result of this was heard in the very few modulations used in the work, and in the fact that the harp player had scarcely to use the pedals at all. Spite of such a handicap the work was carried to success by the brilliant performance

of the artists. The cadenza in the last movement was a grand display of virtuosity, and in every measure there was not only surety of execution, but beauty of tone and delicacy of shading. Of course the gifted pair were recalled with enthusiasm after the performance.

Volkman's serenade for string orchestra demonstrated that the art of shading is not yet lost in our great musical organization. The first movement had not much to say for itself, but the second was delicate in the extreme, and the pizzicati on the deeper strings were in excellent balance against the dainty bowings of the violins. The waltz (spite of the rhapsodies of Eugene Field) is but a musical *bombon* such as Delibes could have written *ad infinitum*. But the whole serenade was well played. I wish that the eulogy of the performance could continue to the end, but the performance of the Wagnerian number was as poor as the preceding numbers had been excellent. The artistic baritone, Heinrich Meyn, has not the herculean voice to cope with the measures of Wotan's "Farewell," and at times he was almost obliterated by the orchestra. The fire motive was given in a coarse and heavy manner, and very many of the *leit motiven* vanished altogether in the hurly-burly. This number has been performed in Boston in vastly superior style before this. It is doubly a pity to give it poorly, for the public have come to imagine that Wagner loved noise and deafening racket, and such a coarse performance only confirms them in their error. In half a dozen Bayreuth performances I have not heard a tumult such as that of this interpretation. In the performance of such a work no amount of enthusiasm on the part of conductor or of orchestra can suffice to atone for a lack of the most careful drilling; there must be the most perfect balance or many of the sub-themes will be drowned out, and such a rough performance of music so pregnant with meaning will cause those who do not know the ideal the composer aimed at to imagine that Wagner was only a sort of musical ogre who dwelt in a palace of fortissimo dissonances.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

"Bravo Paderewski" was the cry that came from every part of the Metropolitan Opera House, last Sunday night, as the Polish virtuoso ended the third movement of his concerto, and "Bravissimo Paderewski!" was the cry, and, when he took Herr Nikisch by the hand and pulled him forward to share in the honors, the applause redoubled. Paderewski then turned toward Mr. Higginson's orchestra and kissed his hand several times to show his appreciation of their superb accompaniment. By this good deed of Paderewski and the symphony orchestra, \$4275 goes into the Washington Arch Fund complete. Mr. Higginson sent the orchestra on free, even paying all the hotel and travelling expenses of its 85 members, and Steinway & Sons shouldered the rent of the hall, the printing and the other local expenses. *Am 4/19/2*

MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Twenty-First Symphony Concert.

The 21st concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, given at Music Hall on Saturday evening, presented the following programme: Symphony No. 3, in A minor "Scotch," Mendelssohn; andante and allegro, from concerto for flute and harp, Mozart; serenade, for string orchestra, Volkmann; "Wotan's Farewell" and "Fire Charm," from "Die Walkure," Wagner. The soloists were Mr. Charles Mole, Mr. Heinrich Schuecker and Mr. Heinrich Meyer. The music of Mendelssohn's "Scotch" symphony excited the enthusiasm of the audience, which was liberal with its applause. The beautiful melodies and the exquisite treatment displayed in this work must ever command the attention of the musical listener. It was played with little or no regard for the necessity of contrast, being rasped and blowed after the now established standard of coarseness of Mr. Nikisch's band.

The scherzo was disjointed and lacking in precision, and the first movement and finale were rough and blatant. Mendelssohn indicated that the drums should be tuned to A and E, which, by the way, is a good idea, as the symphony is in A minor. It has been claimed by some unknown party on the Transcript, who hid behind a nom-de-plume, not having the courage of his convictions, that Nikisch is a genius. Well, if a disregard of a composer's indications is a sign of genius, the accusation must be admitted. On this same basis Nikisch's drummer must also be regarded as a genius, for he disregards the composer's request concerning the tuning of the drums, and displays this genius upon about every opportunity that is presented. Now on Saturday night he tuned his drums to A flat and nearly to E flat, instead of A natural and E natural.

Of course it was rankly out of tune with the rest of the orchestra, but it appeared to be perfectly agreeable, however, as far as any sign of disturbance was indicated on the part of the genius posing on the two boxes. Now, Mr. Schuecker's harp was out of tune in the first movement of the Mozart piece, and it really seemed to annoy him, and to the extent that he took the opportunity before beginning the second movement to thoroughly tune his instrument, a most commendable performance upon his part, but he can never expect to ascend the pedestal of genius if he is as particular as that, not if he is to remain in the atmosphere that surrounds the

glory of our local organization.

The Mozart concerto is pleasant enough in its way, but it is a very feeble one as it employs the harp in a tinkling manner, not the fault of the composer, however, for it was a tinkling instrument in his day. Mr. Mole and Mr. Schuecker played with their well-known skill and were recalled with loud applause.

The Volkmann Serenade is dry, commonplace music. There is a waltz movement in the piece that is agreeable enough, but so are hundreds of other waltzes that would not be permitted to appear upon the programmes of the Symphony concerts.

The concert ended with a most violent, coarse and bombastic performance of the Wagner number. It was absolutely deafening in its racket. Mr. Meyer stood forth and heroically endeavored to do his part in the cyclone of disturbance, but he was distanced from the start. The concert was unnecessarily long. Nikisch shows little judgment in this particular. The serenade should have been left out of the programme for more reasons than one.

Next Saturday Professor Paine's "Spring Symphony" will be performed.

WARREN DAVENPORT.

MUSIC. *Continued*

THE SYMPHONY.

The programme of the twenty-first Symphony rehearsal and concert was well designed to reveal the possibilities of the orchestra, and the virtuosity of two of its most distinguished members. Mendelssohn's "Scotch" symphony, which came first, received a remarkably fine performance. The quality of tone produced by the strings was unusually full and warm, that of the cellos in the adagio being notably beautiful; and the wood-wind and brass were also at their very best. The performance throughout was rich in rhythmic and color effects; in brief, the orchestra has done no more finished work during the season.

Volkmann's Serenade for Strings sounded somewhat tame and commonplace after the symphony, though it does not lack in pleasing themes and effective treatment. It is a work of slight dimensions, but its four movements possess a certain individuality of their own, and are happily contrasted. It was delightfully played.

"Wotan's Farewell" and "Fire Charm," from "Die Walkure," which was the closing number, was all the more welcome for the reason that the symphony programmes of this season have contained few selections from Wagner's works. It was given in all respects, save one, magnificently. Never before, perhaps, has the playing of our orchestra in any Wagnerian work been more delicate and finished, and freer from coarseness and noise; and this, too, at no loss of breadth and sonority. The effect was as near like that which is produced by the covered orchestra at Bayreuth as is, in all probability, possible.

With an Edouard de Reszke to sing Wotan's lines, the entire performance would have been a memorable one; but with Mr. Heinrich Meyn as the singer, it can only be remembered as an extraordinary instance of orchestral virtuosity. If Mr. Meyn's tone production in volume, purity and freedom, had been equal to the earnestness that he displayed, his effort might be set down as fairly successful. As it was, his forced and "throaty" tones and labored delivery were not conducive to pleasure; and the only part of his performance that can be praised is the seriousness of his intentions.

It remains to speak of the superb playing of Mr. Mole and Mr. Schuecker in the charming concerto by Mozart for flute and harp. The former fairly surpassed himself in beauty and variety of tone and brilliancy of execution; and such harp playing—so smooth and fluent, so delicious in quality—is seldom heard in any musical center of the world.

Music Hall.

1891-92.

NY ORCHESTRA,

NIKISCH, Conductor.

CONCERT.

FRIDAY 30, AT 8, P. M.

PROGRAMME.

NY No. 3, in C minor.

ave; Allegro.—Larghetto.—

inale; Allegro.

at these Concerts.)

NO for VIOLIN, in G minor.

lerato.—Adagio.—Finale; Allegro energico.

ORAL PRELUDE.

t time.)

LAVONIC DANCES.

DIST:

AMOWSKI.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

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Next Saturday Professor Paine's "Spring Symphony" will be performed.
WARREN DAVENPORT.

MUSIC. *Continued*

THE SYMPHONY.

The programme of the twenty-first Symphony *Music Hall*. rehearsal and concert was well designed to reveal the possibilities of the orchestra, and the virtuosity of two of its most distinguished members. Mendelssohn's "Scotch" symphony, which came first, received a remarkably fine performance. The quality of tone produced by the strings was unusually full and warm, that of the cellos in the adagio being notably beautiful; and the wood-wind and brass were also at their very best. The performance throughout was rich in rhythmic and color effects; in brief, the orchestra has done no more finished work during the season.

Volkmann's Serenade for Strings sounded somewhat tame and commonplace after the symphony, though it does not lack in pleasing themes and effective treatment. It is a work of slight dimensions, but its four movements possess a certain individuality of their own, and are happily contrasted. It was delightfully played.

"Wotan's Farewell" and "Fire Charm," from *Music Hall* *Programme* *January 30, at 8, P. M.* "Die Walkure," which was the closing number, was all the more welcome for the reason that the symphony programmes of this season have contained few selections from Wagner's works. It was given in all respects, save one, magnificently. Never before, perhaps, has the playing of our orchestra in any Wagnerian work been more delicate and finished, and freer from coarseness and noise; and this, too, at no loss of breadth and sonority. The effect was as near like that which is produced by the covered orchestra at Bayreuth as is, in all probability, possible.

With an Edouard de Reszke to sing Wotan's lines, the entire performance would have been a memorable one; but with Mr. Heinrich Meyn as the singer, it can only be remembered as an extraordinary instance of orchestral virtuosity. If Mr. Meyn's tone production in volume, purity and freedom, had been equal to the earnestness that he displayed, his effort might be set down as fairly successful. As it was, his forced and "throaty" tones and labored delivery were not conducive to pleasure; and the only part of his performance that can be praised is the seriousness of his intentions.

It remains to speak of the superb playing of Mr. Mole and Mr. Schuecker in the charming concerto by Mozart for flute and harp. The former fairly surpassed himself in beauty and variety of tone and brilliancy of execution; and such harp playing—so smooth and fluent, so delicious in quality—is seldom heard in any musical center of the world.

NY ORCHESTRA,

KISCH, Conductor.

CONCERT.

RY 30, AT 8, P. M.

RAMME.

NY No. 3, in C minor.

ave; Allegro.—Larghetto.—

inale; Allegro.

at these Concerts.)

IO for VIOLIN, in G minor.

erato.—Adagio.—Finale; Allegro energico.

RAL PRELUDE.

t time.)

LAVONIC DANCES.

DIST:

AMOWSKI.

Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1891-92.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. ARTHUR NIKISCH, Conductor.

XV. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, AT 8, P. M.

PROGRAMME.

DVOŘÁK.

SYMPHONIC VARIATIONS.

OTTO FLOERSHEIM.

PRELUDE AND FUGUE.

(First time.)

BERLIOZ.

SYMPHONY. "Harold in Italy."

(Viola Solo, MR. FRANZ KNEISEL.)

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Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1891-92.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. ARTHUR NIKISCH, Conductor.

XXII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 9, AT 8, P. M.

PROGRAMME.

GOLDMARK.

OVERTURE. "Sakuntala."

J. K. PAINE.

SYMPHONY No. 2, in A major. "In the Spring."

1. Introduction. Adagio sostenuto. THE DEPARTURE OF WINTER. Allegro ma non troppo. THE AWAKENING OF NATURE.
 2. Scherzo. Allegro. MAY NIGHT FANTASY.
 3. Adagio. A ROMANCE OF SPRINGTIME.
 4. Allegro gioioso. THE GLORY OF NATURE.
-

BEETHOVEN.

OVERTURE. "Egmont."

NOTE. Next week's Public Rehearsal will be held on Thursday Afternoon, to allow time to arrange the stage for the Handel and Haydn Society's Concert, on Good Friday Evening.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Symphony Concert.

Goldmark is one of the most oriental of modern composers. Not that he uses the oriental scale in his tone progressions, or that even the monotonous and constantly recurring rhythms of the East are present in his music, but he presents a sumptuous orchestration combined with a languor of melody that suggests the eastern subjects more thoroughly to the occidental mind than a faithful reproduction of Hindu themes could do. The overture to "Sakuntala" once more showed this heavy, incense-laden vein, in the concert of Saturday. It received a good performance; what there was of caprice in the interpretation seemed not only permissible but commendable. The thematic treatment was clear, and the violas for once, sounded forth with their effective and sombre tone, without being obliterated by their rich relations, the first violins. The climaxes which are so well worked up by the composer, also lost nothing in the performance.

Almost as much can be said of the "Egmont" overture, which was given with great spirit, although its beginning was not free from exaggeration. The overture is of course, according to Goethe, and Motley's unflattering picture of the hero is widely departed from, but at least the voice of freedom is in the finale, and Beethoven, more than any other composer, was the bard of liberty. It was refreshing, in this part, to hear the piccolo, with its proper predominance; the phrase in the last measures (the final cadence) is one of the most characteristic piccolo touches ever written, yet in previous performances the snapping runs on this instrument have been curbed and repressed too much, while this time freedom shrieked (without any falling Kosciusko) to her heart's content.

Prof. Paine's spring symphony is as yet the best work in this form which America has produced. It is not so great a work as the composer's "Oedipus" (which I hold to be the high water mark of American music) but it is shapely, has well contrasted themes, is developed with musicianly skill, and displays more versatility than any native symphony. It was but just that our Boston orchestra should recognize American music in a work by its leading representative, yet I wish that another symphony by one of the best of the younger composers in Boston, Mr. Templeton Stroug, had not been forced to go to New York and to Mr. Seidl, for its first performance. The Spring Symphony has been much better played in this city than it was on this occasion; the Adagio was given with much expression, and here the cellos did some excellent work, and the swing of the Scherzo was also effective, but the nobility of the finale was thoroughly eliminated. In this finale there is a broad and massive theme like a hymn of thanksgiving, in splendid contrast with the bubbling joy of the other themes; the composer marked this "Meno Mosso, e Maestoso"; three times does this occur, and three times was it disregarded. What should have been majesty became mere bluster, and even the Allegro Gioioso became a wild Allegro Furioso.

Possibly the conductor, but newly accustomed to our climate, endeavored to adapt the Spring symphony to New England conditions, but I cannot believe that Prof. Paine had a Boston spring in mind when he evolved this tone picture, and in any case his marks of Tempo should have been respected without regard to the local thermometers.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

The Symphony Concert.

The programme of the twenty-second concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in Music Hall, last evening, was: Overture, "Sakuntala," Goldmark; Symphony No. 2 in A, "In the Spring," J. K. Paine; Overture "Egmont," Beethoven. The "Sakuntala" overture was read with something too much of sickly sentimentality now and then, and something too much of blatant noisiness at other times; but it was brilliantly played and with much richness of tone color. Mr. Paine's fine symphony gave much delight in the rehearing, and would have given more if due attention had been paid to the composer's time indications and dynamic marks. As it was, the composer's ideas, according to the custom unhappily prevalent at these concerts, were persistently disregarded in favor of the conductor's ideas of what they ought to be. Not only this, but the tempi, especially of the lovely scherzo and of the finale, were taken so rapidly that there was a painful hurrying on the part of the players to bring out all the notes clearly. The work has been much more intelligently read and much better performed here than it was on this occasion. The "Egmont" overture was the best played work of the concert, but Beethoven was again submitted to Mr. Nikisch's improving process, which has about passed its vexatious stage and is becoming amusing. The programme for the next concert is: Symphony in F, D'Albert, (first time); Aria "Alessandro," Handel; Suite from the music to Shakespeare's Hamlet, Henschel, (first time); aria from "Herodias," Massenet; overture, "Oberon," Weber. Mrs. Georg Henschel is to be the soloist, and Mr. Henschel will conduct his suite.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Twenty-second Symphony Concert.

The programme of the 22d Symphony concert was listened to by the smallest audience of the season at the Music Hall on Saturday evening. It was as follows: Overture, "Sakuntala," Goldmark; "Spring" Symphony, No. 2, in A-major, John K. Paine; overture, "Egmont," Beethoven.

The remarkable feature of this concert is that for the first time in his engagement of three years Mr. Nikisch has presented a work of the most eminent American composer, and more than that, a resident composer and the professor of music at Harvard University—national and local reasons that the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra should have recognized at the very beginning of his engagement.

Prof. Paine's "Spring" Symphony, in its spontaneity, its wealth of ideas and its classic model of the highest form, resting entirely upon the most exalted plane of symphonic writing, throws down the gauntlet to any work of its class that has ever been composed.

Prof. Paine is a master in every form of musical composition, as well as in the art of modern orchestration, and this rare gift is displayed in this noble symphony in a superb degree. Prof. Paine's fine symphony, however, fell into poor hands when Mr. Nikisch undertook its interpretation, for a more coarse, careless and misconceived performance could hardly have been expected from the leader of an orchestra that formerly stood so highly as did our local organization. This symphony has been played here under the direction of Prof. Paine, Theodore Thomas, Carl Zerrahn and Mr. Bernard Listemann, and as the three conductors named played it in accordance with the composer's ideas and indications, we have had a good model presented of its worth and beauties. There has been much said in the public prints regarding Mr. Nikisch's ability to comprehend and interpret a composer, and he has been most severely arraigned for the vulgarities of his efforts with the classics.

There has been some doubt whether this misrepresentation of great composers is a matter of a coarse individuality or of ignorance. To such an extent has this reprehensible display been exhibited by Mr. Nikisch that, to quote the criticism of the eminent critic of the Saturday Evening Gazette, "it has passed its vexatious stage and is becoming amusing." When Mr. Nikisch first

came here it was announced in an interview that he would pay particular attention to a liberal presentation of the works of native composers. Perhaps when he came to look at Prof. Paine's works and found that they were of magnificent proportions, and had been performed under the baton of that great conductor, Theodore Thomas, he may have felt some timidity in undertaking the task himself.

In producing this symphony he would have to expose his own ability as one capable of comprehending and interpreting an author or in displaying his inability to successfully do so.

Whatever his feelings may have been, the performance on Saturday evening left no doubt in the minds of his critical listeners, for the symphony was played regardless of the composer's indication, and its effect was ruined. The manner in which Mr. Nikisch galloped off the magnificent great theme of praise and thanksgiving in the last movement marked *Meno mosso e maestoso*, and which appears three times, should in my opinion be evidence enough to stamp the incapacity of a conductor. The intention of the composer is so evident and so plainly indicated that even the merest tyro of a conductor should comprehend the meaning. It matters little whether it be Nikischism or ignorance it is equally reprehensible.

The Goldmark overture and the Beethoven overture were both subjected to the coarse grinding of Nikisch's grist mill, and the public will have to wait for some other hand to set the gauge if the more refined brand is desirable. In the mean time the judicious grieve. Concerning this performance of Prof. Paine's symphony, Mr. Woolf of the Gazette says the "composer's ideas were persistently disregarded in favor of the conductor's ideas of what they ought to be." Mr. Hale of the Journal says "the symphony was read carelessly, almost recklessly; little attention was paid to the wishes of the composer. The tempi of Prof. Paine was not respected. Piano was mezzo forte and forte was fortissimo. The balance of the parts was so neglected that the effect was often wholly lost. Calm cantabile was fretted into spasmodic eruption. Ingenious and delicate figuration was roughly hurried over." Mr. Elson of the Advertiser says that "What should have been majesty became mere bluster, and even the allegro gioioso became allegro furioso." Unfortunate is the composer who trusts to such hands a revelation of his genius. When our minds turn back to the delicate, artistic, conscientious and at the same time viril interpretation under the baton

of that superb conductor and musician, Wilhelm Gericke, we yearn for his reappearance, and shiver over our present experiences with his follower in office.
WARREN DAVENPORT.

Echoes from Last Night's Symphony Concert.

Summer Opera at the Tremont—Vocal and Instrumental Recitals.

Damrosch's Orchestra Harmonic—Happenings and Announcements.

There were no novelties on the programme of yesterday's symphony concert, but the familiar offerings, splendidly played by Mr. Nikisch's band, proved thoroughly welcome to the large assemblage. "The Mermaid," a ballade for orchestra, by Edmond de Mihalovich, was promised for a first performance, but a postponement was necessary.

The programme as given consisted of Goldmark's "Sakuntala" overture, J. K. Paine's "In the Spring" symphony, and Beethoven's "Egmont" overture.

The expressive music, brilliant, weird and sentimental in swiftly changing moods which Goldmark has given his famous overture was most sympathetically read by Mr. Nikisch, and afforded exceeding pleasure to his audience.

The master work of one of the few really eminent American composers was naturally listened to with rapt attention by a gathering which is presumed to represent the musical intelligence of Boston. Mr. Paine is broad, dignified and scholarly in his writings; his style is graceful and free from affectation, his ideas are bright and original and clearly expressed; his treatment of a theme is always scholarly and follows the best of classic models; his command of orchestral resources is most uncommon, and refinement of taste ever characterizes the rich ornamentations which he gives his works.

The "Spring" symphony is truly a grand composition, and the oftener it is heard the greater becomes one's admiration for its beauties. It is distinctly programme music, and thoroughly effective is the instrumentation in presenting the composer's thoughts.

The orchestra's performance of the work was most enjoyable, even more satisfying than when last played here.

Beethoven's overture was played, as it has been in the past, under Mr. Nikisch's direction with superb effect.

The next public rehearsal of the Symphony orchestra will take place Thursday afternoon instead of Friday afternoon. The programme of that rehearsal and the concert of the following Saturday evening will be this: Symphony, F major, op. 4, D'Albert; suite, "Hamlet," Henschel; overture, "Oberon," Weber. Mrs. Georg Henschel will sing arias from Handel's "Alessandro" and Massenet's "Herodiade," Mr. Henschel will conduct his suite.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

The twenty-second Symphony programme was well made up, but it represented in its performance that Sir Oracle determination of Mr. Nikisch to have the music he chooses given according to his fantasy and his obstinacy. It is a thousand pities that Mr. Higginson—whose noble initiative and sustaining power in the matter of these concerts cannot be too much commended or too well remembered—cannot make up his mind to replace his too bumptious conductor with a man who knows more and is consequently more reasonable. If an actor were to play *Hamlet* in top-boots and spurs, read "To Be or Not to Be" like a comedy soliloquy and slay *Laertes* with a navy revolver, the general sense would rebel and general indignation would put down such an "interpretation" instantly. Unfortunately, a large part of the Symphony audiences do not know what is right—they attend the concerts in the hope of learning—and another large part do not dare to protest. But the wrong Mr. Nikisch is allowed to do may become irreparable, unless at great cost of pains and labor, if he be not brought into subjection or dismissed. At this concert two overtures felt his reconstructive hand—Goldmark's "Sakuntala," which, being purely romantic, might permit some injection of fantastic personality, and Beethoven's "Egmont," to alter a bar or a tempo of which is evidence of ignorance or conceit and perhaps of both. Between these came Professor John K. Paine's long unheard "Spring" symphony, which is one of the illustrations which its author has given of the most serious and lofty talent for composition yet found in this country. It is often eloquent, constantly beautiful, full of fine original thought and expression, and yet always in consonance with the best classical theses of composition. That it did not always shine and sparkle, glow and warm, as it should, was the fault of the conductor, who, apparently because he could not find opportunities for erratic display—read much of it irregularly and without due respect or sympathy for the composer's evident intentions and clear indications.

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CAUSERIE.

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This programme does not call for extended criticism, for the numbers are familiar. "The Mermaid," one of the orchestral ballades of Edmond de Mihalovich, was announced and rehearsed; the Beethoven overture was substituted for it, and the ballade of the Slavonic composer disappeared, as the boy Xury in Robinson Crusoe. The performance of the numbers of the programme was not wholly satisfactory; and here the conductor was chiefly in fault. His readings, especially in the matter of tempo, were at times injudicious, and at times contrary to the expressed intentions of the composers. In the Goldmark overture, for instance, the sensuous theme was treated sympathetically and with effect; but the opposing allegro was taken at such a pace that the notes were without apparent value; the players, particularly the workers in brass, suffered thereby; there was scrambling, there was raggedness.

Prof. Paine's "Island Fantasy" was played at a Symphony concert, under the direction of Mr. William Gericke, April 20, 1889. For nearly three years no one of his orchestral compositions has been heard at a Symphony concert in Music Hall. The tardy recognition of the just claims of a local composer, who is held in honor in this country and in Germany, was, unfortunately, incomplete. For the Spring symphony was read carelessly, almost recklessly. Little attention was paid to the wishes of the composer. The tempi of Prof. Paine were not respected. Pianissimo was mezzo forte; forte was fortissimo. The balance of the parts was so neglected that the effect was often wholly lost. Calm cantabile was fretted into spasmodic eruption. Ingenious and delicate figuration was roughly hurried over. Nor did Beethoven escape. Unwarrantable liberties were taken with the tempo, that there might be a greater effect.

In connection with the performance of last Saturday evening, it may be of advantage to consider the words of Ferdinand Hiller, who was, in his day, a conductor of no mean skill. "A conductor is a necessary evil. The more completely his individuality disappears from the sight of the audience the better it is. There is nothing worse than a conductor who usurps the place of the virtuoso and seeks to direct the attention of the public to his own personality, to his own performance. By their fruits ye shall know them." The conductor should hide behind the performance of his orchestra and find his chief reward in its excellence. Nor should he ever forget, nor should he ever wish it to be forgotten, that he himself serves a superior officer, the composer—even when it happens by chance that he himself is really the superior man.

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APRIL 10, 1892

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The Symphony Concert—New York's Orchestra to Be Heard Here Again—The Oratorios of the Handel and Haydn—D'Albert's Recitals—News Notes, Gossip, Comment.

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The "Sakuntala" overture began the programme, and this wonderfully clever bit of tone coloring was given with splendid effect throughout, the orchestra showing the skilful direction of its leader in all the masterly combinations with which the composer has treated its tuneful themes.

Prof. John K. Paine's "Spring" symphony followed, and the reading given this scholarly work revealed all its beauties to the best advantage. The graceful "scherzo" was given with a dainty airiness that was

of that superb conductor and musician, Wilhelm Gericke, we yearn for his reappearance, and shiver over our present experiences with his follower in office.
WARREN DAVENPORT.

Echoes from Last Night's Symphony Concert.

Summer Opera at the Tremont—Vocal and Instrumental Recitals.

Damrosch's Orchestra Harmonic—Happenings and Announcements.

There were no novelties on the programme of yesterday's symphony concert, but the familiar offerings, splendidly played by Mr. Nikisch's band, proved thoroughly welcome to the large assemblage. "The Mermaid," a ballade for orchestra, by Edmond de Mihalovich, was promised for a first performance, but a postponement was necessary.

The programme as given consisted of Goldmark's "Sakuntala" overture, J. K. Paine's "In the Spring" symphony, and Beethoven's "Egmont" overture.

The expressive music, brilliant, weird and sentimental in swiftly changing moods which Goldmark has given his famous overture was most sympathetically read by Mr. Nikisch, and afforded exceeding pleasure to his audience.

The master work of one of the few really eminent American composers was naturally listened to with rapt attention by a gathering which is presumed to represent the musical intelligence of Boston. Mr. Paine is broad, dignified and scholarly in his writings; his style is graceful and free from affectation, his ideas are bright and original and clearly expressed; his treatment of a theme is always scholarly and follows the best of classic models; his command of orchestral resources is most uncommon, and refinement of taste ever characterizes the rich ornamentations which he gives his works.

The "Spring" symphony is truly a grand composition, and the oftener it is heard the greater becomes one's admiration for its beauties. It is distinctly programme music, and thoroughly effective is the instrumentation in presenting the composer's thoughts.

The orchestra's performance of the work was most enjoyable, even more satisfying than when last played here.

Beethoven's overture was played, as it has been in the past, under Mr. Nikisch's direction with superb effect.

The next public rehearsal of the Symphony orchestra will take place Thursday afternoon instead of Friday afternoon. The programme of that rehearsal and the concert of the following Saturday evening will be this: Symphony, F major, op. 4, D'Albert; suite, "Hamlet," Henschel; overture, "Oberon," Weber. Mrs. Georg Henschel will sing arias from Handel's "Alessandro" and Massenet's "Herodiade." Mr. Henschel will conduct his suite.

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J. K. Paine. Symphony No. 2, in A major. "In the Spring."

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The Departure of Winter.
Allegro ma non troppo. The Awakening of Nature.

2. Scherzo. Allegro. May Night Fantasy.

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The overture is a remarkably fine one, and is by one of the very best of modern composers. It is happily conceived, ingeniously worked out, richly orchestrated and quite fascinating. As it is music after Mr. Nikisch's own heart, it was faultlessly performed.

The symphony, a noble, manly composition, would be so considered in any country; and emanating from an American it should receive the warmest commendation and praise from our people which it is possible to bestow. It is not a fascinating piece; is not interesting as music, to the musical world at large, but to the musically educated and refined, it shines out with glowing colors, resplendent with beauties of the art divine. All credit and praise is due the composer, Mr. J. K. Paine. It received good treatment at the hands of Mr. Nikisch. More regard for American composers would have a tendency to encourage those who are now lost in oblivion for the want of patronage and kindly sympathy.

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JAMES M. TRACY.

THE SYMPHONY. *Continued*

Goldmark's now familiar overture to "Sakuntala" was the first number on the programme of the twenty-second symphony rehearsal and concert. The tale of Hindu mythology concerning this beautiful maiden, certain phases of whose life are portrayed in Goldmark's music, is well known, and nothing more need be said except that the performance was fine, both technically and dramatically considered. It was a pleasure to hear Professor John K. Paine's "Spring" symphony once more and an added pleasure to discover that this admirable work, written and first performed in 1880, still holds its own as one of the strongest orchestral compositions that have yet come from the hand of an American composer. There can be no doubt about its sterling worth. That Professor Paine could have adhered so closely to the classic symphonic form, and yet have produced a work so full of buoyancy and melody, so picturesque in treatment, without its pages being subject to the charge of freely suggesting those of its models, is proof sufficient of the nature of his musical ability. It is true that there are moments when his inspiration seems to have failed him, when his presentation of his ideas seems a trifle pedantic and diffuse. One feels this at times in the development of the first allegro, in the treatment of the broad and beautiful theme of the adagio, and even in the finale, in spite of its strength and fire and triumphant ending. On the other hand its almost restless activity, relieved by reposeful passages, charming in thought and execution, and the spirit of unity which pervades the entire work easily command attention, and preserve one's interest throughout. The smooth, expressive and brilliant performance, and the fidelity with which Mr. Nikisch adhered to the spirit and letter of the score, gave evidence of careful preparation. Each movement was heartily appreciated, and the close of the symphony was followed by prolonged applause. Another overture made the third and concluding number, Beethoven's "Egmont." The withdrawal of a ballade for orchestra, "The Mermaid," by Edmond de Mihalovich, which was at first announced for this concert, caused disappointment. Mihalovich is, if we mistake not, a Bohemian. He is not a young composer, yet he is, comparatively speaking, unknown. He has written many works which seem to have shared the same fate that has overtaken those of—well, of Bruckner, for instance. They have been published, have excited great interest among musicians, have been performed under distinguished auspices, and then have been practically dropped. It is to be hoped that the one announced may be given before the season closes.

MUSICAL. *Continued*

The Symphony Concert.

The programme of the twenty-second concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in Music Hall, last evening, was: Overture, "Sakuntala," Goldmark; Symphony No. 2 in A, "In the Spring," J. K. Paine; Overture "Egmont," Beethoven. The "Sakuntala" overture was read with something too much of sickly sentimentality now and then, and something too much of blatant noisiness at other times; but it was brilliantly played and with much richness of tone color. Mr. Paine's fine symphony gave much delight in the rehearsing, and would have given more if due attention had been paid to the composer's time indications and dynamic marks. As it was, the composer's ideas, according to the custom unhappily prevalent at these concerts, were persistently disregarded in favor of the conductor's ideas of what they ought to be. Not only this, but the tempo, especially of the lovely scherzo and of the finale, were taken so rapidly that there was a painful hurrying on the part of the players to bring out all the notes clearly. The work has been much more intelligently read and much better performed here than it was on this occasion. The "Egmont" overture was the best played work of the concert, but Beethoven was again submitted to Mr. Nikisch's improving process, which has about passed its vexatious stage and is becoming amusing. The programme for the next concert is: Symphony in F, D'Albert, (first time); Aria "Alessandro," Handel; Suite from the music to Shakespeare's Hamlet, Henschel, (first time); aria from "Herodiade," Massenet; overture, "Oberon," Weber. Mrs. George Henschel is to be the soloist, and Mr. Henschel will conduct his suite.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the twenty-second concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Goldmark: Overture to "Sakuntala."
Paine: Symphony No. 2, in A major, "In the Spring."
Beethoven: Overture to "Egmont."

Once more a symphony concert without a solo; for which much thanks! Goldmark's "Sakuntala" is not precisely a novelty—indeed, we believe it was given no less than six times the first season it was brought out here, by the Harvard Musical Association, under Mr. Zerrahn—neither is it the strongest work in the world. We remember being lately in a company of musicians who all agreed that the "Sakuntala" marked about the lowest point attainable by a composition that one would care to listen to more than once. Still, it is not disagreeable in thematic material, and is really gorgeous in orchestration. We have often thought that a tolerably high pitch of human well-being might be reached by listening to this overture, while looking at the old "Black Crook" prismatic fountain, and thinking of nothing at all. Its oriental sensuousness would set off that shifting play of bright color to fine advantage. But at a concert, with nothing more poetic than a lot of electric lights staring you out of countenance, you do begin to tire of it especially after having heard it numberless times. Yet it was made interesting, and even exciting last Saturday evening by the incomparably superb way the orchestra played it under Mr. Nikisch. He takes it very differently from Mr. Gericke; and we are fully persuaded that Mr. Gericke, as an old and intimate friend of Goldmark's, took it just the way the composer intended it to go. But this does not trouble us in the least; it is a work of no earthly importance,

and it sounds for better as Mr. Nikisch takes it. There is no question of right or wrong in the matter. We enjoyed it to the top of our bent.

Mr. Paine's "Spring" symphony has not been heard here in some years. It is eminently characteristic of the composer's second manner, the individual style he developed after his earlier pianoforte and organ works, and his "Mass in D." Indeed, Mr. Paine seems to stand almost alone among American composers, in that he distinctly has an absolutely individual style and accent of his own; no doubt, there are in this symphony certain things which recall devices employed by other composers before him. For instance, those four half-notes (E, D, B, D) that become eight quarter notes, then sixteen eighth notes, and at last thirty-two twittering sixteenth notes, at the beginning of the first *Allegro ma non troppo*, smack strongly of Beethoven. But this is only a device, a trick of rhythm, of which Beethoven may have been fond, but for which no composer could take out a copyright. Mr. Paine's themes, their melodic character, and often their rhythm, are essentially his own, and very seldom recall any other composer; you are free to like them or not, as the case may be, but their thoroughly personal and individual cut is indisputable. There is much genial beauty in this symphony, much that is strong and forcible, side by side with a good deal that seems obscure and rather far-fetched. The Scherzo, with its lovely Trio, seems to us the most wholly fine of the four movements; but there is great beauty, too, in the first movement, and the opening theme of the Finale is delightful. The grandiose second theme of this Finale we like less, although it would be hard to say exactly what in it fails to satisfy us. The symphony was admirably played and loudly applauded.

Beethoven's "Egmont" overture was grandly given, although we cannot like the very moderate tempo, especially the over-moderate beginning, of the Coda. Look at the matter in what light we may, we cannot but feel that a Beethoven *Allegro con brio*, at the close of a brilliant overture, ought to go with more headlong impetuosity. And then, that beginning the climax slow, and gradually increasing the speed as it goes on, it is utterly needless; we want to feel the kettle boiling from the first three beats. No doubt it may be claimed that Mr. Nikisch's tempo gives more dignity to this glowing peroration; but Beethoven had that of the ancient Greek in him that he was, at times, willing to throw dignity to the dogs, as in the last *Prestissimo* of the Ninth Symphony, which is sheer tossing up of caps and shouting; and it seems to us that this Coda of the "Egmont" overture is one of those times. We are sorry to differ with Mr. Nikisch so often on this matter of "reading;" there are even moments when we heartily wish that Wagner had never written that infernal pamphlet "Ueber das Dirigiren," much good as there is in it, too.

The next programme is: D'Albert, symphony in F major, op. 4; Handel, aria from "Alessandro;" Henschel, suite from the music to Shakespeare's "Hamlet" (conducted by the composer); Massenet, aria from "Herodiade;" Weber, overture to "Oberon." Mrs. George Henschel will be the singer.

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JAMES M. TRACY.

THE SYMPHONY. *Continued*

Goldmark's now familiar overture to "Sakuntala" was the first number on the programme of the twenty-second symphony rehearsal and concert. The tale of Hindu mythology concerning this beautiful maiden, certain phases of whose life are portrayed in Goldmark's music, is well known, and nothing more need be said except that the performance was fine, both technically and dramatically considered. It was a pleasure to hear Professor John K. Paine's "Spring" symphony once more and an added pleasure to discover that this admirable work, written and first performed in 1880, still holds its own as one of the strongest orchestral compositions that have yet come from the hand of an American composer. There can be no doubt about its sterling worth. That Professor Paine could have adhered so closely to the classic symphonic form, and yet have produced a work so full of buoyancy and melody, so picturesque in treatment, without its pages being subject to the charge of freely suggesting those of its models, is proof sufficient of the nature of his musical ability. It is true that there are moments when his inspiration seems to have failed him, when his presentation of his ideas seems a trifle pedantic and diffuse. One feels this at times in the development of the first allegro, in the treatment of the broad and beautiful theme of the adagio, and even in the finale, in spite of its strength and fire and triumphant ending. On the other hand its almost restless activity, relieved by reposeful passages, charming in thought and execution, and the spirit of unity which pervades the entire work easily command attention, and preserve one's interest throughout. The smooth, expressive and brilliant performance, and the fidelity with which Mr. Nikisch adhered to the spirit and letter of the score, gave evidence of careful preparation. Each movement was heartily appreciated, and the close of the symphony was followed by prolonged applause. Another overture made the third and concluding number, Beethoven's "Egmont." The withdrawal of a ballade for orchestra, "The Mermaid," by Edmond de Mihalovich, which was at first announced for this concert, caused disappointment. Mihalovich is, if we mistake not, a Bohemian. He is not a young composer, yet he is, comparatively speaking, unknown. He has written many works which seem to have shared the same fate that has overtaken those of—well, of Bruckner, for instance. They have been published, have excited great interest among musicians, have been performed under distinguished auspices, and then have been practically dropped. It is to be hoped that the one announced may be given before the season closes.

MUSICAL. *Continued*

The Symphony Concert.

The programme of the twenty-second concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in Music Hall, last evening, was: Overture, "Sakuntala," Goldmark; Symphony No. 2 in A, "In the Spring," J. K. Paine; Overture "Egmont," Beethoven. The "Sakuntala" overture was read with something too much of sickly sentimentality now and then, and something too much of blatant noisiness at other times; but it was brilliantly played and with much richness of tone color. Mr. Paine's fine symphony gave much delight in the rehearsing, and would have given more if due attention had been paid to the composer's time indications and dynamic marks. As it was, the composer's ideas, according to the custom unhappily prevalent at these concerts, were persistently disregarded in favor of the conductor's ideas of what they ought to be. Not only this, but the tempo, especially of the lovely scherzo and of the finale, were taken so rapidly that there was a painful hurry-scurry on the part of the players to bring out all the notes clearly. The work has been much more intelligently read and much better performed here than it was on this occasion. The "Egmont" overture was the best played work of the concert, but Beethoven was again submitted to Mr. Nikisch's improving process, which has about passed its vexatious stage and is becoming amusing. The programme for the next concert is: Symphony in F, D'Albert, (first time); Aria "Alessandro," Handel; Suite from the music to Shakespeare's "Hamlet," Henschel, (first time); aria from "Herodiade," Massenet; overture, "Oberon," Weber. Mrs. Georg Henschel is to be the soloist, and Mr. Henschel will conduct his suite.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the twenty-second concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Goldmark: Overture to "Sakuntala."
Paine: Symphony No. 2, in A major, "In the Spring."
Beethoven: Overture to "Egmont."

Once more a symphony concert without a solo; for which much thanks! Goldmark's "Sakuntala" is not precisely a novelty—indeed, we believe it was given no less than six times the first season it was brought out here, by the Harvard Musical Association, under Mr. Zerrahn—neither is it the strongest work in the world. We remember being lately in a company of musicians who all agreed that the "Sakuntala" marked about the lowest point attainable by a composition that one would care to listen to more than once. Still, it is not disagreeable in thematic material, and is really gorgeous in orchestration. We have often thought that a tolerably high pitch of human well-being might be reached by listening to this overture, while looking at the old "Black Crook" prismatic fountain, and thinking of nothing at all. Its oriental sensuousness would set off that shifting play of bright color to fine advantage. But at a concert, with nothing more poetic than a lot of electric lights staring you out of countenance, you do begin to tire of it especially after having heard it numberless times. Yet it was made interesting, and even exciting last Saturday evening by the incomparably superb way the orchestra played it under Mr. Nikisch. He takes it very differently from Mr. Gericke; and we are fully persuaded that Mr. Gericke, as an old and intimate friend of Goldmark's, took it just the way the composer intended it to go. But this does not trouble us in the least; it is a work of no earthly importance,

and it sounds for better as Mr. Nikisch takes it. There is no question of right or wrong in the matter. We enjoyed it to the top of our bent.

Mr. Paine's "Spring" symphony has not been heard here in some years. It is eminently characteristic of the composer's second manner, the individual style he developed after his earlier pianoforte and organ works, and his "Mass in D." Indeed, Mr. Paine seems to stand almost alone among American composers, in that he distinctly has an absolutely individual style and accent of his own; no doubt, there are in this symphony certain things which recall devices employed by other composers before him. For instance, those four half-notes (E, D, B, D) that become eight quarter notes, then sixteen eighth notes, and at last thirty-two twittering sixteenth notes, at the beginning of the first *Allegro ma non troppo*, smack strongly of Beethoven. But this is only a device, a trick of rhythm, of which Beethoven may have been fond, but for which no composer could take out a copyright. Mr. Paine's themes, their melodic character, and often their rhythm, are essentially his own, and very seldom recall any other composer; you are free to like them or not, as the case may be, but their thoroughly personal and individual cut is indisputable. There is much genial beauty in this symphony, much that is strong and forcible, side by side with a good deal that seems obscure and rather far-fetched. The Scherzo, with its lovely Trio, seems to us the most wholly fine of the four movements; but there is great beauty, too, in the first movement, and the opening theme of the Finale is delightful. The grandiose second theme of this Finale we like less, although it would be hard to say exactly what in it fails to satisfy us. The symphony was admirably played and loudly applauded.

Beethoven's "Egmont" overture was grandly given, although we cannot like the very moderate tempo, especially the over-moderate beginning, of the Coda. Look at the matter in what light we may, we cannot but feel that a Beethoven *Allegro con brio*, at the close of a brilliant overture, ought to go with more headlong impetuosity. And then, that beginning the climax slow, and gradually increasing the speed as it goes on, it is utterly needless; we want to feel the kettle boiling from the first three beats. No doubt it may be claimed that Mr. Nikisch's tempo gives more dignity to this glowing peroration; but Beethoven had that of the ancient Greek in him that he was, at times, willing to throw dignity to the dogs, as in the last *Prestissimo* of the Ninth Symphony, which is sheer tossing up of caps and shouting; and it seems to us that this Coda of the "Egmont" overture is one of those times. We are sorry to differ with Mr. Nikisch so often on this matter of "reading;" there are even moments when we heartily wish that Wagner had never written that infernal pamphlet "Ueber das Dirigiren," much good as there is in it, too.

The next programme is: D'Albert, symphony in F major, op. 4; Handel, aria from "Alessandro;" Henschel, suite from the music to Shakespeare's "Hamlet" (conducted by the composer); Massenet, aria from "Herodiade;" Weber, overture to "Oberon." Mrs. George Henschel will be the singer.



Mrs & Mr Georg Henschel

Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1891-92.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. ARTHUR NIKISCH, Conductor.

XXIII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 16, AT 8, P. M.

PROGRAMME.

SCHUMANN.

SYMPHONY No. 1, in B flat, op. 38.

Andante un poco maestoso.—Allegro molto vivace.—
Larghetto.—Scherzo, molto vivace with Trio I. & Trio II.
Allegro animato e grazioso.

HANDEL.

ARIA. "Alessandro."

HENSCHEL.

SUITE from the MUSIC to SHAKESPEARE'S
"HAMLET," op. 50.

- a) Prelude. (Hamlet.)
- b) Prelude to Act II. (Ophelia.)
- c) Interlude. (Act III.) and Pastorale, (Act V.)
- d) Prelude to Act IV, (Ophelia's death.)

There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
There with fantastic garlands did she come
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
There, on the pendant bows her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke,
When down her weedy trophies and herself
Fell in the weeping brook, Her clothes spread wide
And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up;
Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indued
Unto that element; but long it could not be
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

e) Danish March.

(First performance in America. Conducted by the Composer.)

MASSENET.

ARIA from "HERODIADE."

WEBER.

OVERTURE. "Oberon."

SOLOIST:

MRS. GEORG HENSCHEL.

The performance of the D'ALBERT SYMPHONY announced for this Concert, is unavoidably postponed, on account of the non-arrival of the Orchestral parts from Europe.



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In considering Mr. Henschel's "Hamlet" suite, which had the central place on the twenty-third Symphony programme, the fact should be kept in mind that this music was written for a theatre and should not be subjected to as exigent examination as if it had been composed independently and for the concert-room. Not only is the best theatre band less in numbers and effect to a full concert orchestra, but the time assigned to its share in a composite performance is necessarily limited in conformity to the prime requirements of the stage. If the composer of music for a spectacle or a standard drama outlines moods and suggests characters which are ultimately to be shown in words and acts, or accompanies them allusively, he has done his duty; if his music will bear translation to an entirely different locale and environment, he has succeeded in doing more than this. Nobody, we are sure, would be more prompt than Mr. Henschel to say this "Hamlet" music, prepared under commission to introduce and accompany certain parts of the play, is just what he would have made it if he had set out *de proprio motu* and under inspiration, as one might say, to create a suite or fantasy after Shakespeare. That it maintains itself so well, indicates so clearly those elements of the tragedy with which it is to be connected, and is wrought out in such excellent and musicianly ways, is in itself high praise and honor. To ask from it the fulness of a free composition and the expansion of unrestricted time, is unreasonable. All the same, we should like to hear it as it was meant to be heard, with the influences of speech and action blent into its own, before judging it absolutely. But if it be not inspired, it is certainly well moulded upon substantial and sensible subjects, and the chief exception that criticism can find with it is its brevity of development, its occasional slight weakness of assertion, and its narrow range of effect in scoring. The suite includes a general introduction of variable character, preparatory to the presentation of the fluctuant Prince of Denmark; a softer and sweeter prelude to the second act, intended to be typical of *Ophelia*, although we thought it somewhat sombre and dense for this; an interlude, relative to the first prelude, preceding the third act; an elegiac introduction to the fourth act, significant of *Ophelia's* fate, and a pastoral episode following it, indicative of the calm, rural nature of the churchyard, together with a Danish march for some professional purposes. The music is honest and interesting, and ought to be of unusual value in its place, besides showing the knowledge and care of the wise student of orchestral scores. The other instrumental numbers were the "Oberon" overture, in a generally commendable reading, and Schumann's first symphony, some parts of which were admirably done, while others were harsh, hard and almost pugnaciously assertive of the

conductor's personal notions. [It may be noted in passing that this symphony was given because the parts for Mr. D'Albert's, which had been promised, did not arrive in time, and that Mr. Henschel conducted his suite and had nothing less than an ovation from the audience.] Mrs. Henschel sang airs from Handel's "Alessandro" and Massenet's "Herodiade" in her delightful style, but of course with too little power for the hall.

The season will end tonight with Haydn's G-minor and Brahms's first symphonies, with a Paganini violin concerto for Mr. Kneisel sandwiched between them.

THE SYMPHONIES.

TWENTY-THIRD CONCERT.

The twenty-third concert by the Symphony orchestra was given in Music hall Saturday, April 16. The programme:

Schumann. Symphony No. 1, in B flat, op. 38. Andante un poco maestoso.—Allegro molto vivace.—Larghetto.—Scherzo, molto vivace with Trio I. & Trio II.—Allegro animato e grazioso.
Handel. Aria, "Alessandro."
Henschel. Suite from the Music to Shakespeare's "Hamlet," op. 50. (First performance in America. Conducted by the Composer.)
Massenet. Aria from "Herodiade."
Weber. Overture, "Oberon."
Soloist: Mrs. Georg Henschel.

The Schumann Spring symphony is, perhaps, the most melodiously beautiful of all this celebrated author's compositions. We are told it was written at that happy period of his life, on the eve of his marriage with that remarkable woman and renowned pianist, Clara Wiek. He had met with great opposition from the stern old father, because he looked upon Schumann as a nobody who had never done anything, and, in his opinion, never would. Schumann, put to his mettle, composed this symphony and, through its beauties and success, gained the father's consent to marry the daughter. This music is such as to prove attractive to all classes of music lovers. There seems to be no use in expending powder on Mr. Nikisch's overwrought, bombastic, brass-band noise, for he does not heed the united efforts of the critics who have kindly suggested that he modify his ideas and discriminate between mere noise and music. However, as most of the critics are consistent, they will continue to offer their advice and no doubt Mr. Nikisch will continue to disregard it. The first movement of the symphony was not entirely ruined by sensational effects, though it was too demonstrative to prove as effective as it might under a more conservative director. It is not in the nature of Mr. Nikisch to be anything but demonstrative, except in his

MUSICAL MATTERS.

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The orchestration is also of commendable richness and variety. There were points of melodic value in the "Ophelia" movement and in the "Pastorale" that made the hearer wish the composer had been more prolific in this direction in all the movements. Still, however, if it does lack the vital spark the "Suite" must interest the musician and cause a desire for a further hearing. It is infinitely above and beyond the majority of programme pieces that are dispensed so liberally by the rising generation of composers, for it is not exaggerated in the working out and has much that is reposeful within its borders. It is a work that requires just such masterly playing as it received from the Boston Symphony orchestra, and this in turn was the result of the fine conducting of Mr. Henschel.

Had the representation of the work fallen to the hands of Mr. Nikisch for a rendering it would have no doubt wearied the audience, for it is music that must be accurately and artistically given if the intended effect is to be gained. The coarse, blatant style that characterizes all that Mr. Nikisch conducts would have extinguished what there is that is commendable in its construction. How wonderfully Mr. Henschel has improved in his conducting since he last wielded the baton here. What a fine presence he has before the players; in his face can be traced the ever-varying moods of the music; how graceful, how simple, how reposeful are his movements while conducting. His musical stature and his conducting ability are sufficiently exalted not to require that he poses himself upon two boxes. He stood upon his feet as Gerike did, and was not perched on stilts

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This performance of the orchestra under Mr. Henschel's conducting is the only one, with one exception, that has shown that our orchestra is still the unrivalled body of musicians that it was when Mr. Gerike left us. For five years Gerike had drilled and disciplined the Boston Symphony orchestra, until there was nothing to be desired in its wonderfully perfect playing. At the very first concert under Mr. Nikisch's conducting a demoralization of this discipline was plainly evident, and the degeneration following was of rapid growth, until the playing of this formerly fine body became, as it is today, coarse, careless and unworthy such a combination of skilful performers. How charming it was on Saturday evening to listen to the beautiful expression that Mr. Henschel obtained from the players. The delightful contrasts of tone, the precision in every department of the orchestra, the repose, the real pianissimo, and the gratifying gradations of tone were apparent. We know now where the blame can be laid for all the mediocrity that is identical with the playing of our local orchestra. It isn't with the players themselves. The exception mentioned above, that goes hand in hand with Mr. Henschel's fine effort as a conductor, was the occasion of Mr. Kneisel's conducting last season when Mr. Nikisch was absent from sickness. It is an ill wind that blows no one good, and the critical listeners were benefited by Mr. Kneisel's appearance as conductor if but for once only.

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MUSICAL MATTERS.

Notable Programme by the Symphony Orchestra.

Handel and Haydn to Sing "The Creation" in Music Hall Tonight.

D'Albert's Recitals—Happenings Interesting to Music Lovers.

The audience at the last but one of this season's Symphony concerts was even larger than the average assemblage which has crowded Music Hall for the pleasure of hearing Director Nikisch's offerings.

The programme last evening was of more than common interest, affording as it did an opportunity of hearing for the first time in Boston a suite for orchestra by Mr. Georg Henschel, and again enjoying the singing of his charming wife.

The Henschels were so closely identified with the early history of the Symphony orchestra that their reappearance with this now unrivalled organization was naturally an event of exceeding interest.

There were enthusiastic plaudits to welcome both of these favorites, and their offerings were received with cordial favor.

The orchestral suit as given yesterday was arranged from the music which Mr. Henschel composed for Mr. Beerbohm Tree's production of "Hamlet." It consisted of the prelude, the entr'acte and the Danish march. The music incidental to the play was not given.

The music is for the most part of a scholarly nature and is rather of a more ambitious character than Mr. Henschel's previous works. He has generally employed the Wagnerian method of leit motif to express the various characters and ideas, and the work is throughout decidedly modern in style.

The overture is founded upon two delightful themes, the one identified with Hamlet being changeable and irresolute and the Ophelia subject most tender and pathetic. These subjects are repeated in the succeeding entr'actes with greater strength and more elaborate orchestral effects.

The entr'acte that precedes the fourth act is elegiac in character and is written solely for the strings of the orchestra, reinforced by the drums. It is a most effective and beautiful number and was exquisitely played. The final interlude is of

pastoral nature, delicate and sympathetic, and is intended to represent Mr. Tree's idea of Ophelia's burial in a sunlit churchyard.

The Danish march, which concludes the suit, is suggestive of national airs and is treated in a vigorous but exceedingly simple style.

Mr. Henschel conducted with the masterly skill which is so pleasantly remembered here, and he was repeatedly and enthusiastically recalled at the conclusion of the performance.

Mrs. Henschel sang two arias from Handel's "Alessandro" and Massenet's "Herodiade." She sang the Handel number with much expression and a great deal of artistic finish. She was also very successful in Massenet's beautiful aria. Of course there were cordial plaudits unnumbered.

Schumann's Symphony No. 1, in B flat, was substituted for the promised D'Albert symphony. The performance of the latter was postponed on account of the non-arrival of the orchestral parts from Europe. Mr. Nikisch read the Schumann symphony very satisfactorily, and its performance by the orchestra afforded much pleasure to the audience. Weber's "Oberon" overture concluded the concert.

The last concert of the season will be given next Saturday. Franz Kneisel will be the soloist, and the programme promised is as follows: Symphony, G major, No. 13, B. & H., Haydn; concerto for violin, Paganini; symphony No. 1, C minor, Brahms.

pianoforte accompaniments, which are truly models of elegant refinement. The lovely second movement was delightfully played, and deserves all possible praise. The scherzo, also, was given a very fair representation, giving real pleasure to the general listener. It is bright, lively and effective. The fourth movement, allegro animato, requires vigorous treatment by the orchestra, and it received it; aye, more than this, it was boisterous in the extreme. A little more subdued calmness would have commanded more attention and represented more truthfully the music in hand.

With due respect for Mr. Henschel's ability as musician and composer, we were not particularly pleased with this Suite of his. Without doubt the music is far more beautiful when presented in connection with the accessory stage effects, and it is, perhaps, unfair to speak without first hearing it in this connection; but if a composer puts his music before the public regardless of fitness, he must accept the consequences.

The Oberon overture was splendidly played, without cause for faultfinding. All of Weber's overtures are delightful as music, and "Oberon" is the best of them.

The singing of Mrs. Henschel furnished pleasurable delight. She is charming in appearance, an artiste of exquisite taste and of perfection in vocal art. There are few, if any, who can compare with her in the singing of songs and ballads which come within her reach. She does not attempt more, and therefore succeeds in captivating her hearers. She is claimed as a Bostonione, and it may truly be said that Boston is very proud of her. She was recalled again and again after each song.

JAMES M. TRACY.

CAUSERIE.

Mr. Henschel's Music to the Tragedy, "Hamlet."

Haydn's "Creation" as Sung by the Handel and Haydn.

Concerts of the Week and Notes of Interest.

The programme of the twenty-third Symphony concert in Music Hall Saturday evening was as follows:

Symphony No. 1, B flat, op. 38.....Schumann
Aria, "Alessandro".....Handel
Suite from the music to Shakespeare's "Hamlet," op. 50.....Henschel
Aria from "Herodiade".....Massenet
Overture, "Oberon".....Weber

Mrs. Henschel was the singer. Mr. Henschel conducted his suite, which was played for the first time in America.

The suite was a disappointment. It does not seem well adapted to the purposes of the theatre, and its contents are not of such moment or individuality as to warrant performance in a symphony concert. The music is devoid of originality and spontaneity, nor is it so skillfully made that it excites respectful attention. The themes are neither striking nor melodious; the development of the themes is commonplace; the instrumentation is dry. The best of the numbers is the pastoral, which at the start is promising; this promise, however, is not fulfilled, and the constant use of the same instrumental effects brings monotony. The first prelude is called "Hamlet," the second is "Ophelia," and if the titles were interchanged, the hearer would not suffer, for the music of the one seems as appropriate, or inappropriate, to the character as that of the other. Hamlet and Ophelia in Mr. Henschel's music are twins of tender age; they are dressed alike, they speak with the same inflections, and it is impossible to distinguish the sex. The prelude, "Ophelia's Death," is devoid of pathos, and the Danish march is without a climax. In a word, the suite is manufactured music. It was well played by the orchestra. The composer was welcomed warmly and recalled after the march.

Mrs. Henschel sang the aria "Lusing he piu Care" from Handel's "Alessandro" in a most delightful manner, and she was applauded with enthusiasm. The air was written for Faustina Bordoni, the reckless beauty who, at the age of 18, was called in Italy "the new siren" and "the tenth muse." The fame of her song was only equaled by the prodigality of her life. Medals were struck in her honor at Naples.

Coarse and vindictive pamphlets were written against her in London. Not until she married Hasse did she assume the role of respectability. The learned Dr. Chrystander in his ponderous "Life of Handel," as yet unfinished, does not disdain to quote in footnotes the scandals of her London visit. She made her first appearance in that city in 1726 in "Alessandro," and the rivalry between "Madam Faustina, the rare singing woman," and Cuzzoni led to social dissension. Faustina, on account of her surpassing physical charms, was the favorite of the debauched nobility and the heroine of the masquerades. No wonder that protests were many and loud and fierce. From one of the least outrageous in its defiance of decency, the following lines may be quoted; for they show the temper of the time:

"Cuzzoni can no longer charm,
Faustina now does all alarm (sic)
And we must buy her pipe so clear
With hundreds twenty-five a year.
Britons! For shame, give all these follies o'er,
The ancient British nobleness restore."

But how did Faustina sing? Her voice was a demi-soprano, and its compass was from B flat to G. She was mistress of the *cantar granito*, the firm and bound song. Her execution was brilliant, and she was able to enunciate with great rapidity. Her trill was without a flaw, and the most complicated passages were sung as easily as though they were played by a violinist. Her intonation was sure; her breathing was remarkable. She first introduced with success the rapid repetition of the same note. She improvised cadenzas with taste. She was a chanteuse legere. And so she was accused of a lack of passion, a want of soul. Sara Goudar, whose knack of being disagreeable on all occasions amounted to positive genius, refused to join in the general chorus of praise. According to her, Faustina was the first that sang sixteen eighth notes in a measure, and "this agility was the signal for the introduction of bad taste in song. Natural simplicity was soon changed into artificial gayety. There was no longer a question of singing well, but the chief thing desired was the ability to sing quickly." So Faustina prevailed against Cuzzoni, who moved the soul. Born in 1700, Faustina left the stage at the age of 53. Dr. Burney saw her in Vienna when she was 72. She was still beautiful, and her spirits were high. She would not sing for the Englishman, and he listened to her daughters. Her rival, Cuzzoni, died in Bologna in 1770 in abject poverty, having supported herself some time by making buttons.

Mrs. Henschel sang the air from Massenet's "Herodiade" with taste, but the air itself demands a fuller, warmer voice, a broader style and a more pronounced personality. When the opera was produced at the Theatre de la Monnaie in Brussels Dec. 19, 1881, the air was sung by Duvivier, who was then receiving \$400 a month. When it was first brought out in Paris at the Theatre-Italien in 1884, and in Italian, the air was sung by Fides Devries. It is interesting to note in this connection that Jean de Reszke then made his appearance in Paris as a tenor, and he was accused of wanting power.

The Schumann B flat symphony and the "Oberon" overture are familiar numbers. The symphony started with blatant indecision, and it was played throughout with little regard for Schumann's dynamic marks. Coarse and indiscriminating as was the reading of Mr. Nikisch, the performance evidently gave pleasure to many in the audience. But neither the programme nor the performance as a whole was worthy of the reputation of the Symphony Orchestra.

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The orchestral novelty of the evening consisted of a suite of five movements, arranged by the composer, Mr. Georg Henschel, for the concert room, from the music composed for the recent London production of "Hamlet," by Manager Beerholm Tree. Mr. Henschel directed the performance of his own music, and his assumption of his old place at the conductor's desk called out quite an ovation in his honor. The music selected and arranged for the concert room by Mr. Henschel had its first American hearing on this occasion, and its merits were quickly and heartily appreciated by the audience.

The selections made were as follows: (a) Prelude (Hamlet), (b) prelude to act II. (Ophelia), (c) interlude (act III.) and pastorello (act V.), (d) prelude to act V. (Ophelia's death), (e) Danish March. Aside from the opening number, the several movements have characteristics which give them a distinct and definite value apart from their association with the play, and the suite will make a valuable addition to the concert music of the day.

Mr. Henschel's marked individuality shows itself in all his work, and the themes of his "Hamlet" music are as original and clear in their ideas and development as one would expect from this capable musician and born composer.

The admirably contrasted motives which are associated with the characters of Hamlet and Ophelia are among the evidences of the inspiration of the composer, and the use made of these themes is at all times masterly and artistic.

The prelude to act 2, the "interlude" in act 3 and the "Danish march" are compositions which will readily be accepted as standards of excellence in the modern style, and these numbers of the suite met with especial favor at their hearing last evening. The music is richly and skilfully scored for full orchestra, and can hardly fail of gaining a recognition of its merits wherever it is heard.

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A somewhat curious misunderstanding necessitated the abandonment of the promised first American performance of Eugen D'Albert's symphony, No. 4. It is not often that a pianist of today becomes so identified with Beethoven as to have his compositions mixed up in the mind of a publisher with those of the man who wrote the "Immortal Nine." Such, however, has proved to be the case with D'Albert, for, in response

to an order for D'Albert's fourth symphony, a leading European publisher forwarded to the manager of these concerts a full score and parts of Beethoven's fourth symphony. The error was not discovered in season to remedy it and give the performance of D'Albert's symphony in a proper fashion.

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Mr. Henschel's orchestral suite from the music to Shakspeare's "Hamlet," consisting of the prelude, the entr'acte and Danish march, is an ambitious work full of merit and worthy a place with Schumann's and Weber's best efforts. It is modern in style, but constructed on the principles of strict beauty in orchestration; it is founded upon two delightful themes—the restlessness and instability of Hamlet and the tenderness of Ophelia. These themes are repeated in the succeeding movements with greater elaboration. The entr'acte preceding the fourth act is written solely for strings, with occasional aid from the drums. It is a beautiful movement, calling forth the best powers of the strongest part of the orchestra. The final movement is a pastoral, quaint and pathetic in nature, contrasting strongly with the vigorous measure of the Danish march. Its interpretation was as nearly like the composer's conception as his complete mastery of the orchestra could command.

Had there been sufficient time the audience would have more vigorously expressed its appreciation of the grand manner in which Mr. Nikisch and his men gave the "Oberon" overture. It is true art to arrange a programme with the view of making each number more interesting, and certainly Weber's work was a fitting close to a fine performance.

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The Symphony Concert.

Schumann's first symphony is even more a poem of spring than the spring symphony which had been given a week before, and it is so ineffably beautiful that it is almost impossible to spoil it entirely. If any symphony deserves the title of "the 10th" in the sense of continuing the series of Beethoven epics and idylls, it is surely this work. Mr. Nikisch certainly does not recede from his exaggerations because of criticism; the very first notes were as a gauntlet of defiance, and the call of trumpets and horns was rather like a summons to a tournament than a signal of approaching spring. It may not be generally known that Schumann originally wrote this opening phrase a third deeper, thereby committing an error of instrumentation, for the natural horns could only produce the sixth note of the figure by "stopping," thus producing a most hideous sound in the midst of a romantic figure, and causing great mirth among the musicians. Yet now that the keyed horn is used it would be well to restore the notes as the composer originally wrote them, as the effect is finer in every way. It is unpleasant to repeat the same tale week after week, and it must become decidedly tiresome to the reader; yet I can only reiterate that, in spite of many beauties in certain phrases, as for example the theme on the cellos in the second movement, and the oboe and horn work in scherzo and finale (and the individual players deserve much of the credit here) the spirit of exaggeration and of noise hung over almost everything, and the end was absolutely deafening. It may be urged that the large audience appreciated just this ending in the highest degree, but after all, would not Gilmore win as great applause for a noisy climax? And does not the vocalist who ends a badly sung aria with a chest "C" win the same popular approval? In the Oberon overture, which ended the concert, there were contrasts made that were the very *reductio ad absurdum* of tonal effect; the force of kettledrums could no further go, and Haydn's "Surprise Symphony" was entirely eclipsed.

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Mrs. Henschel also won a triumph at this concert, and deserved it. She wisely forbore to force her voice, and although it seemed too light for the large hall, it retained that sweet purity which is its chief charm, and the flexibility of the Handelian air was most gracefully presented, while the tenderness of Massenet's aria from "Herodiade" was commendable altogether. At the close of this, the artist was able to give a burst of power that was a very triumphant end of a most artistic effort, and recall after recall testified the appreciation of the large audience. Decidedly this was the best work Mrs. Henschel has recently done in Boston.

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The audience at last night's concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra filled every seat in the hall and all the available standing room. The special attraction was doubtless the reappearance of Mr. Georg Henschel at the conductor's stand which he occupied for the first three years of the Symphony Orchestra's existence.

His reception was enthusiastically cordial when he came forward to conduct his suite from the music he composed to Shakspeare's "Hamlet" for Mr. Beerholm Tree's production of the tragedy in London. The suite opens with a prelude intended to typify the character of Hamlet. It is followed by another prelude meant to suggest the sweetness of Ophelia's nature. Then comes an interlude that deals again with Hamlet in a more resolute mode, and this in turn is followed by a pastorello, after which comes another prelude illustrating the death of Ophelia, the whole concluding with a Danish march. This music is all in the extreme modern school, is very chromatic in its harmonies, restless in its modulations and exceedingly rich in its orchestral coloring. It is musicianly, but it is not especially felicitous in invention, and it has no originality decided enough to give it the distinction of an individuality essentially the composer's. The themes are very brief and are reiterated and reiterated again until they become almost wearisomely monotonous. The hearer carries nothing away with him except the memory of a distant Wagnerian echo. The Ophelia prelude has a certain warmth and graceful flow, but the pastorello is the gem of the suite in its quaint and well rounded melody, its tender melancholy, its charming simplicity and its delicate orchestration. The music shows in all directions the skill and the taste of a thorough musician, and a fine artistic temperament; but it is music that has been laboriously "made," and is of the head rather than the heart. It was beautifully played, Mr. Henschel conducting firmly and without display, and obtaining with ease every shade of color and of expression that he desired. His method is clear and unostentatious, and judging by his success of last night, he has, since he last led this orchestra some eight seasons ago, become an able and a finished conductor. His music met with warm appreciation, and he was applauded with great enthusiasm and twice recalled. The other instrumental selections were Schumann's Symphony, No. 1, and We-

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His reception was enthusiastically cordial when he came forward to conduct his Suite from the music he composed to Shakspeare's "Hamlet" for Mr. Beerholm Tree's production of the tragedy in London. The suite opens with a prelude intended to typify the character of Hamlet. It is followed by another prelude meant to suggest the sweetness of Ophelia's nature. Then comes an interlude that deals again with Hamlet in a more resolute mode, and this in turn is followed by a pastorello, after which comes another prelude illustrating the death of Ophelia, the whole concluding with a Danish march. This music is all in the extreme modern school, is very chromatic in its harmonies, restless in its modulations and exceedingly rich in its orchestral coloring. It is musically, but it is not especially felicitous in invention, and it has no originality decided enough to give it the distinction of an individuality essentially the composer's. The themes are very brief and are reiterated and reiterated again until they become almost wearisomely monotonous. The hearer carries nothing away with him except the memory of a distant Wagnerian echo. The Ophelia prelude has a certain warmth and graceful flow, but the pastorello is the gem of the suite in its quaint and well rounded melody, its tender melancholy, its charming simplicity and its delicate orchestration. The music shows in all directions the skill and the taste of a thorough musician, and a fine artistic temperament; but it is music that has been laboriously "made," and is of the head rather than the heart. It was beautifully played, Mr. Henschel conducting firmly and without display, and obtaining with ease every shade of color and of expression that he desired. His method is clear and unostentatious, and judging by his success of last night, he has, since he last led this orchestra some eight seasons ago, become an able and a finished conductor. His music met with warm appreciation, and he was applauded with great enthusiasm and twice recalled. The other instrumental selections were Schumann's Symphony, No. 1, and We-

ber's "Oberon" overture. The first was read with immense vigor, but with that obstinate disregard of the composer's intentions that seems to be a mania with Mr. Nikisch, and of which it has become wearisome to complain. Mrs. Henschel was the soloist, and sang the air, "Lusinghe plu care," from Handel's "Alessandro," in which she has frequently been heard here, and the familiar air from Massenet's "Herodiade." The first she sang prettily and neatly, and with much grace of florid execution, though without great variety of expression. The second she sang with more warmth, but her voice is not large enough to do it full justice, especially in so vast a hall. She was applauded with immense fervor, and recalled three times after her first effort, and twice after her second. The season will close with this week's concert, the programme for which is: Symphony in G, Haydn; Concerto for violin, Paganini, and Brahms's Symphony No. 1. Mr. Franz Kneisel will be the soloist.

THEATRES AND CONCERTS.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the twenty-third Symphony concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Schumann.....Symphony No. 1, in B-flat, op. 38.
Handel.....Aria from "Alessandro."
Henschel. Suite from the music to Shakespeare's "Hamlet."
Massenet.....Aria from "Herodiade."
Weber.....Overture to "Oberon."
Mrs. Georg Henschel was the singer.

We had been promised a symphony by Eugen d'Albert, but it seems the orchestral parts did not arrive in time to have the work put through the due rehearsal, so the ever welcome Schumann symphony was substituted for it. The beautiful *Larghetto* was admirably played, and we cannot remember hearing the Finale given with such perfection before. In this *Allegro animato e grazioso*, which has now and then moments of the most tremendous energy and seriousness, Mr. Nikisch had some wonderful inspirations in the way of making sharp contrasts, without in the least impairing the musical coherence of the movement; some of the accents he brought out were a new revelation. We have so often had to differ with Mr. Nikisch on matters of "interpretation," that we are doubly glad now to express our hearty admiration of his conducting of this symphony; it may have been a "reading," but it sounded to us very like the Schumann-pure.

Mr. Henschel's suite from his music to "Hamlet" has a history which it is well to know. The five movements played on Saturday evening were taken from the prelude, entr'actes and incidental music written by Mr. Henschel for Mr. Beerbohm-Tree's production of the tragedy at the Haymarket in London. They comprise—1, Prelude (a tone painting of Hamlet); 2, Prelude to act ii. (tone picture of Ophelia); 3, Interlude before the play scene in act iii. and Pastorale before act v.; 4, Prelude to act iv. (Ophelia's death); 5, Danish March (for the entrance of king and court in act i, and introduced afterward in other scenes). In writing these several numbers Mr. Henschel has made unstinted use of the *Leitmotiv*, in the Wagnerian sense, almost every theme in the music being associated either with a character or incident in the play. Naturally this quasi-dramatic element falls out, when the suite is given as concert music, as it was last Saturday; but one little touch, which some old theatre-goers may have noticed,

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THE program for the twenty-third Symphony concert this evening was:

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Aria, "Alessandro".....Händel
Suite from the music to Shakespeare's "Hamlet," op. 50.....Henschel
Prelude ("Hamlet").
Prelude to Act II. ("Ophelia")
Interlude, Act III., and pastorale, Act V.
Prelude to Act IV. ("Ophelia's" death).
Danish March.

(First performance in America. Conducted by the composer.)

Aria from "Herodiade".....Massenet
Overture, "Oberon".....Weber

The soloist was Mrs. Georg Henschel.

The performance of the d'Albert symphony, announced for this concert, was postponed on account of the non-arrival of the orchestral parts from Europe.

Although the Schumann symphony, selected by Mr. Nikisch as a substitute for the d'Albert work, is and will ever be a favorite, there was considerable disappointment expressed because of the unfortunate circumstance which precluded all possibility of hearing the d'Albert symphony this season.

The Schumann symphony was given an animated and energetic reading by Mr. Nikisch. The orchestra, however, was somewhat rough, particularly in the first two movements. On the other hand, the "*larghetto*" was smoothly and carefully performed and may be considered quite as satisfactory as any playing during the evening.

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Although the composition is artistically conceived, fully, effectively and even richly scored, it could not be called original by the composer's most enthusiastic admirer. The short and commonplace themes were repeated again and again, and but for the colored instrumentation would have been tiresome to a degree. The pastorale seemed to be the only bit unsuggestive of "midnight oil," and gave evident pleasure to its hearers. The orchestra played each movement excellently well. Mr. Henschel conducted, and in a firm, graceful, dignified manner. That he had improved since his absence from Boston was seen at once, and the increased control which he had acquired, both over himself and his men, was plainly apparent.

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Henschel. Suite from the music to Shakespeare's "Hamlet."
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Mrs. Georg Henschel was the singer.

We had been promised a symphony by Eugen d'Albert, but it seems the orchestral parts did not arrive in time to have the work put through the due rehearsal, so the ever welcome Schumann symphony was substituted for it. The beautiful *Larghetto* was admirably played, and we cannot remember hearing the Finale given with such perfection before. In this *Allegro animato e grazioso*, which has now and then moments of the most tremendous energy and seriousness, Mr. Nikisch had some wonderful inspirations in the way of making sharp contrasts, without in the least impairing the musical coherence of the movement; some of the accents he brought out were a new revelation. We have so often had to differ with Mr. Nikisch on matters of "interpretation," that we are doubly glad now to express our hearty admiration of his conducting of this symphony; it may have been a "reading," but it sounded to us very like the Schumann-pure.

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BOSTON OFFICE OF THE MUSICAL COURIER,
157 TREMONT STREET, April 16, 1892.

THE program for the twenty-third Symphony concert this evening was:

Symphony No. 1, in B flat, op. 38.....Schumann
Aria, "Alessandro".....Händel
Suite from the music to Shakespeare's "Hamlet," op. 50.....Henschel
Prelude ("Hamlet").
Prelude to Act II. ("Ophelia")
Interlude, Act III., and pastorale, Act V.
Prelude to Act IV. ("Ophelia's" death).
Danish March.

(First performance in America. Conducted by the composer.)

Aria from "Herodiade".....Massenet
Overture, "Oberon".....Weber

The soloist was Mrs. Georg Henschel.

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The last concert of the present season will be given next Saturday evening, and the program as announced will be: Symphony in G, Haydn; concerto for violin, Paganini, and Brahms' symphony No. 1. Mr. Franz Kneisel will be the soloist.

MR. NIKISCH'S CRITICAL ENVIRONMENT.

MR. ARTHUR NIKISCH, the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, does not recline on a bed of roses in Boston. His critical environment is at present singularly unpleasant, for, while the popularity of the symphony concerts and his personal popularity continue unabated, the most determined opposition on the part of a half-dozen well-known music critics of the Hub to all he does must be very unpleasant for such an amiable, good hearted man as Arthur Nikisch certainly is. THE MUSICAL COURIER has always contended that there is no orchestra in America that can be compared to the famous Boston organization, a contention, by the way, that originated in Boston itself, for no epithets could be endearing enough to characterize Arthur Nikisch and his work during his first two years as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

All this, too, from the pens of the very men who to-day declare absolutely that no good can come forth from Nazareth.

Mr. Nikisch, they have suddenly discovered, is not an interpreter of music, and possibly later they will assert that he is neither a conductor nor a musician. THE MUSICAL COURIER gladly puts itself on record by declaring that the Boston Symphony Orchestra is unique as an orchestral organization and its conductor, Arthur Nikisch, as conductor and musician, is the most versatile in this country.

To show the extent of critical perversity in Boston it is only necessary to state that when a traveling orchestral organization appeared in that city its performances were lauded to the sky at the expense of the home orchestra, when it is notorious that the two orchestras are not on the same artistic plane at all. There must be a very large colored gentleman hidden somewhere in the critical wood pile of the Hub.

Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1891-92.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. ARTHUR NIKISCH, Conductor.

XXIV. CONCERT.

(LAST OF THE SEASON.)

SATURDAY, APRIL 23, AT 8, P. M.

PROGRAMME.

HAYDN.

SYMPHONY, G major No. 13, B. & H.
Adagio; Allegro.—Largo.—Menuet (Allegretto).—
Allegro con spirito.

PAGANINI.

CONCERTO (in one movement) for VIOLIN, in D major.
(Revised and with additions by Wilhelmj).

BRAHMS.

SYMPHONY No. 1, in C minor, op. 68.
Un poco sostenuto; Allegro.—Andante sostenuto.—
Un poco allegretto e grazioso.—
Adagio piu andante; Allegro non troppo, ma con brio.

SOLOIST:

Mr. FRANZ KNEISEL.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. ARTHUR NIKISCH, Conductor.

TWELFTH SEASON.

OPENING CONCERT,

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 15, 1892.

CAUSERIE.

The Last Concert of the Symphony Series.

Thoughts Suggested by the Close of the Season.

The Last Pianoforte Recital of Eugen D'Albert.

The programme of the 24th and last concert of the Symphony Orchestra, given in Music Hall Saturday evening, was as follows:

Symphony, G major, No. 13, B. & H. Haydn
Concerto (in one movement) for violin, D major, Paganini
(Revised and with additions by Wilhelmj.)
Symphony No. 1, C minor, op. 68. Brahms
Mr. Kneisel was the solo violinist.

The Haydn symphony, sometimes called the "Letter V," was written in 1787 for Paris, where it was given by the society known as the Concert de la Loge Olympique. It is a delightful example of the spontaneity and skill of the composer, and it was played exceedingly well. David Strauss, in his "Old and New Faith," says that if a Haydn symphony does not please an audience the fault is always in the performance. "And it happens easily that the best orchestras, so-called, play it the worst. For they delight in spending their means of effect, such as rough and sudden changes in strength of tone and in tempo (on which so many modern compositions depend) on music to which only the simplest execution does justice." The reading of Mr. Nikisch was free from exaggeration, and the mechanism of the orchestra was worthy of high praise. So, too, was the performance of the Brahms symphony admirable in many respects; and all in all, this concert, both in sane interpretation and in technical finish, was one of the most satisfactory of the season. Mr. Nikisch was greeted at the beginning of the concert with hearty and long continued applause.

Paganini left to his only son Achille, the child of the singer Antonia Bianchi de Como, beside two million francs and valuable instruments, the manuscripts of many incomplete compositions. Four violin concertos were found, with the orchestral accompaniments, and four were unfinished. The first concerto is in E flat major for the orchestra, but the solo part is written in D major, and the strings are tuned a half tone higher. The arrangement of the Wilhelmj, played by Mr. Kneisel, abounds in modernization, and there are in it occasional reminiscences of Wagner. It is an effective composition, and even its difficulties are not ungrateful to the player. These difficulties were surmounted by Mr. Kneisel with such apparent ease that the hearer did not lose in enjoyment by the thought of the task of the player. His performance was also distin-

guished by elegance and by feeling that was artistically controlled. It is interesting to note in this connection that, according to tradition, the tone of Paganini was pure and beautiful, but it was not great, "except in certain effects where the exertion to gain extraordinary results was marked." Mr. Kneisel was most enthusiastically applauded by the audience and his colleagues. He was recalled several times, and he received a wreath and flowers. It was a fitting tribute to the eminent talent of the violinist.

Now that the eleventh series of these concerts is a matter of historical record, it is neither impertinent nor irrelevant to consider briefly the character of the programmes and the present condition of the orchestra. Without doubt the concerts have given many agreeable amusement, for the outward and conventional manifestations of delight have followed the performance of various selections. If this organization existed merely for the purpose of amusing the public, it would be idle to consider seriously the character of the performances or the taste of the public; for it would then be simply a matter between the manager and the hearer. It might be said, however, that in this case the experiment of gratifying the general public is attended with many risks. The popular taste is capricious. As it was in the time of the Jesuit Father Louis Bertrand Castel, so it is to-day. "The pleasure derived from a popular concert is only real for a certain number of connoisseurs and zealous amateurs. Many in the audience are bored, and they go, as to a theatre, from force of habit, because it is the fashion, or from a desire to be anywhere except at home. The rapture of the majority is a moderate pleasure, which often comes from the sight of the crowd, or circumstances that are foreign to the music. One is tired of hearing always cantatas, and one wishes sonatas; tired of sonatas, he wishes motets; wearied by French music, he longs for the Italian school; bored by the violinist, he yearns for the sound of the viol."

But these concerts are not promenade or "grand operatic" concerts. They were designed to serve, at least in a measure, an educational purpose. They should make for musical brightness. With this end in view, the programme should be chosen with great care and at the same time with catholicism of taste. The worthy compositions of the so-called classical school, the romantic and even the ultra-radical should be heard in due proportion. The programme should be neither frivolous nor dull. Legitimate amusement should go hand in hand with positive education. The making of an ideal programme is a difficult task. It is almost impossible to gratify in one concert the varied tastes of the members of the audience. But it is not impossible to make a programme of well contrasted numbers. Take at random the programmes of the Sunday concerts in Paris, say the concerts of January 24. At the Conservatory the following pieces were heard: Mozart's "Jupiter Symphony," Meyerbeer's Pater Noster, Widor's fantasia for pianoforte and orchestra, the "Egmont" music of Beethoven. Colonne arranged this programme: Schubert's C major symphony, Beethoven's "King Stephen" overture, Saint-Saen's Danse Macabre, two airs by Godard and Pauline Viardot and pieces for the clavichord by Couperin, Rameau and Bach. Lamoureux was more inclined to the radical school: Fourth symphony of Beethoven, overture "Polyenete," Durkas; Liszt's E flat concerto for pianoforte, fragments of "Romeo and Juliet," Berlioz; funeral march from "Goetterdaemmerung" and Saint-Saen's "Ronet d'Omphale." Now, I do not say that these programmes are faultless; and it will be seen at once that they are too long; but in historical interest, in educational value and in pleasing contrast the programmes of the French conductors are throughout the season superior to the programmes of Mr. Nikisch. Nor is it perhaps necessary to cross the ocean. Mr. Nikisch showed during the past season liberality in his taste; he

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can composers. But he has not yet learned the art of arranging his programmes. One concert is a pyrotechnical display from the opening explosion to the final apotheosis. Another concert is a treatise on the symphony in three volumes, with various readings of text and italicized foot notes by the editor. Contrast is too often neglected, and the hearer then leaves the hall jaded and not refreshed.

A lack of experience may be an excuse for occasional errors of judgment in the arrangement of a programme, and time may bring improvement in this respect. Nor is it the fault of a conductor if a singer or a player of an instrument is found unworthy of the reputation that preceded the arrival and the appearance. But it is the fault of the conductor if there is a marked deterioration in the quality of the work of the men under his control. It is said that when Mr. Nikisch first listened to the Boston Symphony Orchestra he was so delighted with the perfection of its mechanism that he hailed the opportunity of being at once a "poetical conductor" without preliminary drudgery. Eternal vigilance, however, is the price of musical liberty. He has shown himself a poet and not a disciplinarian; the quality of the poetry has not always been above reproach; and his ingenious imitations of the old masters have not yet superseded the original models. Romantic spirit, startling effects, surprising readings do not atone for carelessness in attack and a general lack of precision. At times, as on Saturday evening in the Haydn symphony, the mechanism of the orchestra is characterized by the finish that in former days was the just pride of this city, but too often one is reminded of the remark of Mozart in answer to Frederick William II. of Prussia. "What do you think of my orchestra?" said the monarch. "It is made up of the best of virtuosos, your Majesty, and if the gentlemen would only play together the effect would be marvelous."

Now Mr. Nikisch was taken from the opera house at Leipzig and placed suddenly in Music Hall. His experience as a conductor was gained chiefly in the theatre. He is apparently by nature a theatrical—or lest that word be regarded as objectionable—a dramatic conductor. He still breathes the hot air of the opera house. He is ever anxious for effects. In his desire to gain these effects, he is apt to slur the detail, to exaggerate the simplest cantabile, to fall in discriminating between ancient and modern style, to mistake noise for sound. He is impatient of all grades of tone between piano and a forte that borders on fortissimo. The crescendo is very dear to him, and he uses it so freely and so recklessly, that he often anticipates the climax of the composer. His treatment of the ritardando and of the fermata is frequently marked by sensational exaggeration. But it would be tedious to repeat the exceptions that have already been taken in The Journal to his musical rulings. He has during his engagement given brilliant performances of ultra modern works; he has shown that if he thinks it advisable he can subordinate himself and follow the indications of the composer; but he is happiest when he "rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm." Many of his readings of the masters of the so-called classic period have been false to the original text and without gain in the perversion.

Let it be granted cheerfully that the display of his own individuality leads often to orchestral results of an exciting nature; that in certain compositions congenial to his temperament he sweeps all before him; it still remains true that the performance of the orchestra, week in and week out, is not so distinguished by its nobility and purity of tone, its precision, its exquisite finish, its reverent treatment of the composer as in October, 1889. Nor is it to be wondered at if

these concerts for the purpose of musical instruction, lose, little by little, the faculty of discrimination, regard Mozart and Wagner as contemporaries, disdain in their own performances the dynamic indications of a composer and strive, in their turn, for effect at any cost. For mighty is the influence of men in high places.

PHILIP HALL.

Critic's. MUSIC. 4/24/92.

THE LAST SYMPHONY.

The Symphony concerts did not end in a blaze of glory as they were wont to do under Mr. Gericke's leadership; but the closing one was intensely interesting, nevertheless, and the performance was worthy of our orchestra, its concertmaster and conductor. Haydn's symphony in G, No. 13, of Breitkopf and Hartel's edition, and Brahms's first symphony were separated by Paganini's concerto in D major; these three numbers completing the list, and making an admirably balanced programme.

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The symphonies are all pretty much alike; one has to be on terms of solid intimacy with them to readily know one from the other, just as one has to be with the Liszt rhapsodies. The one in question was delightfully played, the strings doing some especially fine work.

It is something of a leap from a Haydn symphony to Brahms's first. But what a tremendous work this last is! To us it is the greatest and most interesting of the four, the one most pregnant with meaning. The strength of the first movement in particular seems more and more titanic with each successive hearing, while hitherto unobserved beauties of form and expression throughout the work are constantly claiming attention. The performance was a noble one in breadth, clearness and expressiveness and it received the closest attention from the audience.

Mr. Kneisel met with an ovation as he stepped forward just before the opening tutti of the concerto and it was well deserved. The character of his artistic work during the years of his residence in Boston fully entitles him to the secure place he holds in the affections of the cultivated musical people of the city. The performance by him of any important work at the symphony concerts has invariably demonstrated preparation of the most exhaustive kind. His wonderfully fine playing in the Paganini concerto was not only an added proof of this fact, but proof also that he more than holds his own as a violinist; that he is still growing in his art. Such clear, pure, masterly technical work, exquisite and expressive phrasing, are rarely heard. His talent as a musician was also shown in his cadenza, which was artistically conceived and put together. The whole performance was a triumph. Mr. Kneisel was recalled again and again. The concerto itself is a coherent and attractive work in one long movement; it was given according to Wilhelmj's revision.

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Brahms's C-minor symphony, once famous as "The 10th Symphony," is a horse of another color, but none the worse for not being of the same. The more we hear this astounding work, the greater does it seem: every fresh hearing brings with it some new revelation of beauty or strength. There seems to us little need of calling it the greatest symphony since Beethoven; that would be leaving out Mendelssohn and Schumann, which we are not quite ready to do. No doubt, Brahms has planned this first symphony of his on a larger, broader scale than any of the Mendelssohn or Schumann symphonies, and has, moreover, kept himself steadily up to the magnitude of his plan; one can say, too, that, since Beethoven's C minor and "Pastoral,"—which latter, by the way, is of a totally different character—no symphonic first movement has appeared which shows such admirably close, what the French call "*serre*," workmanship as this one. Still, it should be said on the other hand that Brahms shows in his work far less melodic invention than either Mendelssohn or Schumann, less clearness of purpose and treatment, a less pervasive sense for the beautiful. Upon the whole, superlatives are misleading; this symphony is great enough, in all conscience, to afford not to be "greatest." The performance was wonderfully fine—one of the grandest Mr. Nikisch and his orchestra have ever given us. No more triumphant close of a season could be desired.

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welcomed French, Russian, Italian and American composers. But he has not yet learned the art of arranging his programmes. One concert is a pyrotechnical display from the opening explosion to the final apotheosis. Another concert is a treatise on the symphony in three volumes, with various readings of text and italicized foot notes by the editor. Contrast is too often neglected, and the hearer then leaves the hall jaded and not refreshed.

A lack of experience may be an excuse for occasional errors of judgment in the arrangement of a programme, and time may bring improvement in this respect. Nor is it the fault of a conductor if a singer or a player of an instrument is found unworthy of the reputation that preceded the arrival and the appearance. But it is the fault of the conductor if there is a marked deterioration in the quality of the work of the men under his control. It is said that when Mr. Nikisch first listened to the Boston Symphony Orchestra he was so delighted with the perfection of its mechanism that he hailed the opportunity of being at once a "poetical conductor" without preliminary drudgery. Eternal vigilance, however, is the price of musical liberty. He has shown himself a poet and not a disciplinarian; the quality of the poetry has not always been above reproach; and his ingenious imitations of the old masters have not yet superseded the original models. Romantic spirit, startling effects, surprising readings do not atone for carelessness in attack and a general lack of precision. At times, as on Saturday evening in the Haydn symphony, the mechanism of the orchestra is characterized by the finish that in former days was the just pride of this city, but too often one is reminded of the remark of Mozart in answer to Frederick William II. of Prussia. "What do you think of my orchestra?" said the monarch. "It is made up of the best of virtuosos, your Majesty, and if the gentlemen would only play together the effect would be marvelous."

Now Mr. Nikisch was taken from the opera house at Leipsic and placed suddenly in Music Hall. His experience as a conductor was gained chiefly in the theatre. He is apparently by nature a theatrical—or lest that word be regarded as objectionable—a dramatic conductor. He still breathes the hot air of the opera house. He is ever anxious for effects. In his desire to gain these effects he is apt to slur the detail, to exaggerate the simplest cantabile, to fail in discriminating between ancient and modern style, to mistake noise for sound. He is impatient of all grades of tone between piano and a forte that borders on fortissimo. The crescendo is very dear to him, and he uses it so freely and so recklessly that he often anticipates the climax of the composer. His treatment of the ritardando and of the fermata is frequently marked by sensational exaggeration. But it would be tedious to repeat the exceptions that have already been taken in The Journal to his musical rulings. He has during his engagement given brilliant performances of ultra modern works; he has shown that if he thinks it advisable he can subordinate himself and follow the indications of the composer; but he is happiest when he "rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm." Many of his readings of the masters of the so-called classic period have been false to the original text and without gain in the perversion.

Let it be granted cheerfully that the display of his own individuality leads often to orchestral results of an exciting nature; that in certain compositions congenial to his temperament he sweeps all before him; it still remains true that the performance of the orchestra, week in and week out, is not so distinguished by its nobility and purity of tone, its precision, its exquisite finish, its reverent treatment of the composer as in October, 1889. Nor is it to be wondered at if

the student and the amateur, who frequent these concerts for the purpose of musical instruction, lose, little by little, the faculty of discrimination, regard Mozart and Wagner as contemporaries, disdain in their own performances the dynamic indications of a composer and strive, in their turn, for effect at any cost. For mighty is the influence of men in high places.

PHILIP HALE.

293 Cancels. MUSIC. 9/24/92. THE LAST SYMPHONY.

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Mr. Kneisel was the soloist, and this faithful, devoted artist, to whom so much

of the good work of the string players is due, has good reason for pride in the spontaneous and hearty enthusiasm shown in the greeting given him as he stepped to the soloists' stand to begin his performance of the concerto for violin and orchestra, in D major, by Paganini.

It would be difficult to imagine a better performance of the difficult solo movements of this composition, which included the additions by Wilhelmj, than that given by Mr. Kneisel, for in tone, technical perfection, expression and brilliancy his playing called for the highest commendation. It was withal such an unassuming display of virtuosity that a distinct added charm was given to the performance, and, all in all, the honest merit of Mr. Kneisel's work fully warranted the ovation which rewarded his efforts, the applause continuing until he had repeatedly bowed his acknowledgments.

Mr. Kneisel's associates gave him splendid support throughout the concerto, and that these men were keenly alive to the excellence of their leader's playing was fully demonstrated by the hearty way in which they joined in the demonstration in his honor.

The concert ended with a performance of Mr. Brahms' mistake, or, as it has sometimes been called the "Tenth" symphony. It is curious how a reputation once gained will cling to an individual or thing. It is quite likely that when this symphony was first produced its composer prepared an analysis of what he thought he had written, and that the critic who called it the "tenth" missed his ear, or fell asleep, or something, and was compelled to write about it without having heard it at all. Probably feeling sure from the analysis that no one would know what its composer was driving at, and well knowing that overpraise escapes criticism easier than censure, he dubbed Brahms the successor of Beethoven, and went home and slept peacefully.

There is one thing about the repeated performances of Mr. Brahms' first symphony that should be attended to. Admitting that it is a revelation of beauties in musical construction and orchestral treatment, that it is the work of a master musician which repays all the study demanded to understand its algebraical combinations, and that to decry its merits is to admit ignorance—admitting all these things, how is the great public to be educated upon these points, unless the doors of the hall are locked and guarded by officers familiar with the treatment of insanity?

This is a serious question for Mr. Nikisch to consider. The asylums for the weak and infirm of mind are already overcrowded. Why increase this class of patients even if the first Brahms symphony does get a gene-

ral hearing by the adoption of the "once in stay in" rules that have been so successful at some of the Lowell Institute lectures.

It is announced that the opening concert of the orchestra's 12th season will be given on Saturday evening, Oct. 15.

MUSICAL. *Saratte*

The Symphony Concert.

Last evening the twenty-fourth and last concert of the eleventh season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place in Music Hall. The programme was Symphony G major (No. 13 B. & H. edition), Haydn; Concerto for violin, Paganini; and Symphony No. 1, C minor, Brahms. Mr. Franz Kneisel was the soloist. The audience was very large and filled every available bit of standing room. When Mr. Nikisch came to the conductor's stand, he was received with cordial and prolonged applause. The Haydn Symphony was admirably read and was played in a clean cut and sympathetic manner. The tempi were excellent throughout. The delightful work was, on the whole, one of the most satisfying performances of the season. The Brahms symphony was given with much richness and variety of tone color, and with remarkable sustained fire. Occasionally there was a noisiness that caused the music to become obscure, but taken altogether, the rendering was interesting and highly effective. Mr. Kneisel played the concerto with exquisite finish and purity of style, and with faultless taste. The technical difficulties were overcome with apparent ease, and the force and elegance of the whole were charming. The performance was greeted with tremendous applause, and the artist received five of the stormiest recalls we have ever heard in Music Hall, and was presented with a huge wreath and some flowers.

The season just closed was, on the whole, less interesting than any of its predecessors, and it has witnessed a steady deterioration in the efficiency of the orchestra. The programmes were, with but few exceptions, weak. The music that was heard for the first time at these concerts consisted of: A Suite by Tchaikowski, the prelude to "Cavalleria Rusticana"; "Don Juan," by Strauss; Lalo's "Le Roi d'Ys" overture; Sveden's "Carnival in Paris"; a suite by Mr. E. A. MacDowell; a Concerto for strings and wind, by Handel; a prelude and fugue, by Florsheim; a symphonic suite, by F. B. Busoni; Tchaikowski's "Hamlet" overture; Mr. Henschel's "Hamlet" suite; a violin concerto, by Mr. C. M. Loewler; Dvorak's symphony No. 4; and Bruch's violin concerto No. 3. The soloists were: Mad. Nordica, Mr. A. Grunfeld, Mr. F. B. Busoni, Miss Marguerite Hall, Paderewski, Mad. Fursch-Madi, Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, Mr. W. Winch, Mr. W. H. Sherwood, Mad. Camille Urso, Mr. E. D'Albert, Mad. Joachim, Mrs. Georg Henschel, and for the "Manfred" music Mrs. Nikisch, Mrs. Wyman, Mr. W. Heinrich, Mr. H. Meyn, Mr. G. S. Lamson, Mr. Sargent, and Mr. I. Morawski. The members of the orchestra who appeared as soloists were Mr. A. Schroeder, Mr. C. M. Loewler, Mr. T. Adamowski, Mr. C. Molé, Mr. H. Schuecker, and Mr. F. Kneisel.

The performances of the orchestra were never up to the splendid standard to which Mr. Gericke had brought them. In fact, since his departure, the fine state of discipline in which he left it has slowly but surely degenerated. Its attack has become ragged, its precision has to a great extent disappeared, and its perfect finish of style has fallen away to a painful roughness. Delicate gradations of tone color have become almost unknown to it and its characteristic has, to a great extent, become noise. These evils have been supplemented by the extraordinary manner in which Mr. Nikisch has seen fit to "improve" the older masters by foisting upon their music new and incongruous readings. It would appear that he can only view music through an operatic medium, and the result is that a cantabile in a symphony or in a concert overture is distorted by the devices peculiar to the opera tenor or the opera prima donna. In other words Mr. Nikisch seems to be unable to resist indulging in a *ritardando* whenever the temptation offers, and the effect is invariably the vulgarizing of the music. In his propensity to give a new aspect to an old work at any cost, he boldly disregards the composer's express directions and subjects him to unwarrantable indignity. His treatment of the opening of the Mozart symphony in G minor, and of the opening of the Mendelssohn Scotch symphony, are flagrant instances of his predilections in this direction. Another of his peculiarities is to find some unimportant passage given by the composer to the second violins or the violas, and

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to bring it into a prominence manifestly never meant, but which wholly disturbs the balance of effect originally intended, and causes the theme to give way to a mere accompaniment. This tasteless and inartistic fumbling with great masterpieces is not the result of musicianly conscience or of fine art feeling, and to the thoughtful observer, charitably inclined, it looks more like ignorance and presumption than anything else. We have expressed our sentiments so frequently and so freely on this fever of Mr. Nikisch to compress the giants of musical art into a space only fitted to hold a dwarf, that it would be supererogation to dwell at any greater length on the subject. We have not been singular in the views we have held regarding the liberties taken by him with the great masters. The bulk of reputable critical opinion has set steadily in the same direction that we have held. In fact, criticism has seldom been so thoroughly in accord as it has been this season regarding the performances of the orchestra and the eccentricities of its conductor. It is but just to state, however, that Mr. F. P. Bacon and Mr. W. F. Apthorp have been in harmonious companionship on the other side.

We recall clearly that now and then we felt it our duty to censure even Mr. Gericke for some innovations he made in respect to the tempi of certain works, but he never indulged in such radical misreadings as those of which Mr. Nikisch is constantly guilty, and which wholly change the character of the music. We have also found fault with Mr. Gericke for over much of rigidity in respect to style, but this shortcoming may be more easily pardoned than can the wild looseness of style into which Mr. Nikisch falls much too frequently. After all, there is nothing perfect under the sun; but there are degrees in all things, and the few faults of Mr. Gericke, even at their worst, were far less misleading and inexcusable than are those of Mr. Nikisch, and, moreover, he disciplined his orchestra to a point that entitled it to rank among the finest in the world.

If this noble orchestra is to fulfil its mission as an educator, some change in the course that has been pursued during the past three years is necessary. Its playing should be restored to the high plane of efficiency in which it was left at the end of Mr. Gericke's term, and the works of the master composers of the era before Wagner imposed his baleful influence on musical art should be read and performed as they were written. The music of to-day gives the conductor ample opportunity to gratify his wildest aspirations for the noisy and the bizarre, and to this he should be content to confine his taste for the new and the novel. Here there is a full opening for baton flourishing of every description, and for permitting the conductor to glorify himself at the expense of the composer. Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert and Schumann, however, should be treated with respectful homage, and conducted with dignity. If their music does not sound like the high-seasoned music of our time, it is because they wrote when music had not sunk into sensationalism; and to shower pepper and other pungent spices on it by way of giving it a modern flavor, in order that callous palates may be made to tingle, is to be disloyal to art. To mar a beautiful statue is scarcely less reprehensible than to break it. Let us hear the master musicians as they made it clear they wished to be heard. If a conductor has ideas that he is ambitious to illustrate, let him write a symphony or a suite or an overture, and give full vent in it to the music that is in him. It would be infinitely better than to doctor the works of the immortals.

We understand that Mr. Nikisch does not read any of the criticisms that are written about him. This is to be regretted, for no man is above criticism, and least of all a comparatively young man on the threshold of a career in which his experience has not been large. We are convinced that if he were to give some of his valuable time to reading and reflecting on the more serious criticisms that are made on him, he could hardly fail to learn something useful from them, and would avoid the mistakes into which he heedlessly falls through inexperience and over-confidence. He might not increase the esteem in which his warmest admirers hold him; but he would win the esteem of those who wish heartily for justification to join the ranks of his warmest admirers.

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Haydn's symphony in C major made the first number of the programme, and its simple, but tuneful and most enjoyable movements were splendidly played throughout.

Mr. Kneisel was the soloist, and this faithful, devoted artist, to whom so much of the good work of the string players is due, has good reason for pride in the spontaneous and hearty enthusiasm shown in the greeting given him as he stepped to the soloists' stand to begin his performance of the concerto for violin and orchestra, in D major, by Paganini.

It would be difficult to imagine a better performance of the difficult solo movements of this composition, which included the additions by Wilhelmj, than that given by Mr. Kneisel, for in tone, technical perfection, expression and brilliancy his playing called for the highest commendation. It was withal such an unassuming display of virtuosity that a distinct added charm was given to the performance, and, all in all, the honest merit of Mr. Kneisel's work fully warranted the ovation which rewarded his efforts, the applause continuing until he had repeatedly bowed his acknowledgments.

Mr. Kneisel's associates gave him splendid support throughout the concerto, and that these men were keenly alive to the excellence of their leader's playing was fully demonstrated by the hearty way in which they joined in the demonstration in his honor.

The concert ended with a performance of Mr. Brahms' mistake, or, as it has sometimes been called the "Tenth" symphony. It is curious how a reputation once gained will cling to an individual or thing. It is quite likely that when this symphony was first produced its composer prepared an analysis of what he thought he had written, and that the critic who called it the "tenth" missed his ear, or fell asleep, or something, and was compelled to write about it without having heard it at all. Probably feeling sure from the analysis that no one would know what its composer was driving at, and well knowing that overpraise escapes criticism easier than censure, he dubbed Brahms the successor of Beethoven, and went home and slept peacefully.

There is one thing about the repeated performances of Mr. Brahms' first symphony that should be attended to. Admitting that it is a revelation of beauties in musical construction and orchestral treatment, that it is the work of a master musician which repays all the study demanded to understand its algebraical combinations, and that to decry its merits is to admit ignorance—admitting all these things, how is the great public to be educated upon these points, unless the doors of the hall are locked and guarded by officers familiar with the treatment of insanity?

This is a serious question for Mr. Nikisch to consider. The asylums for the weak and infirm of mind are already overcrowded. Why increase this class of patients even if the first Brahms symphony does get a gene-

ral hearing by the adoption of the "once in stay in" rules that have been so successful at some of the Lowell Institute lectures.

It is announced that the opening concert of the orchestra's 12th season will be given on Saturday evening, Oct. 15.

MUSICAL. *Sartre*

The Symphony Concert.

Last evening the twenty-fourth and last concert of the eleventh season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place in Music Hall. The programme was Symphony G major (No. 13 B. & H. edition), Haydn; Concerto for violin, Paganini; and Symphony No. 1, C minor, Brahms. Mr. Franz Kneisel was the soloist. The audience was very large and filled every available bit of standing room. When Mr. Nikisch came to the conductor's stand, he was received with cordial and prolonged applause. The Haydn Symphony was admirably read and was played in a clean cut and sympathetic manner. The tempi were excellent throughout. The delightful work was, on the whole, one of the most satisfying performances of the season. The Brahms symphony was given with much richness and variety of tone color, and with remarkable sustained fire. Occasionally there was a noisiness that caused the music to become obscure, but taken altogether, the rendering was interesting and highly effective. Mr. Kneisel played the concerto with exquisite finish and purity of style, and with faultless taste. The technical difficulties were overcome with apparent ease, and the force and elegance of the whole were charming. The performance was greeted with tremendous applause, and the artist received five of the stormiest recalls we have ever heard in Music Hall, and was presented with a huge wreath and some flowers.

The season just closed was, on the whole, less interesting than any of its predecessors, and it has witnessed a steady deterioration in the efficiency of the orchestra. The programmes were, with but few exceptions, weak. The music that was heard for the first time at these concerts consisted of: A Suite by Tchaikowski, the prelude to "Cavalleria Rusticana;" "Don Juan," by Strauss; Lalo's "Le Roi d'Ys" overture; Svanen's "Carnival in Paris;" a suite by Mr. E. A. MacDowell; a Concerto for strings and wind, by Handel; a prelude and fugue, by Florabelm; a symphonic suite, by F. B. Busoni; Tchaikowski's "Hamlet" overture; Mr. Henschel's "Hamlet" suite; a violin concerto, by Mr. C. M. Loewler; Dvorak's symphony No. 4; and Bruch's violin concerto No. 3. The soloists were: Mad. Nordica, Mr. A. Grunfeld, Mr. F. B. Busoni, Miss Marguerite Hall, Paderewski, Mad. Fursch-Madl, Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, Mr. W. Winch, Mr. W. H. Sherwood, Mad. Camille Urso, Mr. E. D'Albert, Mad. Joachim, Mrs. George Henschel, and for the "Manfred" music Mrs. Nikisch, Mrs. Wyman, Mr. W. Heinrich, Mr. H. Meyn, Mr. G. S. Lamson, Mr. Sargent, and Mr. I. Morawski. The members of the orchestra who appeared as soloists were Mr. A. Schroeder, Mr. C. M. Loewler, Mr. T. Adamowski, Mr. C. Mold, Mr. H. Schuecker, and Mr. F. Kneisel.

The performances of the orchestra were never up to the splendid standard to which Mr. Gerlicke had brought them. In fact, since his departure, the fine state of discipline in which he left it has slowly but surely degenerated. Its attack has become ragged, its precision has to a great extent disappeared, and its perfect finish of style has fallen away to a painful roughness. Delicate gradations of tone color have become almost unknown to it and its characteristic has, to a great extent, become noise. These evils have been supplemented by the extraordinary manner in which Mr. Nikisch has seen fit to "improve" the older masters by jostling upon their music new and incongruous readings. It would appear that he can only view music through an operative medium, and the result is that a cantabile in a symphony or in a concert overture is distorted by the devices peculiar to the opera tenor or the opera prima donna. In other words Mr. Nikisch seems to be unable to resist indulging in a ritardando whenever the temptation offers, and the effect is invariably the vulgarizing of the music. In his propensity to give a new aspect to an old work at any cost, he boldly disregards the composer's express directions and subjects him to unwarrantable indignity. His treatment of the opening of the Mozart symphony in G minor, and of the opening of the Mendelssohn Scotch symphony, are flagrant instances of his predilections in this direction. Another of his peculiarities is to find some unimportant passage given by the composer to the second violins or the violas, and

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to bring it into a prominence manifestly never meant, but which wholly disturbs the balance of effect originally intended, and causes the theme to give way to a mere accompaniment. This tasteless and inartistic fumbling with great masterpieces is not the result of musicianly conscience or of fine art feeling, and to the thoughtful observer, charitably inclined, it looks more like ignorance and presumption than anything else. We have expressed our sentiments so frequently and so freely on this fever of Mr. Nikisch to compress the giants of musical art into a space only fitted to hold a dwarf, that it would be supererogation to dwell at any greater length on the subject. We have not been singular in the views we have held regarding the liberties taken by him with the great masters. The bulk of reputable critical opinion has set steadily in the same direction that we have held. In fact, criticism has seldom been so thoroughly in accord as it has been this season regarding the performances of the orchestra and the eccentricities of its conductor. It is but just to state, however, that Mr. F. P. Bacon and Mr. W. F. Apthorp have been in harmonious companionship on the other side.

We recall clearly that now and then we felt it our duty to censure even Mr. Gerlicke for some innovations he made in respect to the tempi of certain works, but he never indulged in such radical misreadings as those of which Mr. Nikisch is constantly guilty, and which wholly change the character of the music. We have also found fault with Mr. Gerlicke for over much of rigidity in respect to style, but this shortcoming may be more easily pardoned than can the wild looseness of style into which Mr. Nikisch falls much too frequently. After all, there is nothing perfect under the sun; but there are degrees in all things, and the few faults of Mr. Gerlicke, even at their worst, were far less misleading and inexcusable than are those of Mr. Nikisch, and, moreover, he disciplined his orchestra to a point that entitled it to rank among the finest in the world.

If this noble orchestra is to fulfil its mission as an educator, some change in the course that has been pursued during the past three years is necessary. Its playing should be restored to the high plane of efficiency in which it was left at the end of Mr. Gerlicke's term, and the works of the master composers of the era before Wagner imposed his baleful influence on musical art should be read and performed as they were written. The music of to-day gives the conductor ample opportunity to gratify his wildest aspirations for the noisy and the bizarre, and to this he should be content to confine his taste for the new and the novel. Here there is a full opening for baton flourishing of every description, and for permitting the conductor to glorify himself at the expense of the composer. Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert and Schumann, however, should be treated with respectful homage, and conducted with dignity. If their music does not sound like the high-seasoned music of our time, it is because they wrote when music had not sunk into sensationalism; and to shower pepper and other pungent spices on it by way of giving it a modern flavor, in order that callous palates may be made to tingle, is to be disloyal to art. To mar a beautiful statue is scarcely less reprehensible than to break it. Let us hear the master musicians as they made it clear they wished to be heard. If a conductor has ideas that he is ambitious to illustrate, let him write a symphony or a suite or an overture, and give full vent in it to the music that is in him. It would be infinitely better than to doctor the works of

the immortals. We understand that Mr. Nikisch does not read any of the criticisms that are written about him. This is to be regretted, for no man is above criticism, and least of all a comparatively young man on the threshold of a career in which his experience has not been large. We are convinced that if he were to give some of his valuable time to reading and reflecting on the more serious criticisms that are made on him, he could hardly fail to learn something useful from them, and would avoid the mistakes into which he heedlessly falls through inexperience and over-confidence. He might not increase the esteem in which his warmest admirers hold him; but he would win the esteem of those who wish heartily for justification to join the ranks of his warmest admirers.

LAST SYMPHONY CONCERT.

End of the Season Regretted by Thousands of Music Lovers.

The last of this season's symphony concerts was given in Music Hall, last night, and then, as on the occasion of the last rehearsal Friday afternoon, the hall was crowded to its capacity. With the good-byes to Conductor Nikisch were hearty expressions of good will and tokens of appreciation for his efforts to maintain the standard of the orchestra and please the taste of its patrons.

To have always satisfied such exacting audiences as have attended these concerts, would have been a task almost beyond accomplishment, so it is not surprising that there should have been some fault finding with the character of Mr. Nikisch's programme, and his manner of presenting them.

But all must agree that he was sincere and earnest in his efforts to present what he believed to be best for the musical culture and enjoyment of his audiences. Possibly another season may bring him more general and favorable recognition.

Yesterday's programme consisted of Haydn's symphony in G, No. 13; Paganini's concerto in D major for violin, and Brahms's symphony No. 1 in C minor.

Mr. Kneisel was the soloist, and his playing of Paganini's difficult and brilliant concerto won most demonstrative expressions of approval. It is not remembered that the playing of any soloist at previous concerts of this season has created greater enthusiasm.

Mr. Kneisel is generally accepted as the most popular of resident violinists, and the regard that Boston has for him is well merited.

His playing yesterday was characterized by the same brilliancy, purity of tone and mastery of technique that made his previous performances so enjoyable.

The Haydn symphony was read by Mr. Nikisch with excellent taste, and it was played with splendid spirit and expression.

The gorgeous orchestral adornments which Brahms has given his No. 1 symphony were presented with admirable effect. Especially spirited and expressive was the performance of the magnificent fourth movement, and the dainty, graceful passages of the preceding movement were exquisitely played by the strings.

ORCHESTRA TOUR.

Conductor Nikisch and His Band to be Heard in Other Cities.

The sixth annual tour of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Arthur Nikisch, conductor, follows immediately upon the conclusion of its Boston series of 24 public rehearsals and concerts, the organization leaving Boston for Philadelphia this (Sunday) evening.

It is well known that the regular season of the orchestra just now ended has exceeded in its financial success that of any known since its establishment 11 years ago, and this fact, viewed in the light of the unprecedented competition it has been forced to meet, is incontrovertible evidence of the high artistic standard maintained in all its appearances and also of the great popularity of its accomplished conductor.

The substantial character of the indorsement of the Boston orchestra is well shown

also by the limited financial risk assumed in the coming tour, despite the fact that the organization will travel with 81 people, mainly by special trains, and with such soloists as Mr. and Mrs. Henschel and Eugen D'Albert.

With the exception of three concerts, a handsome surplus over the expense is guaranteed for every appearance of the orchestra throughout the tour, a fact that removes any doubt as to the value of the organization in the estimation of the musical publics in all the leading Eastern cities.

In the arrangement of the tours of this orchestra care has always been taken to make the travel as easy as possible for the men independent of any question of expense, and Manager Charles A. Ellis, who has been identified with the organization from its formation, has again been so successful that only five nights in the three weeks will be passed on the road.

As in former years, Manager Ellis, whose executive ability has put him in the front rank of his associates in this country, goes in advance of the orchestra, and his able assistant, Mr. Fred R. Comee, will personally direct the affairs of the tour in charge of the orchestra.

The first week of the tour is utilized in completing the series of concerts announced for the season in Philadelphia, New York, Washington and Baltimore and Brooklyn, the engagements in the last named city being of the same character as in the home concerts, a public rehearsal occurring on Friday afternoon and the regular concert on Saturday evening.

On Monday evening, May 2, the orchestra appears at the new Madison Square Concert Hall in New York, to afford D'Albert an appearance with the organization in that city, and the first week in May will be given to concerts in Buffalo, Cleveland, Columbus, O., Cincinnati and Chicago.

The week of May 9 to 14 will be given to one concert each in Grand Rapids, Mich., Ann Arbor, Mich., and Detroit, and a series of three concerts in Pittsburg, Penn. Leaving Pittsburg directly after the concert of Saturday, May 14, the organization returns home, arriving Monday morning, May 16.

It is good evidence in favor of the standing of the orchestra in other cities that these engagements include a fifth annual appearance with the Mozart Club of Pittsburg, a fifth annual appearance in the Star course at Cleveland, a third annual appearance with the University Club at Ann Arbor and second annual appearances with the Cincinnati College of Music and the Orpheus Club of Columbus.

NEWS NOTES AND GOSSIP.

Mr. Arthur Nikisch has in many ways shown an appreciation of America and Americans all too uncommon among musicians whose residence in this country has been as limited as his has been. Upon the occasion of the 50th anniversary of the formation of the New York Philharmonic Society, last Thursday, he gave another notable instance of this characteristic feeling of friendship for the profession with which he is associated in his adopted home, by taking the initiative in sending a floral offering to the New York Philharmonics from the Boston Symphony orchestra.

LAST OF THE SERIES.

Close of This Year's Symphony Concerts.

Mr. Kneisel's Fine Playing of Paganini's Concerto.

A Review of the Orchestra's Work Under Mr. Nikisch.

The last of this year's series of Symphony concerts took place at the Music Hall on Saturday evening. The programme was as follows: Haydn's Symphony No. 13; concerto for violin in D, Paganini, with Wilhelmj's revision and additions, and cadenzas by Kneisel; Symphony No. 1, C minor, Brahms. The playing of the orchestra was more satisfactory than generally, and Mr. Kneisel's performance of the concerto was of the highest description in every particular. Among the many admirable performances that this fine artist has given us, none have surpassed his playing upon this occasion. He was recalled again and again, and presented with a magnificent wreath and a large bouquet of flowers.

Contrary to the hopes of many Mr. Nikisch will continue as conductor of the orchestra another season. We are sorry that this is so, for sharing the opinion of many others, we do not believe that Mr. Nikisch is a competent person to fill the position of conductor of the Boston Symphony, in all that that term should imply. When he came here three years ago, he began in a bombastic manner to display at the very first concert a coarse and theatric vulgarity of interpretation that has marked his career ever since, in all that he has done.

The orchestra, which was perfect under his predecessor, Mr. Gericke, began at once to degenerate, and has continued in such a state to the present time of writing. Noise is the prevailing element that has characterized Mr. Nikisch's leading. Coarseness in the strings and blatancy in the wind, with an infernal pounding of the drums, are the elements that seem to satisfy the yearnings of his musical soul. Add to his the persistent attempt to modernize the classics to suit the mawkishness of

his notions, and you have a fair idea of the standard that he has tried to establish as the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. He has not improved one iota since he came here three years ago, and if he remains here three years more I don't believe he will show any advancement towards the point of ability that the position he holds should command of its incumbent.

To be sure after a good sound belaboring by the majority of the critics, he has modified the eccentricities and violence of his manner in certain compositions; for instance he probably will never indulge again in such a musical bullfight, as his first performance of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. Still, however, his mania for noise has been tempered but slightly, and then in rare cases only. From the first he has broken down all artistic barriers, and rushed through the compositions in hand regardless of the necessities for contrast of movement, contrast of power, repose, precision and a well defined gradation in dynamics. In all the time he has been here he has not showed that there is any difference between *f* and *fff*'s; between mezzo-forte, piano and pianissimo.

Stuck up on two boxes he has posed before the audience and beat the air with his baton while the orchestra went on through the music, sometime apparently regardless of his gyrations.

When we stop to think how that superb drillmaster and eminent conductor Wilhelm Gericke had trained and perfected the Boston Symphony Orchestra, it is easy enough to see how any one with a fair schooling in music could stand up before it and play as well as Nikisch has the part of a conductor. The orchestra can play without a conductor if necessary, and quite as well as they often have done under the present incumbent. To control and wield the orchestra is quite another thing. This Mr. Gericke did on every occasion. When Mr. Gericke ruled every player had to keep one eye on the music and one on the conductor, and Mr. Gericke's eye was upon every player. Not the slightest mistake escaped his observation.

Strict attention and the most rigid discipline prevailed. Since Mr. Nikisch has been attached the contrary has been the rule. The players converse and laugh together, and, for long spells at a time, do not look at the conductor, nor pay heed to his movements. Instruments play out of tune, and mistakes are made and no attention is paid to them. I have seen the conductor beating at one

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time, the orchestra playing at another, and the soloists at still another. Many a fine solo has been ruined through a rough, ragged and noisy accompaniment because the orchestra paid no heed to the situation, and Mr. Nikisch paid no heed to the necessity of controlling the players. If Theodore Thomas and Wilhelm Gericke are conductors then Mr. Nikisch is not a conductor.

A conductor should be an exact time beater; he should have the constant and undivided attention of the players; he should guide and control all the movements of the orchestra; he should have a keen sense of contrasts and of gradations of tone; he should have, above all, the ability to impart repose to his renderings; he should have a discriminating taste and draw a sharp line between the purity of the classics and the sensuousness of modern composition; he should also be autocrat of the situation and hold his orchestra in an iron grip. In none of these particulars has Mr. Nikisch distinguished himself, and in most of them he has totally failed.

During the three years that Mr. Nikisch has been attached to the orchestra I have discovered but two elements over which he has control, and these are the violence of the brasses and the infernal pounding of the drums. He excites these departments to the most fearful distortion of their parts, and glows in apparent delight at the consequence thereof. To be sure, Mr. Nikisch does not stand up before the audience with his hand on his hip and his arm akimbo, like a common peasant, as he did when he first came here, but otherwise I cannot see that his three years' experience has improved him in the least as a conductor, either in appearance or in results tending towards a refinement of the coarseness of performance he brought with him from his theatre in Leipzig. On the contrary, observe what experience has done for Mr. Henschel.

There are hundreds of musical students in this country who can stand up before the Boston Symphony Orchestra and do as well, or as ill, as Mr. Nikisch has done, with the probability that they will improve with experience but the position does not demand that class of individual. The taste of the public needs cultivating, not vitiating, and it is Mr. Higginson's duty to see to it that he obtains the best that can be had in pursuing his noble enterprise. Art calls for bread, but this time he has given it a stone. The independent and discriminating critic of the Beacon exposes the situation in a clear light when he writes:

It is a thousand pities that Mr. Higginson—whose noble initiative and sustaining power in the matter of these concerts cannot be too much commended or too well remembered—cannot make up his mind to replace his too bumptious conductor with a man who knows more and is consequently more reasonable. Unfortunately a large part of the Symphony audiences do not know what is right—they attend the concerts in hope of learning—and another large part do not dare to protest. But the wrong Mr. Nikisch is allowed to do may become irreparable, unless at great cost of pains and labor, if he be not brought into subjection or dismissal.

Throughout the season the press have been almost unanimous in condemning the programmes and deficiencies of Mr. Nikisch and it would seem that in the end, if Mr. Higginson cares for the advancement of art, he must take cognizance of this opinion and find a more competent person for the position.

WARREN DAVENPORT.

LIFE IN CHICAGO.

The Federation of Women's Clubs—The Symphony Orchestra—Folk Lore—An Old Lincoln Servant Gone.

[Regular Correspondence of the Transcript.]

CHICAGO, May 10, 1892.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the leadership of Arthur Nikisch, gave a concert here Saturday evening and Mr. Nikisch's Eastern admirers would have been delighted could they have seen the greeting that was given to him. Eugen d'Albert, Alwin Schroeder and Franz Kneisel were soloists, and central Music Hall was filled to the walls with a brilliant audience. Each visit of Mr. Nikisch and his orchestra brings renewed admiration for them both, and for their thoroughly artistic work. They proved Saturday their right to the position as the first orchestra in America, and one whose equals across the water are few. The concert in many respects invites comparison between the two orchestras of Boston and Chicago. As a conductor, Mr. Nikisch lacks the repose and self-poise so characteristic of Mr. Thomas. He is more demonstrative. His beat is very elastic and suggestive, but withal firm, intelligent and intelligible, and he has complete control over his men. The reeds in the Chicago orchestra are indubitably superior to those in the Boston, and our brass choir is certainly equally good. In the strings, however, Mr. Nikisch's orchestra is much better equipped. They proved their undeniable superiority, never exhibiting that lack of agreement in intonation or precision that so frequently proved a disturbing element in the Chicago orchestra.

MUSICAL. Sonette

Anent Gratitude.

The *Musical Courier*, of New York, in its latest issue, has freed its mind regarding "a half dozen well-known music critics of the Hub," because of the strictures that they have made on the conducting of Mr. Nikisch. The *Courier* says: "His critical environment is at present singularly unpleasant, for, while the popularity of the Symphony concerts and his personal popularity continue unabated, the most determined opposition on the part of a half-dozen well-known music critics of the Hub to all he does must be very unpleasant for such an amiable, good-hearted man as Arthur Nikisch certainly is." The *Courier* has every reason to know how amiable and good-hearted Mr. Nikisch is, but it has, nevertheless, wasted unnecessary sympathy here, for Mr. Nikisch has placed it on record that he is too busy and his time is too valuable to read Boston criticisms of his conducting. Under the circumstances, therefore, it is not unreasonable to presume that he does not know of the "determined opposition" of which the *Courier* speaks, and, consequently, is undisturbed by it. Moreover a man may be both amiable and good natured and yet be an unsatisfactory conductor.

In its zeal to sympathize with Mr. Nikisch the *Courier* wanders slightly from fact, especially when it asserts, as far as the critics are concerned, "no epithets could be endearing enough to characterize Arthur Nikisch and his work during his first two years as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra." This is not so, for from the very outset of Mr. Nikisch's career here protests went forth from the critics against the liberties he took with the works of the older composers, and also against certain sensational features in his conducting. Never have endearing epithets been bestowed on him here as far as conscientious criticism is concerned. Even the one critical fugleman whom he has since grappled to himself with hooks of steel, was among the first to object to the methods of the then new conductor. The criticisms are all in print and therefore the *Courier* has no excuse for the misrepresentation in which it has indulged.

The *Courier* affirms that these critics "have suddenly discovered" that Mr. Nikisch "is not an interpreter of music, and possibly, later, they will assert that he is neither a conductor nor a musician." Here again is misrepresentation, for the critics "have suddenly discovered" nothing of the kind. They discovered at the second or third concert that Mr. Nikisch conducted in Boston, that he was prone to give new and unauthorized readings to the works of the great masters, and that these readings were vulgar and cheaply operative. However: "The *Musical Courier* gladly puts itself on record by declaring that the Boston Symphony Orchestra is unique as an orchestral organization, and its conductor, Arthur Nikisch, as conductor and musician, is the most versatile in this country." This is all well enough as far as the *Courier* is concerned, but who shall answer for the *Courier* as an authority in this matter? And how is the Boston Symphony Orchestra "unique" as an orchestral organization? A question still more difficult to answer is: what has Mr. Nikisch done to entitle him to be called the most versatile musician in the country? As far as Boston is concerned, it has never heard any work that Mr. Nikisch has composed, and it is not aware that he has ever composed one, even of the simplest kind. The most versatile musician in this country is surely capable of doing more than conducting an orchestra and playing the piano accompaniments of a song. Where is the evidence of this versatile musicianship? Mr. Henschel is a versatile musician. He sings, plays the piano, and is a talented composer. During his career here as a conductor we had an overture, a piano concerto and other works by him. Mr. Gericke is a versatile musician, and during his career here we had an overture, a choral work and other compositions by him. But where is the testimony to Mr. Nikisch's versatile musicianship?

Gratitude is so rare a virtue in this busy, selfish, every-day world of ours that it is comforting to meet with it now and then; and though we object to the misrepresentations of the *Courier*, we cannot too warmly admire its keen sense of thankfulness for favors received. Mr. Nikisch's portrait has been printed in the *Courier*, and as that spirited and interesting weekly is not conducted on eleemosynary principles, it is not wholly unreasonable to presume that our conductor paid for the honor conferred on him. Then, too, Mr.

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Nikisch has performed here various pieces of music alleged to be composed and scored for the orchestra by one of the highly gifted and truly "versatile" editors of the *Courier*. It is also true that Mr. Nikisch has performed here music composed by another New York musical critic; but with that we have nothing to do just now, except to bestow a passing word of admiration on the policy of our conductor. Spenser has said: "Thankfulness is the tune of angels." Thanks are called by Shakspeare "the exchequer of the poor." Dr. Johnson wrote: "Gratitude is the fruit of great cultivation; you do not find it among gross people." It is true that Seneca calls it "an obvious, a cheap and an easy virtue;—so obvious that whenever there is life for it there is place for it; so cheap that the covetous man may be grateful without expense; and so easy that the sluggard may be so likewise without labor."

It is good to be grateful, and whether gratitude be called forth by a portrait paid for as an advertisement, by music performed for the good will that its performance may insure, and in the hope of favors still to come, it is gratitude, nevertheless. The *Courier* suggests: "There must be a very large colored gentleman hidden somewhere in the critical wood pile of the Hub." While this suspicion still remains to be proved, there can be no doubt whatever regarding the presence of the negro in the *Courier* wood-pile. We trust we may be pardoned if we are amused at the *Courier* assuming a highly moral tone, censuring "a half-dozen well-known critics" for doing what they considered to be their duty; critics who, whatever may be their shortcomings, have never placed it in the power of any one to say of them that they have "an itching palm, and sell and mart their offices for gold"—or for portraits, or performances of editor-fathered music. Still, gratitude is a blissful possession; but one can be grateful without going to the ostentatious subserviency of plunging chin-deep into the mire of mendacity in order to show how dirtily grateful one can really be.

MUSICAL. Sonette

More Gratitude.

The *Musical Courier* continues to indulge in virtuous and grateful indignation against the Boston music critics who have found fault with Mr. Nikisch for certain inexcusable innovations in his readings of the works of Beethoven, Mozart and other great composers, and for their strictures on the degeneration of the Symphony Orchestra since it has been under his control. The funniest feature in this second attack of the *Courier* on the Boston critics, is the piteous moan aroused by the fear that the course of these same critics may cast "contempt and discredit upon the critical fraternity of the metropolis." By way of overwhelming the Boston critics with a sense of their ignorance and wickedness, the *Courier* says: "Paderewski, who certainly knows what he is talking about, only last week praised the performances of the Boston Symphony Orchestra." It is on record here that Mr. Paderewski was delighted with the manner in which his pianoforte concerto was conducted by Mr. Nikisch; and as far as that is concerned, the pianist does know exactly what he is talking about. But what Paderewski's praise has to do with the unwarrantable liberties Mr. Nikisch takes with the music of Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn and Schumann, and what relevancy it has in connection with the degeneration in the playing of an orchestra that he never heard when it was at its highest point of efficiency, do not appear. As far as Paderewski himself is concerned, admirable pianist as he is in his peculiar vein, he made sorry work with Beethoven whenever he played that composer's music here; and we have a very vivid recollection that New York criticism, that of the *Courier* included, was far from complimentary to the pianist in this connection. That one who misinterprets Beethoven should approve of a conductor who does the same thing is by no means remarkable. Moreover, it would be interesting to know what page in the last court calendar made Paderewski a final and indisputable authority on conducting and orchestral playing. The leading Boston critics, for the most part are trained musicians, and are

quite as capable of passing judgment on orchestral performances as are Mr. Paderewski and the New York critics. It is true that some of the critics of our sister city are also musicians, though, Mr. H. W. N'choll and Mr. Ernest Catenhusen both solid musicians, are said to have excellent reasons for questioning the musicianship to which at least one of these critics lays claim.

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MUSIC AND DRAMA.

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No doubt we are lumping together, on the non-classical side, a lot of composers who have infinitely little in common, and who do not in the least belong in the same category. But our principal business is now with the classical ones; they are the ones who should, by rights, claim the lion's share in the programmes of any worthy season of symphony concerts; and they stand 41 to 25. This seems to us exactly as it ought to be. Let us consider a moment.

Every symphony concert season aims, or should aim, at two things: to afford a due amount of the highest and best sort of musical enjoyment to the public; and also to give the public a taste of as many and as important novelties as possible. Now, as the concert-going public is constituted, it enjoys most what it knows best; it may feel itself bored, in advance, by looking over a programme full of

things which it has known for years. It may feel a certain elation at the idea of listening for the first time to works of which it has heard, which it knows by hearsay, and which it has been longing to know in the flesh for a good while. The programme of well-known stuff may be called by all sorts of names—by no means complimentary—beforehand; and the programme of new things, be hailed with exuberant joy. But when it comes to the listening, the old, familiar things are, as a rule, gulped down with a relish that is as evident as it is unfeigned; whereas the new works, of which so much was expected, too often seem tedious, if not absolutely exasperating. One might even say, and with considerable truth, that the ideal of programme-making, even with nothing higher than sheer popularity in view, would be to lure the public on to believing that it was hearing a maximum of new things, while really giving it as much as possible of what it knew well already; to temper the wind of novelty to its ears by as much of the well known as could escape adverse comment.

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ARCHAEOLOGY AND CRITICISM.

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When intelligent musicians or critics can find no better material to draw from than such as is given out in this instance, it might be judicious to admit at once that there is no defense. Mr. Warren Davenport is the gentleman who is responsible for this archaeological triumph, for he signs his name to the article. Mr. Davenport has been excoriating Nikisch and his orchestra in a rather rough manner. We should like to ask him to give us the names of the great orchestras and great orchestral conductors under whom he made his practical studies of criticism. Has he ever heard (for any length of time) any other symphony orchestra than the Boston Symphony Orchestra?

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It is nice to be an optimist even on such matters as a serious malady results—it is a good thing always to wear gowns I will never admit. Lovely, finely modelled busts and alabaster never intended to waste their sweetness in the desert air. What is a prettier group of young and handsome in evening dress. Mind you, I would encourage the old and scraggy to expose their charms. Heaven forbid! I experienced the painful sensation of the workings of an attenuated throat in gastronomic duties at a supper protest against such a needless exhibition of anatomical study. I think that evening dress, just as we congratulate ourselves that it was beneficial in New York, should be killed by la grippe would be too disagreeable.

Evening gowns the Watteau pleat is very worn. Sometimes a bow is between the shoulders, the long flowing taking the place of the folds. Of different varieties is the material ordered for evening gowns, under different names called from "La belle France," it has different textures and tints to be used in robes. It always drapes prettily. I, just returned from a Continental tour, bring back all sorts of Parisian novelties.



The gold-mired when
 "I understand the
 "Yes; she played in a manner
 —Boston
 Don't talk perfect. The
 can be done that could
 you have ladies were not
 double-stop-
 swift scale
 broad theme
 "Homer denza (com-
 "Why?" self) and in
 "He was rruosity and
 Life. airly bristles
 But at the
 "They say himself ask-
 his mind laid? Reduced
 "Well, he its glitter,
 to say; it is

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In the arrangement of the tours of this orchestra care has always been taken to make the travel as easy as possible for the men independent of any question of expense, and Manager Charles A. Ellis, who has been identified with the organization from its formation, has again been so successful that only five nights in the three weeks will be passed on the road. As in former years, Manager Ellis, whose executive ability has put him in the front rank of his associates in this country, goes in advance of the orchestra, and his able assistant, Mr. Fred R. Comee, will personally direct the affairs of the tour in charge of the orchestra.

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NOW. It is the best of all
purifying, and enriching the
tint of youth to cheeks which
thin, and it vitalizes and invigorates
body. **AYER'S** Sarsaparilla

temporary relief, it strikes at removing the conditions which thus enables nature to speedy recovery.

DR. Sarsaparilla is composed of the most active and highest grade alteratives known to the medical fraternity. The method employed for extracting medicinal power and curative value from it, is the best, most scientific, and more than human ingenuity and skill ever devised.

DR. Sarsaparilla is always pure in appearance, in flavor, and in its action. It is the medicine for **MARCH Cures Others, and Will**

Small Talk.

~~~~~

handle on an umbrella is not ad-  
it is raining hard.—*Ram's Horn.*

~~~~~

stand she married beneath her."
e's four inches taller than he is."
ews.

~~~~~

k about yourself in company—it  
much more satisfactorily after  
t.—*Elmira Gazette.*

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must have been triplets."

"Weaknee has been wandering in
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s safe enough; he can't go far."

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The Symphony Concert.

Not so the Brahms symphony (which however was equally applauded) for in this there was much that differed radically from the accepted readings. Messrs. Henschel and Gericke may both be accepted as having the sanction of the composer in their readings, and neither of them made such a drawl of the beginning of the pizzicato phrase of the finale, or such a tumult of the coda. Perhaps this very fact won more applause for the work than it has ever received here before, for even in a symphony audience there are many, too many, who can be caught by blatancy. Let the orchestra play the hurly-burly which ends the "Peer Gynt" suite or an arrangement of a Liszt rhapsody, and they will win still greater applause. The encomiums of a large miscellaneous audience are not always a safe guide save to pecuniary results. Yet at the end of the season it is but justice to pay tribute to the virility of much of the work; it is a good quality in itself, but it is a pity that it has so often led into the bizarre and sensational. Mr. Nikisch breathes the atmosphere of the footlights into the pure realm of classical music, and loss of perfect ensemble is a high price to pay for vigorous treatment.

The hero of the concert, however, was the soloist, Mr. Franz Kneisel. He played the Paganini Concerto in D, in such a manner that he was recalled four times amid an enthusiasm seldom seen in these concerts recently. Judged from the technical standpoint the work was well nigh perfect. The only point of adverse criticism that could be made was that the harmonies were not broad enough. But the rapid double-stopping, the high positions, the swift scale work, the difficult skips, the broad theme on the G string, the trying cadenza (composed by the player himself) and in short, the various points of virtuosity and bravura with which the work fairly bristles were overcome in noble style. But at the end of it all the musician finds himself asking, was it all worth the doing? Reduced to hard fact, and stripped of all its glitter, the work has nothing musical to say: it is

LOUIS C. ELSON.

The sixth annual tour of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Arthur Nikisch, conductor, follows immediately upon the conclusion of its Boston series of 24 public rehearsals and concerts, the organization leaving Boston for Philadelphia this Sunday evening. It is well known that the regular season of the orchestra just now ended has exceeded in its financial success that of any known since its establishment 11 years ago, and this fact, viewed in the light of the unprecedented competition it has been forced to meet is uncontrovertible evidence of the high artistic standard maintained in all its appearances and also of the great popularity of its accomplished conductor.

The substantial character of the indorsement of the Boston orchestra is well shown also by the limited financial risk assumed in the coming tour, despite the fact that the organization will travel with 81 people, mainly by special trains, and with such soloists as Mr. and Mrs. Henschel and Eugen D'Albert. With the exception of three concerts, a handsome surplus over the expense is guaranteed for every appearance of the orchestra throughout the tour, a fact that removes any doubt as to the value of the organization in the estimation of the musical publics in all the leading eastern cities.

In the arrangement of the tours of this orchestra care has always been taken to make the travel as easy as possible for the men independent of any question of expense, and Manager Charles A. Ellis, who has been identified with the organization from its formation, has again been so successful that only five nights in the three weeks will be passed on the road. As in former years, Manager Ellis, whose executive ability has put him in the front rank of his associates in this country, goes in advance of the orchestra, and his able assistant, Mr. Fred R. Comee, will personally direct the affairs of the tour in charge of the orchestra.

The first week of the tour is utilized in completing the series of concerts announced for the season in Philadelphia, New York, Washington, Baltimore and Brooklyn, the engagements in the last named city being of the same character as in the home concerts, a public rehearsal occurring on Friday afternoon and the regular concert on Saturday evening.



AN OFF NIGHT FOR THE SYMPHONY.

(Mr. and Mrs. Algernon Browning have tickets for the Symphony concert.)

THE CROWD—Get on to the dude comin' in with his girl.

DOORKEEPER—Them ain't no good here.

MR. AND MRS. BROWNING (together)—What, is this not the Symphony night?

DOORKEEPER—Don't know nothing 'bout Sinfonus. We're running a sluggin' match.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Symphony Concert.

It was rather a peculiar programme for the end of a season, for it gave a rather simple symphony for its first number, and a very abstruse one for its finale. The Haydn symphony in G, No. 13 of Breitkopf & Haertel's edition, presented a few of the faults to which we are beginning to become accustomed; the first violins were too violent in the first movement, and the contrasts were a trifle too brusque. Apart from these defects the performance was a notably good one; the largo was full of breadth and true legato effects, the trio of the minuet had just the right Musette effect with its characteristic drone-bass, and the geniality of the chief theme of the finale was excellently caught up. The tempi also call for praise; a Haydn allegro is not like a modern one, and a largo is not greatly different from an andante of the present; this conservative application of terms Mr. Nikisch seemed to appreciate and the result was a good one which deserved the liberal recognition it received.

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in violin music what "Bel Raggio" is in vocal; it is a great display of tonal fireworks. Paganini was not a musician, he was only a virtuoso, and the whole difficult work sinks out of sight when compared with Bruch's G minor concerto or even the well-worn violin concerto by Mendelssohn. The French and Belgian school of technicalities have led to a high grade of execution, but they have also led away from the true beauty and expressive power of the noblest of instruments. Bach's Chaconne teaches us the lesson that technical difficulty is not incompatible with musical ideas. Paganini's work shows us on the contrary, that it is possible and even easy, to win a popular triumph by bravura alone, and that musical thought is not absolutely essential to violin music. It is, however, certain that Mr. Kneisel by his performance, proved himself a giant in the technique of his instrument.

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The week of May 9 to 14 will be given to one concert each in Grand Rapids, Mich., Ann Arbor, Mich., and Detroit, and a series of three concerts in Pittsburg, Pa. Leaving Pittsburg directly after the concert of Saturday, May 14, the organization returns home, arriving Monday morning, May 16.

It is good evidence in favor of the standing of the orchestra in other cities that these engagements include a fifth annual appearance with the Mozart Club of Pittsburg, a fifth annual appearance in the Star Course at Cleveland, a third annual appearance with the University Club at Ann Arbor, and second annual appearances with the Cincinnati College of Music and the Orpheus Club of Columbus.

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The Boston orchestra was formally adopted by the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society this season, and at a meeting held last week, in anticipation of the final concert of its series last evening, it was decided to deck the stage and conductor's desk with flowers the same as when the position now held by Mr. Nikisch was filled by Theodore Thomas. It was also voted to unanimously adopt the following resolutions as an expression of the sentiments of the entire musical public of Brooklyn:

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A review of the entire season shows that the number of works performed—counting each air or *lied* separately, although perhaps grouped by the singer—was a little less than one hundred, of which eighty were of German authorship, that is if Rubinstein, Volkmann, Dvorák and Paderewski may be classed in the German schools. The French compositions were five; the American, taking Mr. Loeffler and Mr. Floersheim as belonging here, five; the Russian, three; the Italian, three, and the Scandinavian, one. England was not represented. The works new to Boston, of which several had been heard at least in New York, were twenty; a small group had their first readings here, and Mr. Henschel's "Hamlet" suite was presented for the first time in America. There can be little fault found with this proportion of new to old, although the elder concert-goers would easily have accepted a larger infusion of novelty, and with it a more catholic distribution, the division being this: Germany, eleven works; America, four, Italy, two; France, Russia and Scandinavia, one each. The scheme of programmes could have been easily improved and places made for more desirable material by omitting such works as Berlioz's "Harold"; Liszt's "Preludes"; Schumann's "Overture, Scherzo and Finale"; Schubert's "Rosamunde" music; Beethoven's "Dedication of the House" overture; Wagner's "Huldigung's March" and the "Walküre" selections. Mr. Floersheim's music was not necessary, even as an illustration of American composition, unless it were as a compliment to New York criticism which has been so excessively considerate of the orchestra and its conductor, and the adaptation of the Beethoven movement from a quartette for the full string orchestra could have been well spared. That the programmes have as a whole tended toward heaviness, is indicated by the fact that although each averaged about an hour and three-quarters in performance, the

whole number of works was considerably less than in some previous seasons, and this, in spite of the increasing of the total footing by the insertion of six short Schubert songs. The current criticism of the city—which has been practically unanimous, in spite of the different musical training and personal point of view of the various writers—has been to the effect that the work of the orchestra has not been what it should be in accuracy, elegance, aptness or discrimination. The only notable exception has been on the part of one evening paper, the eccentricity of whose opinions about music and the drama has been expressed in language so extravagant as to excite amusement quite as often as any more serious attention. If the band has not absolutely retrograded,—as many competent judges, connoisseurs and dilettanti, as well as critics, have been disposed to say,—it certainly has not advanced, and when it has been at its best in some one work, or throughout one evening, there has been blended with the perfect satisfaction of that time the unavoidable regret that it should not be at its best always. The rapid growth in all the finest qualities of public performance made by the New York Philharmonic orchestra, of which Mr. Damrosch is the conductor, and his own marked improvement in directing, have been observed almost with surprise and commented upon favorably and significantly by the critical who heard its concerts in this town. There were a lesson and a warning in these concerts, but we cannot help doubting whether Boston will be profited by them as it should. The Boston orchestra must be by this time a source of revenue to its management. Liberal estimates do not reach the amount of money received in advance for tickets to its concerts here; gains are made of course when its men are supplied to other organizations, and its concerts in other cities are almost without exception contracted for at remunerative rates. While there is ground for pride in all this, there is also cause for distrustful anticipation. The orchestra plays during the season to many audiences which have no opportunity to compare it with others and no standard of absolute judgment. Its conductor has been confirmed in his position for another term of years, as it is understood, and therefore both he and his men have some reason to assume that their way is the right way and to persist in it. In art, as in everything else, the path which does not tend upward tends downward, and the orchestra now stands near the dividing of the ways with an inclination toward the wrong. If merely a far-seeing and bold speculation had prompted the establishment of these concerts, it would be almost impertinent and certainly foolish for the press to repeat from week to week its criticisms. But the orchestra took its rise, as has always been said, in an honest, generous and courageous desire to benefit musical art and music lovers, to show the truth and to insist upon it. If this be so, the press is right in calling upon the founder of the orchestra—even though it now costs him little or nothing—to see that it fulfils its purpose,

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306 and to forbid its conductor to give false impressions of the spirit and the form of the masterpieces of music. If he does not do this, he will be responsible for the implanting and diffusion of error, for ignorance and defiance of the truth and for the encouragement of the pernicious doctrine that a performer is greater than an author, that a messenger may misrepresent him who speaks by him and a servant set at naught the commands of his lord. That Mr. Nikisch is able and of much promise, one would stultify one's self to deny; but that he uses his ability so as to make improbable the fulfilment of that promise is also indefinable. If he be too proud, too vain or too self-sufficient to learn, he is not fit to teach, and if he be unwilling to follow authority, like a good centurion, he ought not to have soldiers under him. The pecuniary status of the orchestra may be assured for a long future, but its place in art and in educational influence is yet to be settled. Mr. Nikisch's next term may determine this, and if he be allowed to follow his fantasy and take counsel of his own pertinacity, there can be little doubt as to what the result will be. It is easier to pull down than to build up, and it behooves Mr. Higginson to consider seriously whether—if he and his intentions and desires have been rightly understood—he can afford to let the fortunes of the orchestra drift or be guided at the pleasure of one romantic and self-willed man.

WINS CHICAGO PRAISE

Chic. Tribune May 8, 92

A BIG AUDIENCE HEARS THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Central Music Hall Filled with Persons Who Applauded Mr. Nikisch and His Musicians in an Enthusiastic Way—Their Right to Be Called the First Orchestra of America Clearly Proved—Violinist Remenyi Warmly Received by the Union League Club.

If the young Boston women who hang on Mr. Arthur Nikisch's baton, metaphorically speaking, from the beginning of the "symphony" season in that city to its lamented end, could have been present at Central Music Hall last evening they would have been gratified at the reception Chicago accorded their petted orchestra. They might have felt, possibly, that the applause accorded Mr. Nikisch was far scantier than his deserts, but they would certainly have found comfort in the fact that the night was fair beyond what is ordinarily expected of Chicago nights in early spring, and that the audience was all that it should be.

Every seat in the hall was filled from the front row in the pit to the very farthest in the second balcony, and enthusiasts stood in the aisles and foyer during the entire program.

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and to forbid its conductor to give false impressions of the spirit and the form of the masterpieces of music. If he does not do this, he will be responsible for the implanting and diffusion of error, for ignorance and defiance of the truth and for the encouragement of the pernicious doctrine that a performer is greater than an author, that a messenger may misrepresent him who speaks by him and a servant set at naught the commands of his lord. That Mr. Nikisch is able and of much promise, one would stultify one's self to deny; but that he uses his ability so as to make improbable the fulfilment of that promise is also indefinable. If he be too proud, too vain or too self-sufficient to learn, he is not fit to teach, and if he be unwilling to follow authority, like a good centurion, he ought not to have soldiers under him. The pecuniary status of the orchestra may be assured for a long future, but its place in art and in educational influence is yet to be settled. Mr. Nikisch's next term may determine this, and if he be allowed to follow his fantasy and take counsel of his own pertinacity, there can be little doubt as to what the result will be. It is easier to pull down than to build up, and it behooves Mr. Higginson to consider seriously whether—if he and his intentions and desires have been rightly understood—he can afford to let the fortunes of the orchestra drift or be guided at the pleasure of one romantic and self-willed man.

WINS CHICAGO PRAISE

Chic. Tribune

May 8. 92

A BIG AUDIENCE HEARS THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Central Music Hall Filled with Persons Who Applauded Mr. Nikisch and His Musicians in an Enthusiastic Way—Their Right to Be Called the First Orchestra of America Clearly Proved—Violinist Remenyi Warmly Received by the Union League Club.

If the young Boston women who hang on Mr. Arthur Nikisch's baton, metaphorically speaking, from the beginning of the "symphony" season in that city to its lamented end, could have been present at Central Music Hall last evening they would have been gratified at the reception Chicago accorded their petted orchestra. They might have felt, possibly, that the applause accorded Mr. Nikisch was far scantier than his deserts, but they would certainly have found comfort in the fact that the night was fair beyond what is ordinarily expected of Chicago nights in early spring, and that the audience was all that it should be.

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cial" cities where it goes are treated to the same sort of performance. Mr. Woolf of the Saturday Evening Gazette has so successfully replied to what the Musical Courier has had to say on the subject of this derogatory opinion of the Boston critics that with its Nikisch-worship it is driven to the wall, from whence comes the threat that "the result of all this may be the dismissal of these Boston critics from their places on the papers," etc. It don't tell who is to apply the gag to the press, but then I suppose we shall find that out later on. Oh, happy fellows, Bacon of the Herald and Apthorp of the Transcript! The wrath to come will not visit you. But tremble, ye miserable wretches, Hale, Elson, Woolf, Ticknor, for knowing the truth and daring to tell it! You are tried and found guilty, and the guillotine awaits you. You know not the moment when the executioner will come for you or how soon your head will be dancing in the bloody basket. Do I expect to escape? Well, I guess not. "We are five" on the black roll of the Musical Courier, and I rejoice that I am with you, my comrades.

The editor of the Courier might compose a joyful tune in celebration of our timely taking off, and get his friend Nikisch to play it. No doubt he would do it with great pleasure. It might be well to suggest that it be scored "full," with *fff*'s in the brass and tympani. Tempo rubato. A la Hungarian. In the meantime we calmly await our fate.

AT THE PROMENADES.

Musical Boston Begins Its Season of Relaxation.

A Great Audience Fills Music Hall—The Tables and Balconies All Occupied—Director Adamowski Given a Hearty Greeting—Some Bright Novelties in the Programme.

Musical Boston again abandoned its winter aspect, and entered upon its summer season of relaxation at Music Hall last evening.

There is little in common between the audiences that throng this auditorium during the season of Symphony concerts and those that crowd the tables and balconies at the promenades, and yet the same faces are seen at both series of concerts.

This may seem contradictory, but its truth will be vouched for by any one who has watched the attendants upon Music Hall concerts throughout the year.

The same individual who sits bolt upright, with an "I know it all" sort of expression, in the winter may be seen seated with

crossed continuations and generally comfortable pose, tapping the table in time with the merry dance measures, or chatting in an undertone about the gossip of the day with the most unaffected expression and with every indication of enjoyment.

"You will find no more cosmopolitan style of audience on the continent of Europe than you see here tonight," was a remark heard in passing a group just inside "the ring," as the square of inclosed tables is known, and a little farther within the charmed square a representative from 'Frisco's best society admitted that no more attractive audience could be got together in the city of the "Golden Gate," a compliment only to be fully appreciated by those acquainted with the high estimate a native of 'Frisco puts upon everything and everybody "hailing" from that transcontinental metropolis.

This is the seventh season that Manager Charles A. Ellis has opened Music Hall to the lovers of such entertainments as are provided in these promenade concerts, and last evening was in many ways merely a repetition of the sights, sounds and scenes which have characterized other opening nights in former years.

The floor was filled with tables, each of which had its full complement of sociably inclined patrons, the balconies held a large contingent of those who found the musical programme an ample attraction, all around the balcony fronts were the traditional festoons of green, the stage line was marked by a border of gay bunting, and a background of cool green boughs gave additional prominence to the men of the orchestra. The service on the floor was prompt and as noiseless as circumstances and commodities would permit, and all about the keen-sighted assistants of the manager watched and guarded against all that would mar the pleasure of the patrons of the evening.

A year ago, when Mr. T. Adamowski stepped to the conductor's desk to open the season's Promenades, his ability as a conductor was somewhat of an unknown quantity. His skill as a soloist and ensemble player had given him a well deserved reputation in these lines of work, but his power to control a large orchestra and to intelligently assume the duties of his new position were questioned even by his well-wishers.

His success in the concerts of last season served to remove all doubts as to his fitness for the position to which he was appointed, and when he stepped to the conductor's desk last evening he was greeted with a spontaneous outburst of applause that showed beyond all question an acknowledgment of his being the right man in the right place. His programme was as follows:

Kronungsmarsch.....Meyerbeer
Ballet music, "Henry VIII.".....Saint-Saens
(a) Gypsy dance.
(b) Gigue.
Waltz, "Kaiser".....Strauss
Overture, "Orpheus".....Offenbach
Overture, "Die Meistersinger".....Wagner
Ballet music, "Boabdil".....Moszkowski
(a) Scherzo waltz.
(b) Malaguena.
Hymn to "St. Cecilia".....Gounod
Overture, "Fledermans".....Strauss
Selection, "Cavalleria Rusticana".....Mascagni
Loin de Bal.....Gillet
Polka, "Libelle".....Strauss
March, "Boccaccio".....Suppe

It is generally understood that critical

consideration of these concerts is out of form. They are given for the enjoyment of patrons, and such music lovers as cannot listen without mentally measuring the correctness of the "readings" and the details of the interpretation given the various compositions should remain away from the Promenades.

Not that Mr. Adamowski does not give intelligent readings and artistic interpretations, but such programmes are not fully appreciated unless properly received, and an exercise of critical judgment sadly interferes with the full value of a Strauss waltz.

It was delightful to hear again the selections from the "Henry VIII." ballet music, and the brilliant "Kaiser" waltz, new to Boston, and the "Boabdil" ballet music, new to America, set all feet tapping and created a sensation among the lovers of those forms of composition. The "Cavalleria Rusticana" selections was played with such splendid fire and dash that it created a furor, and the "Orpheus" overture was followed by an ovation that showed how fully the director's abilities were appreciated.

All in all, it was a brilliant opening night, and, without doubt, it began the most successful season of the Promenades yet known. The concerts continue for six weeks, from 8 to 11 each evening, with constantly varied programmes.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Nov. 1, 1888. The Lemoireux concerts began last Sunday, just one week later than the symphony concerts under Mr. Gerike baton in Music's Hall. I must confess I listened with mingled feelings to what musical judges consider the finest orchestra in Europe, and I cannot say I have quite recovered yet from the impression it has made on me, actuated as I am with the idea that Boston's orchestra could not be beat, even in Paris, not to mention London and other art centres. But last Sunday afternoon I buckled on all my critical Boston armor. I started out in the warm October sunshine for the Cirque in the Champs Elysees, where, at 2:15, the Lemoireux concerts are given. The weather was too heavenly almost to think of going indoors and leaving it, and I never wished more ardently for the power to be in a dozen places at once. That's the way in Paris. You want to divide yourself into 50 pieces and go somewhere with every one of them. The world and his wife—and here the world is a Mormon, for there are lots of wives—were evidently of my mind, as the most hilarious Fourth of July at home is but a circumstance to the gayety and the crowds which distracted my Sunday-go-meeting attention en route. Fashionable Paris dashed about in superb equipages, hastening goodness knows where, the humbler classes spinning along in the public volitures, some of them carrying five people, not counting the inevitable bebe, and throngs on foot sunning themselves in the balmy air, as though they had not a care or a responsibility in life, was all a picture that you have to come to this adorable city to see of a Sunday afternoon. It was so different from solemn, proper, Commonwealth avenue at the same time of day. I wondered if I were really in the flesh or not

in another sphere!

"Glitter and Froth!"

Yes. But what a relief to have a little "glitter and froth" after the dullness, the solid boredom of a New England Sunday afternoon. I find that most Bostonians over here share this pious sentiment, and having paid their devoirs to the Mme. de Berri Sunday morning, go in for a "good time" the rest of the day. It is certainly a very mild dissipation to go to a Sunday concert where one hears the best music, and I had no compunctions in doing so. I wish Boston had a hall like the Cirque for concerts. The acoustics here are perfect, and Lemoireux's arrangement of the orchestra is very much better for effect than Mr. Gerike's. But getting into the place is like getting through the eye of a needle. You have to go through so much when you go to a public place of entertainment, and the doorkeepers, the ticket takers, the harpies who show you your seats, and all the complications, generally, of locations, are enough to distract a novice accustomed to the simpler formalities of the theatre or concert entertainers at home. When you are once in your seat, and the officious she usher in a pink-ribboned cap has pocketed the two sous for doing nothing at all with a great deal of bluster, and departed to annoy some one else, the interior of this concert hall strikes you as delightfully sociable. The audience is cut up in sections, according to price, the least desirable places being the most expensive, and corresponding in situation to those in the parquet of a theatre. The cheapest seats in the upper tier of the second balcony cost only 40 cents, and as they are as fine for hearing as the \$1.60 seats on the floor, are frequented by the best as well as by the most musical people. Our seats in the "premiere" cost \$1, but they were the choicest. I thought of the prices paid for our symphony tickets and hugged myself, as I read over this programme of the eighth series of the Lemoireux concerts.

1. Ouverture de Phedre.....J. Massenet
2. Symphonie en si bemol (No. 4).....Beethoven
3. Romance pour orchestre (1re audition a Paris).....Dvorak
4. Ouverture de Genevieve (1re audition aux Concerts-Lemoireux).....Schumann
5. Les Murmures de la Foret (de Siegfried).....R. Wagner
6. Prelude de Deluge.....Saint-Saens
Le solon de violon, par M. Houfflack.
7. Polonaise de Struensee.....Meyerbeer

Here Was Variety,

novelty and the old familiar numbers we know by heart, a model programme, in fact, which proved as good as it looked. The 10 minutes previous to the beginning of the overture were thoroughly entertaining, for having settled into our own places we could gaze at Paris, for rather a two thousand crumb of Paris getting seated. It was delightful not to see the Marlboros, the Beacons and other Back Bay satellites, not to speak in too much of the base ball vernacular, parading down the narrow aisles, and I must confess the French style of baldhead was even a comfort after years of the Boston variety. As a matter of fact, baldheads do not prevail in Paris. No doubt they ought to, if wickedness takes off the hair, but the consequences of "living" don't show themselves on the top of a Frenchman's skull, as far as my observation goes. There were any number of old men, distinguished in appearance, in the audience, but I saw no one more singularly noticeable that afternoon than Theodore Tilton. He is still a very handsome man, though age has whitened his locks and deepened the lines in his

Finely Moulded Face.

Any one would remark him in a crowd, but it was impossible to pass him over as he sat there among so many good looking strangers, listening with the deepest enjoyment to the music. As we all sat in a circle, of course it was very easy to recognize one's acquaintances all over the house. Again I compared "the back seat" sensation in Music Hall with this cheery, sociable disposition of an audience, and heartily wished Boston had a cirque for concert purposes. So much of the pleasure of hearing music is in the sight of the performers, and to watch Lamoreux's splendid band is a joy for the most critical eye. The conductor himself shows in every motion what a master he is, though he looks, when not waving that baton, a good natured, stout old party in spectacles, whom you take for anybody rather than a musician. But when he raps on the desk and begins his work you feel the presence of a master, and are carried along with the orchestra with almost magical force. His orchestra is the instrument on which he plays. And such playing! I didn't want to think it would be so fine. I wanted to be critical, and to say, after it was over, "Pshaw, our Boston orchestra is precisely as good! This Lamoreux is no better than Gericke." But I am unable to perjure myself, even for the sake of Boston prejudice, Boston loyalty, and the knowledge that I may be pilloried for my candor. I do not say Mr. Gericke's orchestra does not play well. I only say that it has not attained

This Perfection of Style
and finish. I never heard the Fourth Symphony interpreted as Lamoreux read it at this concert. Virility, color, dignity were the leading characteristics, and though it was a disappointment at first that it had not been the fifth or the seventh, when it came to an end I felt I had listened to almost a new work. And how they applauded! It seems odd to get excited over a Beethoven symphony, but the freshness and beauty of this reading thrilled one through and through. Curiously enough this number and the Wagner selection were received with the most favor. The new romance by Dvorak is rather melodious, but it won't set the river on fire. It was played with exquisite delicacy. You all know that Lamoreux is a Wagnerite, and so, too, is "tout Paris," and I cannot much blame them if we are to hear this sort of reading of the idol of the day, for I begin to feel the prevailing frenzy creeping through my veins, even on this first occasion. It was a masterly performance, and Lamoreux beamed over his gold-rimmed spectacles in acknowledgment of the cheers, but he only shook his head in response to the repeated cries for an encore. Alas, the encore fiend flourishes here as elsewhere, indeed there is a good deal more of him in this enthusiastic art centre, but he has this virtue, he is discriminating and never screams "bis" to an indifferent performance, nor

Flatters the Author
of a new work by "calling him out" unless he deserves it. A priest who sat next to me last Sunday grew deeply excited because we were denied a repetition of "The Murmurs of the Forest." If he had not been clothed in the conventual caftan and held a shovel hat in his lap, I would have sworn he said a wicked word. But, at all events, the good brother rolled up his eyes in an ecstasy that was decidedly "lay" to the worldly observer who was unaccustomed to such demonstrative shepherds outside of a church. The "Prelude to the Deluge," by Saint-Saens, was chiefly interesting to me for the violin solo, played by M. Houfflack, one of the first violins, and

a young man whose name is quite unknown. He is an artist, however, and it detracted nothing from my enjoyment of his playing to be told "there are 50 just as good as he among the violinists in Paris." I liked his sitting at his own desk, and not "starring" for the occasion, for though the composition scarcely called for a "soloist," he might have come to the front with perfect propriety. His beautiful playing, so true, so warm and sympathetic, won for him a hearty round of applause and a very kind and friendly glance from the conductor himself. I do not much wonder that artists dread and long for an audition in this art centre, because, when recognition does come, how much it means!

To the Ambitious Student.
Paris may be fickle, but Paris knows a good thing when it hears it. The arrangement of Mr. Lamoreux's orchestra, too, is the best I ever saw, and you can readily understand, after hearing that splendid body of strings, how much more effective it is than to spread it across a wide stage. When musical Boston takes its summer vacation, gadding over Europe, and then returns home with the impression that Mr. Gericke's orchestra has no peer, I beg leave to inter that "musical Boston" has not heard Lamoreux. His orchestra, be it remembered, does not play during the tourist season, and it is only in the winter time that it can be heard in its perfection, hence the absurdity of any such opinion, however flattering to Boston's egotism. Really, I don't see why we should be miserable because we haven't a Lamoreux! Paris would have one less attraction for us without him, and now it is such a delightful place to come to. For my part, I am glad Boston is the provincial infant, otherwise this cosmopolitan giant would not seem worth the candle, only I would suggest that our music loving friends drop into the Cirque des Champs Elysees Sunday afternoons and hear for themselves the finest orchestral playing in the world. It is worth coming a few thousand miles to do so.

CHICAGO LATE AMUSEMENTS.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.
Art is long, but the Boston Symphony Orchestra appears to have a position closer to its goal than any similar organization in this country. Eleven years of association have given its members the individual impulse, the unity of action, and the close sympathy only begotten by actual companionship in music. One of the finest audiences of the season welcomed this fine organization last evening at Central Music Hall, and applauded its performances to the echo. If the financial results were singularly gratifying to the management, the artistic appreciation that cheered the performers in this practical issue of reciprocity was even more so. Mr. Arthur Nikisch is the same graceful and spirited conductor as of yore, and has that singular power of sympathetic touch with his players that gains most gratifying results in harmony. His orchestra at present enlists seventy-five players, each having individual work, all joining to guard finesse in ensemble. If is not within the limitations of a brief and hurried review to describe the fine work of this organization. Owing to the unfortunate illness of Mr. Franz Kneisel, the violinist, there was one change in the regular programme. The Paganini concerto, in D minor, op. 6, was substituted by three numbers, Chopin's "Nocturne," Schubert's "Leament Musicale," and Klengel's "Capriccio," delightfully played by Alvin Schroeder, cellist; Director Nikisch furnishing the piano accompaniment.

The concert was charmingly opened with Gudmark's passionate and pompous overture "Sakuntala," a very dainty and delightful feature was Saint-Saens' weird and romantic symphonic poem, "Le Ronet d'Omphale," with the restless whirr of its spinning wheel, and the sighs of love-lorn Hercules. The third movement of Berlioz' "Pilgrims' March," from Harold in Italy, had a viola solo by Mr. Kneisel, who played in spite of the indisposition that disbarred him from the more trying ordeal of the Paganini selection. The concluding orchestral feature was Schumann's first symphony, in B flat, his best work from a technical standpoint. The orchestral work throughout the evening was as delightful as it was graceful and finished. Eugene D'Albert was the piano soloist, and appeared as the interpreter of Chopin's concerto in E minor. It is a composition that pianists regard as one of the noblest and most poetic of the repertoire. Its dazzling runs, beautiful melodies, sparkling passages of bravura make it a magnetic masterpiece for testing the powers of the pianist. The solo part has the advantage of peculiar beauties, but the orchestral part has some exquisite effects, notably the employment of the French horns, the flutes and clarinets; while the effect of the muted string accompaniment in the romanza is one of the loveliest effects of Chopin. D'Albert was the master of the situation, in both the philosophy of the interpretation and the art of its technical requirements. The first movement was absolutely fearless, while the brilliancy

of his octave work in the finale called forth the most enthusiastic expressions of approval. In response to encore he gave Rubinstein's staccato etude in superb style.

It was a great night for music, and a distinct triumph for the Boston Symphony Orchestra and all associated with it.

THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA.

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Arthur Nikisch conductor, gave its only concert in Chicago this season at Central Music hall last night. Last year it gave three concerts in the same place, the first of them May 7 also, and all of them were well attended, and it is not quite clear why Chicago is passed this year with but one concert. That one, however, drew a very large audience, probably the largest the orchestra has ever had in Chicago, and served again to emphasize the wonderfully poetic and superbly rounded finish of the orchestral interpretations. And in this word "finish" is meant to be included all the elements that go to make up the best possible orchestral interpretation, not only the technical but what may be called the inspirational. Mr. Nikisch exhibits often unexpected treatment of tempo and of shading, but in every case, as has heretofore been remarked, his peculiar treatment is in entire harmony with the spirit of the composition in hand, and goes to make clearer a symmetrical interpretation of a warmly appreciative conception of the composer's purpose. It may be said in passing that the precision, the delicacy, the bold, picturesque shading, and above all the wonderfully fine unity of feeling obvious in all the band's work were the more appreciated last night, because since the last visit of this band a year ago nothing so spiritually, as well as intellectually and technically fine in orchestral work has been offered to Chicago music-lovers.

The orchestral numbers last night were Goldmark's "Sakuntala" overture, Saint-Saens' symphonic poem "Le Ronet d'Omphale," the "Pilgrim's March" from Berlioz' symphony "Harold in Italy," and Schumann's symphony, No. 1, in B flat.

It only remains to speak of the playing of d'Albert in the Chopin concerto. From the virtuoso point of view it left nothing to be desired, and the closing passage in the rondo was a wonderful piece of pianism, but we cannot speak so warmly on the point of interpretation. The warmth of coloring of the orchestra found no fitting response in the piano forte, but aside from this it was full of enthusiasm if not high flights of imagination. He received a warm encore, and responded by playing Rubinstein's staccato etude.

Mr. Kneisel was unfortunately too ill to play the Paganini work, and Mr. Schroeder filled his place by playing some cello solos by Chopin and Schubert, accompanied by Mr. Nikisch.

ONY No. 2, in A major. "In the

A Brilliant Concert.

D'ALBERT AND NIKISCH.

A BRILLIANT concert was given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in conjunction with Eugen d'Albert last Monday night at the Madison Square Garden Concert Hall. The hall was crowded and the audience a representative one. Here is the program :

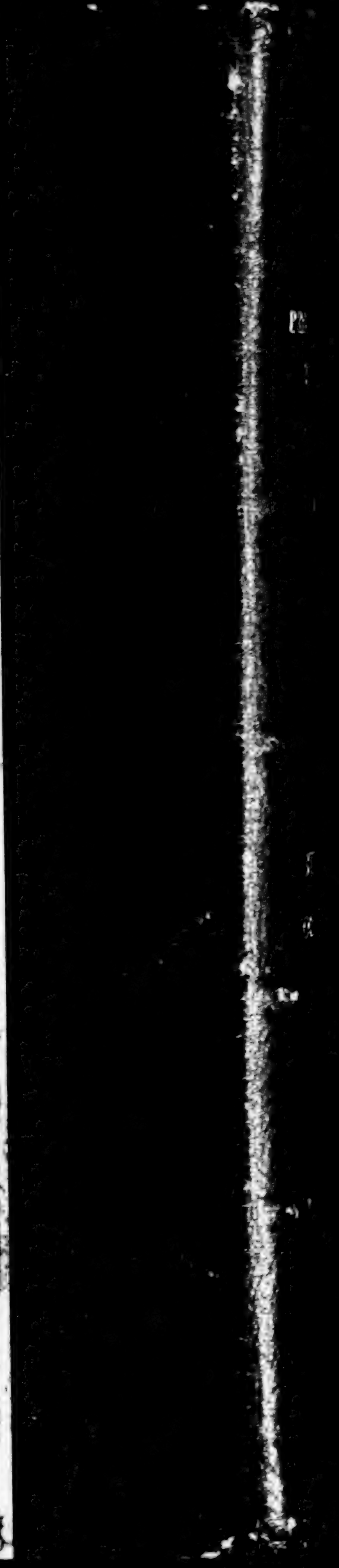
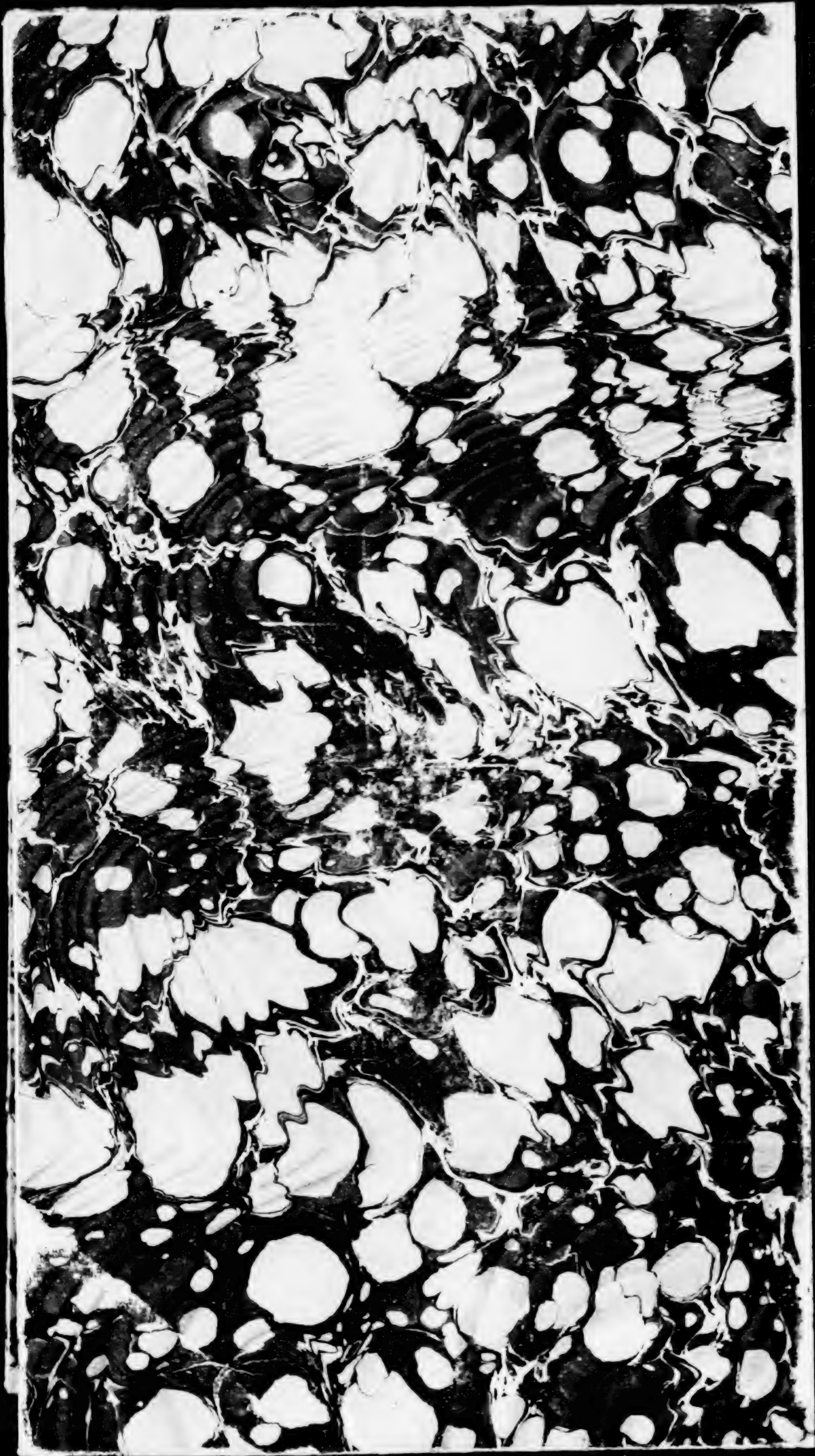
Overture, "Sakuntala" Goldmark
 Concerto for piano in E minor, op. 11..... Chopin
 Mr. Eugen d'Albert.
 Introduction to Act III., Dance of Apprentices, Procession of
 Mastersingers and Homage to Hans Sachs ("Die Meister-
 singer") Wagner
 "Pilgrim's March," from symphony "Harold in Italy" (by re-
 quest)..... Berlioz
 Viola solo, Mr. Franz Kneisel.

Concerto for piano in E flat..... Liszt

The orchestra was in capital form, and the appearance of Mr. Nikisch and Mr. Kneisel was the signal for warm applause. Mr. Nikisch's reading of Goldmark's Oriental overture is familiar to us, and it lost not a jot of its warmth and dramatic coloring on this occasion. It was played superbly.

The "Meistersinger" music also received an adequate interpretation, being finely worked out as to details.

Mr. Kneisel, who plainly showed traces of his recent illness, played his viola solo with his accustomed suavity and taste and was enthusiastically applauded. Mr. d'Albert has played both the Chopin and Liszt concertos here before, and we all know his unquenchable vigor, his fiery attack and tremendous climacteric effects. The Chopin concerto was partially Chopin and partially Tausig in the piano part, though d'Albert retained the original orchestration, with the exception of the big cut in the first tutti. While lacking tenderness, the concerto was played most brilliantly, particularly the rondo. The Liszt concerto was given con amore, especially the finale, and the house fairly rose at the conclusion. Mr. d'Albert played for encores Rubinstein's staccato etude and Chopin's A flat valse. The etude was a marvel of speed and sustained power. Mr. Nikisch conducted, as usual, with skill and fire, and his accompaniments were miracles of tact and sympathy.



VOLUME 12

1892-1893

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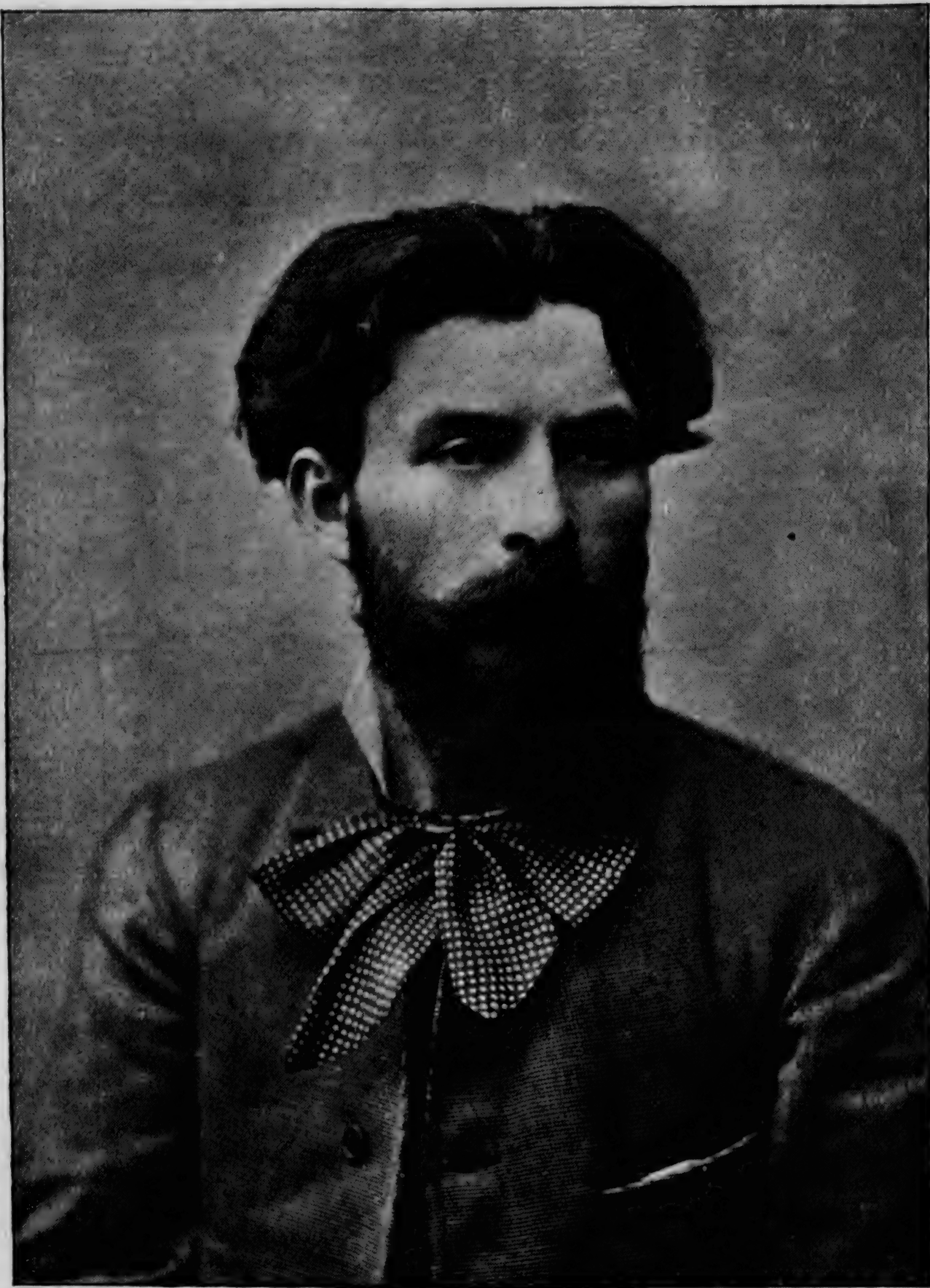
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1892-93



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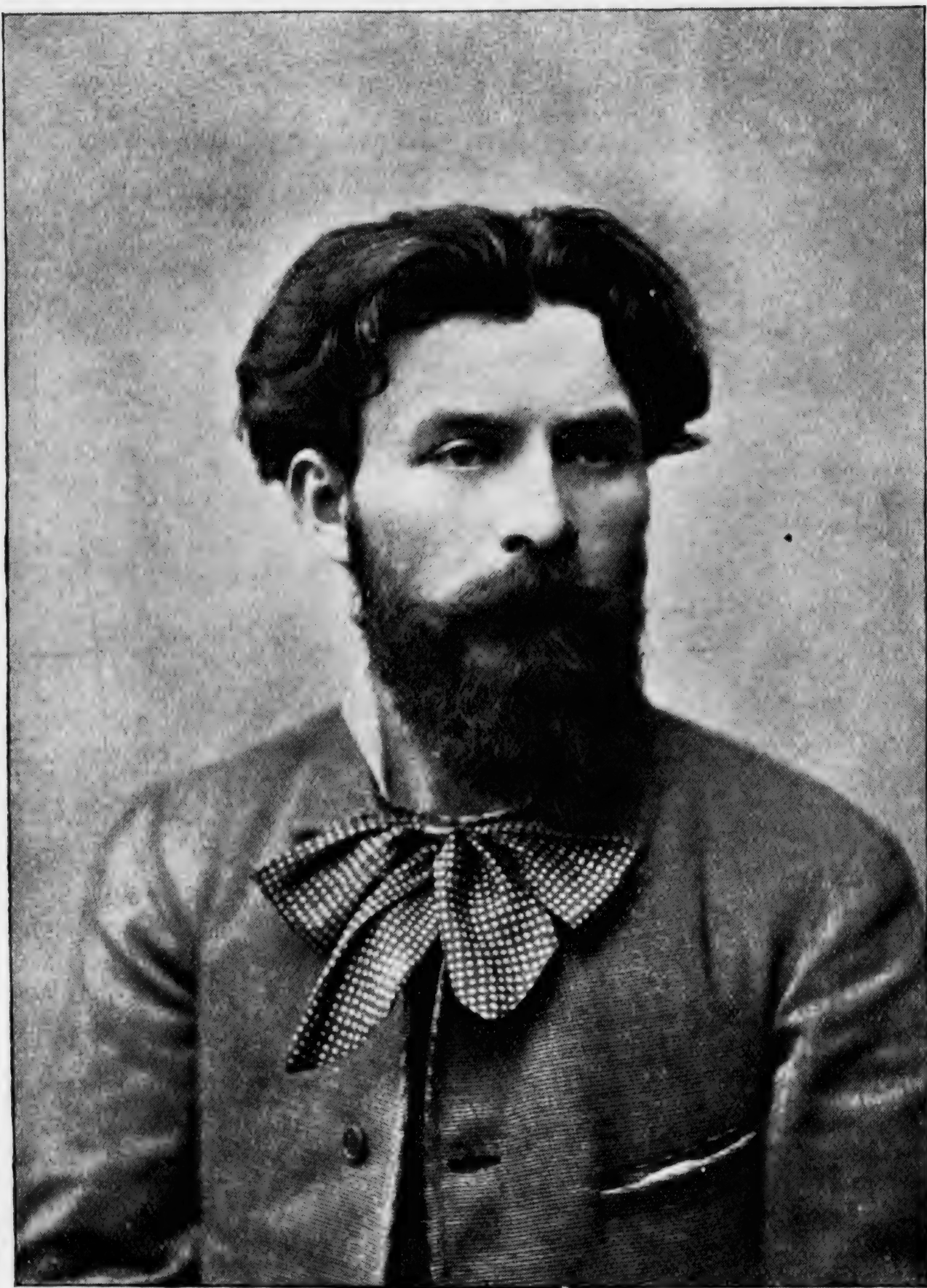
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1892-1893



PROGRAMMES AND COMMENTS

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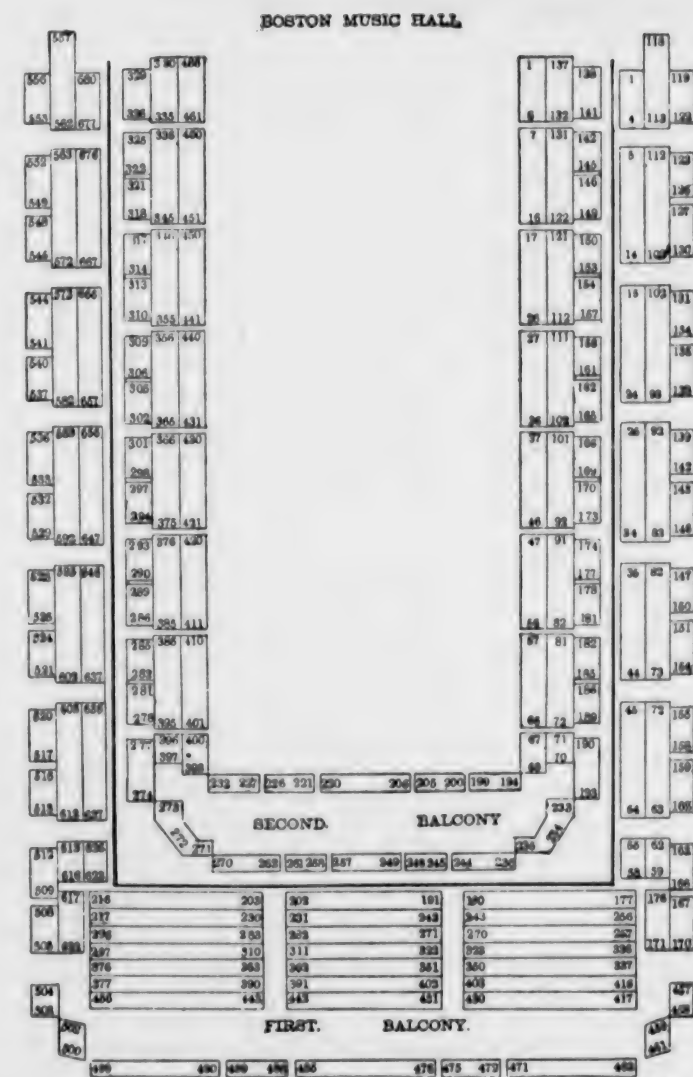


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 Boston Symphony Orchestra
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Oct. 15	Oct. 22	Oct. 29	Nov. 12	Nov. 19	Nov. 26	Dec. 3	Dec. 17	Dec. 24	Jan. 7	Jan. 14	Jan. 21	Jan. 28	Feb. 4	Feb. 11	Feb. 18
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16

Boston Music Hall
THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
 MR. ARTHUR NIKISCH, Conductor
 SATURDAY EVENINGS AT 8 O'CLOCK
 TWELFTH SEASON

Apr. 29	Apr. 22	Apr. 15	Apr. 8	Apr. 1	Mar. 25	Mar. 11	Mar. 4	Feb. 2
24	23	22	21	20	19	18	17	16

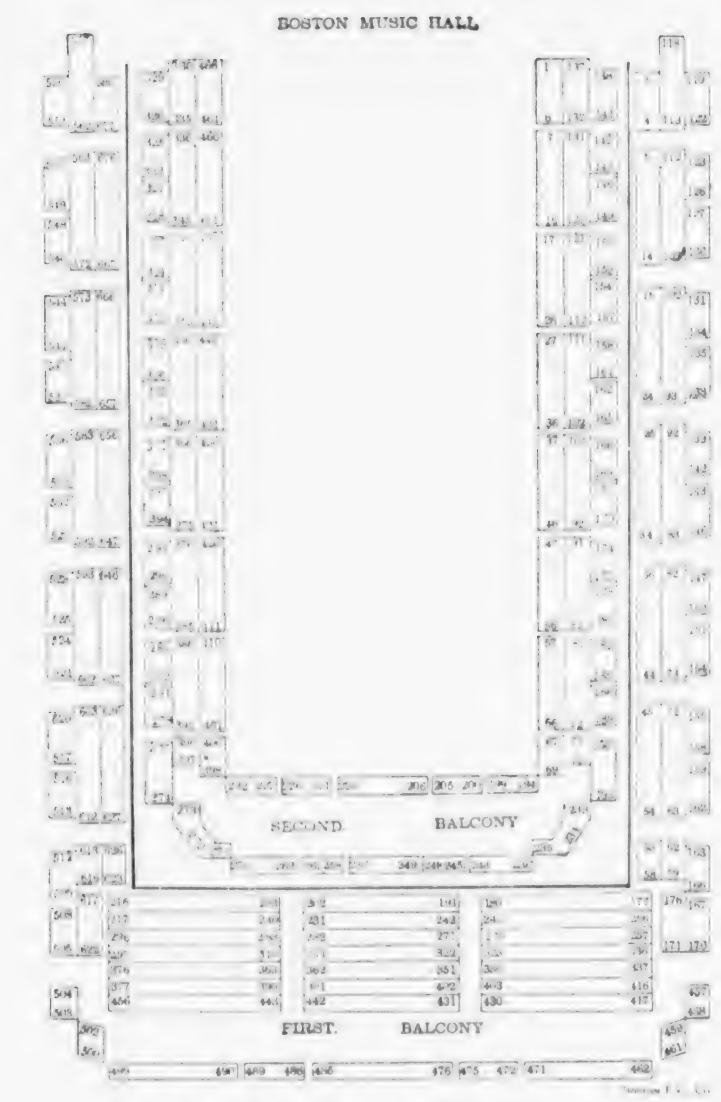


DIAGRAM SEATS, BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

TIGHT BINDING

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	" " 4 B flat - 60	XX	" 1. "	
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	" " 8 F - 93	VIII	Dec. 17. 92	
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	W. J. Wink & Heinrich Meyer			
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	Scherzo in B min: " "	"	" " "	
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	Scherzo in B min: " "	"	" " "	
Davidoff	Concerto for 'Alto' No. 3	VI	Nov. 26. 92	Alvin Schrieder

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	Solos by Priscilla White, Louisa Limer			
	W. J. Winch & Heinrich Meyne			
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	Overture "Benvenuto Cellini" op. 23	X	Dec 31. "	
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Dvořák A.	Symphony No. 2 D min: op 70 Suite in D major op 39 Tcherno Capriccioso op. 66 Dram. Ouv. "Husitska" op 67	XVI III XXI VI	Feb 25.93 Oct 29.92 Apr 8.93 Nov 26.92	
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Fooke, Arthur	"The Skeleton in Armor" op 28. and Boston Symphony Chorus -	XIV	Feb 4.93	Maria Bonard - Smith Lillian Carlson with Geo. J. Parker Clarence E. Hay
Gade H.W.	Symphony No 4. B flat op 20.	III	Oct 29.93	
Gilson, Paul	"La Mer" Symphonic Sketches Nos 1, 2, 3	XIX	Mar 25.93	
Goldmark C.	Symphony "Liedliche Hochzeit" op 23 Ouverture "Im Frühling" op 36	XIX XII	Mar 25.93 Jan 21.93	
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Haydn J.	Symphony No. 9 B. + D. C minor " " 12 " B flat	XXI XI	Apr 8.93 Jan 7.93	
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Mac Dowell E.A.	Two Symphonic Poems "Hamlet" & "Ophelia" Concerto for Piano No 1. op 15.	XIII V	Jan 29.93 Nov 19.92	E.A. Mac Dowell
Martucci	Etude de Concert for Piano	IX	Dec 24.92	Eugenia Castellano

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Nicolai G.	Ouv. to the "Merry Wives of Windsor"	XVII	Mar 4.93	
Radzewski Jg.	Concerto for Piano A minor op 17.	XIII	Jan 28.93	Jg. Radzewski
Rame J.K.	Columbus March and Hymn Boston Symphony Chorus	XIV	Feb 4.93	
Raff J.	Symphony No. 3 "Im Walde" op 153 "La Fee d'Amour" Violin torch. op 67	XII XIX	Jan 21.93 Mar 25.93	Otto Roth
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Reinischneider	"Todtentanz" for orch.	XVII	Mar 4.93	
Rubinstein A.	Concerto for Piano torch. No. 4 op 70	XVIII	Mar 11.93	Fanny Hillmfield-Zeiser
Saint-Saens G.	Symphony No. 2 in A minor op 55 Concerto for Violin torch. No. 1. a major ⁴²⁰ Concerto for Piano torch No 2. op 22 " " " " No. 4. op 44	IV XVI XV II	Nov 12.92 Feb 25.93 Feb 18.93 Oct 22.92	G.M. Loeffler Geo. M. Howell Carl Starny
Scharwenka P.	Symphonic Poem "Frühlingsorgen" op 87	III	Oct 29.92	
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Schumann R.	Symphony No 1. B flat op 38. " " 2 C major " 64 " " 3 E flat " 97 Ouverture "Manfred" " 115	XIII VI XVIII XXII	Jan 28.93 Nov 26.92 Mar 11.93 Apr 18.93	

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Grondsen J. J.	Legende for orch. "Lorahayda" op 11.	VI	Nov 26.92	
Thieriot F.	Sinfonietta in E major op 55	XV	July 18.93	
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Vieuatempo H.	Concerto for Violin + Orch. D minor: op 31	X	Dec 31.92	J. Schnitzler
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	Overture "Tannhauser"	XIX	Mar 25.93	
	" "Rienzi"	XXIII	Apr 12.93	
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	" to act III + Dance of apprentices and	XXIII	Apr 22.93	
	Hommage to Hans Sachs "Meistersinger"	"	" " "	
	"Siegfried passing this fire" "Dawn"	"	" " "	
	+ Siegfried's voyage up the Rhine "for orch"	"	" " "	
	Siegfried's Funeral March from "Götterdämmerung"	"	" " "	
	Brünnhilde's dying speech over Siegfried's	"	" " "	Felicia Kaschotka
	Body" from "Götterdämmerung"	"	" " "	
	Prelude and Scene I from Das Rheingold	"	" " "	Felicia Kaschotka Mrs. St. Mikisch Louisa Simon Heinrich Meyer
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Weber L. M.	Overture "Der Freischütz"	XVII	Mar 4.93	
	" Oberon	XXII	Apr 15.93	
	Scene and aria "Ocean, thou mighty"			
	"Monter" from Oberon. with orch	III	Oct 19.92	Emma Jack

Composers

With number of works given

D'Albert, Eugen	1
Bach J. S.	2
Beethoven	9
Berlioz H.	3
Bizet Geo.	1
Brahms J.	4
Bruch, Max	1
Busoni F. B.	1
Chopin F.	2
Davidoff	1
Dvořák A.	4
Ernst H. W.	1
Foot, Arthur	1
Gade H. W.	1
Gilson, Paul	1
Goldmark, Carl	2
Gornod Chas.	1
Grieg, Edvard	1
Haydn Jos.	2
Humperdinck	1
Lalo E.	1
Lang, Margaret Ruthven	1
Liszt F.	4
Mac Dowell E. A.	2
Martucci	1
Mendelssohn	2
Moszkowski	1
Mozart	2
Nicolai O.	1
Paderewski J.	1
Pavie J. K.	1
Raff J.	2
Reinecke C.	1
Rimmonschneider	1
Rubinstein A.	1
Saint-Saens G.	4
Scharwenka P.	1

12
Schubert F.
Schumann R.
Spohr L.
Trendelenburg J. J.
Frierich F.
Tschaiikowsky P.
Tuxtenps H.
Wagner R.
Weber L. M. von

Soloists, with date of
appearances

Pianists

Bloomfield-Zeider, Fanny
Busoni F. B.
Castellano, Eugenia
MacDowell E. A.
Nowell Geo. M.
Paderewski Jg.
Itzany, Carl
Violinists

Adamowski P.
Kneisel, Franz
Loeffler L. M.
Marteau Henri
Roth, Otto
Schnitzler, J.

Cello

Schroeder, Arthur

Vocalists

Berta-Jenny, Mad.
Heinrich, Max
Juch, Emma
Kaschaska, Felicia

also a quartet of
Vocalists

Boston Symphony Chorus

Conductor

Arthur Nikisch

13
Mch 11. 1893
Apr 1. "
Dec 24. 1892
Nov 19. "
Feb 18. 1893
Jan 28. "
Oct 22. 1892

Nov. 12. 1892
Apr 15. 1893
Feb 20. "
Jan 21. "
Mch 25. "
Dec 1. 1892

Nov. 26. 1892

Jan 7. 1893
Apr 8. "
Oct 29. 1892
Apr 22. 1893

Feb 4. 1893 + Apr 22. 1893
Feb 4. 1893

14

BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

.....
TWELFTH SEASON 1892-93.
.....

THE
Boston Symphony Orchestra,

—90 PERFORMERS,—

Mr. ARTHUR NIKISCH, Conductor.

WILL GIVE A SERIES OF

TWENTY-FOUR CONCERTS

ON CONSECUTIVE SATURDAY EVENINGS, FROM OCTOBER 15, 1892, TO
APRIL 29, 1893, OMITTING NOV. 5, DEC. 10, 1892, JAN. 14, FEB. 11,
AND MARCH 18, 1893, AND

TWENTY-FOUR PUBLIC REHEARSALS

ON CONSECUTIVE FRIDAY AFTERNOONS, FROM OCTOBER 14, 1892, TO
APRIL 28, 1893, OMITTING NOV. 4, DEC. 9, 1892, JAN. 13, FEB. 10, AND
MARCH 17, 1893.

A select Chorus will participate occasionally in the Concerts and the
best available Soloists will appear.

.....
TICKETS for the series of Concerts \$12.00 and \$7.50, according to
and for the series of Rehearsals, location.
.....

The \$12 Seats for the Rehearsals will be sold at auction, at Music Hall,
Monday, September 19th, at 10, A. M.

The \$7.50 Seats for the Rehearsals will be sold at auction, at Music Hall
Tuesday, September 20th, at 10, A. M. Any Rehearsal Seats not sold at
auction will be on sale at the Box Office, Music Hall, Wednesday, Sept. 21st.

The \$12 Seats for the Concerts will be sold at auction, at Music Hall, on
Thursday, September 22d, at 10, A. M.

The \$7.50 Seats for the concerts will be sold in like manner at the same
place, on **Friday, September 23d, at 10, A. M.**

Bids will be accepted for seats in their regular order only, and not for
the choice; and no more than four seats will be sold on one bid. The seats
open to competition will be shown on a diagram, and will be marked off
as sold.

.....
Tickets will be delivered in the Hall, and must be paid for as
soon as bought, or they will be resold.
.....

All Seats remaining unsold after the auction will be on sale at the Box
Office on and after Saturday, September 24th.

STAGE.

BOSTON MUSIC HALL									
A 34	28	A		A 7	1	A			
B 34	28	B 27	18	B 17	8	B 7	1	B	
C 34	28	C 27	18	C 17	8	C 7	1	C	
D 34	28	D 27	18	D 17	8	D 7	1	D	
E 34	28	E 27	18	E 17	8	E 7	1	E	
F 34	28	F 27	18	F 17	8	F 7	1	F	
G 34	28	G 27	18	G 17	8	G 7	1	G	
H 34	28	H 27	18	H 17	8	H 7	1	H	
I 34	28	I 27	18	I 17	8	I 7	1	I	
J 34	28	J 27	18	J 17	8	J 7	1	J	
K 34	28	K 27	18	K 17	8	K 7	1	K	
L 34	28	L 27	18	L 17	8	L 7	1	L	
M 34	28	M 27	18	M 17	8	M 7	1	M	

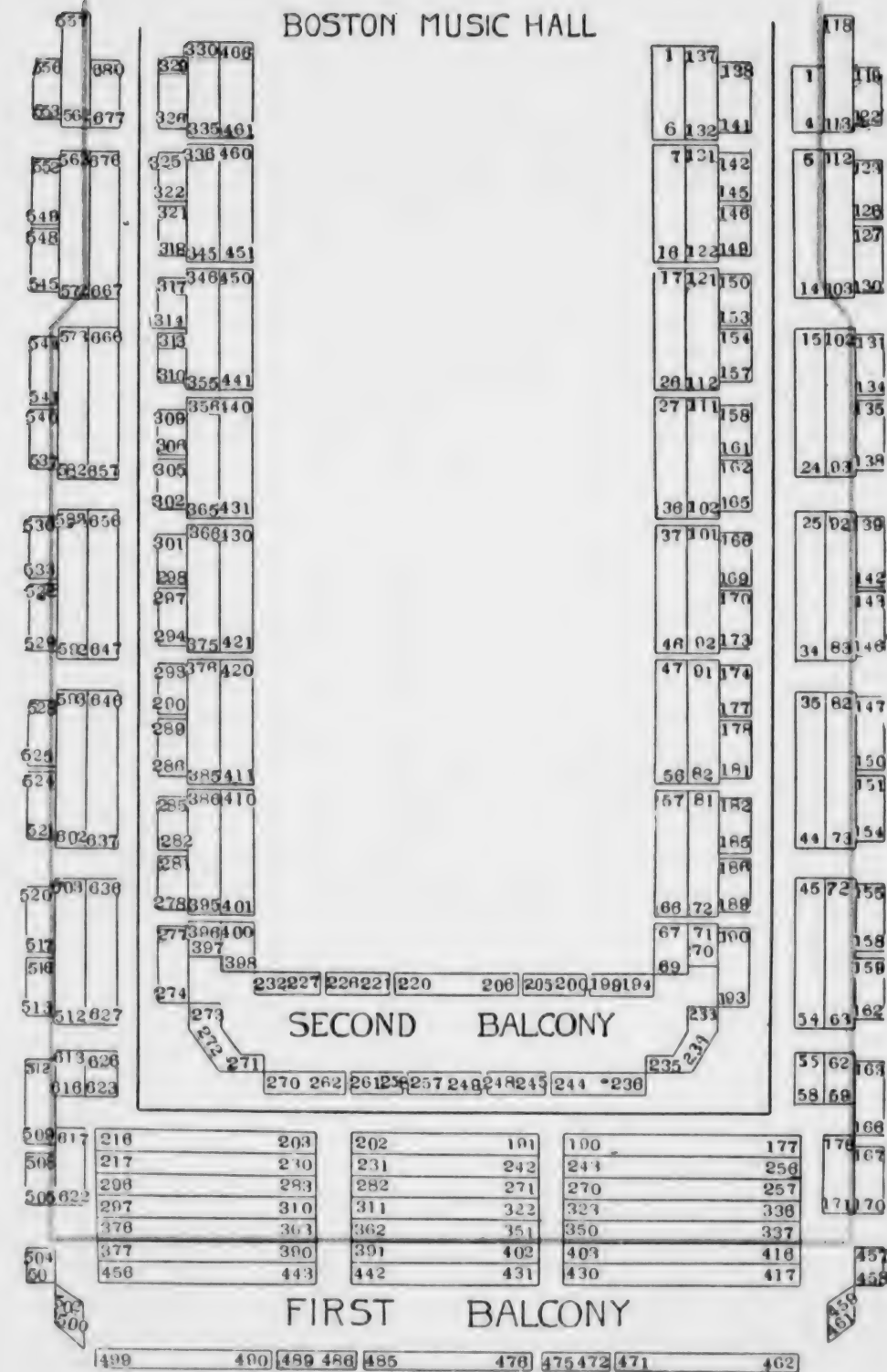
N 34	28	N 27	18	N 17	8	N 7	1	N	
O 34	28	O 27	18	O 17	8	O 7	1	O	
P 34	28	P 27	18	P 17	8	P 7	1	P	
Q 34	28	Q 27	18	Q 17	8	Q 7	1	Q	
R 34	28	R 27	18	R 17	8	R 7	1	R	
S 34	28	S 27	18	S 17	8	S 7	1	S	
T 34	28	T 27	18	T 17	8	T 7	1	T	
U 34	28	U 27	18	U 17	8	U 7	1	U	
V 34	28	V 27	18	V 17	8	V 7	1	V	
W 34	28	W 27	18	W 17	8	W 7	1	W	
X 34	28	X 27	18	X 17	8	X 7	1	X	
Y 34	28	Y 27	18	Y 17	8	Y 7	1	Y	
Z 34	28	Z 27	18	Z 17	8	Z 7	1	Z	
AA 34	28	AA 27	18	AA 17	8	AA 7	1	AA	

FLOOR

10	42	48	10	49	52	10	53	61	10	62	65	10	68	72
11	11	3	11	02	07	10	06	88	10	87	82	10	81	73
11	12	20	11	21	26	11	27	35	11	36	41	11	42	50
11	89	81	11	80	75	11	74	66	11	65	60	11	59	51
11	90	98	11	99	4	12	05	13	12	14	19	12	20	28
12	67	59	12	58	53	12	52	44	12	43	39	12	37	29
12	68	76	12	77	82	12	83	91	12	92	07	12	08	8
13	45	37	13	36	31	13	30	22	13	21	16	13	15	7
1346	54	55	58	1359	67	1368	71	1372	80					

THE RED LINES MARK THE DIVISIONS BETWEEN

BOSTON MUSIC HALL



THE \$12.00 AND THE \$7.50 SEATS.

Music Hall,
Boston, October 1, 1892.

You are invited to become a member of the Chorus now being organized to sing with the Boston Symphony Orchestra during the coming season.

It is expected that the Chorus will appear at several Concerts in the regular series, and at two extra performances.

Rehearsals will be held under the direction of Mr. Arthur Foote, in Bumstead Hall, on Tuesday evenings, beginning punctually at 7.30, and ending at 9. Due notice will be given of the date of the first rehearsal.

The works to be studied are: —

Te Deum, - - - - -	<i>Bruckner.</i>
Ninth Symphony, - - - -	<i>Beethoven.</i>
Rhapsodie for alto solo and male chorus, - - - - -	<i>Brahms.</i>
Schicksalslied, - - - - -	<i>Brahms.</i>
Faust Symphony for male chorus, -	<i>Liszt.</i>
Vintage Chorus from Prometheus, -	<i>Liszt.</i>

The last rehearsal before each Concert in which the Chorus will take part will be held in Music Hall, on Thursday evening, and will be with Orchestra and Soloists. Four tickets for this rehearsal will be given to each member of the Chorus.

It is my earnest desire that the choral and orchestral parts of the proposed performances shall be of the same standard of excellence, and I shall be very grateful for your assistance.

Kindly send your reply by enclosed postal card within three days, and oblige,

Yours sincerely,

Arthur Nikisch

SANDERS THEATRE, CAMBRIDGE,

THE
BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. ARTHUR NIKISCH, Conductor,

with the assistance of

Eminent Soloists,

will give a series of

TEN CONCERTS,

on

THURSDAY EVENINGS,

October 20th, November 10th, December 1st, December 22d, 1892, January

19th, February 2d, February 23d, March 23d, April 13th and

April 27th, 1893.

Season Tickets, with reserved seats for the series, \$7.50, will be on sale at the University Bookstore, Cambridge, on and after Saturday, October 15th. Sale opens at eight A. M.

A limited number of seats have been reserved for College Officers and invited guests.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

Revised

Sept 4, 92

The Symphony Concerts, Plans for the Season.

Final Performances of "Puritania"

Last of the Sunday Concerts on the Common—New Organizations in the Field—Gossip and Comment Concerning Events at Home and Abroad.

The concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra have, quite naturally, come to be looked upon as the central attraction of the local musical season, and the preliminary announcements of each year's series are accepted as the signal for the opening up of all sorts of musical enterprises for the fall and winter months.

After 11 years of uninterrupted development this feature of the local world of music has gained such great prominence, both at home and abroad, that its influence can hardly be overestimated.

It may be well to again call attention to the fact that these concerts occupy a unique place in the musical history of the day, as they all supported by the public-spirited action of Mr. Henry L. Higginson, who in establishing them sought to give to the citizens of Boston a permanent orchestra. How successfully this purpose has been accomplished is best shown by the position these concerts now hold, and it is gratifying to know that every evidence points to a continuance of the remarkable success of the past in the series of the coming season.

In general, the scheme of the Symphony concerts for '92-93 will be identical with that of last season, Mr. Arthur Nikisch entering upon his fourth year in the position of its conductor, and having very largely the same musicians in the orchestra. The orchestra, devoted to the performance of the best music of all times.

The most notable change in the organization will be in the addition of a permanent chorus of good proportions, made up of picked voices, which will be heard during the season in a number of unfamiliar compositions for chorus and orchestra, as well as, possibly, in some large works in which the orchestra takes a subordinate part.

Director Nikisch has given much of his summer vacation time to the preparatory work of the coming season, and, from the mass of composition of all classes forwarded from Europe and submitted by American composers has chosen a large amount of new music, a performance of which has been duly arranged for in the season's programmes. Among these novelties will be found many works which will have a first hearing both sides of the Atlantic during the coming season, and many which the Boston orchestra will give a first performance.

In the line of soloists it is promised that the coming season's scheme shall be especially strong, and the list of engagements already completed indicates that much well directed enterprise has been shown in this department.

The season's work for the orchestra, as now planned, embraces 24 concerts and 24 public rehearsals in Boston, six concerts in Providence, four in Worcester, 10 in Cambridge, and the usual series in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Brooklyn, and single concerts in various western cities during the month of May.

The public rehearsals begin on Friday afternoon, Oct. 14, and the concerts on Saturday evening, Oct. 15, continuing weekly, save during the five stated visits of the orchestra to other cities of one week each.

The prices for tickets for both rehearsals and concerts will be the same as in former seasons, the hall being divided into three grades for the rehearsals and two for the concerts. The usual 25 cent admission tickets for the upper balcony at the rehearsals will continue to be sold, and the balance of the seats for the rehearsals will be put at \$7.50 and \$12, as usual, for the season. The concert tickets, as formerly, will be reserved for the whole house, prices being \$7.50 and \$12, as for many years past.

Promptly at 10 o'clock on Monday morning, Sept. 19, Auctioneer Jackson will mount to the Music Hall stage and begin the sale of the \$12 rehearsal tickets, following on Tuesday with the sale of the \$7.50 rehearsal tickets. Thursday morning the 22d inst., he will sell the \$12 concert seats, and on Friday the \$7.50 concert seats. The usual rules will govern these sales, no more than four seats being sold on a single bill, and all sales being made in regular order.

From the inquiries already received from travellers abroad, from residents now in distant summer homes all over this country, and from the perpetual members of the "can't get away" clubs there is good cause to anticipate a maintenance of the interest and the same liberal patronage that has characterized recent seasons, and, as every seat has been sold for the season of late years, it is impossible to look for any increased support of the coming series.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

Sept 11, 92

Conductor Nikisch's Plans for the Symphony Season.

Interest in These Concerts Fully Maintained—Worcester Festival Ticket Sales—The Operatic Outlook—Current Events at Home and Abroad—News Notes, Gossip and Comment.

Many indications justify a belief that the 12th season of the Boston Symphony orchestra will be one of unusual importance in its history, and it is extremely gratifying to know that the interest in the concerts of this organization, both in this city and in those visited at stated periods, was never more pronounced.

The maintenance of the Boston Symphony orchestra for such an extended period is in itself the most convincing evidence of its value as an organization, and the position it has gained throughout the country is a just cause for local pride. At no time since its formation has the orchestra been in better shape for its season's work than at present, and the admirable management of its affairs will unquestion-

ably again give the most satisfactory results to the patrons of its concerts.

The membership of the organization remains essentially the same as last season, Conductor Arthur Nikisch having retained practically all of 90 musicians who took part in last year's concerts, and the general scheme for the season remains largely the same as that of earlier years.

One important addition has been arranged for the home concerts of the orchestra at Music Hall, this consisting of the organization of a chorus of mixed voices, numbering about 200, to take part in certain works which are to be given as a part of the regular series of programmes, as well as, possibly, to assist in other concerts. This chorus will be drilled by Mr. Arthur Foote, who will without doubt prove a valuable assistant for Conductor Nikisch.

A change contemplated in placing the orchestra will interest those familiar with the arrangement of the various divisions in former years. The men will be seated upon a platform rising in the shape of an amphitheatre from the conductor's desk, with the first and second violins upon the immediate left and right of the conductor, then the violas and celli, with the wind and tympani in the centre, the double basses being divided at the back of either of the two wings, and separated by the wind players.

The summer leisure has been well improved by Mr. Nikisch in the examination of new compositions, and he has secured so many attractive novelties that the concerts will afford a constant succession of interesting features which will be duly analyzed and explained to the patrons by Mr. William F. Authorp, the accomplished musical writer, who is to have charge of the programme books of the season. Among the works to be given a first hearing in these concerts are the following:

Liszt.....Faust symphony (with chorus)
Eugene D'Albert.....Symphony (new)
Tchaikowsky.....Symphony, E minor, No. 5
Saint-Saens.....Symphony, A minor, Op. 55
Rudorff.....Symphony, G minor, No. 2
Dvorak.....Dramatic overture, "Rusalka"
Richard Strauss.....
Symphonic poem, "Death and Apotheosis"
Tchaikowsky.....Symphonic poem, "Tempest"
Wagner.....Scene I. from "Das Rheingold"
(Alberich and the Rhine Daughters.)
Theriot.....Symphonietta, Op. 55
Cesar Cui.....Petite suite, Op. 43 (In modo populari)
Bazzini.....Overture, "King Lear"
Riemenschneider.....Symphonic poem, "Todtentanz"
Cherubini.....Overture, "All Baba"
Reinecke.....Overture, "King Manfred"
Raff.....Symphonietta for wind instruments
Cherubini.....Impressions d'Italie
Philip Scharwenka.....
Symphonic poem, "Frühlingswagen"
Heuberger.....Nachtmusik for string orchestra
Brahms.....Rhapsodie for alto solo and male chorus
Liszt.....Vintage chorus from "Prometheus"
Brahms.....Schicksalslied for chorus and orchestra

The season's scheme will also include performances of the following standard compositions:

Beethoven.....Symphonies Nos. 2, 3, 5, 7 and 9
Schumann.....Symphony No. 2
Brahms.....Symphonies Nos. 3 and 4
Mendelssohn....."Ita-tan"
Berlioz....."Romeo and Juliette"
Berlioz.....Overture, "King Lear"
Dvorak.....Symphony, D major
Dvorak.....Serenade for strings
Wagner....."Tristan and Isolde," music
Wagner.....Kaisermarsch
Goldmark.....Symphony No. 2
Goldmark.....Spring Overture
Macdowell.....Symphonic poem,
"Launcelot and Elaine"
Macdowell.....Piano concerto
Mozart.....Symphony, D major
Haydn.....Symphony, B-flat major
Gade.....Symphony, B-flat major
Smetana.....Overture, "Verkaufte Braut"
Saint-Saens.....Symphonic poem, "Phaeton"
Greg.....Suite, from "Holberg's Time"

The engagements already made with the orchestra indicate that this portion of the season's scheme will be arranged with a

view to the enjoyment of patrons. Among the vocalists now named are Miss Emma Juch, her farewell appearance; Mme. Amy Sherwin, who has not sung in America for several years, and, probably, Mme. Emma Eames. The German tenor, Herr Raimond von Zur Muhlen, will also have a hearing. The pianists of the season will include Paderewski, Joseffy, E. A. Macdowell, Carl Stasny and George M. Nowell.

The orchestra's season, as at present arranged, includes about 100 public appearances, aside from those incidental to its annual western tour, half of these being given to the concerts and public rehearsals in this city, six in Providence, four in Worcester, 10 in Cambridge, five each in New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, and 10 public rehearsals and concerts in Brooklyn. The Boston series begins at Music Hall on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, Oct. 14 and 15.

Despite the fact that the plans for the sale of tickets for the home rehearsals and concerts have become traditional, inquiries are received from all sorts of sources daily by Manager Charles A. Ellis asking for information concerning the disposition of tickets. This indicates a steady increase in the public interest in this enterprise, which is essential to a continuance of the influence sought to be maintained by its public spirited founder and patron, Henry L. Higginson.

The \$12 seats for the rehearsals will be sold at auction at Music Hall Monday, Sept. 19, at 10 A. M. The \$7.50 seats for the rehearsals will be sold at auction at Music Hall Tuesday, Sept. 20, at 10 A. M. Any rehearsal seats not sold at auction will be on sale at the box office, Music Hall, Wednesday, Sept. 21. The \$12 seats for the concerts will be sold at auction at Music Hall on Thursday, Sept. 22, at 10 A. M. The \$7.50 seats for the concerts will be sold in like manner at the same place on Friday, Sept. 23, at 10 A. M. Bids will be accepted for seats in their regular order only, and not for the choice, and no more than four seats will be sold on one bid. The seats open to competition will be shown on a diagram, and will be marked off as sold.

Intending purchasers should note the dates omitted in the weekly home appearances of the orchestra, these being Nov. 4, Dec. 9, 1892; Jan. 13, Feb. 10, and March 17, 1893, in the public rehearsal series; and Nov. 5, Dec. 10, 1892; Jan. 14, Feb. 11, and March 18, 1893, in that of the concerts.

MUSIC HALL.

Boston Symphony Orchestra

Mr. ARTHUR NIKISCH, Conductor.

TWELFTH SEASON, 1892-93

Auction sale of \$12 Season Tickets for Public Rehearsals at Music Hall, Monday, Sept. 19, at 10 A. M.

Auction sale of \$7.50 Season Tickets for Public Rehearsals at Music Hall, Tuesday, Sept. 20, at 10 A. M.

Auction sale of \$12 Season Tickets for Concerts at Music Hall, Thursday, Sept. 22, at 10 A. M.

Auction sale of \$7.50 Season Tickets for Concerts at Music Hall, Friday, Sept. 23, at 10 A. M.

BOSTON Symphony Orchestra.

TWELFTH SEASON.

AUCTION SALE OF \$12 SEATS FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS, AT MUSIC HALL, THURSDAY MORNING, SEPT. 22, AT 10 O'CLOCK, CONTINUING THROUGH THE DAY.

Auction sale of \$7.50 seats for concerts, FRIDAY, Sept. 23. It A] s 20



TELEPHONE 3544.

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s 19

BEST SYMPHONY TICKET BRINGS \$392.

Extraordinary Premium. Paid for a Season Ticket to the Rehearsals.

It was an exciting scene that took place in Music Hall this morning in the course of the auction sale of season tickets for the rehearsals of the Symphony Orchestra. The sale had been of only ordinary interest up to the point when the seats in Row 1 were being disposed of. The bidding had ranged about a third higher than that of last year, but the highest premium that had been paid was \$69, while the average price had been a trifle less than \$40. When the first of the seats ordinarily occupied by Mrs. John L. Gardner was offered for sale, every one began to look around. The first bid was \$20, and as fast as the auctioneer could speak the price was raised by steps of \$1 each to \$60. From that point the jumps were of \$5 each, until at last the seat was obtained for \$150. Stewart, the ticket agent, was the successful bidder, and after a moment's hesitation he took three seats, leaving one on the aisle untaken.

"How much am I offered for the next seat?" asked the auctioneer.

"Seventy dollars," was the reply. This was a most unusual starting bid, and there was a chorus of whispers of "Oh!" and "Ah!" By quick jumps the price went up, until it seemed as if the bids would never stop. At length \$380 was offered, and at this the bidding stopped. Mr. Stewart was the successful purchaser, and he took the single seat that was left.

All the other sales made at the auction seemed tame when compared with this one transaction, but otherwise they would have been considered unusually good. There was a large attendance at the sale, but, as is usual, the ticket agents had most of the bidding to do. Each of them had a long list of patrons to secure places for and they did it, but at higher prices than have been known before.

The comparatively undesirable seats on the short front rows found ready purchasers at premiums ranging from \$8 to \$10, and the seats in the rows back brought much higher prices, those on the centre aisles commanding premiums of \$58, \$52, \$61, \$69 and \$75 in the fifth, sixth, eighth and tenth rows respectively.

Only the \$12 seats for the rehearsals were sold this morning. At 10 A. M. tomorrow the \$7.50 seats for the rehearsals will be sold at auction, and any rehearsal seats not taken at the auction will be placed on sale at the Music Hall box office on Wednesday. The \$12 seats for the concerts will be sold by auction in Music Hall on Thursday, beginning at 10 A. M., and the \$7.50 seats Friday. All seats remaining unsold after the auction will be on sale at the box office on and after Saturday, Sept. 24.

CHEAP SEATS WENT HIGH.

Excessive Premiums Again Paid at Music Hall.

The results of the sale of the \$12 seats for the public rehearsals of the Boston Symphony orchestra had the usual effect upon the premiums bid for the cheap seats yesterday. The difficulty of procuring seats increased the number of applicants, and when Auctioneer Jackson began the sale of the \$7.50 seats on the 11 or under the balcony, the demand from the big crowd of buyers sent the premium up to \$19 for seats that sold a year ago for one-third of that advance.

The eagerness of the buyers kept the premium up to from \$10 to \$15, all the way back to the wall, and the lowest figure bid for the most undesirable seats, such as sold last year for 25 and 50 cents each, was \$6.

When the seats in the right balcony were offered the premium took a jump to \$25, this being paid for seats 103, 104 and 105. The premium for the back row against the wall in the right balcony touched \$30, and the corresponding seats in the left balcony went at about the same figure. In the front balcony the three back rows brought from \$14 to \$19.50, the last seat bringing the latter figure, and every reserved seat for the season for the rehearsals thus being sold. The advance over last year's prices will aggregate a very handsome figure.

There are no seats left for the rehearsals to go on sale at the box office this morning, but about 700 admission tickets are sold each week, and half of this number can be accommodated in the upper balcony, which is not reserved for the public rehearsals.

Tomorrow morning, beginning at 10 o'clock, the \$12 seats for the regular Saturday evening concerts will be put up at auction, and on Friday morning the \$7.50 seats for the concerts will be sold. It should be remembered that every seat in the hall is reserved for the Saturday evening concerts.

BIG PREMIUMS PAID.

The Symphony Rehearsal Tickets Fetch High Prices.

The unexpected happened again at the auction sale of tickets for the public rehearsals of the symphony concerts of the coming season, which occurred at Music Hall yesterday.

Last year's figures were looked upon as the very top possible to attain in this enterprise, but in yesterday's sale of the \$12 seats there was an advance roughly estimated as giving an increase of 25 per cent. over last season's sale of this class of tickets.

Auctioneer Jackson conducted the sale, under the usual conditions, and was put to his utmost to meet the demands of the buyers, who frequently entered into very sharp competition for choice seats.

The first sale made, Nos. 1, 2 and 3 in slip A, at \$8 premium each, proved to be the keynote of the morning's operations, and the prices were rapidly advanced, with results which gave the best possible evidence of the interest felt in this enterprise.

The 14 seats in slip A were sold at \$8, \$12, \$13.50, \$14 and \$15, and the bids for seats in slip B began at nearly the highest figure had for slip A. In slip B the lowest premium was \$14 per seat and the highest \$28.50; in slip C the range was from \$16 to \$31; in slip D from \$22 to \$34.50, and in slip E from \$25.50 to \$58, the latter price being the result of a sharp competition by two opposing patrons.

The sensation of the sale was apparently caused by an error of judgment or slip of some sort on the part of one of the professional buyers. He advanced the price in slip J to \$150 each seat, and at that figure took Nos. 14, 15 and 16, omitting to ask for No. 17, which is the end seat.

This was quickly noted by his associates and competitors, and, acting with a common purpose upon the instant, they each and all determined that No. 17 should go high.

It resulted in raising the premium on J 17 to \$380, or just \$16.33 for each rehearsal.

The advance in the prices in the front rows was steadily maintained, the average premium in H being about \$70; I, \$100; J, \$75; K, \$70; L, \$65; O, P, Q, R and S, about \$60. In R the seats 18 and 19 sold up to \$105 each.

The demand continued steady to the end of the floor seats front of the balcony, and even the second and third rows under the balcony sold well up to \$20 and \$25.

The front row of the right balcony ranged from \$26 to \$52, and the second row from \$25 to \$40. On the left balcony side facing the stage the front row fetched from \$22 to \$44, and the second row from \$20 to \$30.

The centre balcony sold at \$25 to \$32 for the first, \$20 to \$23 for the second, \$19 to \$23 for the third, and at an average of \$16 for the fourth and fifth rows.

The \$7.50 rehearsal seats will be sold today, beginning at 10 A. M.

HIGHER PRICES THAN LAST YEAR.

Ready Bidders for All the \$7.50 Seats at the Symphony Rehearsals.

There was one disappointed young lady in Music Hall this forenoon. She had come to attend the auction sale of season tickets for the rehearsals of the Symphony Orchestra, but she had determined that she would pay no phenomenal price for a seat. Richer persons could pay premiums of \$380 if they chose, but she would not go beyond \$5. When bids were called for for the first of the \$7.50 seats she was prompt in replying "Five dollars!" But there were other bidders, and she saw the seat purchased for \$14.50 premium. For half an hour she made first bids of "Five dollars," but every time the price ran up far beyond her limit, and the comparatively undesirable seats beneath the gallery on the back row on the floor found ready purchasers at prices ranging from \$6 to \$8.50.

The attendance was not so large as at the sale on yesterday, but all were would-be purchasers. The ticket speculators had few orders to place in this part of the hall, and music lovers contended one with another for the coveted places. The highest premium paid for any of the seats under the gallery was \$19, for which four seats were purchased on the front row offered at the cheaper price. For the places on the sides of the gallery the bidding was much sharper, and hardly one brought a premium of less than \$20. The highest price paid during the sale was for two seats in the second row of the gallery at the left of the stage, for which Connelly, the ticket agent, paid \$35.

Instead of diminishing, the enthusiasm seemed to increase as the sale went on, and by one o'clock every seat in the house had been sold. It had been announced that those seats for the rehearsals remaining unsold would be offered at the box-office tomorrow morning, but not a single ticket is left unpurchased. The auction sale of \$12 seats for the concerts will be held Thursday morning beginning at ten o'clock, while the \$7.50 seats for the concerts will be disposed of in the same manner Friday. If there should be any seats unsold from the indications today there will be none—they will be sold at the Music Hall box-office on Saturday.

PAID \$392 FOR A SEAT.

Mrs. Jack Gardner's Agent a High Bidder.

Her Premiums on Four Seats Will Pay the Symphony Fiddler.

Bought Three at \$162 Each and Fourth One Was Raised.



OST people would not pay \$392 for a single seat to the Friday afternoon rehearsals of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Yet that is what a man did yesterday. A true Bostonian, however, will pay more money for the pleasure of indulging in the symphony fad than for any other thing under the sun, unless it is a glass of ice cream soda.

Yesterday morning the sale of \$12 seats for the Friday afternoon rehearsals began in Music Hall at 10 o'clock.

The hall was comfortably filled with people.

Most of them were buying for themselves. Many of them were speculators. Some of them were buying for friends. Not a few came in just out of curiosity. Mr. Fred Jackson was again on hand to use out his voice in the endeavor to make people bid, but they did not need any urging.

The seats went like hot cakes. The \$12 seats include all of the floor, with the exception of the last six rows and part of the first balcony.

This is the way you do if you want a seat. You enter from Hamilton pl., and if you have never been there before while the sale of seats is in progress, 10 to 1 you attempt to walk into the office where the assistants are counting out great wads of bills and piles of silver. Another man is giving out the precious pasteboards.

At the other side of a low door are the faces of some of the prettiest girls in Boston—and that means the world—who are getting their tickets. All this you see through the glass of the door, and then the policeman tells you that you must walk along further and go in at another door.

Ah! Here you are! See the man on the step ladder. No, he is not trying to make his mark, except on the charts of the seats which are pasted on to the board.

He has flowing side whiskers, and all the concert world know him as the head usher of the hall.



THE WAY ONE FAIR BIDDER GOT THREE SEATS FOR \$27 EACH.



BOTH BID AT ONCE.

But observe the actions of the man in front of the upright board flourishing a short, fat baton, and pacing the platform like an actor doing heavy tragedy.

You might think that he had lost some money on Sullivan and was bemoaning his fate.

But he is only the auctioneer. Listen! "Remember, ladies and gentlemen, that the amount you bid is the premium on the price of the seat which is \$12. Don't blame me if you make a mistake in this matter. It won't be my fault. Now what do I get for this one. Right in the centre of the house—\$10, \$15, \$18."

And so he goes up the scale until he cannot seem to vamp up the price any higher.

Then he does something with that fat baton which is more than artistic.

He lifts it up about three feet above his head and brings it down into his left hand with a reckless and sublime disregard of the consequences, exclaiming, "Going once."

This little ceremony he repeats three

times, and at the third time the seat is declared sold.

Your part in the transaction?
Why, the simplest thing in the world.
Just take lots of money, all you can beg, borrow or steal with you, and shout till you are hoarse and black in the face; or, if you prefer, shake your hand at the auctioneer. Keep it up till he says "Going for the third time." Then gracefully walk down to the



G. W. STEWART BIDS \$380 FOR A SEAT FOR MRS. JACK GARDNER.

office, give your name, pay your money, turn and give the people a chance to see what you look like, for they will want to know, and then leave the hall.

Nothing simpler, unless you don't happen to have quite money enough.

And as one of the fat, jolly policemen said yesterday morning, "God help the man without money in that crowd."

As a rule the prices paid were much higher than last year.

There was one rather peculiar incident during the morning, which served to help along the monotony of the buying.

Row "I" had been reached, and in this are some of the best seats in the house.

The bidding began and was run steadily up by jumps of five till the hundred mark was passed. The biggest thing paid before had been \$69. People began to get up in their seats to see who was so flush as to pay that amount for a seat. It was Mr. George W. Stewart, the manager of the Germania band, who was buying for a friend.

Finally the price reached \$150, and when the auctioneer asked the bidder how many he wanted he said, after some hesitation, that he wanted three. They were for Mrs. Jack Gardner.

Then the very next seat was put up, and here is the funny thing about the whole matter. The same man bid the next seat in for \$380, when he might have had the whole four, which is the limit of one bid, for the \$150 premium each that he paid for three. But he probably reasoned that few people would want but one seat, and he could get it cheap.

It was the highest price ever paid for a seat in Music Hall.

See those two giggling girls over there. They do not know whether to bid or not, and this is evidently their first experience.

But when they have been buying a few years they will be as unconcerned as the maiden of uncertain summers and about the same wintery, who says with a pert toss of her head, "Four, please."

The girl from the Back Bay, with all the money she needed, was out in great numbers. That is her, the one that just said "\$20," and then got her two seats with the assurance that papa would not feel it out of his pocket in the least.

The sale of the \$7.50 seats for the rehearsals will take place today at the same hour, and there you may see the long hair of the artiste in leonine luxuriousness.

THE SYMPHONY TICKETS.

The Prices Range Much Higher Than Last Year.

Auctioneer Jackson was "knocking down" chairs in Music Hall yesterday for the Friday afternoon rehearsals of the Symphony Orchestra.

The sale was extremely dull for some time, the bidding at its highest reaching only a \$69 premium. Taken as a whole, however, the bidding is running higher than last season.

The real excitement came this morning when row I was reached, and the favorite old seats of Mrs. J. L. Gardner came into question. The bidding was brisk and stopped finally at \$150. The bidder gave his name as G. W. Stewart and took three seats. There was a buzz of excitement all over the hall, which was only quieted by a fierce contest for the next seat. The bidding passed over the \$150 figure in disdain, and never stopped on its mad career until stopped at \$380.

"How many seats?" "One." "What name?" "Stewart."

Then there was more excitement. If Stewart wanted four seats, why did he not take them all at once on the \$150 premium? That was the universal query. The natural supposition that Mrs. Gardner was bound to have her old seats at any price was enough to elicit the confession from the bidder that he bought them for her.

But that fourth seat remains unexplained.

A new arrangement of the players of the Boston Symphony Orchestra has been made as follows: A series of platforms radiating from the conductor's stand and rising as they retreat will form an amphitheatre. The first and second violins will be placed at the conductor's right and left, respectively, the violas, violoncellos, wind and percussion in the centre and the basses at the back on each wing, divided by the wind chairs. The season of the orchestra will include about one hundred entertainments aside from those of the western tour, half being the concerts and public rehearsals in this city, six in Providence, four in Worcester, ten in Cambridge, five each in New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, and ten public rehearsals and concerts in Brooklyn.

THE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

The interest shown by the auction sale of seats to the Symphony concerts indicates a social even more than an artistic attraction. If we are not mistaken, the suggestion that the seats at these concerts should be disposed of by auction was originally made by us as a means of overcoming the obvious defects of the scramble for places in the line that had previously existed. As matters are now conducted the premiums on the seats go entirely, with the exception of the slight commission paid to ticket dealers, who are employed to represent purchasers, to the promoter of the concerts, Mr. Henry L. Higginson, a disposition of the bonus in every way better than that which had previously been made of it. We dare say that this addition in the form of premiums, which must now amount to very much more than the fixed income through tickets, has enabled Mr. Higginson to make a number of improvements and to hold out inducements to artists that were hardly possible before, even with his generous and public spirited method of carrying on this enterprise; hence, the value of the concerts given has probably appreciated when judged of on a strictly mercantile basis.

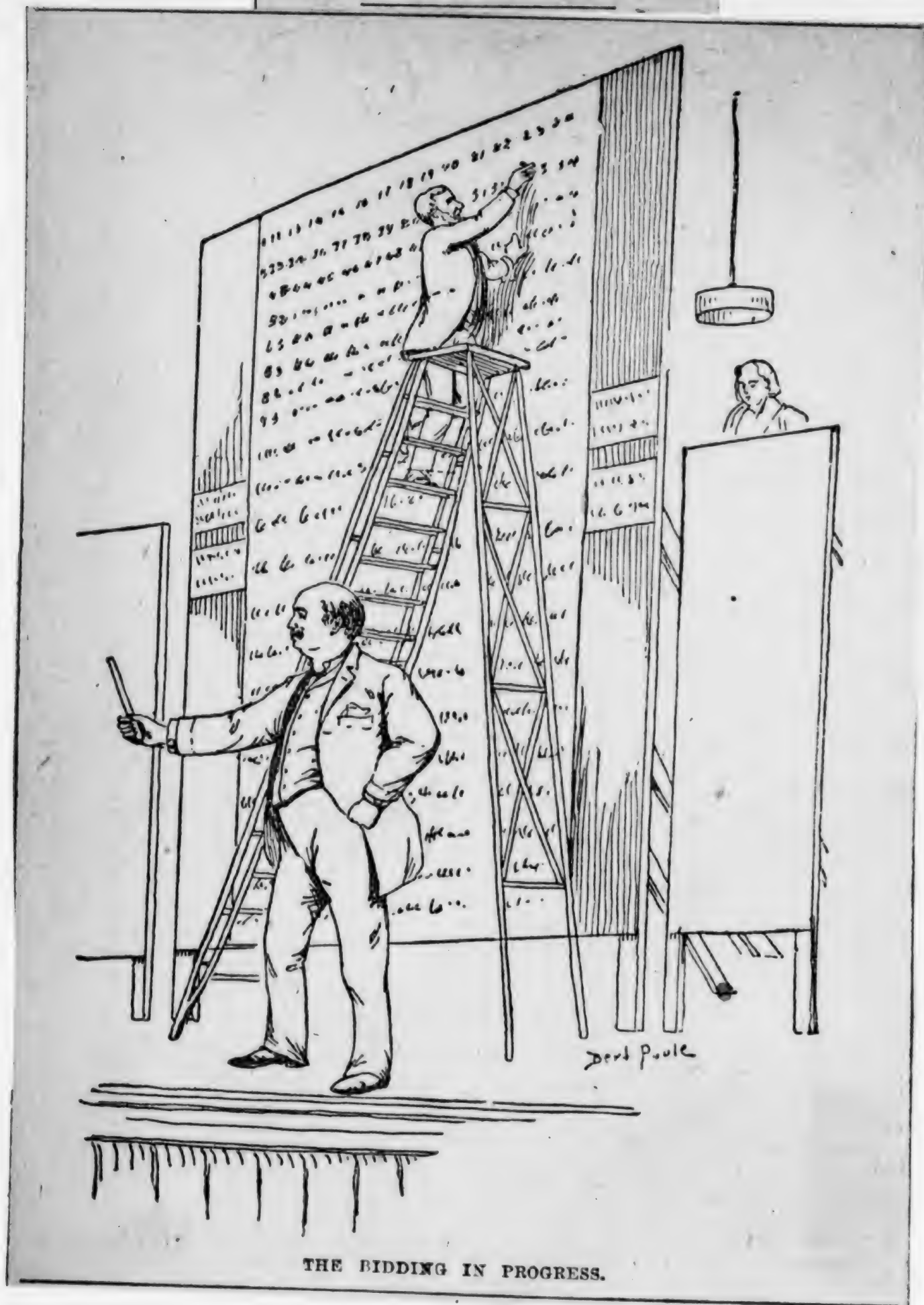
But that this has been brought about by a departure from the original intentions of the originator of this series of entertainments is too well known to need more than a fair statement. We are obtaining in Boston performances of orchestral music through the maintenance of a permanent, high class orchestra superior to those given or obtainable in any city on the American continent, and in many, and perhaps most, respects equal to the best given in any of the musical centres of the old world. But, adding the premium which the tickets command to the regular price of admission, the cost of these entertainments to those who attend them is by no means a small one. We do not refer to such an extraordinary price as that paid for one seat at the auction of rehearsal tickets on Monday—a price which made each concert cost to the purchaser more than \$16—but to the average price for reasonably good seats. These latter were disposed of on a range of premiums entailing the payment of from \$2 to \$4 per concert, an amount obviously beyond the means of persons of limited

incomes.

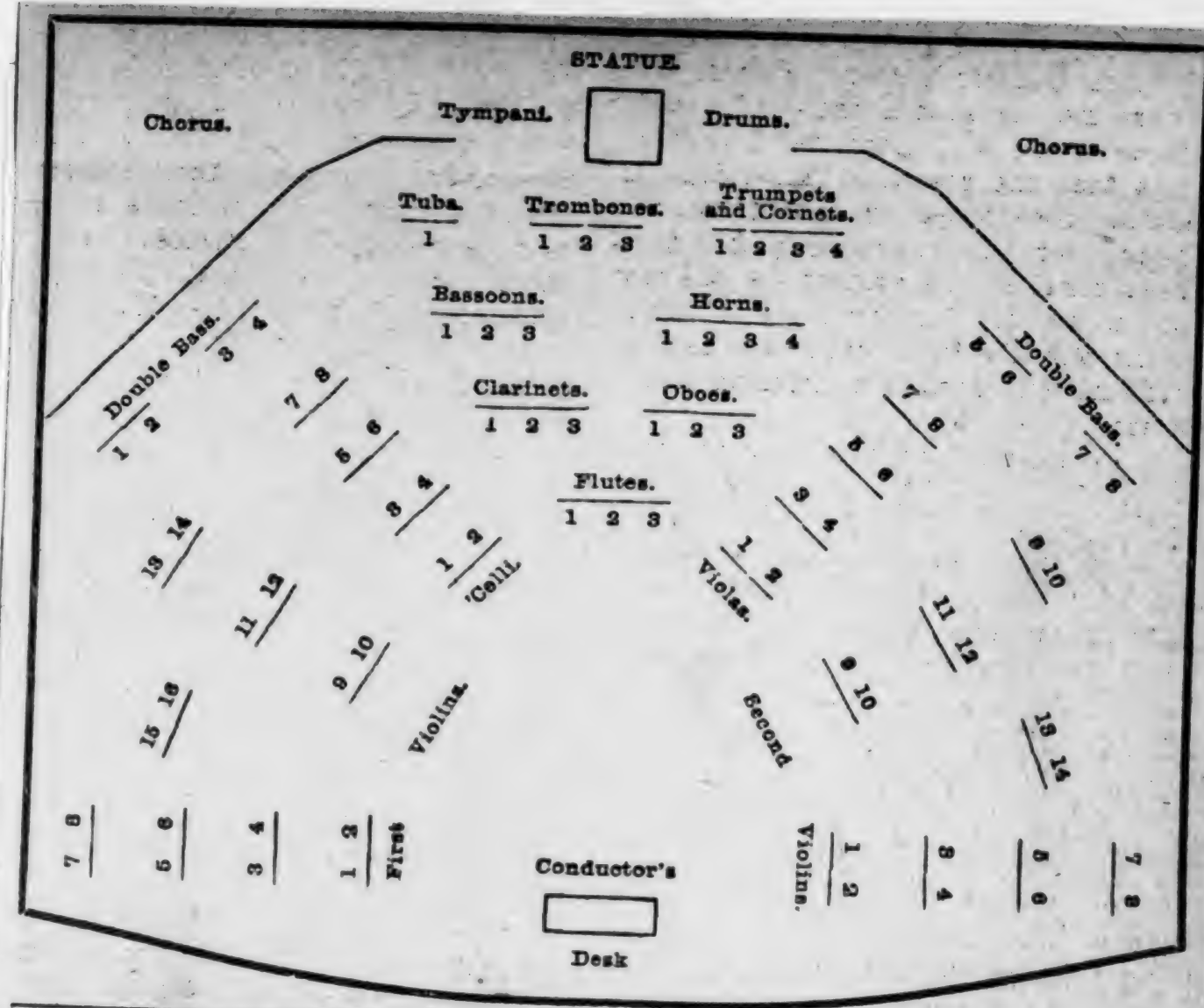
If it could be said that this demand was due to the willingness of a large number of our people to make great financial sacrifices simply for the purpose of hearing musical performances of a high class rendered by artists of a high grade, the statement would be a very creditable indorsement of the artistic development attained by the residents of Boston and its vicinity. But, unfortunately, there is reason for thinking that this extraordinary demand is due more to social than to artistic considerations, and that a very considerable number of those whose bids have tended to raise the scale of premiums attend the concerts of the Symphony orchestra, not from a special love of music, but because it is considered in certain ranges of society the proper thing to do. It may furthermore be added that the probable effect of the fashionable demand has been to lessen the sum total of obtainable musical enjoyment by the exclusion of those who would appreciate the concerts much more than do many of those who attend them.

We do not state this in criticism of the management, for the reason that we do not see how Mr. Higginson can in any way be held responsible for the change that has taken place in his original plan of procedure. The only suggestion that can be given is one which we have made in the past, and which has been in some degree followed by those having charge of these entertainments; that is, increasing as far as possible the number of concerts given, or, in other words, providing a new series for those who find it financially impossible to attend the rehearsals and the final concerts. Years ago the Philharmonic Society in New York used to give first and second public rehearsals before its concerts, and while this system may have in it certain defects it might be well to see whether its adoption here, completely or in some modified form, would not be possible. It may be added that as fashion is uncertain in its dictates, in a few years more the changes that it makes may give larger opportunities to music lovers, even in these entertainments that are now accorded. Twenty-five years ago the Harvard Symphony concerts were supported by the social prestige connected with attendance upon them. But later on the fancy changed; social leaders turned in other directions,

and, unfortunately in this case, the transition brought about the financial collapse of what had been a deserving enterprise.



THE BIDDING IN PROGRESS.



MUSICAL MATTERS.

Remarkable Interest in the Symphony Concerts.

The Coming Ticket Sales — That "Music Hall" Scheme — The Henry Mapleson Opera Company — Marie Tempest's New Opera, "The Fencing Master" — Fets and Rumors.

The rare good judgment jointly of Manager Charles A. Ellis and Conductor Arthur Nikisch in making public the very complete outline of the season's plans for the Symphony concerts has had its legitimate result, and the box office people at Music Hall have been kept busy for the last week giving information as to the ticket sales of the coming week.

The average American wants to know what he or she is paying for in his or her purchases, and the ready way in which Conductor Nikisch has adapted his plans to this national characteristic "is greatly to his credit." Few of the earlier seasons of the Boston orchestra have been more fruitful in novelties than that shortly to be begun gives promise of being and the public has ample reason to anticipate a full realization of all the promises made.

As it has become a custom to announce the sale of every seat in the hall for the entire season of both rehearsals and concerts at the close of the week, an increase in the public patronage cannot be had, but there is every reason to anticipate a repetition of the results of recent years in the sales of the coming week.

The rearrangement of the orchestra is a matter of such general interest that a plan of the new seating of the men is presented herewith.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

The Ticket Sale Yesterday Results in High Prices.

The would-be patrons of the Saturday evening concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra rallied in full ranks at Music Hall yesterday morning, and when Auctioneer Jackson opened the bidding for the \$12 seats, under the usual conditions, he found a ready response from the audience.

Last year the first seat sold, No. 1 in slip A, down under the second violins, with a fine view of the exit to Hamilton place, was bid off at 25 cents, but this choice (?) location induced some one to bid a premium of \$3 yesterday, and the example set was followed by subsequent purchaser to such an extent that fully double the amount of last year's premiums was realized from the first four rows, the top figure in slip C being \$38.

There was a steady, legitimate demand for all the floor seats, the prices ranging from \$20 to \$50, according to the location. Some few seats on the outer aisles sold below \$20, but the average was maintained at a figure that promised to bring the gross amount up to a figure largely in excess of last year's receipts.

The prices, from \$2 and \$3, when the rows under the balcony were reached, and the last three seats of the \$12 lot on the floor were not taken. The box office sale of these three seats, without any premium, begins on Saturday morning.

The sale of the balcony seats showed that on the right, facing the stage, to be the more popular, and the seats in this part of the hall fetched about the same premiums as the same seats commanded for the rehearsals, the prices ranging from \$25 to \$40. The seats in the left balcony brought about two-thirds the prices for the right balcony seats, and the front balcony seats sold from \$10 to \$20, running down toward the last to \$8.

It should be borne in mind that the prices quoted are premiums, and that \$12 must in all cases be added to get the actual cost of the seat.

This morning, at 10 o'clock, the \$7.50 concert seats will be sold, these including the rear rows on the floor under the balcony, the rear rows of the first balcony and all the seats in the second balcony, the entire house being reserved for the concerts.

SYMPHONY SEATS SOLD.

Concert Tickets Bring Lower Premiums Than Those for Rehearsal.

A rehearsal of a play is less interesting for the spectator than a performance of the same piece, but this rule does not hold true in regard to symphony concerts, for the rehearsals are more popular than the regular performances. On the first two days of this week all the rehearsal seats were disposed of at auction in Music Hall and today the sale of seats for the Saturday evening performances was begun. The \$12 seats were those under consideration this morning and there was a large attendance when the auction began, but not so large as that on Monday or Tuesday.

"How much am I offered for this seat?" asked the auctioneer, indicating the end seat in the front row.

"Fifty cents" was the somewhat discouraging first offer, but subsequent bids raised the premium to \$8. This was the highest price paid for a seat in the front row, the lowest being \$5. On the second row the premiums ranged between \$6 and \$16; on the third, between \$8 and \$38; on the fourth, between \$10, and \$35; on the fifth, between \$11.50 and \$25.50; on the sixth between \$11.50 and \$41; on the seventh, between \$9 and \$47; and on the tenth, between \$14 and \$31.

When the auctioneer neared the seats on the eleventh row which commanded the now famous price of \$380 on Monday's sale, the interest of the spectators increased. That seat with the two next to it brought a premium of \$53 each, while the two just across the second aisle brought premiums of \$55 each.

The bidding was rather slow this morning, and the premiums seemed small compared with those for the rehearsal tickets. Tomorrow the \$7.50 seats will be disposed of at auction, and any left unsold will be placed in the Music Hall box office Saturday morning.

Eugene Gruenberg has withdrawn from the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and will devote his time to teaching and to literary work. He purposes to form a class for ensemble playing, trios, quartets and other combinations of strings.

SYMPHONY.

After filling orders we have a few seats for sale on floor and in the balcony.

CONNELLY'S THEATRE TICKET OFFICE
40[A] ADAM'S HOUSE. 321

SYMPHONY REHEARSALS

FOR SALE—One end seat—G 34. Price \$40.
Apply to CASHIER, Transcript Office. 321

SYMPHONY
Seats for sale by GEO. W. STEWART, 120
Tremont street, Room 97. 321

HIGH PRICES FOR GALLERY SEATS.

Ninety Dollars Premium Paid on Three
Symphony Concert Tickets.

Only surpassed by the exciting moment in the auction sale of symphony rehearsal seats was a scene which occurred in Music Hall this morning. The \$7.50 seats for the Saturday evening concerts were being sold and the sale had proceeded in the ordinary manner with ready buyers but comparatively slow bidding. The seats on the floor had been disposed of at premiums ranging between \$13 and \$1 for the comparatively undesirable seats on the side of the hall under the gallery. The auctioneer was disposing of the seats on the back row of the first gallery on the right-hand side. Mr. Connelly, the theatre ticket agent at the Adams House, had just bought four seats at a premium of \$11.50 each, and the adjoining seats were offered. Suddenly bidding began with a rush, and before the spectators realized it the premium had been pushed up by steps of \$1 each to \$90, for which J. R. Heard, the West-street agent, took three seats. Just a moment later, Mr. Connelly purchased two equally desirable seats at premiums of \$17 each.

No other remarkably high prices were paid during the sale. With the one exception just noted, the highest premium was \$22, for which sum several seats on the sides of the gallery were purchased. The average premium for a seat on the sides of the gallery was about \$12, and for those on the floor, \$6.

The sale lasted much longer than those of the previous days this week, as the entire second gallery is reserved for the Saturday concerts and the disposition of these seats occupied considerable time, although the premiums were not excessively high. There was a large attendance at the sale.

Sale of Symphony Tickets.

It had been the original intention to have the seats remaining unsold after the auction placed on sale at the Music Hall box office Saturday morning, but when the sale finished today every seat in the hall had been disposed of. Last year there were about fifty seats untaken at the auction sale, but the season before every one was bought at the first sale.

THE SYMPHONY SEA-ON.

Every Seat for Both Rehearsals and
Concerts Sold.

For the third successive season of the Boston Symphony orchestra's home rehearsals and concerts every reserved seat has been sold, the auction sales of the week having again surprised even those best acquainted with local amusement enterprises. The prices given by the public for these tickets—aggregating at a rough estimate \$125,000—will afford a surplus over the expenses of the season and make a partial return for the vast sums expended in establishing the orchestra and maintaining it in former years.

The auction sale of the \$7.50 seats for the Saturday evening concerts called out the biggest attendance of the week yesterday morning, and the premiums bid were more within the means of ordinary patrons.

The six rows of seats on the rear floor under the balcony were quickly disposed of at merely nominal premiums, compared with the sums paid for the nearer locations, the bids ranging as a rule from \$2 to \$6, with occasional variations slightly above and below these figures.

In the right balcony, facing the stage, the seats against the wall brought from \$10 to \$20, except that Mr. John T. Heard, who had an unlimited order, passed the record of the concert ticket premiums by advancing the price of seats 138, 139 and 140, after a sharp competition, to \$90.



THE HIGHEST BIDDER, MR. JOHN T. HEARD.

The seats in the left balcony sold at about the same figure.

There are three rows of the \$7.50 seats at the rear of the front first balcony, and these sold at from \$8 to \$12.

More interest was shown in the sale when the upper balcony seats were put up, and the premiums for this part of the house averaged from \$5 to \$8.

It appears that the entire lot of \$12 seats were sold at a premium, as the three that were not bid off at the sale of Thursday were taken immediately after at a premium of 50 cents each.

MORE SYMPHONY CONCERTS NEEDED.

To the Editor of the Transcript: The average music lover of modest means in these September days is haunted with anticipations of the symphony concerts which he cannot regularly hear.

"Now is the winter of [his] discontent," if he happens to have a family who takes pleasure in the art. His memory of the auctions has a bitter taint. The hours were solely vexatious in which the seats steadily eluded his resources on the gay wings of luxurious premiums.

Indeed it is, this season, more clearly and seriously true than ever before that a large and important class of the music-loving public is debarred from regular attendance at the concerts by the present condition and kind of demand for the tickets. That the class is large is evidenced by the number of complaints that any person interested in the matter may hear if the subject is mentioned; and it is also an important class because it includes not only large numbers of earnest amateurs who practice self-denial in other directions for the sake of their art, but also very many professional students and workers in the art.

Now, ought not some modification or extension of the present system be devised and attempted by which this class of persons might be accommodated? The suggestion most frequently heard is that a third performance, even of part, if not of all, the concerts be given.

The writer has met this suggestion from many individuals who have duly considered the matter. The losses incurred by the projector of this valuable enterprise in its earlier years are fully and gratefully recognized; but it is highly probable that these latter seasons are vigorously moving the balance to the other side of the account. And it is confidently believed by these well-wishers that the plan above suggested could be made practicable without serious loss, if any.

On behalf of the numerous disappointed seekers for seats at reasonable prices, the writer begs that this matter may be carefully weighed and some effort be made to make this worthy enterprise of education and elevating enjoyment more comprehensive. Its doors now work on springs that shut out very many who ought not to be so excluded. ONE OF THIS CLASS.

OUR correspondent who demands more symphony concerts rehearses an old complaint and reiterates an old suggestion. The answer may be equally familiar to many. On several occasions in the course of the past five or six seasons extra concerts at low prices have been given by the Symphony Orchestra with the hope of catching some of the overflow. Except when an extraordinary attraction has been offered (and not always then) these concerts have not paid expenses. Our correspondent may remember also that other worthy concert enterprises have been projected in Boston, again in the hope of receiving the overflow from the symphony concerts, and disappointment and loss have been the re-

sults. Now, if the class to which our correspondent belongs had wished to hear good music, symphonies and the like, for music's sake, why did they not go to hear Mr. Damrosch's orchestra, or Mr. Listemann's orchestra, each of which offered good programmes, with skilled solo musicians, at very low prices? The answer will be that these outside affairs were not "fashionable," while the symphony concerts were "fashionable," and not to be where are found the fashion-ruling people is not to be in the world.

This is the week when the annual sensation is stirred among our amateurs of orchestra music. The sales of the symphony concert tickets are in progress, and hopes and fears are again contending among hundreds, yes, thousands, of people. Again there is much disappointment because of the failures to buy rehearsal tickets at prices within the means of intending purchasers. But the sales are not over, and judging from the experience of many seasons, the tickets for the Saturday-night concerts, which will be offered tomorrow and Saturday, will be sold at much lower rates than were touched at the auctions of the rehearsal tickets. In the minds of trained observers the Saturday-night performances are better than those of the Friday afternoons, mainly because of the practice acquired at the first public presentations; and there is more than solace in the knowledge of that fact for those who went away with no tickets from the sales on Monday and Tuesday.

It is understood that the Harvard Musical Association have bought the house No. 1 West Cedar street, formerly occupied by Mr. Malcolm S. Greenough, for a permanent home, including the personal residence of the venerable president, Mr. John S. Dwight. The association was driven by the spreading waves of trade from Pemberton square to Park square, and now is dislodged by the same cause from thence. Its excellent library, formerly housed in the Athenaeum, will find convenient quarters in its new house, which will also accommodate not only its fortnightly gatherings of members for their musical suppers, but may permit the famous annual dinners to be held therein.

The history of the Harvard Musical Association, if anybody had kept notes of the gay and witty meetings of its members and invited guests, would be a very interesting affair. Few visiting or resident musicians but have been numbered among its visitors and associates, and the strictness of its conditions of membership, confined to college graduates, or otherwise requiring a practically unanimous election, have kept it a very

select organization. Its concerts, lasting for several seasons, were very eagerly sought so long as the preference in obtaining tickets was had through members, but when, in consequence of the complaints by press and public, the sale was made free and open, the public interest immediately diminished. A considerable fund, which had been accumulated in a series of successful seasons, was so rapidly depleted in one or two that prudence compelled the abandonment of the enterprise. This experience proves the wisdom of Mr. Higginson's change of base to the auction system, which keeps the Symphony in vogue by the demonstration of fashionable competition. It is better to have the opportunity, even though it is scarcer than it used to be, and probably than the founder desires it to be, than not to have it at all. If the tickets were sold without premium, open to all, and without fashionable prestige, it may be doubted if our community even yet would buy enough of them, for music's sake alone, to pay the bills.

The popularity of the Symphony rehearsals and concerts is attested by the fact that this year the orders received by Mr. Connolly of the Adams House are nearly doubly in number that received in any previous year. Among those who placed their orders with him this season for rehearsals may be mentioned: Mrs. John C. Phillips, Robert C. Winthrop, Jr., Mrs. B. P. Cheney, Mrs. Eben D. Jordan, Jr., Mrs. Winthrop Sargent, Miss Wessellhoeft, nine seats, Arthur Amory, Charles L. Lovering, Mrs. W. Powell Mason, Henry M. Whitney, Mrs. D. R. Emerson, Jerome Jones, Miss Heloise E. Hersey, J. B. Billings, Miss R. L. Dexter, Mrs. Frances E. Bacon, George Bixby, Mr. Sylvester Tower, Mrs. T. Parsons, Mr. H. F. Sears, J. C. Kittredge, Mrs. J. G. Cooper, J. P. Stearns, Bert Dunbar, C. N. Wallace, Mr. Fennessy, Walter Ellis, Mrs. C. K. Earle of Worcester, T. E. Zerrahn, M. P. Mason, Mrs. S. I. Williams, William E. Cox, Rev. Fr. Bodfish of Canton, F. E. James, E. L. Sanborn, W. V. Kellen, Mrs. E. C. Swift of Lowell, Mrs. Dabney, Mrs. E. M. Bales, Mrs. Emily S. Rogers, Mrs. James L. Plympton, Russell Tyson, Arthur B. Smith, John Richardson, Frank L. Fish. And for concerts, Mrs. S. J. Williams, Mark Hollingsworth, Ellis Hollingsworth, M. M. Cuniff, Morrison Fuller, Charles Hollings, E. D. Lowe, Mrs. A. B. Claffin, Dr. Francis Minot, Miss Payson, George A. Pierce, Miss Heloise E. Hersey (20 seats, school), Mrs. M. H. Crocker, Mrs. Thatcher Loring, Miss Parkman.

The eagerness to obtain season tickets for the Symphony Orchestra rehearsals and concerts was greater this year than ever, and judging by the large premiums paid, the receipts should exceed those of any other season. While this state of affairs removes these performances somewhat further from the plan on which they were originally projected, and makes them essentially entertainments for the wealthy rather than for music lovers of moderate means, it is difficult to see how such a result could be well avoided. The number of season tickets is necessarily limited by the capacity of Music Hall to seat those who desire to attend the concerts, and if the demand is greater than the supply the only fair way is to dispose of the seats by auction; for it would be wholly unbusiness like and the height of folly to decline the premiums that go so far toward defraying the expenses. It is true that much of the buying at extravagant prices is done by those who care less for music than they do for coming to the fore in a prevailing fad, finding their reward in the consciousness that they are in line with those who are well up in the mysteries of the proper caper; but the premiums they pay go far toward lessening the burden the projector of these concerts has taken upon himself. It is, however, none the less to be regretted that the large army of sincere music-lovers, who have not means to enter into the furious competition for tickets, should be placed at a disadvantage; but as we have already suggested, there seems to be no remedy for it, and certainly there is nobody to blame.

MORE SYMPHONY CONCERTS NEEDED.

To the Editor of the Transcript: My attention was caught by a letter with the above heading in Friday's Transcript. Will you let me repeat under that heading a suggestion as to a practical way to solve the problem?

Instead of one series of twenty-four concerts there might be two series of twelve concerts each, the concerts in the second series to be an exact repetition of those in the first, except in the matter of soloists and some of their musical numbers. These two series might alternate, the first series having its rehearsal and concert the first week and the second series its turn in the second week, and so on.

It is true that fewer musical numbers could be produced during the winter, but it is probable that the performance would be even better than now.

The number of persons who could secure tickets for a good season of concerts would thus be practically doubled. It is probable that this would result in lower premiums at the auction sales, and the main objection that I see to the plan is that Mr. Higginson would get less return for his generous outlay. Perhaps, however, he would be glad of the suggestion.

PUBLIC SPIRIT.

Symphony Rehearsals.

Two very desirable \$12 seats, just back of the centre of the house, can be had at a reasonable price, because the owner is unable to use them. Apply by letter to A. B. H., the Youth's Companion Office, 301 Columbus avenue. 1t[A] s 26

SYMPHONY REHEARSALS.

FOR SALE—One seat, last row, first balcony, \$30. One seat under clock, floor, \$17. Address L. W. G., Transcript Office, Boston. 2t[A] s 24

SYMPHONY REHEARSALS.

FOR SALE—Two seats—"R 26, 27"; price \$78 each. Address M. P. W., Transcript Office. 1t[A] s 26

SYMPHONY

Seats for sale by GEO. W. STEWART, 120 Tremont street, Room 97. 1t[A] s 22

THE SYMPHONY SEASON.

No previous sale of tickets for the season's rehearsals and concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra has ever awakened the interest that has been shown in the auctions of the week just ended, and the handsome financial results indicate a lively appreciation of this great musical enterprise by the public of Boston and neighboring cities and towns.

It might gratify public curiosity to state the actual amount received from the sales of the week, but as the founder and patron of the orchestra is in no sense a professional manager he has a perfect right to withhold such a public announcement of his private affairs.

The public is apt to be led into error each year in regard to the expense attending these concerts, and it seems desirable to call to mind again the large opportunities given for a hearing of these rehearsals and concerts at a nominal expense.

The total receipts for the rehearsals and concerts may be figured at \$125,000, and for this amount 103,872 seats are provided during the season, making the average expense \$1.20 per seat, which is certainly a reasonable figure for such concerts. In addition to this, counting the upper balcony at the rehearsals and the admissions sold, there are about 30,000 opportunities given to hear these concerts during the season at the nominal fee of 25 cents, thus bringing the average expense per concert to each individual attending down below \$1.

It will gratify all who have benefited in former years by the public-spirited action of Mr. Henry L. Higginson, the sole patron of the Boston Symphony orchestra, to know that the receipts of sales for the week will offset a portion of the large expense attending the maintenance of these concerts in earlier seasons.

SYMPHONY TICKETS.

Rehearsal and Concerts, in good locations and reasonable prices. ELLA GOERING, formerly with Russell, 10 Hamilton place. 1t[A] s 28

SYMPHONY REHEARSALS.

4 seats in E. floor, \$55.00 and \$50.00; two end seats in balcony, near stage, \$45.00. Box 1878, P. O. WThs[A] s 28

SYMPHONY

Seats for sale by GEO. W. STEWART, 120 Tremont street, Room 97. 1t[A] s 22

THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

It has often been said, and so truly that it can hardly be repeated too often, that the central fact, the heart, so to speak, of the musical life of a community is its established orchestra. The heart of our musical life in Boston is undoubtedly the Boston Symphony Orchestra. It is the *sine qua non*, the thing without which all our musical doings would be otherwise than they are.

It may be noted in passing that, compared with most other musical centres in the world, our city is in two respects in a somewhat original position. Our subventioned orchestra—for the fact that its financial sinews come from a private individual, instead of from the State, does not make it any the less a subventioned institution—is an independent organization, and not, as is the case almost everywhere else, immediately dependent upon an established opera. Then its component members are predominantly foreigners, at least of foreign blood, and its conductors have been, in every case, not Americans, nor even German-Americans, but distinctly Germans. In both these respects our orchestra differs from those in all the great musical centres in Europe, with the single exception of London; and in the second particular it differs even from London. Still, as these circumstances have, upon the whole, little to do with the object and scope of the present article, it is enough to mention them as facts, without further comment.

There can be little doubt now—notwithstanding much that was said and written in the beginning, and a good deal that is still muttered in some quarters—that, in establishing and maintaining the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Higginson has done a great and good thing. One hears it said at times that the institution has failed in compassing its object, in bringing fine orchestral performances of good music within the means of the "millions." That the symphony concerts have become largely an article of "fashionable," and also costly, luxury, and that a pure love of music does not reign as supreme as it might over the souls of our audiences. But these objections seem really to be unfounded enough. No doubt exorbitant, even ludicrously exorbitant, prices have been paid for choice seats for both concerts and rehearsals; but one fails to see how this shuts out of the concerts any one who can afford the regular price of admission, and comes in time not to be turned away from the box office. If there be any "fashionable luxury" in the matter, it lies solely in the choice of certain particular seats, and not in the concerts themselves. To say that the enormous premiums paid for certain seats prevent people of moderate or exiguous means attending the concerts, is much like saying that an extortionate price of partridges and terrapin took beef and pork out of the poor man's mouth. The people who pay large, or even small, premiums, would get their seats at any rate, even if there were no premium at all to be paid. As for the frame of mind in which our audiences go to the concerts (premium-payers as well as non-premium-payers), one would think that this was, to a considerable extent, their own business. But one

might think that the long queues of people waiting for the doors to open on Friday afternoons, and the lines of listeners standing under the side galleries on some Saturday evenings, were a pretty good proof of at least some musical earnestness. It is not easy to prevent money buying what it has set its heart on buying, and no method has yet been discovered of preventing some people from being fools. If a long purse does not "get there" in one way, it probably will in another, and if some people like to pay dearly for the pleasure of going to concerts because some other people go, and it is in general good to be seen there (even admitting this to be the case), it should be no matter for public mourning.

No; the symphony concerts unquestionably do an enormous amount of good; so much good, indeed, that it is idle to speculate upon whether they do that utopian something known as "unmixed good" or not. Still, no thing in this world is so superlatively excellent that the question whether it could not be better is ever out of place. There are two points in the symphony concerts at which we still growl—the hall and the programmes. Let us take the hall itself first. Here are many, many years that symphony concerts have been given in the Music Hall—to go back no farther, let us say, seventeen years of concerts by the Harvard Musical Association, and eleven years by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which makes, allowing for overlapping, twenty-seven years in all; and during the whole of this time every musician in Boston, without a single exception that has come to light, has been of the opinion that the Music Hall is a bad place for orchestral effect. One may object, "What other or better hall have we?" That is a pretty question to ask in a city where money can be raised as easily as it can in Boston! If we want a hall we can have it. Not that the Music Hall has not its good points; the approaches to the building are enough to tempt a saint to unparliamentary language, if you will; the atmosphere of the hall itself is often of a specific gravity not recommended by the faculty, and complaints about draughts have not been unheard of; but the delightful quiet of the place, when you once have got there, enclosed by other buildings as it is on all sides, and far from the maddening street-car bell and roaring truck, makes up for a good deal of inconvenience. Then again the hall is undeniably a slightly and handsome hall, or would be were it painted a color less suggestive of the liver, according to the popular notion, the seat of melancholy. Still, the prime fact that it is a bad place for orchestral music cannot be argued away. One need not quarrel with the situation of the hall, which has many advantages, but only with the hall itself.

Not the least bad part of the poor orchestral acoustics of the Music Hall is the effect that sound there has upon the orchestra itself. This would have sometime been a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. Time was when all that was expected of an orchestral player was to play straight on, following the conductor's beat, playing forte, mezzo-forte, or piano, according to the marking of his part. But the modern orchestra, in its highest estate, is a wondrously sensitive thing; each player must not only follow the conductor's beat met-

rically and mind the expression marks in his part in a general way, but he must be immediately and sensitively responsive to every faintest momentary suggestion of dynamic shading that may come from the conductor; each player must, moreover, not only consider his own particular part, but must have a certain realizing sense of the ensemble, of how the whole performance sounds. The orchestral player of today is no longer like what some persons imagine the private in the Prussian army to be—a lifeless machine, drilled into an unintelligent but infallible performance of a certain routine; he is, on the contrary, or should be, an intelligent artist, whose business it is to comprehend and realize his conductor's idea—through the eye, by catching and immediately responding to his every movement and expression of face; through the ear, by a sympathetic gauging of what the rest of the orchestra is doing, for the conductor's eye cannot be everywhere at once. Now, all the players in our orchestra complain that, on the Music Hall stage, they do not feel themselves to be constituent members of an organic body; one part of the orchestra cannot hear the other; the men have to play, as it were, "in the dark." They feel this constantly, but are more than ever conscious of its bad influence, after coming back from a tour to other cities, and playing in other, better halls—say in the Philadelphia Academy of Music, which, from all accounts, seems to be nearly perfect. The present writer well remembers a perfectly simple "entry," most lamely and ineffectively taken up by one of the very best solo players in the whole orchestra at a concert that came immediately after a return of the orchestra from Philadelphia. The delinquent player said afterwards that after the perfect clearness of everything at the Academy of Music, all sounded so vague in the Music Hall "that he hardly dare attack the passage at all." On the Music Hall stage the orchestra plays without any consciousness of musical *esprit de corps*; not like a "team," but like a mere aggregation of good musicians who know their conductor, to be sure, but do not know one another. Their playing is, to a great extent, like that on the old great organ, on which the organist could not hear himself play.

Add to this untoward effect upon the orchestra itself the terrible proportion of the volume and intensity of musical sound that evaporates ineffective in the Music Hall, leaving but a comparatively small residue to work upon the ears of the audience, the vague, breezy, narrowless tone of the band, as it is heard in almost all parts of the hall (with but few exceptions), and one sees what an unfortunate place it is for our admirable orchestra to have to play in. This is no hap-hazard fad of an individual croaker; no blindly ridden hobby of one or another disgruntled mare's-nest hunter. It is the long experience and the matured opinion of every musician in Boston. And, where all musicians think alike, there is at least a probability of their opinion having some truth in it. The cure for the evil? Well, with that we have nothing to do. Devote the Music Hall to other uses, and build a new hall; tear down the Music Hall and build another hall on its site; remodel the auditorium *de fond en comble*; do at least something to give the Boston Sym-

phony Orchestra a hall worthy of it, and the Boston public a hall in which an orchestra can be heard at its best, and not at its painful third or fourth best!

The next point for a "restless spirit" to be discontented with is the programmes. Let not the reader imagine that the present writer is about to join the noble and immortal army of programme grumblers. The symphony concert programmes have been from the beginning far better, upon the whole, than those of any orchestral concerts in Paris (with the possible, but by no means certain, exception of the Conservatoire) and fully as good as those of most concerts in Germany or Austria. The average symphony concert programme in London is a thing of terror in comparison. We have no disposition to quarrel with either the general animus or the musical judgment shown hitherto in the make-up of our programmes. There is, however, one point which really should be amended. Neither the Music Hall nor, in general, any hall adapted for orchestral performance is a fit place for songs with piano accompaniment, or pianoforte or other instrumental solos unaccompanied by the orchestra. With pianoforte or violin concertos the case is somewhat different. Instrumental concertos with orchestral accompaniment form an important department in composition, and one that should by no means be ignored in any comprehensive scheme of orchestral concerts; both inherent propriety and long usage have determined that the instrumental concerto finds its proper place at a symphony concert. No doubt "orchestral" halls are not as a rule places where the pianoforte or a solo violin is heard at its best; but having a fine and fully equipped orchestra as a regular adjunct of "pianoforte" halls is generally impracticable. A pianoforte concerto in an "orchestral" hall is perhaps not the best that can be imagined, but it is the best that, under ordinary circumstances, need be asked for. At the very least, it is better than no concerto at all.

But songs with pianoforte accompaniment belong distinctly and indefeasibly to the domain of chamber music, and as such have no right whatever to intrude themselves upon an orchestral concert. As the vocal part of our symphony programmes has hitherto been ordered, the singer usually sings one aria with orchestra in the first part, and a batch of songs with pianoforte in the second. Now, waiving for a moment the question of the hall itself, just consider the chance there is of the same singer performing both these tasks equally well. "Universal" singers are extremely rare anywhere; singers, as a rule, have their specialties much more than instrumental performers do; with the former it is often a matter of mere physique. A singer is often limited to a certain circumscribed musical domain by the calibre and character of his voice. Add to this that a specially trained *liedersänger*, or "song-singer," from choice and not from necessity is the rarest of rare birds. Singing is a profession like another, and singers who have large voices, fit for doing large work in large halls, take, as a rule, to the more lucrative fields of oratorio and the stage, and their style is redolent of the fields they habitually cultivate; not one in ten or twenty of them, great as they may

be in their own way, has any more notion of how a Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Franz, Rubinstein or Brahms song should be sung than of the rules of the Alcaic pentameter acatalectic. Almost all special "song-singers" all over the world, and many of the very best, have taken to this field less from choice than because they had not voice enough to attempt oratorio or opera successfully. There are exceptions, we know, but they are exceedingly rare.

Now, what a gentle-voiced song-singer will do with grand dramatic scena or aria (and most of the arias sung at our symphony concerts come from operas; comparatively few from oratorios) is more than probable; he or she will do next to, or worse than, nothing with it, large hall apart. What most of the great dramatic singers do with the "songs with pianoforte," sad experience has quite sufficiently taught us by this time; they simply tear them to threads! Now add the fact that the Music Hall, or any proper "orchestral" hall, is as fit for "song-singing" as the Colosseum is for a gallery of Meissonniers, and an inkling may be had of why the "song with pianoforte" should go! And remember that it is not with the song as with the concerto; people who are fond of songs have plenty of opportunity of hearing them at chamber concerts, of which Boston certainly does not lack its full share. Striking them from the programmes of our symphony concerts would in no wise be shelving them; it would simply be relegating them to their proper, natural sphere. The same holds good with pianoforte solos unaccompanied by orchestra. The financial enterprise of great pianists' managers—employers would be a fitter term—has, to be sure, accustomed us to trying to hear unaccompanied pianoforte solos in the Music Hall; but this is no reason why an institution like the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which has avowedly a purely artistic aim, should follow in their wake and imitate them in their felony.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE SYMPHONIES.

Letters from disappointed seekers for symphony concert tickets continue to pour in upon us. They contain a myriad of inventions for the better ordering of the sale of these widely desired passports. Were all these suggestions adopted, the end of the whole matter would, we fear, resemble the last scene in the antique fable of the man, the boy and the ass. In each of them, as well as in those that have been printed among the Letters to the Editor, there are grains of sense, but as a rule the writers forget that managers of large enterprises must be supposed to know their own business best. For instance, there is the oft-repeated idea of a third concert in each week, with the same programme. The fatal objection to this is that it would be unwise to repeat the concert a second time, as the risk of dulling the player's thoughts and nerves is too great. Taking into account the repetitions at Cambridge and elsewhere, it is known by those best able to judge that the band is, mentally, as severely taxed as it should be, to main-

tain a high standard of artistic effect. One correspondent asks, How many people can afford to pay \$50 to \$100 for premiums? Does the writer know how few really pay those high rates? He will be surprised to learn how small is the proportion. As for desirability of location in the hall, there are very few positions where the truly musical ear cannot be richly gratified, so far as that goes. Of course, if one wants to see everybody, and be seen by everybody, that is another matter. A fact cited by this correspondent, that the price for a seat at the New York and Brooklyn concerts of the orchestra is but \$1.50, proves nothing, because that is considerably higher than the average cost here, premiums and all. Furthermore, the concerts in these and in other cities outside of Boston have not always earned a profit. And just here it may be noted that in several seasons since the auctions were established, and the trips South and West were organized, the accounts have shown a balance on the wrong side. But that does not lead to a moment's faltering in the noble purpose at the back of this great institution. Somebody asks that the orchestra be reduced; but in a high-art venture of this sort it will never do to step backward. The standard and the expenses are ever upward, no matter what the returns may be. With ninety men, the present force, owing to an increase of violins as compared with last year, the orchestra is at about the numerical standard of the best bands of Europe. But never yet has an educated musician complained that an orchestra (if composed of good men) was too large for any hall. Besides the cost of the recent additions to the orchestra, the outlay for the coming season will be further increased by the expenses of the choral contingent. The orchestra is not maintained either to make or to save money.

The suggestion that the tickets be offered at paying rates and sold in the old way would not prevent speculators from obtaining them. As for the speculators—what is there so much worse in the purchase of concert or theatre tickets for a possible profit than in the accumulation of stores of sugar or cotton? Indeed, the locking up of the necessities of life may be a sin at peculiar moments. But a symphony concert is not a necessity to one's existence, even to that of a student or an amateur of music. A little calculation of the average cost of a seat or a group of seats, a little knowledge that even though that average were anywhere from one dollar to one dollar and half the price is still far below the rate abroad for similar diversions of equal merit, with a little confidence and readiness to bid, would have thwarted the designs of the speculators in many instances at the recent auction sales. *Sym.*

MORE SYMPHONY CONCERT TALK.

A correspondent craves one last word concerning the Symphony Concert tickets. He asks, "Is it fair in estimating the average cost of desirable seats to take those under the balcony?" Certainly, since the premiums paid for some of those seats were higher than were earned for some of the seats "in the open," so to speak. Very high premiums were also paid for seats in the back rows of one of the galleries, where there are only narrow benches without backs, and a constricted space for one's knees. It would be impossible to strike an average without including every seat that was sold. The writer adds that in New York, Brooklyn and Philadelphia there are few or no undesirable seats in the halls, meaning, presumably, those where the Symphony Orchestra gives concerts. The statement needs qualification. For our own part we would prefer the most remote corner on the Music Hall floor to any seat in the highest gallery of either the Brooklyn or the Philadelphia Academy of Music. Individual taste may guide one's preference. Our correspondent thus refers to the system pursued by the New York Philharmonic Society: "At the beginning of each season, subscribers of the previous season are invited to renew their tickets, and failing to do so the tickets are at the disposal of new subscribers, who must send their orders by mail to the secretary. No season tickets are to be had at the box office." If this custom were adopted by the managers of the Symphony Orchestra there would be no end to the moans and sobs over the favoritism and the exclusion of the masses from the benefits of the concerts. It is also to be remembered that the Symphony Orchestra gives at least forty-eight concerts in the Music Hall and eight in the Sanders Theatre—which, by the way, is nearer to the homes of many lovers of high class music on this side of the bridge than is the Metropolitan Opera House to the homes of many buyers of the Philharmonic tickets—while the great New York orchestra provides only twelve concerts, all told, in a season. Our correspondent complains of the eternal echo of Music Hall and protests against the great increase in numbers of the Symphony Orchestra on that account. Forty years' experience of the hall have not made us aware of echoes there with these exceptions: when the hall has been empty or nearly so, when somebody has been projecting a cornet solo into space, and when a brass band has been playing. An increase of the host of violins will not make more echoes possible—quite the contrary. The proportion of an orchestra to a hall is not a question of mathematics. In Paris, where they really know a little something about beauty of tone, the Sunday concerts at the Conservatory are given in an apartment much smaller than the Music Hall and with an orchestra of ninety. *Sym.*

The Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The announcements made last week have awakened a widespread interest in the coming season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and the opinion is freely expressed that it will be the most brilliant in the career of the organization. The chorus that is being organized by Arthur Foote will add a potent attraction to the scheme and make possible the performance of a class of music that it has long been the desire of the management to include in the programmes. The partial list of music to be played already published, indicates that Mr. Nikisch is fully alive to his opportunities, and that worthy compositions of all schools will find places on his programmes. It is impossible to present a complete list of the solo artists engaged, but the names of Paderewski, Joseffy, Miss Juch and Miss Sherwin show that a liberal policy will be pursued in this respect.

Though it can be no longer necessary to speak of the quality of the orchestra and of the carefulness in every detail which characterizes all the work of preparation, it is well again to remind the town that the band stands on a plane where but few other orchestral bodies can be compared with it. In the individual excellence of the players and in the completeness of its equipment, the Boston Symphony Orchestra is superlatively fine. It is in one sense a compliment to its chief when the interpretation of a piece is criticised and the conductor alone is held responsible, since it is in effect an admission that he has impressed his individuality on the entire host under him; that he has made, as Berlioz says, the orchestra into one instrument upon which he plays at will. Nor need the members of the band feel that this result is an indication of a surrender of their personal importance; rather is it a proof of the development among them of artist natures, which thus consent to be moulded into an artistic whole.

The arrangements for the sale of season tickets for the season in the Music Hall, the twelfth, are again repeated below. Public opinion has long ago accepted the auction as the fairest method of disposing of these tickets. Even with the premiums—excepting, of course, the enormous ones which are paid for a very few tickets only—the prices are very much lower than will buy the opportunities to hear concerts of equal merit in any city of the United States or Europe. They who purpose to buy are advised to attend the sales in person. Ladies will have no difficulty in making bids. These are the established terms and conditions:

Public rehearsals—\$12 seats at auction next Monday; \$7.50 seats at auction Tuesday; seats not taken, for sale at the office Wednesday.

Concerts—\$12 seats at auction, Thursday; \$7.50 seats at auction Friday; seats not taken for sale at the office Saturday.

Bids will be accepted for seats in their regular order, not for choice, and for premiums in addition to the price of the ticket; not more than four seats will be sold on one bid. The seats will be shown on a diagram and will be marked off as sold. Tickets will be delivered and must be paid for as soon as bought, or they will be resold. The auction will be held in the Music Hall, beginning at 10 o'clock, A. M.

Tickets for Symphony Concerts.

Next week the most important preliminary event of the Boston season takes place in the sale of the tickets for the Symphony concerts. It is necessary in Boston to have tickets to the Symphony concerts as elsewhere it is necessary to have a box at the opera. To be without is to be outside the social pale. That one does not in the least care for music has nothing in the world to do with the matter. If one does enjoy music of course that is so much the better, but it does not really count. One of the most absurd things about it is that certain parts of the hall are fashionable and others are not wholly aside from their advantages as positions where one can hear well. Over the clock, for instance, which is the portion of the first balcony opposite the stage and might seem an especially desirable place, is distinctly "South End," and no true society woman would think of sitting there even if the seats were given to her. She might take a place in the third balcony on the side high overhead where the air is as scarce as the heat is superabundant, because certain musicians have set upon those seats the seal of pecuniarily thrifty indorsement. To sit there would be a musical eccentricity, excusable and even admirable as showing originality and musical individuality; but to sit near the clock would be a social faux pas not to be thought of for a moment! So subtle and so mysterious are the fine distinctions of the social world. It is no wonder that one who attempts to follow them must make up his mind to attend seriously to nothing else. Fashion is a goddess who is no less exacting than she is capricious. She will have no half-way service. One must give her the whole or be left completely in the lurch.

Chorus and Orchestra.

There is to some extent to be a new departure in the establishment of a chorus to cooperate with the orchestra this winter. This will be drilled by Mr. Arthur Foote, and will consist of some 200 voices. It will, of course, be used only for the bringing out of certain works; but, if once it is established, such a chorus must either be used or go to pieces, and it can hardly fail to prove a constant temptation to bring out mixed work rather than the purely orchestral, which is the legitimate field of the orchestra. It seems to me somewhat of a pity that things should move in this direction, but that is because personally I am fond of purely orchestral music, and resent the intrusion of even soloists at the Symphony concerts. It may be that the managers of the Symphony course, who are supposed to feel accurately the pulse of the public, have discovered a disposition to weary of classic music, but I do not believe that this is the true explanation of the change. I fancy that to tell the whole story would necessitate a closer knowledge of Boston musical intrigues than I possess, albeit no one can be fully ignorant that such intrigues go on.

He Wanted "Screamers."

The collection of paintings owned by the Boston Art Museum is increasing slowly, the latest important addition being "L'Ami des Humbles," the celebrated picture by L'Hermite, which represents the supper at Emmaus. There are always good pictures in the galleries, but for the most part the collection is a loan one. One of the petty scandals of the day is to the effect that a wealthy man who was of much social pretension and no so-

cial standing went to a well known Paris picture dealer, who is often patronized by Boston buyers, and said to him:

"I want to buy two or three pictures of the kind that they lend to the Art Museum. I don't care what they cost, but I want 'em to be screamers so they'll be talked about. You know what'll hit Boston—only I want to hit 'em hard."

As the pictures are not in evidence to support the story it is possible to doubt this tale, which rests upon the evidence of the Parisian picture dealer. It is ben trovato, however, in so far as it indicates one of the lines in which certain Boston prejudices run. There are many men who take a not unnatural pleasure in showing their pictures at the museum. The public gets the benefit of this, however, and no one need grumble. What is needed now is a fund with which to purchase pictures, and of this there is at present little prospect.

The summer is over and life is rapidly ebbing back to town. The disorganization of the out of town season is resolving itself again into the homogeneous order of the winter. Life takes the place of the makeshift existence of the summer hotel, and for that I, at least, most heartily give thanks.

Chas. Tribune

ARLO BATES.

—Another sign of the return of society to town was the audience at Music Hall Friday afternoon, which was assembled for the first Symphony rehearsal. It was a goodly sight, the spacious floor and both balconies filled with the representative company which only comes together in such numbers for these rehearsals. Mr. Nikisch was very heartily welcomed as he appeared and took his old place on the stand. He is looking finely after his summer's rest. In the audience, which was made up almost entirely of season ticket holders, were Col. and Mrs. H. L. Higginson, who occupied the same seats in the middle of the hall which Mr. Higginson has had since the opening of the Symphonies; Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Curtis and Mrs. Agassiz, who were in their old places, Mrs. Nikisch, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Weld, who have seats near the platform. Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Bradlee, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Dupee and daughter, Father Bodfish, who keeps his old place in front of the platform, Mr. and Mrs. Thornton Lothrop, Mrs. Montgomery Sears, Mrs. Barthold Schlesinger and her handsome daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Tyson, the latter looking extremely well, Robert C. Winthrop, Jr., and his bright-faced daughter, Mrs. John C. Phillips, Mr. John D. Williams, Mrs. E. D. Jordan, Jr., Mr. J. H. Bradford, Mrs. Matthew Luce, Mrs. George B. Shattuck and Mr. Perabo were also among those who had centre seats on the floor of the hall. In the balcony were Dr. Sturgis Bigelow and his aunt, Miss Mary Bigelow, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Dwight, Mrs. Charles Fairchild and son, Mrs. Henry S. Howe, Prof. and Mrs. Ernest Fenollosa, Miss Virginia Stackpole, Mr. Henry Wainright, Mr. Apthorp and many, many more. Miss Windom, daughter of the ex-secretary, was in the audience.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MUSIC HALL, BOSTON, Oct. 7, 1892.

The members of the Boston Singers' Society are cordially invited to join the chorus now being organized to sing with the Boston Symphony Orchestra during the coming season. It is expected that the Chorus will appear at several concerts in the regular series, and at two extra performances. Rehearsals will be held under the direction of Mr. Arthur Foote, in Bumstead Hall on Tuesday evenings, beginning punctually at 7.30 and ending at 9. Due notice will be given of the date of the first rehearsal. The last rehearsal before each concert in which the Chorus will take part will be held in Music Hall on Thursday evening and will be with Orchestra and soloists. Four tickets for this rehearsal will be given to each member of the Chorus. Acceptances, stating full name, address and voice, may be sent to me, Music Hall, Boston.

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SWtc[A] s 24

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OFFICE, ADAMS HOUSE



7th[A]

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Telephone 3544.

SYMPHONY.

A few seats left, in good locations, which we are closing out reasonably, reserving a few to rent as usual. Apply to

Ste[A]

Formerly with Russell, 10 Hamilton place.

SYMPHONY TICKETS.

FOR SALE—Two front seats Nos. 34, 35; (evenings)
ALBERT METCALF, 26 Franklin street.

11[A]

SYMPHONY REHEARSALS.

I have placed two tickets, 2nd row in first balcony, with Miles & Thompson, 13 West street. Price \$40 each.

11[A]

SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

One seat in first balcony for Saturday evenings for sale. Price \$20. S. H. ROOT, 136 Summer street.

11[A]

SYMPHONY TICKETS WANTED.

Two good seats for rehearsals. Address, stating location and price, L. F. J., Transcript Office.

MWS[A]

0 8

SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

FOR SALE—Two seats together on floor; one end seat; \$25 each. Address M. P. J., Transcript Office.

11[A]

SYMPHONY REHEARSALS.

FOR SALE—Seats floor P 23 and 24, \$68 each, for Friday Rehearsals. W., P. O. Box 2216.

31[A]

SYMPHONY REHEARSAL

TICKET. One seat in B, centre, floor, \$35. Address Box 2062, Post Office.

SYMPHONY REHEARSALS.

Seats sixth row from stage, \$50.00. Side balcony \$40.00. P. O. Box 1878.

31[A]

SYMPHONY.

Wanted—Two seats in first balcony, for alternate concerts. Address, giving seat numbers and price, H. V. C., Transcript Office.

SYMPHONY

Seats for sale by GEO. W. STEWART, 120 Tremont street Room 97.

SYMPHONY CONCERTS. For sale, two seats, front row, centre, second balcony; also one seat, first balcony centre. Price \$22 each. Address T. D. R., Transcript Office.

REHEARSAL TICKETS.

The owner of two excellent seats on Floor would like to sell the use of them for alternate Fridays at cost. Address C., Box 3376.

SYMPHONY REHEARSALS.

FOR SALE—Three seats on floor. Address T. S. B., Transcript Office.

SYMPHONY REHEARSAL

TICKET. One seat in B, centre, floor, \$35. Address Box 2062, Post Office.

SYMPHONY REHEARSALS.

Seats, fifth row from stage, \$50.00; balcony, side, \$40.00. P. O. Box 1878.

SYMPHONY REHEARSALS.

Seats S 24 and 25 for Friday Rehearsals, \$75 each. F. P. O. Box 2216.

SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

Two seats for Saturday evenings, in second row of second balcony, at \$20 each. Apply L. P., 67 Bromfield street.

SYMPHONY

REHEARSALS.

Two desirable seats on floor nearly midway in letter Z. Will sell for same price as paid out for them, as owner cannot use them. Address H., Lock Box 253, Boston.

The sale of season tickets for the 10 concerts by the Boston Symphony orchestra in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, will take at the University bookstore, Harvard square on Saturday Oct. 15, at 8 A. M.

The members of the Boston Singers' Society are cordially invited to join the chorus now being organized to sing with the Boston Symphony orchestra during the coming season. It is expected that the chorus will appear at several concerts in the regular series, and at two extra performances. Rehearsals will be held under the direction of Mr. Arthur Foote, in Bumstead Hall, on Tuesday evening, beginning punctually at 7.30 and ending at 9. Due notice will be given of the date of the first rehearsal. The last rehearsal before each concert in which the chorus will take part will be held in Music Hall on Thursday evening, and will be with orchestra and soloists.

There has been over much discussion anent the symphony tickets and the question of money versus art, but let disappointed people take comfort in the thought that it is the speculators who have shown this extraordinary greed for music. A little neglect on the part of the public would have brought the Symphony tickets to a righteous monetary standard. The public has only itself to thank for the present state of affairs. When Mr. Vanderbilt made that emphatic comment of his, he was not so far out of his depth, only the public, ever a sensitive bud, disliked hearing itself sworn at, and very naturally resented the Vanderbiltish expressiveness. Nevertheless, we as a public can be very ridiculous, and in this matter of Symphony concerts we have shown how easy it is to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs. Money will always go to the front, but it is quite content with a back seat until fashion takes the reins, and then look out for the immodesty of riches! Our Symphony concerts are an excellent institution, and it is conceivable that Mr. Higginson is a benefactor; but neither art nor its child, music, has anything to do with the present congested condition at Music Hall. It is some half-dozen speculators, ever on the alert for fortune, who now represent Boston's music loving spirit. A few individual purchasers of the auctioned seats share with these agents the glory of having paid exorbitant prices for a series of concerts that are not worth them. This thought should soften the regrets of many former patrons. It acts like a charm upon mine, for I confess that last season's performances fell tame and dull on my ears. Sour grapes? No, merely the game wasn't worth the candle! The pleasure of sitting beside Mrs. D'Estaing Gay at \$16 per time, or listening to the same old programmes at the rate of \$3 or \$4 a Saturday evening because it is the proper cover to be seen there, would naturally carry its own punishment of boredom, and, therefore, I for one, am resigned to the fashionable inevitable.

The struggle for social supremacy, the struggle to get into society, the heart burnings of those who are in and the envy of those who are not cause any number of curious spectacles to be witnessed. Several weeks ago when the Symphony seats were put on sale at auction and the one next to Mrs. John L. Gardner was sold for \$392, it was the general belief that it was taken by some devout admirer. Much curiosity was manifested as to who would and could pay \$392 for the privilege of sitting next to the Queen of Society, but I can now inform them that it was not devotion but revenge which prompted the act.

The purchaser of the seat is a woman well known in Boston for her wondrous beauty, her lavish display of dresses, and also for the fact that she is the wife of a prominent theatrical manager. Her appearance in her box on all first nights is a thing which is eagerly looked for, and which is always attended with a flutter of excitement throughout the house and a leveling of opera glasses from all sides. And the sight is worth the effort, for she usually—nay, always—displays some marvel of millinery dear to feminine eyes, and a toilet which is a delight to all. And as she sits back in her box, languidly waving her fan to and fro her regal looks impel one to the belief that she is the queen of the evening.

And so one might think that her desire to sit next to the Queen of Society was to put that lady's charms to the test of comparison with her own radiant ones, a test which the Society Queen could hardly stand, thus giving the Queen of Beauty an unequivocal victory. But, alas for speculation, such was not the ambition which prompted the desire to obtain that particular seat regardless of expense. It is a tale of revenge, and the venting of a pique. It appears that the Queen of Society took a fancy to a certain piece of dress goods which was exposed for sale, and the Queen of Beauty also took a fancy to it. There was enough for both but the Queen of Society had the first chance to take what she desired of it. Perhaps she would have been moderate in her purchase had she not learned that the Queen of Beauty also wanted a portion of it, but learning this she purchased the entire piece.

Thereat the Queen of Beauty's eyes flashed and she evidently vowed a mental vow that if the Queen of Society was not willing to share a piece of dress goods with her she should be compelled to share her enjoyment of the Symphonies. And so we see the result of her determination. Either Mrs. Gardner will be obliged to give up her favorite seats or else sit next to the woman who is her rival in the Queen business. Who but a woman would have thought of such a thing, and who but a woman with an immense determination would have carried it out? But the Queen of Beauty is as noted for her strength of purpose as she is for her jet black eyes or her finely chiseled features.

Home Journal — Oct 15, 1892

Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1892-93.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. ARTHUR NIKISCH, Conductor.

I. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, AT 8, P. M.

PROGRAMME.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN. SYMPHONY in C minor, No. 5, op. 67.
Allegro con brio (C minor).
Andante con moto (A flat major).
{ Scherzo, Allegro (C minor).
{ Trio (C minor).
Finale, Allegro (C major).

RICHARD WAGNER. VORSPIEL AND "LIEBESTOD" Prelude and "Love-death") from "Tristan und Isolde."

RICHARD WAGNER. KAISER-MARSCH (B flat major).

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RICHARD WAGNER. KAISER-MARSCH (B flat major).

THEATRES AND CONCERTS.

From:

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the first symphony concert of the present season, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening was as follows:

Beethoven: Symphony No. 5, in C minor, Opus 67.
Wagner: Vorspiel and "Liebestod" from "Tristan und Isolde."

Wagner: Kaiser-Marsch.

"Ta-ta-ta, Tah!" That was good, unspeakably good, to hear those four notes (whether "Fate knocking at the door," or some less exalted operation, matters little) ring out short, strong and crisp; and not long drawn out, like the pompous "Oyez! oyez!" of some portentous town-crier! What Hans von Bülow said of this wonderful opening of the Fifth Symphony, when asked his opinion as to how it should be played, is worth remembering: "Ab initio erat rhythmus!" (in the beginning was rhythm!), shrieked the little man, stamping his foot to the beat; "Snap out those notes sharp and strong, as they stand written; don't drag them out!" Thanks to Mr. Nikisch for once more restoring this passage to its original estate. And how splendidly the orchestra played the four notes, all together, with a will, like one man! It is a good thing to be put into the very best of humors at the outset of a concert; these four notes did it. It is no mean thing to be called to hear music, and even great music, once more, after a whole summer's rest (which begins by seeming like immunity, and then gradually turns to something more and more like starvation); but it is better still to be met on the threshold by a welcome surprise. And these four notes were something of a surprise, after all; for the last time Mr. Nikisch gave the Fifth Symphony here, he fell into the error, not uncommon nowadays, of trying to make Beethoven greater by making him bigger and more magniloquent. Let there be double rejoicing over the repentant sinner! The whole first movement was admirably played, with beautiful clearness, with vigor, go, and true Beethovenish fury. Mr. Sautet's playing of the oboe cadence was a gem of artistic phrasing and true depth of sentiment. The slow movement went to a charm. Here, too, it was to be noted that Mr. Nikisch had made up his mind to bury again that queer little bit of *cantilena* he once unearthed in the second violins, so that the unheard-of was once more unheard. Again bravo! The weird ghost-spookery of the Scherzo was done to perfection, and Berlioz's "frolicking elephant" sported through the Trio with a clearness of articulation such as no trained clog-dancer could have surpassed. When double-basses can play like that, they can match themselves against any body. The great Finale was one grand outburst of splendor, the horns especially covering themselves with glory in the second theme. If the season begins so, what may we not look for in the future? Such a performance of the C minor symphony is a thing to be marked with a white stone in the records of every concert-goer.

Whether any conductor or programme maker ever before dared to play anything after the

Finale of the C minor symphony is a question which we are in no position to answer authoritatively; but surely no one ever tried a more daring experiment. Yet an intermission is a good time to cool down in and prepare one's self for further listening, even after that blaze of glory, especially on an opening night, when the question of who is sitting where can legitimately act as a sedative to over-excited nerves. To us, at least, the Wagner selections came as no anticlimax; the audience, too, seemed to enjoy them as if no Fifth Symphony had been. Such is the power of a young, fresh, unsurfeited musical digestion. But we doubt if the experiment would prove equally successful later on in the season.

The ever-beautiful prelude to "Tristan" was played with the most exquisite finish. How the 'celli breathed out that opening phrase, and what perfect balance there was between the various wind instruments! The great climax in the middle, too, was superbly worked up; and yet, admirable as the performance was in all technical points, and poignantly expressive as every phrase was made, we could not wholly and unreservedly like it. Here Mr. Nikisch gave the fullest rein to what has ever been his most questionable tendency, to our thinking—a tendency toward over-elaboration, resulting in this case in the most serious of all musical misfortunes, a lack of continuity of impression. Every single phrase in the prelude was given to perfection, with a finish of style, a beauty and depth of expressiveness that left nothing to be desired; thus to get every drop of blood out of a phrase is next to the sunlight of the performer's art—next to the summit, but not quite the summit. The one trouble was that, with and in spite of all this rare perfection, the whole prelude was, so to speak, constantly in large capitals, emphasis overshot its mark by sheer pertinacity. Those continual rhythmic modifications checked the free onward flow of the music, and made it seem always out of breath. Note, for one thing, that in music nothing is so monotonous as a persistent irregularity; always to hold back the rhythm at just the same point in the phrase is to produce a more wearying monotony of rhythmical impression than even the metronomic regularity of a Kéler-Béla galop. Mr. Nikisch's reading of the syncopated descending violin passage, after the great *fortissimo* outburst, is new to us, and certainly has a good deal to say for itself. He gives it great prominence, as a sort of dramatic declamatory recitative, and the first violins played it as such with poignant power of effect. As we have said, much may be urged in favor of this. Still we must own to preferring the old reading in which the syncopations in the violins served only to break up all sense of rhythm, and the long-drawn climax ended in a measure or two of sheer mad raving, in a giving up all attempt to express the inexpressible, followed immediately by complete exhaustion and a state of quasi-coma. The wonderful "Liebestod" was, however, grandly played, and carried everything before it. Here were both expressiveness and artistic measure; to be expressive is not all, but to be coherently expressive.

To the playing of the "Kaiser-Marsch" we have the same objection to make as to that of

the "Tristan" prelude: it seemed all too mannered, tortured out of shape, and lacking in frank, direct vigor. No doubt in a work of this magnitude, the term "March" in the title may safely be taken with a grain of salt; it is a march in the ideal, rather than in the prosaic real sense—as much of a march as a Chopin waltz is a waltz. Still one instinctively attributes something of rhythmic simplicity (not to speak of simplicity of other sorts) to even the most idealized march form, together with something more nervously inspiring than an absolutely funereal slowness of gait. Probably Mr. Nikisch finds the "Kaiser-Marsch" planned on the largest scale, and deems no inflation of style too grandiose for it. But there should be measure in all things; admitting that the "Kaiser-Marsch" is somewhat bigger than the Berlin Kurfürsten-Brücke, and might well span the Rhine itself, there is no need of so stretching it out that it can reach "from the Aurora Borealis to the Precession of the Equinoxes"! To our mind, this process of Procrustes-stretching results only in making it crack and totter. But it was superbly played, for all that.

The new seating of the orchestra, with all the heavy brass in the middle at the back, and the double basses divided equally, four on a side, seems at once to be an admirable improvement. The wind players say they can now hear each other better than before, and they certainly seem to play more exactly together than they did last year. The blending of the general mass of the wind tone is also better. Strange to say, too, the double-basses, although their two wings are separated by the trumpets, trombones and tuba, make decidedly more effect than formerly, and play wonderfully well together.

Mr. Nikisch was very warmly received, both as he first stepped up to the conductor's desk and at the close of the concert.

The next programme is: Reinecke: overture to "König Manfred;" Saint-Saëns: pianoforte concerto No. 4, in C minor, op. 93; Tchaikowsky: symphony No. 5, in E minor, op. 64. Mr. Carl Stansy will be the pianist.

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Brilliant Inauguration of the Twelfth Season of Boston's Magnificent Orchestra at Music Hall Last Evening.

The "Open Sesame" of the musical season has been pronounced and the winter's flood of melody has begun, for the first rehearsal and concert in the 12th season of the Boston symphony orchestra are now but pleasant remembrances, and musical Boston for the coming six months will be "at home" on Friday afternoons and Saturday evenings at Music Hall only.

The hall was crowded, of course, about every seat was occupied, and standees fringed the walls in uncomfortable abundance.

One great improvement was noticeable, and that was the new terraced manner of seating the players, every member of the orchestra now being in plain view of the conductor, which also enables the men to see the leader without difficulty.

The popular director, Mr. Nikisch, was greeted with prolonged plaudits as he took his position at his desk, and after receiving

his acknowledgments, the audience settled back in their seats to listen to a fine classical programme, interpreted by one of the best if not the best orchestra in the world.

The programme consisted of Beethoven's familiar fifth symphony, the prelude and "Lovedeath" from Tristan, and Wagner's "Kaiser March."

The fifth is undoubtedly the best known of all Beethoven symphonies, and surely it is the most popular.

Berlioz, the celebrated French composer, says it was Beethoven's own life which he illustrated in it.

His secret sorrows, his concentrated wrath, his dreams of sad dejection, his nocturnal visions, his outbursts of enthusiasm, supplied him with its subject; and the forms of the melody, harmony, rhythm and instrumentation, show themselves to be as essentially individual and new as they are endowed with power and nobility.

The allegro, in which is pictured the disordered emotions of a great soul, is considered one of the grandest pieces of passionate compositions ever given to the world, and grandly was it played by Mr. Nikisch's men.

The alternate phrases of violence or weakness by the full orchestra or strings were beautiful tone pictures of conflicting emotions, and the lights and shades of the composition were finely illustrated by the players.

The second movement is full of melancholy sombreness and sad simplicity, and the scherzo partakes of this gravity, relieved by the peculiar sinister introductions which are almost fantastic.

The difficult passages for the basses in the scherzo were excellently played, and the finale was as effectively performed as the most captious critic could desire.

The prelude and "Lovedeath" from Wagner present great technical difficulties, but they were hardly discernible last evening, the work of the orchestra being so uniformly excellent in this almost perfect composition.

The intermittent wailing of the strings and the mournful, mysterious rhythm of the brasses were fine bits of instrumentation, and the whole composition was marked with exquisite interpretation of varied motifs.

The "Emperor's March," with its joyous pomp of victory and discordant notes of battle, was brilliantly performed and made an effective finale to an enjoyable concert.

The programme for the second rehearsal and concert, Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, will be the overture from "King Manfred," Reinecke; concerto for pianoforte No. 4 in C minor, Saint Saëns, and symphony No. 5 in E minor, Tchaikowsky. The overture and symphony will be given for the first time in this city. Mr. Carl Stansy will be the soloist.

The "Billy" Apthorps have tightened another peg that holds them close to the social and otherwise inner life of the Hub, for Mr. Apthorp has become the editor of the much-heralded Symphony concert programmes, and Mrs. Apthorp's picture is, I see, on view—not like Katisha's in the "Mikado," upon presentation of a visiting card, but in the Mechanic's fair, where all who pass may stare. It is a rather decorative picture, "taken"—for it is a large photograph—if I mistake not, in the semi-Turkish, semi-Japanese gown which she wore to the memorable folk-lore tea party.

BUD BRIER.

—What a jam there was at the first Symphony rehearsal, Friday! and nearly every girl had a bunch of Galvin's violets. Galvin's is the only place in town to get the Victoria Regina.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Symphony Concert.

Although there were no novelties on the programme of Saturday's concert, the fifth symphony by Beethoven was the worthiest possible manner of launching the new season, and the Wagner selections which followed were admirable foils to its shapely movements. At the very first, one was impressed with a fuller quality of tone than heretofore, and this must undoubtedly be ascribed to the new mode of grouping the orchestra. By the new method the wood wind instruments have more clearness, yet the strings lose nothing of their power and unity. The Achilles' heel of the arrangement lies in the separation of the contra-basses into two groups; one would imagine that in such passages as, for example, the finale of the fourth symphony, there would be a deterioration of ensemble. The choice of the fifth symphony for the opening piece seemed like a gauntlet thrown down to criticism in this matter, for this work gives unusual prominence to the contra-basses. It is but justice, therefore, to state at the outset that the figure in the trio of the Scherzo (almost the acme of contrabass virtuosity in orchestral work) has never been played so clearly as last Saturday, and this would seem to dispose of the one objection to the new grouping.

The reading of the work throughout was a conservative one, free from exaggeration, and in this respect much in advance of past distortions, and the execution too, was excellent for a first-concert performance. Yet the first movement left many things to be desired. The difficult attacks of the chief figure were at times good but also at times very ragged; the sequence figures of the contrabasses, interrupting the second theme in so marvellous a manner, could have been made more forcible, and the horn playing both in the entrance of the second theme and in the inversion of the chief figure, seemed timid, and the tones broke more than once. The coda was roughly played and the contrasts not well brought out. But the second movement was charmingly rendered, and the cellos and violas did their important work finely, although the contra-basses seemed light in their variation of the theme; it is a question whether the orchestra would not gain by the addition of two more contra-basses, for at times there is a little topheaviness in the ensemble—too much power in the upper voices and too little to balance against it in the lower.

The Scherzo was magnificently played and the crescendo which led from it into the finale was a fine specimen of orchestral dynamics. The kettle-drummer deserves praise for the gradation of his important work here, and the balance throughout the orchestra was praiseworthy. Of the superb work of the contrabasses I have already spoken. Beethoven was the first composer to fully develop the contrabass part in orchestral work, and this passage in the Scherzo has not been sufficiently dwelt upon by commentators as an instance of the composer's fidelity to an ideal. The terrific contrabass passages of the finale of the fourth symphony had aroused the keen sar-

casm of Weber. In the quarrel between Weber and Beethoven, the former fought with a rapier, the latter with a bludgeon. Weber had written a trenchant satire of the whole proceedings of the fourth symphony in the "Cecilia" and made especially merry over the use of the contra-basses. He portrayed the instruments holding an indignation meeting, and the contra-basses bemoaning the way in which they were made to caper and jump about as if they were giddy young violins, until finally, when the instruments grew boisterous in complaint, the janitor entered the hall and threatened that, unless they ceased their uproar, he would get Mr. Beethoven to write another symphony—"and they all ceased in terror." Beethoven only answered with oaths, but when the next symphony came (this fifth symphony) he continued calmly on his course, and finally, in the ninth symphony, gave the instruments an earnest theme and a set of recitative phrases such as the world had never dreamed of.

The finale was given with a good, heroic style that was invigorating, and it fully deserved the great applause which greeted it. It is in just such massive semi-military effects that our conductor shines at his best, and the broad crescendos and the sharp contrasts were all well done.

Almost unlimited praise can be given to the "Liebestod" from "Tristan and Isolde." Occasionally a sub-theme was drowned in the rush of the harmonies, but there was so much of loftiness, such power and ecstasy in the conception that one could readily excuse this. The unity of the orchestra was remarkable throughout.

Now came Wagner's "Kaiser-Marsch" with a force sufficient for the resurrection-morning. I do not think that the world would suffer greatly if all of Wagner's marches (always excepting the noble ones in his operas) were lost. They give the public a false impression of his school. Wagner was not filled with a wild desire to make all the noise possible; when he began his wonderful performances at Bayreuth he could have had an orchestra of 1000 men of the best material in Europe, yet he chose but 116. But when he wrote marches he seems to have fallen into the Berlioz vein of inflated force and blatancy. Yet this Emperor March is the best of his marches. Divest it of its extreme loudness (and this lost nothing in the handling) and one finds a martial rhythm and a very appropriate theme. When Wagner wrote his poorest work, the "American Centennial March," he knew not a single American theme and the figures and theme in it have no real meaning; but when he wrote this march of the German empire he was well equipped with material, and it shows the taste and artistic force of the man that he discarded the rather bombastic themes of the German national songs of today and chose "Ein Feste Burg" as his proper core. Luther's great hymn (the tune is probably by Franc however) is the fittest representation of united Protestant Germany today. In the stirring times of the reformation it was the war cry of the protestants. The soldier sang it as he marched to battle; the martyr intoned it as he walked to the stake. Wagner's disesteemed contemporaries, Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer had already used it in the "Reformation symphony" and in "The Huguenots," but it remained

for him to show that it belonged to modern Germany as well as to bygone times. But, spite of this tribute to the fitness of things, one wears with the incessant fortissimo effects and longs for a less forcible expression of musical ideas. The complexity too, is not always pleasing; in short the "Liebestod" was to this as Hyperion to a satyr. Such music is too exciting and one begins to ask whether it is healthy. Of old, music was a sedative; let us beware of making it a morbid or abnormal excitement. After hearing such a noisy and furious instrumentation, after being conducted from forte to fortissimo, and from fortissimo to fortississimo, one feels like asking with Emerson—"Why so hot, my little man?"

LOUIS C. ELSON.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Twelfth Season's Symphony Concerts Begun.

The *Diaby Bell* "Jupiter" Production at the Globe—"Fadette" by the Mapleson Company at the Tremont—*Boston Triumphs of Cyril Tyler*—*Note and Gossip*.

The concerts of the 12th season of the Boston Symphony orchestra were begun, under the direction of Mr. Arthur Nikisch, last evening, with the most favorable auspices, the usual record of recent years, every seat sold for the entire season, having been made.

The long continuance of this great musical enterprise, and the rapidity with which generations of concert, as well as amusement, patrons pass away, makes it desirable to call attention, at the opening of each season of the Symphony concerts, to the condition under which Boston has been able to enjoy the performances of a permanent orchestra made up of the best musicians, directed by an able conductor and thoroughly competent to perform the most varied and difficult repertoire of instrumental compositions.

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for him to show that it belonged to modern Germany as well as to bygone times. But, spite of this tribute to the fitness of things, one wearies with the incessant fortissimo effects and longs for a less forcible expression of musical ideas. The complexity too, is not always pleasing; in short the "Liebestod" was to this as Hyperion to a satyr. Such music is too exciting and one begins to ask whether it is healthy. Of old, music was a sedative; let us beware of making it a morbid or abnormal excitant. After hearing such a noisy and furious instrumentation, after being conducted from forte to fortissimo, and from fortissimo to fortississimo, one feels like asking with Emerson—"Why so hot, my little man?"

LOUIS C. ELSON.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Twelfth Season's Symphony Concerts Begun.

The Digby Bell "Jupiter" Production at the Globe—"Fadette" by the Mapleson Company at the Tremont—Boston Triumphs of Cyril Tyler—Note and Gossip.

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The friends and acquaintances of young Huntz of the Symphony orchestra predict, I understand, a brilliant future for him. During the summer he has been, I believe, in Bayreuth, the Wagner Mecca, playing in the orchestra there, so that it is clear he means not to let his most tuneful strings grow rusty from disuse. A little bird has whispered a little secret to me about this same musician that calls for congratulations. I am not at liberty to tell it yet, but it is news that will keep and shower the youth with good wishes when it comes out.

She was at the Symphony rehearsal. She was studious. She read every moment she got in a book which she held close to her eyes. I guessed that she was near sighted. The name of the book was on the cover. It was Hegel's Philosophy. I thought how wise all Boston girls are. She dropped her book. I picked it up. I was awkward unwittingly, believe me, the cover, one of those embroidered adjustable affairs, fell off. The name of the book was on the cover, this time the inner cover. It was not Hegel. It was "A Little Game, With," etc. Again I thought "how wise Boston girls are."

If everybody saw everything in the same rose-colored light, and always regarded life as a sugar-coated pill, our existence would be painfully humdrum, and we should all die of inanition and monotony. In this era of gush and rush, when one is carried along by the crowd in spite of one's self, is it not a relief to occasionally find eyes and ears that see and hear differently from our own? And this, too, when we are told constantly that one opinion is as good as another—or, "what you say is just right. I agree with it perfectly," style of argument. Now, I understand that, unless one falls into the gushing attitude in respect to the Symphony concerts, it is a criminal offence, and one is accused of being antagonistic or "down" on somebody or other for wondering at the very expensive audience submitting to the inexpensive—well, let that pass! The selection of soloists, like kissing, goes by favor, but there are true music lovers who wish there might be no soloists, good, bad or indifferent, at any Symphony concert. At all events, the wild patronage of the 12th season proves that people go to these concerts because they are the fashion, and not for the fine orchestral playing heard at them. As the season has just begun, and soloists of startling fame are yet to come, it is suggested that Boston be given a chance to listen to artists with whom it is not familiar, that the orchestra men who usually appear as soloists give place to their peers or superiors from other cities. Native talent is not resident talent in this instance. And, apropos of this, a promise

my young Boston composer, whose works were much praised by the great little man now at the head of our musical art, was told by him to go and study in Munich or Leipzig for a while, and then the Boston orchestra would gladly bring out the compositions! Nothing can go in musical Boston without a German cachet, it seems, but the young composer is willing to bide his time, and to go on writing music to please himself, knowing that even Beethoven did not finish his musical education by a few studies in Munich!

Another story is flying about that bears on this same Germanized taste monopoly, and it is so good it deserves printing. Not a hundred years ago a youthful artist desired to give a concert, and for attractions engaged at his own price a well known leader of the Symphony orchestra to assist. The programme was made out, and all was satisfactorily arranged when this first violin flicked at the introduction of a certain composition by a young musician whose ability is well recognized here. "Was anything wrong about it?" "Oh, no, not at all; but if this work was played it would cost the gentleman \$50!" The thrifty leader of the famous quartet could not play a new American piece without proper remuneration over and above the regular price.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The first Symphony concert of the new season had not altogether an important program. A more noble symphony for an opening selection than Beethoven's C minor could not easily have been chosen, but very poor taste was shown in placing at the other end of the program the noisy Kaiser Marsch, by Richard Wagner, which contains, perhaps, the most irreverent and un-scholarly arrangement of Luther's "Ein fest Burg" that a composer of any importance could easily concoct. The enormous difficulties of the "Tristan and Isolde" vespers and finale were ably mastered, and the reproduction of the well-known love scenes in the second act was broadly interpreted.

As it was a Beethoven-Wagner concert, Mr. Nikisch would have shown exceptional taste had he selected instead of Beethoven's No. 5 the "Heroic Symphony," as this master-piece was especially dear to Wagner. It would consume too much time to discuss the original features of Mr. Nikisch's leading of the Symphony, which furthermore were by no means so numerous as when the work was performed under his direction several years ago. Mr. Nikisch is gradually becoming a conservator, and although there was an excusable roughness and lack of precision in the performance of the opening allegro of the Symphony, the remaining movements were remarkably well played. The finale allegro was given out with extraordinary energy, strong rhythmical accentuation and telling power in the climaxes, and it was received almost rapturously by the audience.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

The new series of Symphony concerts began with a programme of excellent and commendable brevity, although so composed otherwise as to be rather exacting upon attention and strength. It began with Beethoven's fifth symphony, which is in itself nearly enough for an evening's hearing and necessarily makes almost anything which can be placed after it appear weak and cold, unless this be some composition which makes a distinct contrast by its levity and pleasantry. It was very well played, except that the *scherzo* was some degrees too slow, Mr. Nikisch keeping himself and his men fully in hand and reading the first movement—which he has been wont to exaggerate—without any extremes of pause or emphasis. Here and there there was some superabundance of force, especially in the entrances of the *obbligati*, but the men kept an even swing and were in entire agreement. After this were presented the prelude and "Love's Death" from Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde," which seemed rambling, inconsequent and indeterminate after the ordered strength and symmetry of passion in the symphony. The growth of sound, the elaboration of instrumental volume, the restless feeling and the constant striving for something not to be attained, were splendidly shown by Mr. Nikisch, and his rendering was rewarded with long and warm applause. But the distinctly theatrical composition would have sustained itself better as expressive music had it been heard before the symphony. The only other work was Wagner's "Kaiser" march, which sublimation of massive tone and splendor was led through with immense vigor and perfect picturesqueness, and made its usual exciting impression.

The rearrangement of the orchestra appears to be a good one. By dividing the double-basses between the two wings, their occasional thickness and heaviness of compact tone will be relieved, and the wooden wind and middle strings will gain by coming into the centre. Possibly the brass may be found too resonant in its new position, with all its mouths directed straight forward; but judicious management could correct that. The kettle-drummer also comes nearer the middle of the rear line, where, let us hope, it will be easier to control his obstreperous disposition. The little platforms on which the orchestra's semicircle is built up are stained a pleasant red, and so is Mr. Nikisch's dais, over which a great white fur robe is thrown. The programme books are to be compiled by Mr. W. F. Apthorp, whose first specimen was as learned and light as an encyclopædia.

The programme for tonight begins and ends with a novelty—Reinecke's "King Manfred" overture, and Tchaikowsky's fifth symphony. Between these will be played the fourth piano-forte concerto of Saint-Saëns, the soloist being Mr. Stansy of the New England Conservatory, who is a strong and showy executant.

ABOUT MUSIC.

The First Symphony Concert of the Season.

Concerning the Arrangement of an Orchestra.

Sundry Appearances of Jupiter in Opera.

The first of the Boston Symphony concerts of the season '92-'93, under the direction of Mr. Arthur Nikisch, was given Saturday evening in Music Hall. There was a large audience. Mr. Nikisch was welcomed warmly, and hearty applause followed each number of the programme. The programme was as follows:

Symphony in C minor, No. 5.....	Beethoven
Vorspiel and "Liebestod," from "Tristan and Isolde".....	Wagner
Kaiser-Marsch.....	Wagner

The symphony was in its proper place. When such an elaborate composition is heard toward the end of a concert the music falls on sated or dulled ears. Beethoven himself knew this. On the third page of the first violin part of the Heroic Symphony, which was published in 1806, is this remark in Italian: "This symphony is longer than the ordinary symphony. It should be played at the beginning and not at the end of a concert, after an overture, air or perhaps a concerto. If it appears too late it will not affect the hearer as the composer intended, for the faculty of hearing will have been fatigued by the preceding compositions."

The symphony was read with sane and musical feeling. There was an absence of the theatrical exaggeration that characterized the performance of Nov. 9, 1889, and provoked acrid discussion, and, in certain instances, family strife. With the exception of an occasional lack of precision, it was finely played.

The chromatic groanings and moanings of the music from "Tristan" were treated with reverential appreciation by the orchestra and by many of the hearers. But the constant straining after effect and the hysterical promises of the composer that are never fulfilled seemed tawdry after the noble work of Beethoven.

I believe that the Kaiser March was last heard at a Symphony concert in January, 1886. One performance in six years is enough. This blatant galimatias, this combination of reminiscences of "Die Meistersinger" and "Tannhauser," which jostle constantly a famous choral, is better adapted to the circus ring than the concert hall. It was that sturdy patriot, Heinrich Dorn, the teacher of Schumann, who

The friends and acquaintances of young Kuntz of the Symphony orchestra predict, I understand, a brilliant future for him. During the summer he has been, I believe, in Beyreuth, the Wagner Mecca, playing in the orchestra there, so that it is clear he means not to let his most tuneful strings grow rusty from disuse. A little bird has whispered a little secret to me about this same musician that calls for congratulations. I am not at liberty to tell it yet, but it is news that will keep and shower the youth with good wishes when it comes out.

She was at the Symphony rehearsal. She was studious. She read every moment she got in a book which she held close to her eyes. I guessed that she was near sighted. The name of the book was on the cover. It was Hegel's Philosophy. I thought how wise all Boston girls are. She dropped her book. I picked it up. I was awkward unwittingly, believe me, the cover, one of those embroidered adjustable affairs, fell off. The name of the book was on the cover, this time the inner cover. It was not Hegel. It was "A Little Game, With," etc. Again I thought "how wise Boston girls are."

If everybody saw everything in the same rose-colored light, and always regarded life as a sugar-coated pill, our existence would be painfully humdrum, and we should all die of inanition and monotony. In this era of gush and rush, when one is carried along by the crowd in spite of one's self, is it not a relief to occasionally find eyes and ears that see and hear differently from our own? And this, too, when we are told constantly that one opinion is as good as another—or, "what you say is just right." I agree with it perfectly, style of argument. Now, I understand that, unless one falls into the gushing attitude in respect to the Symphony concerts, it is a criminal offence, and one is accused of being antagonistic or "down" on somebody or other for wondering at the very expensive audience submitting to the inexpensive—well, let that pass! The selection of soloists, like kissing, goes by favor, but there are true music lovers who wish there might be no soloists, good, bad or indifferent, at any Symphony concert. At all events, the wild patronage of the 12th season proves that people go to these concerts because they are the fashion, and not for the fine orchestral playing heard at them. As the season has just begun, and soloists of startling fame are yet to come, it is suggested that Boston be given a chance to listen to artists with whom it is not familiar, that the orchestra men who usually appear as soloists give place to their peers or superiors from other cities. Native talent is not resident talent in this instance. And, apropos of this, a promis-

ing young Boston composer, whose works were much praised by the great little man now at the head of our musical art, was told by him to go and study in Munich or Leipsic for a while, and then the Boston orchestra would gladly bring out the compositions! Nothing can go in musical Boston without a German cachet, it seems, but the young composer is willing to bide his time, and to go on writing music to please himself, knowing that even Beethoven did not finish his musical education by a few studies in Munich!

Another story is flying about that bears on this same Germanized taste monopoly, and it is so good it deserves printing. Not a hundred years ago a youthful artist desired to give a concert, and for attractions engaged at his own price a well known leader of the Symphony orchestra to assist. The programme was made out, and all was satisfactorily arranged when this first violin kicked at the introduction of a certain composition by a young musician whose ability is well recognized here. "Was anything wrong about it?" "Oh, no, not at all; but if this work was played it would cost the gentleman \$50!" The thrifty leader of the famous quartet could not play a new American piece without proper remuneration over and above the regular price.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The first Symphony concert of the new season had not altogether an important program. A more noble symphony for an opening selection than Beethoven's C minor could not easily have been chosen, but very poor taste was shown in placing at the other end of the program the noisy Kaiser March, by Richard Wagner, which contains, perhaps, the most irreverent and un-scholarly arrangement of Luther's "Ein' fest Burg" that a composer of any importance could easily concoct. The enormous difficulties of the "Tristan and Isolde" voespiel and finale were ably mastered, and the reproduction of the well-known love scenes in the second act was broadly interpreted.

As it was a Beethoven-Wagner concert, Mr. Nikisch would have shown exceptional taste had he selected instead of Beethoven's No. 5 the "Heroic Symphony," as this master-piece was especially dear to Wagner. It would consume too much time to discuss the original features of Mr. Nikisch's leading of the Symphony, which furthermore were by no means so numerous as when the work was performed under his direction several years ago. Mr. Nikisch is gradually becoming a conservator, and although there was an excusable roughness and lack of precision in the performance of the opening allegro of the Symphony, the remaining movements were remarkably well played. The finale allegro was given out with extraordinary energy, strong rhythmical accentuation and telling power in the climaxes, and it was received almost rapturously by the audience.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

The new series of Symphony concerts began with a programme of excellent and commendable brevity, although so composed otherwise as to be rather exacting upon attention and strength. It began with Beethoven's fifth symphony, which is in itself nearly enough for an evening's hearing and necessarily makes almost anything which can be placed after it appear weak and cold, unless this be some composition which makes a distinct contrast by its levity and pleasantry. It was very well played, except that the *scherzo* was some degrees too slow, Mr. Nikisch keeping himself and his men fully in hand and reading the first movement—which he has been wont to exaggerate—without any extremes of pause or emphasis. Here and there there was some superabundance of force, especially in the entrances of the *obbligati*, but the men kept an even swing and were in entire agreement. After this were presented the prelude and "Love's Death" from Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde," which seemed rambling, inconsequent and indeterminate after the ordered strength and symmetry of passion in the symphony. The growth of sound, the elaboration of instrumental volume, the restless feeling and the constant striving for something not to be attained, were splendidly shown by Mr. Nikisch, and his rendering was rewarded with long and warm applause. But the distinctly theatrical composition would have sustained itself better as expressive music had it been heard before the symphony. The only other work was Wagner's "Kaiser" march, which sublimation of massive tone and splendor was led through with immense vigor and perfect picturesqueness, and made its usual exciting impression.

The rearrangement of the orchestra appears to be a good one. By dividing the double-basses between the two wings, their occasional thickness and heaviness of compact tone will be relieved, and the wooden wind and middle strings will gain by coming into the centre. Possibly the brass may be found too resonant in its new position, with all its mouths directed straight forward; but judicious management could correct that. The kettle-drummer also comes nearer the middle of the rear line, where, let us hope, it will be easier to control his obstreperous disposition. The little platforms on which the orchestra's semicircle is built up are stained a pleasant red, and so is Mr. Nikisch's dais, over which a great white fur robe is thrown. The programme books are to be compiled by Mr. W. F. Apthorp, whose first specimen was as learned and light as an encyclopædia.

The programme for tonight begins and ends with a novelty—Reinecke's "King Manfred" overture, and Tchaikowsky's fifth symphony. Between these will be played the fourth piano-forte concerto of Saint-Saëns, the soloist being Mr. Stansy of the New England Conservatory, who is a strong and showy executant.

ABOUT MUSIC.

The First Symphony Concert of the Season.

Concerning the Arrangement of an Orchestra.

Sundry Appearances of Jupiter in Opera.

The first of the Boston Symphony concerts of the season '92-'93, under the direction of Mr. Arthur Nikisch, was given Saturday evening in Music Hall. There was a large audience. Mr. Nikisch was welcomed warmly, and hearty applause followed each number of the programme. The programme was as follows:

Symphony in C minor, No. 5.....Beethoven
Vorspiel and "Liebestod," from "Tristan and Isolde".....Wagner
Kaiser-Marsch.....Wagner

The symphony was in its proper place. When such an elaborate composition is heard toward the end of a concert the music falls on sated or dulled ears. Beethoven himself knew this. On the third page of the first violin part of the Heroic Symphony, which was published in 1806, is this remark in Italian: "This symphony is longer than the ordinary symphony. It should be played at the beginning and not at the end of a concert, after an overture, air or perhaps a concerto. If it appears too late it will not affect the hearer as the composer intended, for the faculty of hearing will have been fatigued by the preceding compositions."

The symphony was read with sane and musical feeling. There was an absence of the theatrical exaggeration that characterized the performance of Nov. 9, 1889, and provoked acrid discussion, and, in certain instances, family strife. With the exception of an occasional lack of precision, it was finely played.

The chromatic groanings and moanings of the music from "Tristan" were treated with reverential appreciation by the orchestra and by many of the hearers. But the constant straining after effect and the hysterical promises of the composer that are never fulfilled seemed tawdry after the noble work of Beethoven.

I believe that the Kaiser March was last heard at a Symphony concert in January, 1886. One performance in six years is enough. This blatant galimatias, this combination of reminiscences of "Die Meistersinger" and "Tannhaeuser," which jostle constantly a famous choral, is better adapted to the circus ring than the concert hall. It was that sturdy patriot, Heinrich Dorn, the teacher of Schumann, who

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of this latest outbreak of Wagner cannot be regarded otherwise than as an insult against the sublime majesty of the Emperor of Germany."

The orchestra is now arranged so that the wind instruments of wood and brass with the pulsatile instruments form a solid body directly in front of the leader. The strings stretch to the left and the right, and the double basses, divided, fringe the back of the stage and its further sides. The grouping is to be commended. It was thought in the eighteenth century that the double basses, cellos and bassoons should be dispersed throughout the orchestra. As Rousseau quaintly expressed it, "It is the bass that should regulate and sustain all the other parts, and all the players should hear it equally." We know how the celebrated orchestra of the Dresden opera under Hasse was arranged. The conductor was in the middle of the raised space, seated before a clavier. Behind him was a violoncello as well as a double bass. The first violins were at his right hand in a line. The second violins were on the same side, but nearer the stage. The other cellos and double basses were at the extreme ends. The violas were between the first and second violins. All of the wind instruments, with the exception of the trumpets, were on the left of the conductor. The oboes were nearest the stage and the bassoons were close to the conductor. The drums and the trumpets were on raised platforms at the sides.

The famous chorus and orchestra of the Paris Conservatory are arranged as follows: Sixteen first sopranos and 16 second sopranos are at the left of the conductor; at his right are 10 first tenors and 10 second tenors. Directly in front of him are 10 first basses and 10 second basses. To the left of the basses, as the hearer faces the stage, are 15 first violins; to the right, 14 second violins. The first and the second violins face each other. Behind the basses is the harp. Then come 10 violas facing the conductor. The next line is made up of 2 clarinets, 2 oboes, 2 flutes, piccolo, 4 cellos and 2 double basses. Behind this line are 4 horns, 4 bassoons and 4 cellos. Behind them are 2 trumpets, 3 double basses, 4 cellos and 2 double basses. Three trombones and 2 double basses are next in order, and the tuba and pulsatile instruments bring up the rear.

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Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1892-93.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. ARTHUR NIKISCH, Conductor.

II. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, AT 8 P. M.

PROGRAMME.

REINECKE.

OVERTURE, "King Manfred."
(First time in Boston.)

SAINT-SAËNS.

CONCERTO FOR PIANOFORTE, No. 4, in C minor.
Allegro moderato; Andante.—
Allegro vivace; Andante; Allegro.

TSCHAIKOWSKY.

SYMPHONY No. 5 in E minor.
Andante.—Andante cantabile, con alcuna licenza.—
Valse (Allegro moderato).—Finale (Andante maestoso).
(First time in Boston.)

SOLOIST:

MR. CARL STASNY.

The Pianoforte is a Miller.

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declared in 1871 that "the barbarous vulgarity of this latest outbreak of Wagner cannot be regarded otherwise than as an insult against the sublime majesty of the Emperor of Germany."

The orchestra is now arranged so that the wind instruments of wood and brass with the pulsatile instruments form a solid body directly in front of the leader. The strings stretch to the left and the right, and the double basses, divided, fringe the back of the stage and its further sides. The grouping is to be commended. It was thought in the eighteenth century that the double basses, cellos and bassoons should be dispersed throughout the orchestra. As Rousseau quaintly expressed it, "It is the bass that should regulate and sustain all the other parts, and all the players should hear it equally." We know how the celebrated orchestra of the Dresden opera under Hasse was arranged. The conductor was in the middle of the railed space, seated before a clavier. Behind him was a violoncello as well as a double bass. The first violins were at his right hand in a line. The second violins were on the same side, but nearer the stage. The other cellos and double basses were at the extreme ends. The violas were between the first and second violins. All of the wind instruments, with the exception of the trumpets, were on the left of the conductor. The oboes were nearest the stage and the bassoons were close to the conductor. The drums and the trumpets were on raised platforms at the sides.

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(First time in Boston.)

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MR. CARL STASNY.

The Pianoforte is a Miller.

THEATRES AND CONCERTS.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the second symphony concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Reinecke: Overture to "King Manfred."

Saint-Saëns: Concerto for pianoforte, No. 4, in C minor.

Tschaikowsky: Symphony No. 5, in E minor.

Mr. Carl Stasny was the pianist.

Carl Reinecke's overture proved itself to be one of those works which can easily stand in the first rank of *Kapellmeister-Musik*; indeed, it takes quite an enormous amount of musical knowledge to write anything so good. Naturally, when a man like Reinecke allows himself to write as nearly in the Schumann vein as he does here, he inevitably weakens the impression produced by his work—if only from the amount of water he puts into his (or Schumann's) wine being the more easily detected. But, *Kapellmeister-Musik* though it be, it is admirably well-written music; the themes are flowing and natural, if without especial distinction; the construction is stout and finely organized; some clever passages in the working-out just fall short of showing inspiration. Still, it must be owned that a commonplace man in the fine arts is, in general, a dangerous customer to count with; where native nobility of feeling is lacking, acquired elegance of expression is not always to be relied on. A composer who has not genius cannot invariably be trusted to have even artistic good taste. Reinecke could not let his overture go without one serious blemish; at one point he really allows himself to get worked up to red heat, and so lets himself do what second-rate men usually do when they dare to throw off self-consciousness—he becomes downright vulgar. In that glowing apotheosis of a sentimental second theme, near the close of his overture, he well cuts his Schumann and Mendelssohn moorings and drifts into the vein of Flotow's overture to "Martha." The orchestra played the overture (it was its first performance in Boston) splendidly.

Of the new Tschaikowsky symphony one hardly knows what to say. It is an immensely long and elaborate work, the first movement of which one might almost venture to describe as masterly. Nowhere else have we found Tschaikowsky so thoroughly imbued with the true spirit of symphonic writing as in this first movement, the only apparent blemish in which is that the *coda* adds nothing new either in style or essence, nothing that we have not already heard in the working-out. For elaboration, for the amount of solid work there is in it, this movement compares well with the first movement of the composer's B-flat minor concerto; but it is less untamed in spirit, less recklessly harsh in its polyphonic writing, less indicative of the composer's disposition to swear a theme's way through a stone wall. It is none the less evidently Slavic in spirit, however, and is brilliant as it is stoutly built and coherent. The slow movement we like less; the themes are melodious, if you will, but seem rather weak and merely

Goldmarkian-sensuous; the working-out is tediously protracted, and the general impression tiresome. The waltz, which takes the place of the traditional scherzo (third movement), shows nothing in its intrinsic character nor workmanship to make good its claim to a place in a symphony. In the finale, we find Tschaikowsky at his old tricks again; here we have all the untamed fury of the Cossack whetting itself for deeds of atrocity against all the sterility of the Russian steppes. The furious peroration sounds like nothing so much as a horde of demons struggling in a torrent of brandy, the music growing drunker and drunker, until it gradually forgets what it is trying to do. Pandemonium, delirium tremens, raving, and above all, noise worse confounded! The instrumentation in the whole symphony is vigorous, but, as it struck us, tending too often toward coarseness. But the first movement is something to take off one's hat to.

Saint-Saëns's fourth concerto can hardly be placed upon a level with his second, in G minor; but it is, nevertheless, an admirably written, clear, human and delightful work. Its singular economy in thematic material never amounts to poverty; if it never show great depth of feeling, it gives evidence of no little poetic imaginativeness and beauty; the means employed are always adequate to the end striven after. It is a wonder of artistic *savoir faire*. Mr. Stasny played it creditably, with good self-reliance and energy, if without any especially striking display of brilliancy or warmth of sentiment. But his playing was simple, straightforward, and free from all unworthy trickery. He was warmly applauded at the end.

The next programme is: Dvorák, suite for orchestra; Weber, aria from "Oberon;" Philipp Scharwenka, symphonic poem, "Frühlingswo-gen;" Liszt, song with orchestra, "Die Lore-ley;" Gade, symphony in B-flat major. Miss Emma Juch will be the singer.

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MUSICAL MATTERS.

Carl Stasny, Soloist, at the Symphony Concert.

"Fadette" Pleases at the Tremont Theatre—"Jupiter" Wins a Favor at the Globe Theatre—Cyril Tyler Artistic Triumphs—"The Fencing Master" Coming—The Park "Pops."

Director Nikisch gave the Symphony concert patrons ample food for thought last evening, as he presented a programme of three works, all of which were unfamiliar to local musicians.

The overture to Reinecke's opera, "Manfred," opened the programme, and had a first hearing here. It is certainly an excellent composition in the modern style, which does not bear the imprint of Wagnerian tendencies, the ideas having in some ways the characteristics of Schumann in his clearest and most melodious mood, while the scoring is of the Mendelssohn style. The principal theme is of a beauty well worth the skilful development given it, and the composition, as a whole, is admirably suited for the concert room. It was played with splendid effect by the orchestra, and its merit was instantly recognized and applauded.

The piano concert (or more properly fantasia with orchestra) by Saint-Saens, No. 4, in C minor, was the work selected by Mr. Carl Stasny for his first appearance here with orchestra, and the remarkable success attending his performance justified his choice of it. Only a single hearing of this concerto has been had here, and that was so many years ago that the concerto made practically a novelty. It is an admirably written work for the display of a pianist's accomplishments as well as a most enjoyable composition for all music lovers. It has some "tunes" in it that serve the composer well in supplying themes entirely worthy of the skill shown in their elaboration and development, and which give thorough satisfaction to the melodious music lover. The composer has well nigh exhausted the possibilities of the piano in this concerto, and its performance makes demands not easily met even by the most accomplished player.

In his playing Mr. Stasny showed so many good points that the concerto quite readily assumed great prominence in the evening's programme, and the opportunity for a correct estimate of the concerto was easily gained in following his reading of the work. He is a singularly clear and intelligent interpreter of this brilliant French composition, and the artistic fashion in which he performed the piano score of the concerto, instantly arrested attention and gave the player an audience in sympathy with his methods.

Mr. Stasny is a thoroughly well equipped pianist, having not only a clear musical insight but a control of his instrument which enables him to develop his ideas of the composition in hand in the most lucid man-

ner. He has a clear, clean, and sympathetic tone, with ample and well controlled power, his technical attainments are equal to the most intricate difficulties of the modern school, and, all in all, he is a most enjoyable player. This estimate of his abilities appeared to be held by the audience, as the applause which rewarded his appearance was of the most pronounced character.

In bringing forward the Tchaikowsky symphony No. 5, in E minor, as one of the early novelties of the season on this occasion, Conductor Nikisch added a most notable work to the orchestra's repertoire, and one which is worthy of more than a single hearing.

This masterly musician is at his best in this his most recent symphonic composition, for it displays his genius as a writer for the modern orchestra, his rare skill in the combination of instruments and his originality in producing effects which charm the listener upon even a first hearing of the work. Tchaikowsky to be sure shows his appreciation of the fun of musical ideas to be had by a study of his national folk songs, but this source of melodic forms is so unfamiliar that his recourse to it is never ill-advised.

His fifth symphony consists of the following movement: Andante, andante cantabile, con alcuna licenza, valse (allegro moderato) and finale (andante maestoso).

The composer has held to symphonic traditions mainly in this work, the use of the valse movement in the place of the usual scherzo being the most prominent departure from accepted forms. It is throughout a thoroughly enjoyable composition, and is so straightforward in its themes and their development that little analytical study is demanded to appreciate its full worth.

It was played in a superb style, and the mastery of the work shown by the orchestra in Mr. Nikisch's baton called out an unusual demonstration after each of the movements.

For the concert next Saturday Miss Emma Juch will be the soloist, and the programme will be Dvorak's suite for orchestra, Weber's aria from "Oberon," Philipp Scharwenka's symphonic poem, "Fruehlingswoge" (first time in Boston), Liszt's song with orchestra, "Loreley," and Gade's symphony in B-flat major.

—At the second Symphony rehearsal Friday afternoon, although less fully attended on account of the holiday, there were a number of new season subscribers of the society contingent who were not in town for the opening performance. Among them were Mrs. Lindall Winthrop and daughter, Mrs. James Jackson, Mrs. Henry Winsor, Mrs. Roger Wolcott, Mrs. Templeman Coolidge, Mr. Nathaniel W. Curtis, Miss Florence Lyman, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Zerrahn, Miss Gertrude Rice, Mrs. George Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Eliot Hubbard, the Misses Fairchild, and Mr. and Mrs. Eliott Pratt.

Soloists at the "Symphonies."

To the Editor:

It is to be hoped that the soloist department of the Boston Symphonies will be as carefully attended to as the other features. Why cannot more encouragement in this direction be given to our native and resident vocal artists?

Boston.

ALFRED B. HOLMES.

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

adv.

THE UNIQUE PROGRAMME OF SATURDAY.

Every Number a Novelty and Greatly Enjoyed by all Connoisseurs Present—Fine Distinctions in the Musical Demands of Beethoven's Time as Compared With Today.

The programme of Saturday was one made up entirely of novelties, and it is pleasant to be able to add that these novelties were all worth the doing. Reinecke's "King Manfred" overture headed the list. The hash-eaters of modern music may declaim against such shapely works as much as they please, and may cry "Kapellmeister-musik" to their heart's content, but such an overture is enjoyable in almost every measure, and is a most effectual protest against the formlessness of much of the music of the present. It was in the main well played, and its combat and strife was not exaggerated in the reading. The brasses were not forced, as they were at the first concert, and the harp was not obliterated, but was sometimes audible. The horn was insecure, as it was at the first concert, but made ample amends by superb playing in the last number of the programme. The lesson of the work was that one is not obliged to rush through the entire 24 keys in order to express passion, but can keep within the architectural lines and still present contrast and emotion adequately.

St. Saens' C minor concerto was practically new to concert goers, and also served to introduce a new man to the audience in its solo part. Mr. Carl Stasny had been heard in small piano-recitals in Boston last year but this was the first time that he essayed a large musical task before a Boston audience. He succeeded even better than the previous recitals seemed to promise. His chief faults on the former occasions amid an excellent musicianly reading were a too muscular style, and an overuse of the pedal. In this concerto he thoroughly curbed his strength, and gave a degree of delicacy and shading that was as welcome as it was unexpected. The second fault is not yet entirely overcome, and there were a few blurs that were caused by obtrusive use of the damper pedal. The surety of the player was commendable and the ensemble was never disturbed. Mr. Stasny's record in Europe is a high one and he has played this very work to the satisfaction of rigid German criticism. He was twice recalled with hearty applause which he deserved. The concerto is brilliant in spite of its many touches of gloom. It is too vague in form, but presents much ingenuity of development, in fact in this field, St. Saens may be regarded as the greatest of living French composers. There are plenty of reminiscent touches in the first movement, and even Gounod's "Marche Funebre d'une Marionnette" came to the surface too palpably. The final treatment of a theme of popular char-

acter, half development, half variation, was the most musicianly part of the work. It is, however, not a concerto that one grows enthusiastic over at a first hearing.

We had Beethoven's fifth symphony at the preceding concert, this time came the fifth of Tchaikowsky. The works resembled each other only in the numeral; the modern tendency cannot be better illustrated than by comparing two such works; on the one side clearness, on the other turbulence; on the one side rugged power, on the other frenzy. Yet Tchaikowsky is a splendid example of the best side of modern musical treatment; it is the trend of the entire school which is wrong; the *suaviter in modo* seems to be abolished; repose in action is unknown.

Tchaikowsky is a master of the orchestra and of orchestral development. He lays on the colors with a sure hand, and his combinations are always interesting and sometimes entirely original. He draws royally from the folk-music of his native land, and this imparts a vigor and a characteristic style to his work that can scarcely be overestimated. It is one of the most hopeful signs in our present music, that some of the masters are beginning to draw from the great well of popular music. It was this custom that originally nourished the German school, and Luther, Bach and all the pioneers in the foundation of it, used the folk-music freely.

This symphony is strong in its use of folk-themes. But the musician since Haydn's day demands more than a mere set of tunes, he requires that the melodies presented shall be carried to logical afterthoughts and conclusions; the themes may represent the emotional side of music, but their development must add the intellectual element, and in this combination of the intellectual and emotional lies the power of the symphony. And here we find the weak spot of this work, the development (which is always chiefly in the first movement) is very prolix, but never so clear as with the older masters; the logic of music is not so well represented as of yore. There is more reliance placed on tone-color and on quaintness. The first movement is intentionally odd from first to last. A ghostly character is imparted by weird wood-wind phases. The clarinet is used in the deep, or chalumeau, register, and imparts a gloom that reminds of the spectral effects that Mendelssohn brought forth in the same manner in his Scotch symphony and Weber in the incantation scene of "Der Freischuetz." Every part of the movement is exciting in one way or other; fierce use of empty fifths is made, and there is a revelry in dissonance of audacious boldness; the bassoon is employed (and it was excellently played) in a march theme which at once recalls Berlioz's famous bassoon figure in the "March to Execution." Spite of the reminiscences, there is nothing like plagiarism in the work. So much has been done by the moderns of a generation ago, that it is impossible to avoid occasionally treading on their ground in the matter of instrumentation. Had the symphony ended with the first movement (it would then have been a noble overture) all might have been well, but the succeeding movement brought more Muscovite gloom, and the last one added such a thoroughly Russian finale that the whole feast began to take the

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SYNCRISMS.

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SECOND SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Mr. Nikisch's Orchestra Presents Two Musical Novelties.

Mr. Nikisch offered two compositions new to Boston at the symphony concert last evening at Music Hall, Reinecke's overture, "King Manfred," and Tschalkowsky's symphony No. 5 in E minor.

In addition to these numbers Mr. Carl Stasny was heard in Saint-Saens's concerto No. 4 in C minor.

The programme was particularly interesting from the element of novelty it contained, and entertaining probably as much from the excellent interpretation of the numbers as from their quality.

Reinecke's overture is a sober composition, opening with peculiar passages played by the brasses and wood-winds alternately, and well played they were, too, last evening, and ending with a tumultuous finale.

The difficult sustained measures in unison on the E strings by the violins were admirably executed, and were perhaps the most pronounced and original feature of the work.

Mr. Stasny was fully equal to the digital dexterity required for the performance of the Saint-Saens number, which bristles with ornamental work.

It was a brilliant performance, and the pianist gave the "tricky" concerto with artistic color and dash.

Tschalkowsky's Slavonic symphony bears the stamp of strong, effective and, often to musical ears, harsh originality.

The whole composition is elaborately worked out, and departs somewhat from the prescribed symphonic form, a waltz movement replacing the scherzo form.

Contrasting themes are used, and many of the effects are dissonant and typical of Cossack fire and energy.

The work of the orchestra was very fine. The piccolos and clarinets fairly shrieked out the weird, allegro vivace, and the swinging waltz measures were delicately given by the strings.

The hall was filled, and the audience was quite enthusiastic.

The concert programme for Friday and Saturday will be Dvorak's suite for orchestra; aria from "Oberon," Weber; symphonic poem "Fruehlingswogen," Philip Scharwenka; song with orchestra, "Loreley," Liszt, and Gade's symphony in B flat major. Miss Emma Juch will be the soloist.

Boston patrons of the symphony concerts who were unsuccessful in obtaining seats would enjoy, for contrast and novelty, attending the sale of seats for the Providence series, which opens tomorrow. O'Connor's new flower store, where the sale is to be held, is to have a passageway of palms and ferns, through which the weary purchaser will wend his way, to be refreshed by their odor and a glimpse of Mr. Ellis surrounded by roses and symphony tickets. The concerts will be given monthly on Wednesday evenings, and brilliant audiences will be in attendance.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

To the Editor:

Is the Boston Symphony Orchestra to make a provincial tour this season? If so, in what places will it appear?

Indianapolis, Ind.

J. HILL.

(It is scarcely likely that New York and Philadelphia would relish the idea of being classed among provincial cities. The Orchestra will give ten concerts in the Cambridge suburb of Boston; six in Providence, R.I.; four in Worcester, Mass.; ten in Brooklyn; and five each in New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore.)

MUSIC.

Conner

THE SECOND SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The programme performed at the second concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Music Hall last evening was as follows:

Reinecke.....Overture, "King Manfred"
Saint-Saens.....Concerto for pianoforte

Tschalkowski.....Symphony No. 5 in E minor

Mr. Apthorp, in his symphony programme notes, is correct when he says that Karl Reinecke, the composer, "has never risen above the second rank." Any well informed musician will endorse this estimate of the genial and studious Kapellmeister at Leipzig; the unrivaled performer of Mozart's sonatas, concertos, etc.; the prolific or, figuratively speaking, garrulous composer compared with whom there are thousands of musicians his superiors today whose knowledge of what really constitutes musical composition will not permit them to compose. Then wherein is the artistic consistency of performing Mr. Reinecke's music at a symphony concert given by an orchestra of world wide reputation—an orchestra that is pre-eminently "above the second rank." Mr. Reinecke may be all the greater musician for having produced a very large number of mediocre overtures, sonatas, etc.; but the principle that one good tune is worth a dozen bad overtures is an artistic one. What true art is is simply a question of quality.

Reinecke's overture "King Manfred" is conspicuously void of art; it is an artificial work; its gender is feminine; it has many notes, but little music; it is a chatterbox kind of overture, having a plausible refinement, purity and dignity not at its basis but simply in the imagination of the composer. Again we ask why should Mr. Nikisch have music performed at the symphony concerts that is by a "composer who has never risen above the second rank"?

Then followed the fourth concerto in C minor by Saint-Saens. After the first movement which leaves the impression of only being preparatory to the chief business of the piece, it becomes a remarkably grotesque composition and is a characteristic example not only of the composer's familiarity with the technical possibilities of the virtuoso but the absolute mastery he has over all the elements of composition, but all this is in juxtaposition with much that is trivial and even vulgar.

The first movement breathes a poetical spirit, though somewhat heavily and in a pessimistic vein; it is by no means worthy of the composer, of whom Bulow has said "Er ist der grösste musikalische Koff der Jetztzeit." (He is the greatest of living musicians). The finale based upon an arch and piquant folk-song is a masterpiece. The concerto has little of the storm and fury, little of the virtuosic bedlam let loose in it that is the all too prevailing characteristic of the typical modern concerto, but after the first movement it is extremely lavish in passages of real beauty and a well-nigh constant flow of melody that is rendered none the less clear by the attending auxiliaries of the pianoforte part. Whatsoever question may arise as to the emotional enjoyment to be derived from its music, this is purely a question of taste. True the opening movement impresses one as being somewhat foggy and as overcrowded with details which do not appear to bear any coherent re-

lation to each other, but we have used the word "appear" trusting that a more familiar acquaintance with the work would remove the impression. The difficulties of the pianoforte part were overcome by Mr. Carl Stasny without seeming effort; with "classic calmness and accuracy," as the German critics are wont to remark. He is a pianist of the Charles Halle type, and seldom plays fortissimo, and yet without the slightest affectation in the other direction, for he is by no means a pianissimist. He exhibited a fine intellectual grasp of the music, a remarkably pliant, interesting and facile technique and held the interest of his listeners for every bar. Mr. Stasny's performance was the chief triumph of the concert. Of the Tschalkowski symphony, which was heard for the first time in Boston, more can scarcely be said than that it was listened to with curiosity and admiration by musicians in the audience and doubtless with all due appreciation of the difficulty which nowadays besets any composer who aspires to produce a work so transcendent in the demands that are made for it as a modern symphony.

The music is highly spiced, throughout sensuous and exciting. The composer is plainly an eclectic whose aim is to give his great work an investiture which shall be in keeping with its character both externally and internally. It is romantic music yet it is by no means so stimulated that like so much romanticism it either wearies the listener or makes him long for a fresher, healthier, atmosphere; quite the reverse. He revels in instrumental color and the language of his orchestration is at all times glowing and brilliant. Of all four movements the value makes the most unqualifiedly pleasing impression. It is fluent, fresh and vigorous, yet always refined in its rhythms, and is altogether as unique a masterpiece as has yet appeared in a modern symphony. The performance of the work was uncommonly creditable to Conductor Nikisch and the orchestra, and the most tyrannous demands of the symphony were so fully complied with that it seemed as though he had firmly inspired the musicians with an ability to render it.

C. L. C.

The Second of the Boston Symphony Concerts.

The Amiable Reinecke and the Wild Tschalkowsky.

A Programme of Strongly Contrasting Numbers.

The programme of the second Symphony concert was as follows:

Overture, "King Manfred".....Reinecke
(First time in Boston.)
Concerto for Pianoforte, No. 4, in C minor....Saint-Saens
Symphony No. 5 in E minor.....Tschalkowsky
(First time in Boston.)

Mr. Carl Stasny was the pianist.

The appearance of the overture to "King Manfred," an opera by Karl Reinecke, in a concert hall that is frequented in the year 1892.

SECOND SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Mr. Nikisch's Orchestra Presents Two Musical Novelties.

Mr. Nikisch offered two compositions new to Boston at the symphony concert last evening at Music Hall, Reinecke's overture, "King Manfred," and Tschalkowsky's symphony No. 5 in E minor.

In addition to these numbers Mr. Carl Stasny was heard in Saint-Saens's concerto No. 4 in C minor.

The programme was particularly interesting from the element of novelty it contained, and entertaining probably as much from the excellent interpretation of the numbers as from their quality.

Reinecke's overture is a sober composition, opening with peculiar passages played by the brasses and wood-winds alternately, and well played they were, too, last evening, and ending with a tumultuous finale.

The difficult sustained measures in unison on the E strings by the violins were admirably executed, and were perhaps the most pronounced and original feature of the work.

Mr. Stasny was fully equal to the digital dexterity required for the performance of the Saint-Saens number, which bristles with ornamental work.

It was a brilliant performance, and the pianist gave the "tricksy" concerto with artistic color and dash.

Tschalkowsky's Slavonic symphony bears the stamp of strong, effective and, often to musical ears, harsh originality.

The whole composition is elaborately worked out, and departs somewhat from the prescribed symphonic form, a waltz movement replacing the scherzo form.

Contrasting themes are used, and many of the effects are dissonant and typical of Cossack fire and energy.

The work of the orchestra was very fine. The piccolos and clarinets fairly shrieked out the weird, allegro vivace, and the swinging waltz measures were delicately given by the strings.

The hall was filled, and the audience was quite enthusiastic.

The concert programme for Friday and Saturday will be Dvorak's suite for orchestra; aria from "Oberon," Weber; symphonic poem "Fruehlingswogen," Philip Scharwenka; song with orchestra, "Loreley," Liszt, and Gade's symphony in B flat major. Miss Emma Juch will be the soloist.

Boston patrons of the symphony concerts who were unsuccessful in obtaining seats would enjoy, for contrast and novelty, attending the sale of seats for the Providence series, which opens tomorrow. O'Connor's new flower store, where the sale is to be held, is to have a passageway of palms and ferns, through which the weary purchaser will wend his way, to be refreshed by their odor and a glimpse of Mr. Ellis surrounded by roses and symphony tickets. The concerts will be given monthly on Wednesday evenings, and brilliant audiences will be in attendance.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

To the Editor:

Is the Boston Symphony Orchestra to make a provincial tour this season? If so, in what places will it appear?

Indianapolis, Ind.

J. Hill.

(It is scarcely likely that New York and Philadelphia would relish the idea of being classed among provincial cities. The Orchestra will give ten concerts in the Cambridge suburb of Boston; six in Providence, R.I.; four in Worcester, Mass.; four in Brooklyn; and five each in New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore.)

MUSIC.

Conner

THE SECOND SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The programme performed at the second concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Music Hall last evening was as follows:

Reinecke.....Overture, "King Manfred"
Saint-Saens.....Concerto for pianoforte

Tschalkowski.....Symphony No. 5 in E minor

Mr. Apthorp, in his symphony programme notes, is correct when he says that Karl Reinecke, the composer, "has never risen above the second rank." Any well informed musician will endorse this estimate of the genial and studious Kapellmeister at Leipzig; the unrivaled performer of Mozart's sonatas, concertos, etc.; the prolific or, figuratively speaking, garrulous composer compared with whom there are thousands of musicians his superiors today whose knowledge of what really constitutes musical composition will not permit them to compose. Then wherein is the artistic consistency of performing Mr. Reinecke's music at a symphony concert given by an orchestra of world wide reputation—an orchestra that is pre-eminently "above the second rank." Mr. Reinecke may be all the greater musician for having produced a very large number of mediocre overtures, sonatas, etc.; but the principle that one good tune is worth a dozen bad overtures is an artistic one. What true art is is simply a question of quality.

Reinecke's overture "King Manfred" is conspicuously void of art; it is an artificial work; its gender is feminine; it has many notes, but little music; it is a chatterbox kind of overture, having a plausible refinement, purity and dignity not at its basis but simply in the imagination of the composer. Again we ask why should Mr. Nikisch have music performed at the symphony concerts that is by a "composer who has never risen above the second rank"?

Then followed the fourth concerto in C minor by Saint-Saens. After the first movement which leaves the impression of only being preparatory to the chief business of the piece, it becomes a remarkably grotesque composition and is a characteristic example not only of the composer's familiarity with the technical possibilities of the virtuoso but the absolute mastery he has over all the elements of composition, but all this is in juxtaposition with much that is trivial and even vulgar.

The first movement breathes a poetical spirit, though somewhat heavily and in a pessimistic vein; it is by no means worthy of the composer, of whom Bulow has said "Er ist der grösste musikalische Koff der Jetztzeit." (He is the greatest of living musicians). The finale based upon an arch and piquant folk-song is a masterpiece. The concerto has little of the storm and fury, little of the virtuosic bedlam let loose in it that is the all too prevailing characteristic of the typical modern concerto, but after the first movement it is extremely lavish in passages of real beauty and a well-nigh constant flow of melody that is rendered none the less clear by the attending auxiliaries of the pianoforte part. Whatsoever question may arise as to the emotional enjoyment to be derived from its music, this is purely a question of taste. True the opening movement impresses one as being somewhat foggy and as overcrowded with details which do not appear to bear any coherent re-

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The appearance of the overture to "King Manfred," an opera by Karl Reinecke, in a concert hall that is frequented in the year 1892,

likened unto the visit of an esteemed gentleman, past the zenith of life, at the house of his kinsfolk. He is greeted warmly, and is then submitted to the inspection that follows a return after the separation of years. The old gentleman is well preserved. His locks may be scanty, but they are pleasingly combed. His eyes are bright and his step is firm. His hearing and his appetite are unimpaired. The shirt collar is perhaps not of the latest device, but its whiteness and its rigidity are irreproachable. His manners in conversation and at table are distinguished. He is always amiable. He does not interrupt; he never contradicts. He does not advance positive or extravagant opinions of his own. In fact he has no opinions, and his talk is enlivened by liberal quotations from the good fellows whom he knew in his youth, and by statements of scholars and philosophers who were of great repute when he put on man's estate. All are delighted at first. The elder members of the family revive old recollections. They commend their guest as an example to the youths of the household, who are inclined to be forward, opinionated, vehement in expression. The irreverent youngsters consider him to be a bore; they laugh in secret. They are tired of hearing him repeat tales told by Mendelssohn and Schumann. They are tempted to ask him if he never thought for himself. His very suavity irritates them. Even the elder members of the family after a week begin to think that he is too polite. So they leave him alone one evening by the fire and attend a lecture given by a Russian Nihilist named Peter Tschaiakowsky. They hear many things that startle and shock them; yet they are at times fascinated in spite of themselves by the conviction and the passion of the revolutionist. On their return they find the old man awaiting them. His kindly talk seems slow. They yawn in his face. The next day the guest departs, unruffled, in fact with Chesterfieldian composure. Strange to say, they miss his never-failing courtesy, his gentle voice, his self-control. They forget speedily the noisy threats of the Russian; but they remember the wise conversation of Schumann and Mendelssohn as repeated pleasantly by good Mr. Reinecke. And the young people, who follow Tschaiakowsky about with a curiosity that is high impertinence, begin to think that the Russian may be something of a poseur, and they appreciate in moderate degree the self-effacement of the quondam guest.

"By the side of the Blue Sea is a great and green oak tree, girt with a golden chain.

"Day and night, a marvelous and learned cat crawls around this oak.

"When he crawls to the right, he sings a song. When he crawls to the left, he tells a story.

"It is there that you must sit down and learn the understanding of Russian legends. There the spirit of Russia and the fantasy of our ancestors come to life again."

So runs the beginning of the prologue of a story by Pouchkine. It is not improbable that he who wishes to enter fully into the spirit of Tschaiakowsky must listen to the cat who dwells by the chain-girt oak which looks out on the water of the Blue Sea.

Although the fifth symphony of Tschaiakowsky was heard last week for the first time in this city, it is not a composition of this year. Its first performance was in St. Petersburg during the season of '88-89 and March 5, 1889; it was played in New York under the direction of Theodore Thomas. It was played again in New York in 1890. Brooklyn and Chicago heard it that same year. It was played in Baltimore and Cincinnati in 1892.

This symphony is kept pretty well in traditional symphonic form, except that the first part of the first allegro is not repeated, and a waltz movement takes the place of the scherzo. Few are now inclined to regret the tendency to omit the orthodox repetition. Nearly a century ago Gretry, in speaking of the sonata form, put the following question: "What do you think of a man who cuts his speech in two and repeats twice each half?" I was at your house this morning; yes, I was at your house this morning to consult you in a matter of business, to consult you in a matter of business." Reprises in music affect me in this way. Let us not confound, however, useless repetitions with a charming phrase that occurs three or four times, or with the repetitions of a few measures of a delightful air. Just as one may say to his sweetheart ten times in the same visit 'I love you,' so one may repeat a phrase that is full of emotion. I spoke of the long repetition that forms the half of a musical discourse."

Tschaiakowsky is a name not to be mentioned without a raising of the hat; and yet it is doubtful if this fifth symphony will add to his reputation or alone carry him to the consideration of posterity. It abounds in that which is known currently as Russian color. The themes are often Russian, whether they are derived from folk melodies, and through them from the plain song of the national church, or merely influenced by such associations. Furthermore, the presentation of the themes in harmonic and instrumental setting is characteristic of the members of the modern radical school of Russia. At the same time there is a skill in elaboration, seen particularly in the first movement, that is not often remarked in compositions by the colleagues of Tschaiakowsky. This elaboration in the first movement becomes over-elaboration, and fatigue is induced thereby. The slow movement is of a more popular nature. If there is again a Slavic character, there is also proof of the strong influence of the melodious Italians. The sentiment of the opening solo approaches sentimentality, but the theme is undeniably effective and is treated with rare technical skill, as is the passionate second theme of the same movement. So pleased is Tschaiakowsky with his invention that he insists on calling attention to it until the hearer begins to doubt the worth of that which at first charmed him. The waltz is free from vulgarity. It is indeed dainty, and the instrumentation is delicate and piquant without any suspicion of the bizarre. In strong contrast to the refinement of this movement is the hurry-scurry of the finale. Such music is unworthy of the symphony or the serious opera. It might not be out of place in pantomime scenes where the clown is pursued by an infuriated populace, and it would undoubtedly foment the rage of Howling Dervishes. In its dignity and in its madness, in its piquancy and in its passion, this symphony was played admirably by the orchestra.

Perhaps this symphony cannot be better described than by the words of Cesar Cui in his summing up of the merits and the faults of the Tschaiakowsky of 1880. It will be seen at once that Cui uses freely the peculiar and traditional privilege of a sincere friend. "His orchestral music is distinguished by wealth of melody, development, harmony and instrumentation. These precious gifts are not always employed discreetly. He is, for instance, not fastidious enough in his choice of melodic ideas. One finds ordinary and even vulgar tunes jostling exquisite melodies. Depth and real vigor are sometimes missed. He delights in tripping and pleasing melodies; he is fond of danse-rhythms; or he is sentimental to the point of monotony. He is prolix in the development; on the other hand his themes are at times contrasted too abruptly. He has not learned the necessity of rigid self-inspection. Therefore his symphonic style degenerates sometimes into the merely dramatic and melodramatic."

And yet much may be forgiven in the case of the man who sang in that great cantabile with throbbing accompaniment the time-and-space-defying passion of the lovers of Verona; and who invoked with unearthly strains the awful Majesty of Denmark.

There are other pianoforte concertos in the catalogue of Saint-Saens, but to the musician there is but one, the famous one in G minor. Yet there are passages in the C minor concerto that show the ingenuity of the composer, and the pianoforte is treated in a distinguished manner. As a work of the distinctively modern school, it requires a player of the modern school, a player with virtuosic blood in his veins. It is true that Mr. Stasny showed Saturday a marked improvement in his appreciation of rhythm and accentuation. He has more self-control than was seen in his performance early in November of last year. While his touch is still apparently dry and without genuine sympathy, he did not force the tone, and, in fact, he played throughout the concerto with care and with discretion. But it seemed as though he interpreted the work in the conscientious spirit of a professor expounding to his class the structure of a sonata by Clementi. He was applauded loudly and he was twice recalled.

The programme of the concerts of next Friday and Saturday is as follows:
Suite, Dvorak; aria from "Oberon," Weber; symphonic poem, P. Scharwenka; "Loreley," Liszt, and symphony in B flat, Gade.
Miss Emma Juch will be the soloist.

PHILIP HALE.

usic Hall.

1892-93.

NY ORCHESTRA,

ISCH, Conductor.

NCERT.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, AT 8 P. M.

PROGRAMME.

C. GOLDMARK.

OVERTURE. "In the Spring."

CONCERTO FOR VIOLIN AND ORCHESTRA.

J. RAFF.

SYMPHONY. "Im Walde."

SOLOIST:

MONSIEUR HENRI MARTEAU.

Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1892-93.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. ARTHUR NIKISCH, Conductor.

III. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, AT 8 P. M.

PROGRAMME.

ANTONIN DVOŘÁK.

SUITE FOR ORCHESTRA, in D major, op. 39.

- I. Praeludium (Pastorale), Allegro moderato (D major).
- II. Polka, Allegretto grazioso (D minor).
- III. Menuet (Sousedska), Allegro giusto (B flat major).
- IV. Romanze, Andante con moto (G major).
- V. Finale (Furiant), Presto (D minor).

KARL MARIA VON WEBER.

RECITATIVE AND ARIA, "Ocean! thou mighty monster," from "Oberon." Act II., No. 13.

PHILIPP SCHARWENKA.

SYMPHONIC POEM. "Fruehlingswogen." in A flat major, op. 87.

FRANZ LISZT.

SONG WITH ORCHESTRA. "Die Loreley."

NIELS WILHELM GADE.

SYMPHONY in B flat major, op. 20.

- I. Andantino (B flat major).
Allegro vivace e grazioso (B flat major).
- II. Andante con moto (E flat major).
- III. Scherzo; Allegro, ma non troppo e tranquillamente (G minor).
Trio I. (G major).
Trio II. (D major).
- IV. Finale; Allegro molto vivace (B flat major).

SOLOIST:

MISS EMMA JUCH.

AT THE SYMPHONY.

A PLEASANT MINGLING OF OLD AND NEW.

The Dvorak Work a Sort of Apotheosis of National Dance Music, Well Rendered—Miss Juch Welcomed Back—Liszt in Vocal English Not a Success—Gade's Symphony.

Again a programme of new instrumental numbers, or of numbers so old that they became practically new, and it was a line of modern work which exhibited our conductor at his best. The Dvorak work, which began the concert, falsified the Shakesperian line,

I am never merry when I hear Suite music, for this Suite swept the gamut of merriment from placid gaiety to hilarious frenzy. It is a sort of apotheosis of national dance-music, and it gives rather an overdose of Terpsichore. The pastoral introduction is its best number, for here there is a degree of development and figure treatment which is interesting. There is an intentional monotony of bass (a sort of "ground-bass"), that is attractive. The movement was well played and the oboe work, of which there was an abundance, was commendable. Mr. Sautet not only blows the thin and tender tone of the French school (which is peculiarly appropriate in these rustic effects), but at times gives the broad, full tone which one hears from the German players, and which approaches the quality of the English horn.

Now followed a polka movement. As the "Pulka" is a national dance of Bohemia it was natural to expect it in a Bohemian suite, but, after all, its rhythm is the least adapted to interesting treatment, and while the polonaise, the mazurka, the minuet, the gavotte and the waltz all have points that can be developed to some purpose in orchestral music of the better sort, the polka remains barren even when treated by the masters, and Raff and Rubinstein, as well as Dvorak, have become prosy or conventional when dealing with its 2-4 measures. The minuet which came next was dainty in the extreme, and had a pretty little skip in its chief figure which was charming. It reminded one of the elfin Minuet which Berlioz introduced in the "Damnation of Faust."

The Romanza gives plenty of musical sugar, and a conversation between the flute and the English horn might be a dialogue of a youth and maiden. The flute *obligato* work was finely given, and the rest of the woodwind also deserves praise.

But now came more dancing in the shape of a "Furiant" (again a folkdance of Bohemia) and more of spiced *bizarrerie*. Goulasch may be good food, but one can tire even of ever-recurring Goulasch, and the very caprice displayed began to have a suspicion of sameness. Brilliant tone coloring is certainly present in the movement, but the effect produced on the writer was as if he had been at an art exhibition where the painter used only scarlet, pea green, sky blue and bright yellow.

Now came Miss Emma Juch and re-

ceived a welcome that must have assured her that the Boston public remembers her former artistic triumphs. She sang "Ocean, thou mighty monster!" from Weber's "Oberon," with fine musical intelligence, and her climaxes both in high and low register were well worked up; but the voice was not altogether broad enough for the ambitious number, and more than once seemed forced. Beside a Materna or a Lehmann rendering of this dramatic scene the performance would have shown decided shortcomings. The public, however, appreciated the artistic efforts of the singer and gave the heartiest applause. It was a mistake to give Liszt's "Loreley" in English, or, in fact, to give it at all. Liszt is a decidedly unvocal writer, and the spasmodic gasps, and shrieks, and moanings, and groanings of the vocal part, not to speak of the wild modulations of the orchestra, make the tender folksong so grandiloquent that one longs even for the simplicity of Silcher's setting as a relief. Yet there is one beautiful theme in the work which gives a picture of tranquillity and sadness, and in this Miss Juch's voice was most effective and tender, because unforced.

Philipp Scharwenka's symphonic poem "Fruehlingswogen" was rather too ecstatic and long-drawn out. Such an amount of surging and tempestuous trouble is not generally associated with spring, and there were fierce dissonances that could only picture a New England spring in its early and catarrh-breeding stages. But judged apart from any definite picture, the work showed a deft hand in using orchestral color and a passion for thematic development that was interesting even though it sometimes led to unclearness. The horn calls (played a trifle flat) reminded one of the manner in which Schumann awakened the spring in his B flat symphony. The harp had prominent work to do and Mr. Schuecker played his part clearly and most artistically. I suspect that there is more in the work than appears at a first hearing, and can only say that the primary impression was of vague beauty, excessive length, bold modulation, and modern ecstasy. It formed an excellent foil to Gade's B-flat symphony, and also served to remind one that Gade's singing of spring (he has written two short but glorious cantatas on the topic) was more easily comprehended.

Gade's symphony closed the concert. It may be true that Gade, in his symphonic writing especially, played moon to Mendelssohn's sun, but his treatment is none the less symmetrical and worthy, and he is as concise as heart could wish. Charming it was, after all the excitement of ultra-modern musical spasms and agonies, to hear a logical work with clear relationship of themes and intelligible development. And the violins played the chief theme as they loved it, while the cellos and horns did the same for the second. The pleasant treatment of the two-noted figure ("Mrs. Mendelssohn," cried the German critics,) was well brought out. The whole work received a good reading, save that the finale was made a little too fiery. At times, too, the middle voices which also have independent thoughts to present occasionally, were not heard because of the impetuosity of the violins.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

"The Fencing Master," "Jupiter" and "Fadette."

Miss Emma Juch, Soloist at the Symphony Concert—Cyril Tyler's Farewell Tonight—Rice's Popular at the Park This Evening—Other Attractions, News Notes and Gossip.

An admirably varied programme was performed at the concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra in Music Hall last evening under the direction of Conductor Arthur Nikisch, the soloist being Miss Emma Juch, soprano.

The selections of the evening included Dvorak's suite for orchestra; Weber's aria, "Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster," from "Oberon"; Philipp Scharwenka's symphonic poem, "Frühlingswogen"; Liszt's song (with orchestra), "Loreley," and Gade's symphony in B flat major.

The appearance of Miss Juch gave her many admirers in this city a welcome pleasure, and she has seldom made a more emphatic success than on this occasion. The great dramatic art from "Oberon," which so severely tests the abilities of the best equipped soprano, was given with splendid breadth and artistic finish, its contrasting movements displaying the admirable vocal gifts of the artist to the best advantage. Miss Juch's delivery of the number was well calculated to call out the commendation of the most critical, and a well merited ovation rewarded the singer as she concluded the selection. Liszt's beautiful "Loreley" is a composition which is seldom heard with full satisfaction, as the demands it makes upon the musical intelligence of the singer are rarely met. Miss Juch is singularly gifted in the intellectual attainments demanded in the proper interpretation of this song, and last evening she fairly disarmed criticism by the admirable fashion in which she realized all its beauties. The sentiment, feeling and intelligence shown in the delivery of the number, the artistic grace which characterized its phrasing, and the purity and correctness of the tones of the singer, combine to make the song a source of keen enjoyment, and to win for the singer another grand demonstration.

The novelty of the evening consisted of the spring poem by Philipp Scharwenka, which was given its first hearing here on this occasion. The composition appeals with rare success to the poetic and sentimental characteristics of the music loving public, the fanciful idea of depicting in true colors the opening of spring being carried out with artistic grace and singularly pleasing realism. The principal theme is elaborated with admirable skill, and the instrumental combination, as well as the working out, gives evidence of the master's hand. Mr. Nikisch brought all his great

talent to the successful interpretation of this class of writings to the reading of this true poem, and his performance of the composition gave entire satisfaction.

The sharp contrasting movements of the Dvorak suite were given a delightful interpretation and Mr. Nikisch was a so particularly happy in his reading of the Gade symphony, which has never had a more pleasing production than on this occasion.

The orchestra makes its first occasional tour during the coming week and resumes its home concerts on the 11th of November, when Mr. Adamowski will be the soloist.

—The largest audience of the season assembled for the Symphony rehearsal Friday afternoon, the appearance of Mme. Juch as soloist being somewhat responsible for the crowd. She looked extremely well in black india silk with a groundwork of pink roses. The bodice was of black lace with narrow gold bands of embroidery over a low cut black corsage. Her profusion of blonde hair was simply arranged on her finely shaped head. She sang beautifully and was greeted with unusual applause for a matinee.

THEATRES AND CONCERTS.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The third symphony concert, given last Saturday evening in the Music Hall, brought the following programme with it:

Dvorak: Suite for orchestra, in D major, Opus 39.
Weber: Recitative and Aria, "Ocean! thou mighty monster," from "Oberon."
Philipp Scharwenka: Symphonic Poem, "Frühlingswogen," in A-flat major, Opus 87.
Liszt: Song with orchestra, "Die Loreley."
Gade: Symphony No. 4, in B-flat major, Opus 20.
Miss Emma Juch was the singer.

The Dvorak suite has been heard here before: it is one of the Bohemian composer's most genial works—bright, sunny, and, except in a few ill-sounding places, musical in spirit and form. Where the music borders dangerously upon the flimsy and the trivial, as it does at times, Dvorak has known how to save it by a certain native charm that is very winning. The closing *Furiant* is one of the most spirited things of his in this vein that we know of; it carried off the honors of the suite with the audience. The whole suite was admirably played, and the effect it produced left little or nothing to be desired.

Philipp Scharwenka's "Frühlingswogen" was given (with some considerable, but very welcome, cuts) for the first time here. The composer calls it a symphonic poem, but it has less definiteness of poetic, or picturesque, purpose than most of the compositions we have hitherto known by that name. It is pleasant-sounding, rather unpretentious music, agreeably scored for full modern orchestra, but totally lacking in genius or distinction of any sort. It might have been written by Fritz Spindler, had that "pianoforte-pupil's best friend" been in the habit of writing for orchestra. There is little to criticize in it, save that it does not in the least fill the requirements of a composition for a serious symphony concert. When one listens to music at such a solemnity, one likes at least to feel one's self in communion with a mind of some distinction, with one that has something to say. Scharwenka shows here that he has exceedingly little to say and that only of the most commonplace sort. It was capitally played.

Gade's ever beautiful and lovely B-flat symphony came like a refreshing shower in the desert. One hears so little by him nowadays, and so much by men who fly with a more heroic, or at least with a more strenuous, wing, that one looks forward to hearing a work of his once more with something of distrust, with a little fear that his whilom charm and fascination may seem a trifle aged and withered; but no, when he is at his best, as he is in this symphony, he is found to be still the same bright, poetic, fascinating Gade, to have lost none of his native charm. Apart from the intrinsic beauty of this symphony, one finds something peculiarly winning in the orchestration; take, for instance, those *cantilena* passages in the slow movement, where the first violins soar high up above all the other strings in a rare atmosphere of their own, the distance between them and the accompaniment being as it were made less sensible by the melody being doubled by two flutes in octaves; how light, buoyant and sunny this sounds in comparison with the stress of octaves and double octaves between first and second violins and 'celli that more modern composers (especially the French and

Russians) employ ad nauseam! What richness, warmth and variety of color Gade obtains, without any overloading or loss of clearness! And, when he does use the more voluptuous lower tones that are now so popular—as in the wonderful conclusion-theme, for horn and 'celli, in the first movement—what absolutely entrancing effects he produces!

The scherzo (the gem of the symphony) was taken a little faster by Mr. Nikisch than we have been accustomed to hear it here. As far as the indications in the score go, there is no objection to be made to this; for, although the movement is marked *Allegro, ma non troppo e tranquillamente*, it is still marked *Allegro*, and not *Allegretto*. We believe this is the first time we have ever complained of Mr. Nikisch for not giving in to the now prevailing fashion of "slow *Allegros*." Still, in this case, it does seem to us that the peculiarly sly humor of the theme in G minor could be given more point and made more caustic by a slightly more deliberate tempo. This theme always seems to say, as some pretty girl might to a pair of lovers: "Ah! you two trios; you may play the guitar and sing love-songs under my window as much as you please; but if you think to catch me in that way—pooh!" You can actually see it wink and laugh in its sleeve. The performance, with the exception of this one flaw (which is, after all, but a matter of opinion), was admirable in the extreme; it showed the full beauty and grace of the delightful work. It was a rare treat to hear it; and now, if Mr. Nikisch would only give us the E major symphony too (the one with the march-like finale), we should have nothing more to ask on Gade's score.

Miss Juch sang the great "Ocean! du Ungeheuer"—albeit the scene is a trifle large for her—in admirable style. Her voice not being of the very largest calibre, such as Weber had in his mind when writing the scene, forces her to give a rather weak, sentimental tinge to one or two of the more tremendous passages ("Ein Schreck bist du" for instance); but her singing was almost throughout forcible, artistic, and in a finely broad and grand style; in the finale ("Mein Hün! mein Gatte! etc.") she carried everything before her.

Liszt's "Loreley" seems, strange to say, to gain nothing in force or color by its orchestral dress; the original accompaniment is essentially pianoforte writing, and loses more than it gains by being scored for orchestra. Still, in a hall like the Music Hall, the orchestral version is to be preferred for obvious reasons. Miss Juch sang it very beautifully indeed; perhaps one could have wished for a thought more of voluptuous languor in that siren-like melody to the words "Die Luft ist kühl und es dunkelt, etc." One also missed the ring of the pianoforte pedal here; the phrases of the accompaniment sounded too detached. But it was an exceedingly beautiful performance nevertheless. Miss Juch was rapturously applauded and repeatedly recalled after both songs.

The next programme (for Saturday after next, Nov. 12) is: Saint-Saëns, symphony in A minor, opus 55; Ernst, violin concerto in one movement, in F sharp minor; Humperdink, humoresque for orchestra; Beethoven, symphony No. 2, in D major. Mr. Timothée Adamowski will be the violinist.

THIRD SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Emma Juch the Soloist and the Programme One of Great Variety.

It was a programme of unusual variety which Conductor Nikisch presented at the third of this season's symphony concerts. There were a suite for orchestra, a symphonic poem, a symphony, and two songs for soprano.

The attendance was of the usual size, a size which severely taxes the capacity of Music Hall. There was also the customary measure of carefully considered applause for the conductor, the orchestra and the soloist.

Miss Emma Juch was the soloist, and her appearance was most welcome. She has long been a favorite here, and deservedly so. There are few American prima donnas—Miss Juch, although of foreign birth, may very properly be considered an American—who are better equipped with voice, presence and dramatic talent for concert or operatic work, and there are still fewer who are more conscientious and ambitious in their efforts to adhere to the higher class of music, regardless of the financial sacrifices which may in consequence be necessitated.

She sang two numbers last evening, the recitative and aria, "Ocean! Thou Mighty Monster" from Weber's "Oberon," and Liszt's "Die Loreley," with orchestral accompaniment. The recitative was sung with an effect of simple sincerity and artistic expression, and exactness and purity of tone which have so often been commended in Miss Juch's singing of oratorical music, and which has won for her in that class of music a position of unquestioned prominence.

The aria was sung delightfully, the higher notes were deliciously clear, the lower tones charmingly rich and full, and the difficult staccato passages were executed with ease and artistic finish.

Rare expression and sympathetic interpretation marked her singing of the beautiful "Die Loreley" melody, and the enthusiastic plaudits which three times recalled Miss Juch were thoroughly deserved.

The orchestral accompaniment was praiseworthy in the main, but gentler treatment of certain passages of "Die Loreley" would have been welcome.

The one novelty on the evening's programme was Philipp Scharwenka's "Frühlingswogen," a "symphonic poem" in A-flat major. It is an interesting work, full of bright, if not particularly original ideas, breezy and animated from beginning to end, plentiful in melody and rich in elaborate and graceful scoring.

It has been described as a "spring poem in tones." It contains a suggestive of the new life and gayety of springtime, and in its variety of tonal effects it is fanciful and picturesque to a high degree. Short and dainty solos are given nearly all the wind instruments, and these were splendidly played by the members of Director Nikisch's band.

The five movements of Anton Dvorak's suite for orchestra, in D major, were admirably played. This suite is a work that is particularly characteristic of its composer's original, brilliant and forceful style. There are those who still refuse to accept Dvorak's music with any degree of enthusiasm, but the oftener one hears his writings the more one becomes impressed with the great power, originality and depth of musical feeling that he possesses.

Gade's symphony No. 4, in B-flat major, concluded the concert, and was interpreted in a manner that was evidently thoroughly satisfactory to the audience.

The symphony orchestra will be absent from Boston this week. On Nov. 11 and 12 the programme will be as follows:

Symphony in A minor, op. 55.....Saint-Saens
Concerto for violin in F sharp minor.....H. W. Ernst
Humoresque for orchestra.....E. Humpendink
Symphony No. 2.....Beethoven
The soloist will be Mr. T. Adamowski.

ABOUT MUSIC.

The Third Concert of the Symphony Orchestra.

A Singular Preference Shown by Miss Emma Juch.

The Secret Choice of Charles Baudelaire, Wagnerite.

The programme of the third symphony concert was as follows:

Suite for orchestra, op. 39.....Dvorak
"Ocean! thou mighty monster".....Weber
Symphonic Poem, "Frühlingswogen".....P. Scharwenka
"Die Loreley".....Liszt
Symphony No. 4, B flat.....Gade

Miss Emma Juch was the singer.

There is a spontaneity in the suite by Dvorak that is thoroughly delightful; that is sought for in vain in later and more ambitious works by him. There is here no groping after an effect, no vague oracular shriek from a Bohemian tripod. The different numbers are not unlike cabinet pictures of folk life. The people are presented frankly in their simplicity and jollity. Such fresh and melodious music is welcome in the close air of Music Hall. The Dvorak volka makes more for musical righteousness than symphonic-poems "in eight mystic devices and three paraphrases" or symphonies that are said to represent the struggle of Man with the Infinite. Nor is the furiant, known of old as the furie, to be despised. Perhaps in time we may become acquainted with the chodovska, the husitska, the Umrlec, the skakava, the strasak, and the baborak; for the Bohemians are a people of many steps, and Alfred Walden, in his "Bohemian National Dances," writes of 136 distinct varieties in the manner of stamping, gliding and leaping into the air.

It was a pleasure to hear again the severe and beautiful symphony of Gade. To be sure it is not great music in the modern sense of the term. Gade is here simply a maker of music; he is not a "tone poet," nor a "seer," nor a "revolutionary." He is a man of musical temperament, who learned the art of expressing himself clearly and often with grace. He has no startling story to shock or confound the hearer; he is agreeable, sympathetic, at times eloquent in speech. In his eloquence he rarely raises his voice, and he never screams. He does not linger, but in hand, with idle repetitions. His leave taking is neither abrupt, nor is it like unto that peculiar parting of two women busied in a social function, the parting that assumes the importance of the death-bed, although it is only for a day. And in this symphony Gade is not so cruelly choked by Mendelssohn as in certain of his other works.

Ten years ago Mr. Philipp Scharwenka was a good-natured man who lived in Berlin, where he relished a jest and was persuaded occasionally by an impatient pupil to give him a lesson in composition. His laziness was then as traditional as his good nature. He still lives in Berlin. That he is still lazy and fond of jesting is revealed by his symphonic poem, "Frühlingswogen," for he shuns the labor of original thinking and plays a musical joke on the hearer. We are informed that the composer has taken "a single, simple idea, the general upheaving or 'billowing' of animate nature at the arrival of spring," out to illustrate this idea he has taken many ideas from predecessors and contemporaries. Nor is he fastidious in his choice—Richard Wagner and Albert Jungmann are held by him in equal esteem. "Siegfried" yeast excites the musical fermentation of Scharwenka; and when he feels himself possessed and gives vent to his own exuberance he sings a saccharine melody that might have been written by Oesten or Chas. Morley. Then he is so garrulous after he has inserted firmly a finger in the button hole! It is possible, after all, that Scharwenka was serious in his intent and felt a personal interest in his interminable platitudes and incongruous quotations, "just as a drunkard who cannot articulate supposes himself oracular."

This symphonic poem was played last week for the first time in Boston. New York listened to it in December, 1891. Chicago wondered at it in the January of this year.

Miss Emma Juch sang the celebrated scene and air of Azzola from "Oberon" in German. Now Weber wrote the music to an English text for an English singer and an English audience. The German translation by In. Bell was not made until the composer had finished the opera with sole view to the musical illustration of the lines of Planché. Mary Anne Paton was the name of the singer who created the part at the Covent Garden Theatre—the beautiful Miss Paton, who was happier afterward as Mrs. Joseph Wood (under which name she was known to Bostonians of a former generation) than when she enjoyed the doubtful honor of a Scotch marriage with Lord William Pitt Lennox. Nor did Weber complain of her nationality, nor did he sigh for the sound of the German guttural. On the contrary, he wrote his wife that Miss Paton "sang divinely." There was not a German in the cast that memorable night of the 12th of April, 1826. (Not until late in December of that year was the opera sung in German, and then at Leipzig.) Furthermore, the patriotic Weber, who worked so earnestly for German art, was loud in his praises of the English singers. And why? Because "they were masters of the Italian school." But this was long before the opinion prevailed that the art of song was merely an affair of the intellect, only to be fully understood by German men and women.

Miss Juch cannot plead in excuse a lack of familiarity with our language. She sings it with rare beauty of enunciation and pronunciation. She has been identified prominently with English opera. She sang last Saturday evening "Die Loreley" in English. The superb opening of the great scene with the setting of the words "Ocean, thou mighty monster," is known to all. Are the following words to be preferred for power of expression or charm of euphony: "Ocean, Du Ungeheuer! Schlangen gleich nachst du umschlungen rund die ganze Welt!" Miss Juch perhaps found a meaning in them that appealed to her, some meaning mystic, wonderful, for she chose them although she sang before an English-speaking audience.

She sang the scene and air with vocal skill and dramatic intelligence, so that she was applauded deservedly and thrice recalled. In Liszt's elaborate setting of Heine's verses she

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the evening her voice showed the wear and tear that follow, unfortunately, faithful and long-continued work. But in these days when half-taught or ignorant declaimers disdain the true pitch, shout or sob spasmodically, slide carelessly from tone to tone, breathe at random although the phrase cries out in pain, and, in a word, indulge themselves in monstrous jurgulation; in these days when such declaimers are encouraged until they wax bold and vain would shove true singers from the stage, it is a valued pleasure to hold in grateful remembrance the concert career of Emma Juch.

The performance of the orchestral numbers was worthy of undiluted praise. In solo work and in ensemble it was fully up to the old and the established reputation of the organization.

Attention is called frequently by the more inflamed disciples of Richard Wagner to the case of Charles Baudelaire, the poet of "Fleurs du Mal." It is true that in 1861 the "sleepless heart and sombre soul" of Mr. Baudelaire were moved mightily by the theories and the music of Wagner, and he aculeved a pamphlet, entitled "Richard Wagner et Tannhauser à Paris," which is now quoted in second-hand book catalogues at seven or eight francs. The world, however, was ignorant of any other views of Mr. Baudelaire concerning music, which, by the way, he treated only from the standpoint of the layman, until Mr. Jules Claretie lately revealed the inner soul of the poet-critic. This revelation deserves a separate paragraph.

"I hear him still telling us, with a grimace not to be forgotten: 'I adore Wagner. But the music I prefer is that of a cat hung up by his tail outside of a window and trying to stick to the panes of glass with its claws. There is an odd grating on the glass which I find at the same time strange, irritating and singularly harmonious.'"

PHILIP HALE.

SWEET SOUNDS FROM BOSTON.

Boston Symphony Orchestra Plays Before New York's Culture and Scores a Triumph.

Special Dispatch to The Boston Journal.

NEW YORK, Nov. 3. A large and cultured audience witnessed the triumphant opening of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's New York season in Chickering Hall to-night. Mr. Nikisch, in arranging his programme, made no effort to excite interest through novelty. Save the opening number, Tschaikowsky's overture fantasia, "Romeo and Juliet," the music was extremely familiar, and this number had been heard here before. The performance of it was thrilling in the intensity of its feeling, the warmth of its tonal color and the energy and precision with which its throbbing rhythms were proclaimed.

In the scherzo from Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet" symphony the skill of the Boston players was put to a severer test. The other orchestral number was Schumann's Symphony in D minor, which was finely played. The solo performances were Weber's air, "Ocean, Thou Mighty Monstre," and Liszt's "Lorely," sung by Miss Emma Juch.

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The Boston Symphony Orchestra.

THE FIRST CONCERT OF THE SEASON.

MR. ARTHUR NIKISCH must have been conscious as he faced the large audience in Chickering Hall last Thursday evening that the popularity of his band had not waned since last spring; rather, indeed, that it had waxed. It was literally a gala night and the hall early in the evening displayed the legend "Standing Room Only," for every seat was filled and the walls downstairs and upstairs were fringed with music loving humanity. Indeed, a stranger might have well supposed that this city seldom heard orchestral music, and it seldom does hear the superior mode of playing of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Here is the program that was discussed, a facsimile from Mr. W. F. Apthort's book of the music performed:

- Overture fantasy, "Romeo and Juliet" Tschaikowsky
- Andante non tanto quasi moderato (F sharp minor), 4-4.
- Allegro giusto (B minor), 4-4.
- Moderato assai (B major), 4-4.
- Aria, "Ocean, thou mighty monster," from "Oberon" Weber
- Miss Juch.
- "Queen Mab" scherzo, from the symphony, "Romeo and Juliet" Berlioz
- Song with orchestra, "Loreley" Liszt
- Miss Juch.
- Symphony in D minor, No. 4 Schumann
- I. Rather slow (D minor), 3-4.
- Lively (D minor), 2-4.
- II. Rather slow (D minor, Hypodorian mode), 3-4.
- III. Scherzo, lively (D minor), 3-4.
- Trio: the same tempo (B flat major), 3-4.
- IV. Slow (D minor), 4-4.
- Lively (D major), 4-4.
- Soloist, Miss Emma Juch.

This program, ranging from romanticism to ultra-modernity, was one in which the peculiar musical personality of Mr. Nikisch had ample scope and a test one as far as the technic of the orchestra was concerned. Primarily the Boston band is an emotional one, its brilliancy being but a secondary consideration. There is not its counterpart on this continent for crisp, elastic and homogeneous tone. Its responsiveness is marvelous, hence the impression it creates of being one huge, sonorous, exquisitely fashioned instrument played upon exquisitely by its leader. There was little to cavil at on Thursday night either at the mechanism or readings; perhaps a faint suspicion of impurity in the brass, otherwise the performance was almost an ideal one.

The Tschaikowsky overture fantasy is no novelty, and though in form and feeling it is distinctly program music it avoids the vicious realism of music of that class and aims rather at subtle suggestion than mock realistic effects; a superb piece of modern music charged to the full with the intensity, often hysterical and theatric, of this age. It teems with rich harmonies and is almost overlaid with

was less successful. It is true that at times during the evening her voice showed the wear and tear that follow, unfortunately, faithful and long-continued work. But in these days when half-taught or ignorant declaimers disdain the true pitch, snout or sob spasmodically, slide carelessly from tone to tone, breathe at random although the phrase cries out in pain, and, in a word, mangle themselves in monstrous jurgation; in these days when such declaimers are encouraged until they wax bold and vain would shove true singers from the stage, it is a valued pleasure to hold in grateful remembrance the concert career of Emma Juch.

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color, but at bottom it is good music, beautiful music, and some pages of it will rank its composer with the immortals. Tschaikowsky has employed all the resources of our latter day orchestra, and the sweep, virility, almost majesty of his workmanship, in this work at least, should free him from the charge which might be justly brought against some of his contemporaries, *i. e.*, a lack of elevation and dignity of style. He has a great temperament and is tremendously in earnest and his brush paints for us the woe and passion of Shakespeare's lovers. The dramatic situation is sensed finely and fierce pain and passion run riot in the score. Somebody once said that Berlioz' scores smelt of blood; this score of Tschaikowsky smells of love, burning, rapturous love—the love that only asks to live but a day. The prodigality of rhythms, the gorgeousness of instrumentation and the loving attention to detail so characteristic of this master were all brought out by Mr. Nikisch's imperious baton.

The "Queen Mab," that most daring of scherzos, was a veritable technical tour de force—a Meissonier sketch of exceeding and tender delicacy. Of the symphony there need little be said. It is one of Mr. Nikisch's favorites, and while he makes a few radical changes in tempi yet it was well played, the brilliancy of the last movement being most noteworthy. The new arrangement of the orchestra gives forth a most compact and almost formidable tone quality. As to the string department there can be but one verdict—its like is rarely heard. The singer of the evening was Miss Emma Juch, and she was most warmly received indeed. Artistic, musical to a degree, her style shows to advantage in Liszt's charming but slightly artificial "Loreley" (a tender old Volkslied framed in fire gilt). In Weber's great aria she lacked breadth of voice rather than intention. Nature, so generous in its gifts to Miss Juch, has denied her this much, and her performance was but a succès d'estime.

To be frank, soloists at the Boston Symphony orchestral concerts are fifth wheels to the wagon. The orchestra is the soloist, after all. The next concert occurs Thursday evening, December 8.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its third concert at the Music Hall on Saturday evening, with the following programme: Suite by Dvorak; recitative and aria from "Oberon," "Ocean! thou mighty monster," Weber; Symphonie poem "Fruehlingswogen," by Philipp Scharwenka; "Die Loreley," song with orchestra, Franz Liszt; and Gade's B flat symphony. Miss Emma Juch was the soloist. The Scharwenka piece was given for the first time in Boston. One might with truth say that in places it is reminiscent and overlong in the working out, and again that at times the composer becomes decidedly original in his themes and equally happy in the treatment of them. The orchestral scoring is rich and varied and at the same time rational in the employment of the instruments.

The skilful contrapuntist is everywhere evident, and if the composer has not shown great depth of sentiment he has not fallen into the commonplace. The work was somewhat curtailed, which did not injure it in the least, for its greatest weakness consists in its prolixity. Had the work been well played it would have produced an entirely different effect upon the listener. It was given regardless of the author's indications, and thereby robbed of the element of delicacy that should prevail at times, its *dolce e tranquillo* being turned almost into a *stentato e furioso*, the "springwaves" of the composer becoming in the efforts of the orchestra the howling blasts of midwinter. But what can be expected of ever so good an army without a competent leader, or a well-manned ship without a skilful skipper? The Dvorak Suite, given in these concerts when Mr. Gericke conducted, is quaint, original, and very interesting.

The clarinet, horn, flute, oboe and English horn are beautifully employed in obligato form during the composition. Being lightly scored, the heavy guns of the orchestra not having an opportunity to get in their work, there was much that was enjoyable in the performance of the piece. The delightful Gade symphony, so full of grace, so gentle and tranquil in the composer's desires, at times so concise and yet complete in its treatment, was besmeared with coarseness in the rendering. It is with pleasure that one observes the artistic grasp that characterizes Miss Juch's musical nature. It is also with regret that one realizes how weak and worn is her voice in the middle range, how coarse in the lower notes, and also how forced and

sharp often in the higher tones.

There are a few notes left to tell of what a fine organ she had before its excessive use in the American opera against a large and boisterous orchestra, notes enough to prove its inherent worth, a voice in the cultivation of which she should have possessed a method whereby she could have properly used it, and thereby improved and preserved it; a voice not of great magnitude but of a beautiful and pungent quality which, joined to her musical nature, fine intelligence and undoubted dramatic feeling would have given us a vocal artist of great value and one who could have stood first among the singers of today and one whose career should have been one of triumph and long duration. Aesthetically her rendering of the Weber recitative and aria was all that could be asked. Vocally it was inadequate. It was written to English words and she should have sung it in English.

Miss Juch had fair success with the Liszt song, the beauty of which lies wholly in the orchestral treatment, whether from Liszt's hand or some other one, I know not. Miss Juch, who looked charming, was recalled twice or more after the "Oberon" selection. The accompaniment of the orchestra to Miss Juch's selections was without discretion, the full orchestra being indulged in a loud and coarse performance. The programme for the next concert will be Saint-Saens's Symphony in A minor op. 55 (first time in Boston) concerto in F sharp minor by Ernst; humoresque for orchestra, Humperdink, and Beethoven's Symphony No. 2. Mr. T. Adamoski will be the soloist. There will be no concert next Saturday evening, this programme being given on the evening of Nov. 12. There can be no complaint concerning a lack of novelties in the programmes of this season thus far.

WARREN DAVENPORT.

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color, but at bottom it is good music, beautiful music, and some pages of it will rank its composer with the immortals. Tschaikowsky has employed all the resources of our latter day orchestra, and the sweep, virility, almost majesty of his workmanship, in this work at least, should free him from the charge which might be justly brought against some of his contemporaries, *i. e.*, a lack of elevation and dignity of style. He has a great temperament and is tremendously in earnest and his brush paints for us the woe and passion of Shakespeare's lovers. The dramatic situation is sensed finely and fierce pain and passion run riot in the score. Somebody once said that Berlioz' scores smelt of blood; this score of Tschaikowsky smells of love, burning, rapturous love—the love that only asks to live but a day. The prodigality of rhythms, the gorgeousness of instrumentation and the loving attention to detail so characteristic of this master were all brought out by Mr. Nikisch's imperious baton.

The "Queen Mab," that most daring of scherzos, was a veritable technical tour de force—a Meissonier sketch of exceeding and tender delicacy. Of the symphony there need little be said. It is one of Mr. Nikisch's favorites, and while he makes a few radical changes in tempi yet it was well played, the brilliancy of the last movement being most noteworthy. The new arrangement of the orchestra gives forth a most compact and almost formidable tone quality. As to the string department there can be but one verdict—its like is rarely heard. The singer of the evening was Miss Emma Juch, and she was most warmly received indeed. Artistic, musical to a degree, her style shows to advantage in Liszt's charming but slightly artificial "Loreley" (a tender old Volkslied framed in fire gilt). In Weber's great aria she lacked breadth of voice rather than intention. Nature, so generous in its gifts to Miss Juch, has denied her this much, and her performance was but a succès d'estime.

To be frank, soloists at the Boston Symphony orchestral concerts are fifth wheels to the wagon. The orchestra is the soloist, after all. The next concert occurs Thursday evening, December 8.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its third concert at the Music Hall on Saturday evening, with the following programme: Suite by Dvorak; recitative and aria from "Oberon," "Ocean! thou mighty monster," Weber; Symphonic poem "Fruehlingswogen," by Philipp Scharwenka; "Die Loreley," song with orchestra, Franz Liszt; and Gade's B flat symphony. Miss Emma Juch was the soloist. The Scharwenka piece was given for the first time in Boston. One might with truth say that in places it is reminiscent and overlong in the working out, and again that at times the composer becomes decidedly original in his themes and equally happy in the treatment of them. The orchestral scoring is rich and varied and at the same time rational in the employment of the instruments.

The skilful contrapuntist is everywhere evident, and if the composer has not shown great depth of sentiment he has not fallen into the commonplace. The work was somewhat curtailed, which did not injure it in the least, for its greatest weakness consists in its prolixity. Had the work been well played it would have produced an entirely different effect upon the listener. It was given regardless of the author's indications, and thereby robbed of the element of delicacy that should prevail at times, its *dolce e tranquillo* being turned almost into a *stentato e furioso*, the "springwaves" of the composer becoming in the efforts of the orchestra the howling blasts of midwinter. But what can be expected of ever so good an army without a competent leader, or a well-manned ship without a skilful skipper? The Dvorak Suite, given in these concerts when Mr. Gericke conducted, is quaint, original, and very interesting.

The clarinet, horn, flute, oboe and English horn are beautifully employed in obligato form during the composition. Being lightly scored, the heavy guns of the orchestra not having an opportunity to get in their work, there was much that was enjoyable in the performance of the piece. The delightful Gade symphony, so full of grace, so gentle and tranquil in the composer's desires, at times so concise and yet complete in its treatment, was besmeared with coarseness in the rendering. It is with pleasure that one observes the artistic grasp that characterizes Miss Juch's musical nature. It is also with regret that one realizes how weak and worn is her voice in the middle range, how coarse in the lower notes, and also how forced and

sharp often in the higher tones.

There are a few notes left to tell of what a fine organ she had before its excessive use in the American opera against a large and boisterous orchestra, notes enough to prove its inherent worth, a voice in the cultivation of which she should have possessed a method whereby she could have properly used it, and thereby improved and preserved it; a voice not of great magnitude but of a beautiful and pungent quality which, joined to her musical nature, fine intelligence and undoubted dramatic feeling would have given us a vocal artist of great value and one who could have stood first among the singers of today and one whose career should have been one of triumph and long duration. Aesthetically her rendering of the Weber recitative and aria was all that could be asked. Vocally it was inadequate. It was written to English words and she should have sung it in English.

Miss Juch had fair success with the Liszt song, the beauty of which lies wholly in the orchestral treatment, whether from Liszt's hand or some other one, I know not. Miss Juch, who looked charming, was recalled twice or more after the "Oberon" selection. The accompaniment of the orchestra to Miss Juch's selections was without discretion, the full orchestra being indulged in a loud and coarse performance. The programme for the next concert will be Saint-Saens's Symphony in A minor op. 55 (first time in Boston) concerto in F sharp minor by Ernst; humoresque for orchestra, Humperdink, and Beethoven's Symphony No. 2. Mr. T. Adamoski will be the soloist. There will be no concert next Saturday evening, this programme being given on the evening of Nov. 12. There can be no complaint concerning a lack of novelties in the programmes of this season thus far.

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MUSICAL. *Sonnet***The Symphony Concert.**

The third concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Music Hall, last evening, was listened to by a very large audience. The programme was: Suite, by Dvorak; Aria from "Oberon," Weber; Symphonic Poem, "Fruehlingwogen," P. Scharwenka (first time here); Song, "Loreley," Liszt; and Symphony, B-flat, Gade. The soloist was Miss Emma Juch. The Dvorak suite was originally brought out here by Mr. Gerike. It is a piquant work, original, brilliant and interesting, and improves on acquaintance. By the way, the programme was very edifying in its notice of Dvorak, especially in connection with the pronunciation of his name, which, we learn, might be phonetically spelled in English, "Dvwhor-zhach," the r being silent. To achieve the phonetic English for Dvwh will make exceedingly entertaining practice for those who are at a loss for some amusement to while away an idle hour. We learn, also, that it is divided: Dv-rak. This is important, because there would naturally be a tendency to divide them: Dv-ora-k. The suite was exceedingly well played. The Scharwenka Symphonic poem is an industrious if not wholly lucid bit of trifling about nothing in particular. It is not quite clear what it is all about, and there is over much groping after cheap thematic development. It is long, but all that it says could have been said in half the space of time without making it any more interesting. There is throughout, a strong suggestion of parlor pianoforte pieces of the "By the Sea," "On the Lake," "Fluttering Leaves" and "Summer Breezes" order. Now and then there is an ambitious outburst of deeper sentiment, but it destroys the general balance. When a thing is essentially and consistently inane, it is scarcely judicious to disturb it by brief, incongruous flights in the direction of comparative sense. As a painful aberration, the music is not without a certain melancholy interest; but as a mixture it becomes unsatisfactory from any point of view. There were some pleasing moments in it, devoted to welcome reminiscences of Wagner, Schumann, Raff, Gounod and Ambrose Thomas. The depressing feature of the work was the apparent unwillingness of the composer to bring it to an end. The elegant, polished and always delightful Gade symphony was heard again with genuine delight. Here the composer knew when he had said all that it was necessary to say, and, artist-like, ended when he had said it. The work of the orchestra was the best of the season thus far. The selection from "Oberon" was the noble scena, "Ocean, thou mighty monster." Miss Juch sang it with a full appreciation of its broad dramatic character. The artist's voice sounded worn, and was hardly of the large quality suited to the demands of the work, but the interpretation was wholly intelligent. Curiously enough Miss Juch sang it in German. As it was written in English words and was originally sung in English, it is not easy to understand why it should have been given in any other tongue, especially as the singer is perfectly at home in our language. She was three times recalled at the close of the aria. In "The Loreley" song, she was not as successful as she was in the other. Here, oddly enough, again, she sang in English, when the original is in German. As the translation is miserably bad, there was a good excuse for abandoning it in favor of Helne's own words. The ways of prima donnas, however, are inscrutable. Miss Juch was twice recalled for this song. The programme for the next concert is: Symphony in A minor, op. 55, Saint-Saens (first time); Concerto for violin, Ernst; Humoresque, E. Humperdinck, and Symphony No. 2, Beethoven. The soloist is Mr. T. Adamowski.

A KINDLY DEED.

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Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1892-93.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. ARTHUR NIKISCH, Conductor.

IV. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, AT 8 P. M.

PROGRAMME.

CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS. SYMPHONY No. 2, in A minor. op. 55.

- I. Allegro marcato. A minor.
- Allegro appassionato. A minor.
- II. Adagio. E major;
- III. Scherzo; Presto. A minor.
- Un poco meno mosso. A major.
- IV. Prestissimo. A major.

(First time in these Concerts.)

HEINRICH WILHELM ERNST. CONCERTO in one movement for VIOLIN,
in F sharp minor, op. 23.
Allegro pathétique. F sharp minor.

E. HUMPERDINK.

HUMORESQUE for ORCHESTRA.
(First time in Boston.)

LUDVIG VAN BEETHOVEN.

SYMPHONY No. 2.

- I. Adagio molto. D major.—Allegro con brio. D major.
- II. Larghetto. A major.
- III. Scherzo; Allegro. D major.
- Trio; the same tempo. D major.
- IV. Allegro molto. D major.

SOLOIST:

MR. T. ADAMOWSKI.

ABOUT MUSIC.

The Fourth Concert of the Symphony Orchestra.

The Artful Simplicity of Camille Saint-Saens.

News and Gossip at Home and Abroad.

The programme of the fourth Symphony concert was as follows:

Symphony, A minor, Saint-Saens
Concerto for violin, F sharp, Ernst
Humoresque, E. Humperdink
Symphony No. 2, Beethoven

The novelty was the Humoresque for orchestra by Mr. E. Humperdink. Humperdink is a name that suggests Koog-Zaandijk or Zaltbommel as a birthplace, with the scenic accompaniments of dikes and windmills, but it is said that Mr. Humperdink is a Bavarian and the teacher of Siegfried Wagner. That he is a Bavarian is not impossible; that he teaches the son of Wagner is an excuse for ingenious speculation. The questions "How?" and "What?" naturally arise. Siegfried is no longer a boy, and his father did not propose that he should be a musician. The Humoresca, or Humoreske, or Humoresque, is a form of musical entertainment found in the writings of Schumann, Rubinstein, Heller and Grieg, and its name seems to be derived in accordance with the principle of *lucus a non lucendo*. The piece by Humperdink is no exception, and there is no humor in the idea or the carrying out of the idea. The professional musical jester is apt to be a wet blanket. There are few who can write up to the level of such a title. It is an open question whether music *per se*, absolute music, can convey a humorous or a laughable idea. There may be an expression of the grotesque, of the bizarre, a noble strain may be burlesqued as in the "Fantastic Symphony" of Berlioz, but the amusement of the hearer is skin deep, and arises chiefly from the fact that he has been previously warned of the impending jest. Then again, humor may seem of different meaning to Mr. Humperdink, for, according to the ancients, melancholy itself, "melancholy, cold and dry, thick, black and sour," is one of the four humors, and analogous to an element and an age of man. Mr. Humperdink has seasoned his melancholy with fluid extracts of Raff and Meyerbeer (if I am not mistaken), and thus aroused a desire in the hearer at table to taste these composers in their full strength; just as frozen puddings whet the appetite of a victim of alcohol and do not quench the raging fire within. The stolidity of the purpose of Mr. Humperdink is no doubt praiseworthy, and his Humoresque shows that he is a safe and a serious companion for a young man. But such compositions, even when they find a publisher in Germany, have no place in a Symphony concert in Boston.

The A minor symphony of Saint-Saens was played for the first time in these concerts. It is a thoroughly delightful and skillfully constructed work. First of all, it is without padding, without vain repetitions. The technical skill shown perhaps most nakedly in the first movement is not that of the pedagogue, but of the well-bred man of the world who by chance finds himself in the society of scientists and enters into the conversation with intelligence and yet with modesty. His knowledge is simply a part of his pleasure in life; he does not exist for its display. Furthermore, please note the amiable ease with which Saint-Saens solves his problems. In the three movements that follow he enjoys himself. The adagio is a temporary fit of contemplation, but the man does not withdraw from the world so completely or for so long a time that he becomes morose or unintelligible. It is a pleasant reverie finely expressed in music. There are no soul-writhings, no violent gesturing, no sullen imprecations that escape the barrier of clenched teeth. This adagio is beautiful and simple music. And in the scherzo and the finale, although there is pronounced melody that dances, although there are effects gained by appeals to the feet and by rhythmic surprises, there is not a touch of the commonplace, not a suspicion of vulgarity. The refinement of the composer is contagious; the instruments are never noisy; they do not interrupt; they each in turn say their say, and each knows how to listen to his neighbor. It is seldom in these days that we are fortunate enough to have an opportunity of finding such a combination of skill, simplicity, grace and beauty. Our modern composers, wish not only to tickle, "they must also chafe. Let a palate become accustomed to black pepper, and it will desire paprika, and then cayenne. Finally these spices, too, will refuse to create an impression," and then aqua-fortis is poured in quantity. But in this work of an eminently modern Frenchman there is a keen appreciation of the value of artistic simplicity.

This symphony was played exceedingly well, and so, in the main, was the symphony by Beethoven. The opening measures of the larghetto of the latter were not sung frankly enough; there was an exaggeration of the nuances, and nervous energy seemed at times misplaced.

Mr. T. Adamowski played the concert *patheutique* by H. W. Ernst. When Ernst played this concerto in manuscript in 1849, at a concert in Leipzig, there was an overture by Rietz and an aria by Flotow on the programme. It is said that Ernst then made a profound impression by his surpassing skill, but we live under a different dispensation, and Mr. Adamowski is not an Ernst. The piece itself seems intrinsically trivial, and its technical difficulties without genuine purpose. The chief theme is, like many that are found in forgotten salon-compositions, bound up in old-fashioned volumes, between "The Wrecker's Daughter Quickstep" and "Gen. Persifer F. Smith's March." It bears a strong resemblance to tunes popular in the negro minstrel "grand-ohio"; tunes that accompany the verbal statement of a lover's floral tribute or tell of a picture with its face turned toward the wall. The concerto presents great difficulties to the performer; and Mr. Adamowski apparently realized this fact, for his playing was not of the marked excellence that characterized his solo work of last year. His intonation was not always pure, and his tone was at times thin and dry. He was applauded heartily at the close.

It may be remembered that in the spring of 1891 a singer appeared in Boston Music Hall, and her name was Antonia Mielke. She was heard in the music of Beethoven and Wagner. She was Kundry in the private performance of "Parsifal" and when Mr. Lang invited many in May of this year to witness the sight of Parsifal, Amfortas and Klingsor in conventional concert dress and pleasingly combed

her, to Mrs. Mielke, took place on the platform. Her performance filled the souls of the devout worshippers of Wagner with exceeding joy; rhapsodies were chanted in her praise; and the word "intellectuality" was on the lips of many. Even then there were doubting Thomases, who admitted that she was a peg higher in the lyric notch than those zealous and destructive declaimers, Miss Marie John and Mrs. Steinbach-Johns, who came to us before her; but they denied vehemently that she was a skillful or wholly pleasing singer. Now, Mrs. Mielke sang a short time ago at a Gewandhaus concert in Leipzig, and the Signale No 57 contains an instructive account of her performance. She sang the great air from "Oberon" and songs by Wagner, Schubert and Jensen. The critic of the Signale writes as follows:

"Mrs. Mielke, a German by birth, who also began her career in Germany, comes from America, i. e. New York, and she is so Americanized that her arrival was preceded by strong puffery. * * * She made a favorable impression, although she did not provoke enthusiasm. Neither her voice nor her employment of it is calculated to awaken enthusiasm. The voice is indeed powerful, but it is without real fullness and sonority, and in the upper register and the forte the tones sound acrid and shrill, as though they had lost their original freshness in consequence of over exertion. Her handling of this organ shows more natural method than rounded technical education, as, for instance, in the wavering and agitation of the tone, the different quality of tone on different vowels, and in the tendency to fall below the true pitch."

The reviewer then applies a soothing lotion by speaking pleasantly, but in moderate terms, of her temperament and knowledge of the proper expression. It is true that there, as here, she was applauded and recalled; but in view of the discriminating words of the kindly disposed German reviewer, is it not possible that the American admirers of German vocalization are more German than the Germans themselves, and are only too madly inclined to indulge in frenetic rapture at the sound of the beloved foreign guitars?

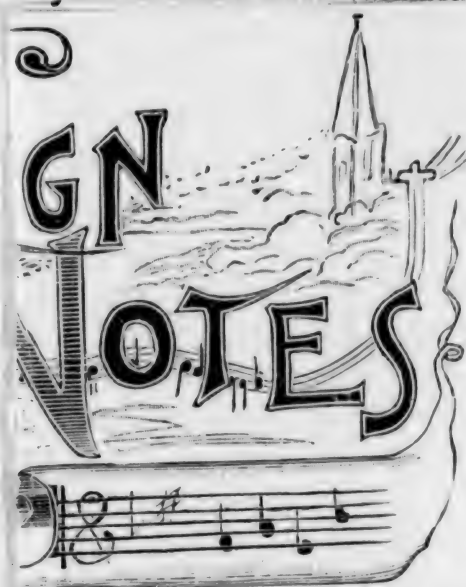
PHILIP HALE

The program of the fourth concert of the Symphony Orchestra, November 12, was as follows:

Symphony, A minor..... Saint Saëns
Concerto for violin, F sharp minor..... Ernst
Humoresque for orchestra..... Humperdink
Symphony No. 2..... Beethoven

The feature of Saturday evening was the symphony by Saint-Saëns, and yet it is doubtful whether the audience appreciated fully this delightful work. Its workmanship is too fine, perhaps; there are no nerve shattering effects; there is no profundity that is akin to bathos. The musician rejoices in the contrapuntal seriousness of the first movement, which is free from pedagogic baldness and severity. Saint-Saëns is too much of a man of the world to insist on his learning, just as he is too well bred to attempt to startle by sensational means. How simple and how beautiful is the short adagio! The scherzo is a charming example of French refinement and piquancy in melody, harmony and instrumentation; the finale is not merely a brilliant signature and flourish; there is something said, something that is worth the remembering. It is true that the work is free from volcanic emotion and the deep intellectuality that is the brother of dull obscurity. It is eminently sane. The thought is often expressed in epigrams.

pils are enticed to begin
they are ready. For in the hearer
y signed a contract with the hearer
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ad made such a slipshod devices.
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hair, 16, Mrs. Mielke, too, stood on the platform. Her performance filled the souls of the devout worshippers of Wagner with exceeding joy; rhapsodies were chanted in her praise; and the word "intellectuality" was on the lips of many. Even then there were doubting Thomases, who admitted that she was a peg higher in the lyric notch than those zealous and destructive declaimers, Miss Marie John and Mrs. Steinbach-Johns, who came to us before her; but they denied vehemently that she was a skillful or wholly pleasing singer. Now, Mrs. Mielke sang a short time ago at a Gewandhaus concert in Leipzig, and the Signale No. 57 contains an instructive account of her performance. She sang the great air from "Oberon" and songs by Wagner, Schubert and Jensen. The critic of the Signale writes as follows:

"Mrs. Mielke, a German by birth, who also began her career in Germany, comes from America, i. e. New York, and she is so Americanized that her arrival was preceded by strong puffery. * * * She made a favorable impression, although she did not provoke enthusiasm. Neither her voice nor her employment of it is calculated to awaken enthusiasm. The voice is indeed powerful, but it is without real fullness and sonority, and in the upper register and the forte the tones sound acrid and shrill, as though they had lost their original freshness in consequence of over exertion. Her handling of this organ shows more natural method than rounded technical education, as, for instance, in the wavering and agitation of the tone, the different quality of tone on different vowels, and in the tendency to fall below the true pitch."

The reviewer then applies a soothing lotion by speaking pleasantly, but in moderate terms, of her temperament and knowledge of the proper expression. It is true that there, as here, she was applauded and recalled; but in view of the discriminating words of the kindly disposed German reviewer, is it not possible that the American admirers of German vocalization are more German than the Germans themselves, and are only too readily inclined to indulge in frenetic rapture at the sound of the beloved foreign gutturals?

PHILIP HALE.

The program of the fourth concert of the Symphony Orchestra, November 12, was as follows:

Symphony, A minor.....Saint Saëns
Concerto for violin, F sharp minor.....Ernst
Humoresque for orchestra.....Humperdink
Symphony No. 2.....Beethoven

The feature of Saturday evening was the symphony by Saint-Saëns, and yet it is doubtful whether the audience appreciated fully this delightful work. Its workmanship is too fine, perhaps; there are no nerve shattering effects; there is no profundity that is akin to bathos. The musician rejoices in the contrapuntal seriousness of the first movement, which is free from pedagogic baldness and severity. Saint-Saëns is too much of a man of the world to insist on his learning, just as he is too well bred to attempt to startle by sensational means. How simple and how beautiful is the short adagio! The scherzo is a charming example of French refinement and piquancy in melody, harmony and instrumentation; the finale is not merely a brilliant signature and flourish; there is something said, something that is worth the remembering. It is true that the work is free from volcanic emotion and the deep intellectuality that is the brother of dull obscurity. It is eminently sane. The thought is often expressed in epigrams.

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The composer does not hammer his ideas into the hearer by anxious repetition; he admits frankly that the hearer has intelligence. He is even content with suggesting in certain instances, and leaves the hearer to his own devices. There : no trombones, tuba or harp, and in the second movement the horns, trumpets and drums are silent. But when an instrument speaks it is with reason, and when it is delivered of speech its mission is accomplished and it is silent.

Humperdink is not a familiar name to students of music or concert goers. It is said that he is a Bavarian and a hard student. Like most professedly humorous pieces of music this humoresque is a cheap and dreary thing. It might not be out of place as a stopgap in the program of a German watering place Sunday afternoon entertainment, but it is not humorous in conception or in instrumentation. The suggestion of the march in Raff's "Lenore" is brought into juxtaposition with a reminiscence of Meyerbeer, but there is no point in the piece, and there is no reason why such a composition should be played in a symphony concert.

Mr. Adamowski played the Ernst concerto for violin, and although he was applauded loudly his performance was by no means beyond the reach of criticism. It is true that this vehicle for virtuosoship is a severe strain on the performer, and if the ancient saw is to be commended Mr. Adamowski is to be praised for firing his arrow at the sun. His intonation was not always pure, his tone was often thin and dry, and as a whole the concerto was beyond his capacity. As played by him the concerto seemed hopelessly old fashioned, and at the same time trivial and dull. We are told that Ernst produced a great effect with it, but Ernst was a remarkable violinist and we live under another musical consulship.

The orchestral numbers were played in the main exceedingly well, although a few exceptions might have been taken to the reading of the slow movement of the Beethoven symphony; for the first theme was not given frankly, but with exaggeration in the observance and the interpolation of nuances. Mr. MacDowell will play the solo part of his A minor concerto for piano next Saturday, and the other numbers of the program will be Brahms' third symphony, the "Menuet des Follets" and "Danse des Sylphes" of Berlioz, and Liszt's "Tasso."

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MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Symphony Concert, Soloist
Mr. T. Adamowski.

Director Arthur Nikisch has seldom succeeded better in providing an enjoyable evening's entertainment for the patrons of the Boston Symphony orchestra's concerts than in the selection and arrangement of last evening's programme. It had a symphony at each end, to be sure, but the works, with the intervening compositions, afforded a constant source of pleasure and left a most satisfying impression of the event.

The symphony in A minor, No. 2, op. 55, by Camille Saint-Saëns, made the opening of the programme, the work having had but a single hearing here, years ago, when the Harvard Symphony orchestra was in existence. It is in strong contrast to the latter symphonic writings of this famous French composer, as it is entirely lacking in the quaint conceits and bizarre effects in which he so delights. The second movement is a gem in the way of a romanza, and its graceful measures have a charm which is seldom realized in the more recent works of Saint-Saëns. The odd and original scherzo is equally pleasing in its way, and the prestissimo, which ends the work, affords a brilliant finale to this most enjoyable symphony.

Mr. T. Adamowski was the soloist, and this very popular violinist is to be commended for his choice of Ernst's concerto in F-sharp minor for his annual appearance as a soloist in these concerts. The one movement of which the work consists is built upon a wonderfully melodious theme, which is worked out with constantly fascinating variations, which afford rare opportunities for the skilful soloist, and present ever pleasing and varied tone colorings in the orchestration. The concerto is admirably suited to such a player as Mr. Adamowski, whose pure, true tones, artistic finish and sympathetic characteristics all found a fine display in its performance. The theme was sung in its simplest form, with delicate taste and expression, and its variations were given with faultless skill. Mr. Adamowski commanded the applause of his audience, as he has often done in former years, and he has never more honestly won the commendation of his hearers than on this occasion.

A bright and decidedly captivating "Humoresque" for orchestra, by Humperdink, gave Director Nikisch an opportunity to show the technical skill of his organization to good advantage, and a most satisfying reading of the second of the Beethoven symphonies ended the evening's programme.

Next Saturday evening the soloist will be Mr. E. A. MacDowell, pianist, and the programme will consist of Brahms' symphony No. 3 in F major, MacDowell's concerto for pianoforte No. 1 in A minor, Berlioz's menuet des Follets and danse des sylphes from "Damnation of Faust," and Liszt's symphonic poem, "Tasso."

SYMPHONY SEASON.

Two Novelties at Last Evening's Concert
in Music Hall.

The ensemble proficiency of Mr. Nikisch's orchestra was plainly illustrated last evening by the almost faultless interpretation of the Beethoven second or "perfect" symphony, a work filled with melody and sunshine and not a portrayal of a struggle from darkness to light, like the fifth and ninth.

The theme of the first movement is very simple and harmonious and appeals even to the uneducated ear. This motif is wonderfully worked out and retains its distinctive trait throughout the development of the idea.

Beautifully the orchestra played the number. From the dainty introduction on the strings, through the noble orchestration and more varied themes of the second and third parts up to the capricious finale, their work was deserving of naught but praise, and the effect on the audience was most marked, the selection receiving the heartiest indorsement of the evening.

Saint-Saëns' symphony No. 2 was given for the first time at these concerts. The work was originally scored for a small orchestra, and seems better suited for a smaller body of players than to the Symphony force.

It is a light composition written in a rather unusual manner, one might say it contained "musical surprises," with a lively tarantella for the finale, which was finely given last evening. The piece deviates somewhat from the accepted symphonic form, and is characterized by the author's brilliancy of style and peculiar treatment of the opening theme.

Mr. Adamowski played the Heinrich Ernst concerto in a delightful manner. "Humoresque," for orchestra, proved uninteresting, for which the composer and not the performers are to blame.

The programme for the next rehearsal and concert this week will be Brahms' symphony No. 3 in F major; concerto for piano in A minor, MacDowell; minuet and dance from "Damnation of Faust," Berlioz, and Liszt's symphonic poem, "Tasso." Mr. MacDowell will be the soloist.

—Mr. Adamowski, as soloist, attracted the largest rehearsal audience of the season on Friday. Every seat on floor and balconies was occupied, save Mrs. J. L. Gardner's two and those of Col. Higginson's.

MUSICAL.

The Symphony Concert.

The programme for last evening's concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was: Symphony, A-minor op. 55, Saint-Saëns; Concerto for violin, F-sharp minor, Ernst; Humoresque, for orchestra, E. Humperdink; and Symphony No. 2, Beethoven. The Saint-Saëns symphony was new to these concerts and the Humperdink work was new to Boston. Of the latter, we can only marvel that it should have found a place on the programmes of the Symphony concerts. As music it does not rise much above the beer-garden level, and as humor it is saddening. In the land of its birth, those who heard it may have rolled from their chairs to the ground in the fit of uncontrollable laughter it aroused; but to those lacking in the volatility and the sprightliness of the German nature, the work is more calculated to draw forth burning tears than expressions of mirth. As far as we could discover, Mr. Humperdink's humor was chiefly confined to the plagiarizing of a few bars of the march theme of Raff's "Lenore." It is dreary fooling. The Saint-Saëns symphony is a charming work, always chaste in style, bright in effect and delightful in the grace that animates it throughout. It is a splendid example of brilliant brevity and masterly modesty. It was finely played from beginning to end, the gem of an adagio especially so. The Beethoven symphony received excellent treatment. The first movement was exceedingly well read and performed. The slow movement was, perhaps, given with over much of rigidity and a little of roughness, but the latter, retation, as a whole, left little to be desired. The first concerto has become irremediably aged. It has weak hams, and its eyes purge thick amber and plum tree gum. The solo part was played by Mr. T. Adamowski, whose intonation was not always true, whose tone was often weak and thin, and whose performance generally was not up to his best standard. He was twice recalled with much heartiness. The programme for the next concert is: Symphony No. 3, Brahms; Concerto for pianoforte, A-minor, MacDowell; "Menuet des Follets" and "Danse des Sylphes," Berlioz; and "Tasso," Liszt. Mr. E. A. MacDowell is to be the soloist.

THEATRES AND CONCERTS.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the fourth concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Saint-Saëns: Symphony No. 2, in A minor, Opus 55.
Ernst: Concerto for violin, in one movement, in F-sharp minor, Opus 23.
Humperdink: Humoresque for orchestra.
Beethoven: Symphony No. 2, in D major, Opus 36.
Mr. T. Adamowski was the violinist.

Saint-Saëns' A minor symphony has not been given here since its first performance in this city by the Harvard Musical Association in 1880. Although written nearly forty years ago it may safely be reckoned as belonging to the modern French school of composition, and goes far—in one way, at least—toward reconciling one to that by no means immaculate school. In

spite of the length of the work, its musical character and the modest orchestra for which it is scored point to the composer's probably looking upon it somewhat in the light of a "petite symphonie" as belonging to that domain which lies between chamber-music and grand orchestral writing of the modern sort—the domain to which most of the Haydn and Mozart symphonies are now to be relegated. It is, in one respect, refreshing to find a modern Frenchman writing anything for orchestra that is so purely musical, so unstrident and reserved in expression, as this symphony, and which at the same time is so carefully wrought, which shows so much clever and sincere work. On the other hand, it is a little disappointing and depressing to note how merely superficially his task took possession of the composer, how his cleverness is, in the end, nothing more nor deeper than cleverness, how all the contrapuntal and fugal writing he has put into it seems to have appealed to his fancy rather than an attractive task than to have been the spontaneously chosen form through which a vital and compelling inspiration sought to find outward expression. It is curious that, while the present school of French composers have had probably the best, strictest and most thorough contrapuntal education of any musicians now going, they can so seldom bring themselves to put really their whole heart into contrapuntal work; it is a task of which some of them often acquit themselves admirably well, but still it is a task to them, something to be got through with by dint of skill and cleverness, but not a thing for their whole soul to revel in. At best, they show—as Saint-Saëns has in this symphony—that they find it an attractive task. When Saint-Saëns has got through the exposition of his *fugato* in the first movement, you do not hear him heave a sigh of relief (as Gounod and Massenet too often are impelled to do in similar cases); the labor has not tired him out, and he is still fresh for more of the same kind. When he calls upon the fugue, he does more than merely leave his card. Still, it is very like a call of ceremony, for all that; not like the visit of a lover to his mistress. To throw aside all simile, clever, charming, aye, learned as Saint-Saëns shows himself in this symphony, and brilliantly as it is written, he never really unbends in it, he preserves throughout a certain air of man-of-the-world correctness of bearing, full of refinement and charm, but not stirring to one's enthusiasm. And here is just the disheartening point: to find that a man like Saint-Saëns, who can do this sort of thing so well, should take so shallow a delight in doing it, should find so little genuine inspiration in it. Only see how differently he goes to work when he has to write a "Phaeton" or a "Danse macabre!" Then the whole man is revealed to you, frankly, outspokenly, full of genuine vivacity and spontaneity; and if, in such moments of expansiveness, something a little coarse and vulgar shines through the polished surface, it is at least real and human. Here, in this symphony, all is polished and refined; but the man's whole heart is not in it, it sounds like something written to show what he could do, as ground.

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Of the new "Humoresque" by Humperdink one need only say that it is not worth playing, and certainly not worth talking about.

Beethoven's D major symphony made a glorious close to a programme in which there was much to commend, much that was interesting, if, upon the whole, too little real genius. The symphony was well and spiritedly played, but not with quite the fine finish that we have heard more than once before.

Ernst's F-sharp minor concerto has long been at once the ambition and the terror of aspiring violinists; it has a reputation very like that of Henselt's F minor pianoforte concerto—of being the most difficult thing for the instrument in existence. Whether it is not rather hard-pushed in this respect by some things by Spohr, as the Henselt concerto certainly is by some things by Brahms and others, we are not competent to determine. Certain it is, however, that the style, and especially the key, in which it is written make it an almost inordinately difficult piece of execution. Legends are still whispered from ear to ear of how Ernst himself, when at his best, would excite the wildest enthusiasm with it, and then at other times, when feeling out of sorts, would play it horribly out of tune. To us, apart from its difficulty, it seems almost an unique work of its class; there is much admirable workmanship in it, both the solo instrument and the orchestra are treated with the greatest skill throughout; it does not in the least sound like a concerto written by a great virtuoso to show himself off; it is far too sincere and musician-like for that. Only the thematic material of which it is built is so hopelessly trivial, and, what is more, so antiquated in its triviality, that it is very hard to listen to seriously. It is eminently a work that has had its day. Mr. Adamowski conquered its many difficulties very successfully, only one could not but feel that the exertion of so doing drew rather heavily upon his powers. We have heard him play more soulfully and with more brilliancy of effect on other occasions. Whether or not he could, in any case, have infused musical life and vigor into those trite phrases is perhaps not worth speculating upon; but the work seemed to give him little chance for showing that grace of style and poignancy of sentiment for which he is justly noted. He did much admirable playing, but, as a whole, it was not to be accounted one of his finest efforts. *Que diable aussi allait-il faire dans cette maudite galère?* It is a desideratum that certain compositions could be proved dead and past the hope of resurrection, so that no one should try henceforth to galvanize them into a semblance of life again. Of course violinists will ask: "What, then, shall we play?" To which not unnatural question, it must be admitted, the answer is not quite self-evident. The impression Mr. Adamowski made upon the audience was all that could have been desired, for he was enthusiastically applauded and twice recalled. And if we cannot quite join in with this enthusiasm with all desirable heartiness, Mr. Adamowski has only his previous playing, of other and better things, to thank for it.

MUSIC. *Continued*

FOURTH SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The concert had an ideal appetizer in Saint-Saens' Symphony No. 2 in A minor. Despite the psychical nature of this work is not really symphonic it is replete with charming details, and the harmony of its moods is inimitable. The allegro marcato in A minor has a quaint and somewhat brusque figure which is partially used in the allegro affusinato as the subject of a superbly developed tonal fugue. The *adagio* is naive in sentiment and quaintly elegiac, its chief theme being refined and poetical on the one hand and impressively dignified on the other. It is treated in free form and yet with a deep spirituality of sentiment that is simply enchanting. A sterling *frestissimo* concludes the work brilliantly. Aside from the rich invention shown in this symphony no musician will fail to admire its abundant scholarship, its seriousness of purpose, its masterly orchestration and last, but not least the successful effort to give unity to the various movements by a masterly use in the finale of material which had its introduction in at least one of the previous movements. The plan of development shows an ingenious blending of the new spirit that came in with Liszt, Wagner and Saint Saens with the old symphonic methods. The Humoresque for orchestra by E. Humperdink meagrely disguises its intrinsic feebleness and sterility beneath a morbid and puffed up manner that is anything but entertaining.

The Ernst Concerto will hardly stand either now or in the future, though it doubtless may have in the past, on its merits as a musical composition. Such mediocre interest as it creates is quite evenly divided between the orchestra and the solo violin, but a more mortal concerto has seldom been heard in a symphony concert. As a whole it makes the impression of having superficially served the virtuoso's ambition to create *furor*. The meagre instrumentation that it contains is discreet and becoming while dreadfully unimportant. That refined and highly cultivated technique, that genial subjectivity combined with repose which Mr. Adamowski so invariably exhibits were as usual the characteristics of his performance that constantly charmed. It seems needless to add that the popular violinist was persistently applauded and recalled with intense enthusiasm.

Aside from the Saint Saens' symphony the concert had another feature which all present without regard to musical caste or creed could enjoy. The work, while it is not held in such high favor as several of its associates in the immortal series of nine to which it so worthily belongs, was at the time of its birth of matchless importance to the greatest of tone poets. It was the first work of Beethoven that conquered his adverse critics by grasping more satisfactorily than he had done before the academic forms which had been imposed on music by the scholastics and pedagogues of his time. No consciousness of form is imposed by it upon the hearer. Far from it. Here Beethoven takes full possession of the bountiful inheritance that had been left by Haydn, but with a transcendently warm feeling for art which Haydn seldom attained. The martial attacks in the first allegro were loyally observed by Mr. Nikisch, and

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Some Boston Music.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA. The program of the seventh and eighth concerts was:—

Saint-Saens: Symphony No. 2, in A-minor, Opus 55; Ernst: Concerto for Violin, in one movement, in F-sharp minor, Opus 23; Humperdink: Humoresque for Orchestra; Beethoven: Symphony No. 2, in D-minor, Opus 36.

The Saint-Saens Symphony had not been performed before for about twelve years. It is a well-written work, and it might be given more often, judging by the favor with which it was received on this occasion. It was a brilliant feature of the program, and was performed in a masterly manner.

A conspicuous failure was the Humperdink "Humoresque." How could so trashy a composition have been placed upon the program?

The grand performance of the Beethoven Symphony was in keeping with the best work of this orchestra, and any further commendation would be quite superfluous.

The Concerto of Ernst is formidable to most violinists. To execute it well needs phenomenal equipment. To say that Mr. Timothie d'Adamowski surmounted its difficulties with a goodly degree of success is but to do him justice. Still, when one has all he can do simply to play it well, the listener cannot expect the finish and ease with which this violinist's performances have generally been characterized. There were passages in which his intonation was not quite true. His warmest admirer can but admit that the selection of this work was not a happy one.

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MUSICAL MATTERS

The Symphony Concert.

Our symphonic Jasons have returned laden with honors and such press comments as prove the scriptural adage regarding the travelling prophet. As if to make amends for a week's absence, the programme of Saturday contained a double allowance of symphony, and Beethoven and St. Saens were both represented in this large form. The St. Saens symphony in A minor began the programme. This is the only symphony by this composer that Boston has ever heard, but years ago, in the Gerickean epoch, there was full preparation made for presenting the third symphony of the French master, when, at the last moment, the untrustworthy state of the organ in Music Hall forbade. This second symphony is a work of most modest dimensions and conservative scoring, so that if the name of Volkmann had been attached to it, most of the critics would have accepted it as a good specimen of the correct and terse style of the German. In the third symphony, however, St. Saens took ample revenge, and showed, by an employment of the full modern orchestra, with the addition of organ, and a piano part for four hands (as the symphony was inscribed to the memory of Liszt this was peculiarly appropriate), that he could mass the forces, and use the richest tonicolors as well as any Berlioz. But whether with large or small instrumental forces, St. Saens shows a power of orchestral treatment that commands respect, while he can develop a theme better than any living French composer. The present symphony began quite in the old style with a good deal of woodwind work, and in many parts the oboe had a prominence characteristic of the Gallic taste. In the first movement there was also a fine bit of *fugato* which gave a distinctly classical flavor. The strings gave this admirably and showed commendable balance of power as well as clearness. In the second movement, also, this division of the orchestra charmed by some beautiful playing with mutes (*con sordine*), and in the finale the solo passages in very high positions were also very well done. The scherzo seemed to have but little to say for itself, although its end, with mysterious pizzicato chords and a brusque change to *fortissimo*, was a reminder of Beethoven's favorite close.

Now followed the solo number of the concert, which was an Ernst concerto in one movement for violin, played by Mr. T. Adamowski. The work was not an impressive one; its chief theme was not much better than a Balfé sugar-plum, and was in fact reminiscent of "Let all obey," from "The Enchantress." It was music that did not cause one to think any too much, and must have been pure delight to the tune-cravers who do so *love* music! But the person who held that true musical art should be a blending of the intellectual with the emotional may have been a trifle disappointed. It was probably a new E string that caused a perceptible flattening in the latter part of the work, for the player began with some broad passages finely played on the G string, and his playing of the brilliant embellishments and variations of the theme was artistic, being only

marred by the lack of true intonation aforesaid.

Who is Humperdink? And why did he write a "Humoresque" for orchestra? It was to be sure a humoresque without any humor (it might have been called "Humoresque Pathétique" for the matter of that) and therefore it did not conflict with the dignity of the symphony programmes. After all, greater composers have used the misleading title, where they only meant "Capriccio," but even the capricious element was here not very strongly marked. The second theme was prettily pastoral, but there was nothing further to remember in the work.

The concert ended with the second symphony by Beethoven. A great work, but not yet the true symphonic Beethoven, who was only revealed a couple of years later on in the Heroic symphony. Yet there are certain premonitions, coming events that cast their shadows before in this symphony, that are intensely interesting as transitions from the old school to the new; among these are the larghetto in sonata movement form, the scherzo, an entirely new departure for the third movement of a symphony, and the finale, a veritable abolition of the superficial jollity with which Beethoven's predecessors used to wind up their instrumental works — a bad legacy from the *gigue* which ended the old suite. With all this acknowledged and the beauty of the larghetto and the finale fully recognized, the fact still impresses itself on the auditor, that had Beethoven died at the age that Schubert did, the world would only know him as a most promising successor to Haydn. The reading of the work was an excellent one, and our conductor seems to have discarded all tendency to exaggeration. Especial points of technical ability were discernible in the playing of the chief figure by the contrabasses and cellos in the development of the first movement, and the delicacy of the first violins in the closing theme of the larghetto, but the horn broke in both appearances of this latter theme. The scherzo was given with splendid dash and brio. As above intimated, this is the first symphonic scherzo ever written, and the couple of scherzi composed by Haydn in two of his string quartettes do not invalidate Beethoven's right to be considered the inventor of this form. Yet this scherzo is more of a minuet than the minuet of the first symphony. There is one point in this movement that, spite of the mass of critical analysis, may be freshly commented on; it is the trio, with its square-cut, minuet theme and thoroughly old-fashioned scoring (oboes and bassoons). Is it not possible that Beethoven here intended to show the formality of the minuet which he was replacing by contrasting it with the free, semi-developed vein of the body of the scherzo? Oboes and bassoons played well here, although the bassoon might have had more power and prominence in the contrapuntal support it gave to the theme in the end of the trio.

The finale was capital. It is the gem of the work in any case, and outvalues all the finales that were written before it (possibly excepting Mozart's two last symphonies).

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 minor and the "Jupiter" and it received just the right spice of resolute power and caprice. The oddity of the closing theme, with its duet between the first violin and bassoon (as if an Ariel and Caliban were holding converse together), was well dwelt upon, and in the long and beautiful coda, the horn began to clarify and make amends for its previous misdeeds.
 LOUIS C. ELSON.

AMONG THE MUSICIANS.

The audience at the Symphony concert Saturday evening was entertained by Saint-Saens's symphony in A minor; Ernst's concerto for the violin in F sharp minor, Humperdink's orchestral humoresque and Beethoven's symphony No. 2. It was a strange programme, but afforded variety, and was evidently appreciated, judging from the enthusiasm of the audience. The first piece has never been played by the Symphony Orchestra, although it has been once given in Boston. It is a beautiful work, artistic in its composition and affording opportunities for light and shade that were amply improved under Mr. Nikisch's skilful baton. The allegro appassionato was perhaps the most pleasing movement.

Mr. Adamowski was not heard at his best. For some reason he was not in tune with the orchestra, and several instances of false intonation were apparent. In execution, however, he exhibited his usual ability.

The "Humoresque" was heard for the first time in Boston, and was something of a surprise. It is an odd number, not particularly attractive and not likely to become a great favorite.

The Beethoven symphony was rendered in a masterly manner. All the movements were treated artistically, especially the first, and it served as a fitting termination for an excellent concert.

The programme for next Saturday will be symphony No. 3, Brahms; concerto for the pianoforte in A minor, MacDowell; "Menuet des Follets" and "Danse des Sylphes," Berlioz, and "Tasso," Liszt. The soloist will be Mr. E. A. MacDowell.

Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1892-93.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. ARTHUR NIKISCH, Conductor.

V. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, AT 8 P. M.

PROGRAMME.

JOHANNES BRAHMS. SYMPHONY No. 3, in F major, op. 90.
 I. Allegro con brio (F major).
 II. Andante (C major).
 III. Poco Allegretto (C minor).
 IV. Allegro (F minor).

E. A. MACDOWELL. CONCERTO for PIANOFORTE, No. 1, A minor, op. 15.
 I. Maestoso (A minor)—Allegro con fuoco (A minor).
 II. Andante tranquillo (E major).
 III. Presto (A major).

HECTOR BERLIOZ. TWO MOVEMENTS from "La Damnation de Faust"
 op. 24.
 I. Menuet des Feu-follets: Moderato (D major).
 II. Valse des Sylphes: Allegro, mouvement de valse (D major).

FRANZ LISZT. SYMPHONIC POEM, "Tasso, Lamento e Trionfo."

SOLOIST:

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DRAMA AND MUSIC.

The Fifth Concert of the Symphony Orchestra.

New Bill at the Museum—

"Kerry" and "Nerves."

Sousa's New Marine Band—Notes of Coming Events.

The programme of the fifth Symphony concert was as follows:

Symphony No. 3, F major.....Brahms
Concerto for pianoforte No. 1.....MacDowell
Two movements from "La Damnation de Faust".....Berlioz
I. Menuet des Feu-follets.
II. Valse des Sylphes.

"Tasso, Lamento e Trionfo".....Liszt

Mr. E. A. MacDowell was the pianist.

The first pianoforte concerto of Mr. MacDowell was played as an arrangement for two pianofortes in concerts given respectively by Mr. Gerrish and Mr. Whelpley during the season of '85-'86. Its first performance with orchestra in this country was at a concerto concert given by Mr. Lang, April 3, 1888, when Mr. Whelpley was the pianist. It has been played in European and American cities (1888-1891) by Teresa Carreno. Its first performance in public by the composer was the performance of last week.

Mr. MacDowell has shown in this concerto greater fidelity to the traditions, or the fetich, or the sane rules of form than in the greater number of his later compositions. This fidelity has not choked spontaneity, nor has it stiffened expression of thought. The themes are melodious and characteristic; nor are they merely agreeable echoes of the tunes of honored composers who guided his steps, or who, years ago, joined the quire invisible. Technical knowledge does not intrude itself; it is ever present, however, ever mindful of the good of the hearer, who does not wish to inquire too thoroughly into the causes of his enjoyment. The most genuine musical stuff is in the first movement; at the same time it would be vain to deny the beauty of the song of the andante, which is full of sentiment that is never sentimental, and romance that is always within the control of the dreamer. Nor is the last movement merely the dashing "Yours truly" with a flourish that is so often the conclusion of the whole matter. The interest is maintained without an anticipation of a climax, and even at the very close there is a suspicion of reserve strength. In this composition the orchestra and the pianoforte are not at war with one another; they unite in a harmonious whole that is alive and glowing with color. Mr. MacDowell is a pianist, and he knows how to write for his special instrument; he also knows the resources and limitations of orchestra instruments; above all, he knows the value of discretion in instrumen-

tation. To speak quietly and in detail of the performance of Mr. MacDowell, the pianist, might be to play the part of churlish Shimei. Perhaps the most characteristic feature of his playing is extreme sensitiveness. In a small hall, where the musical fluid travels quickly, this sensitiveness tells promptly and with effect. In Music Hall it is a more difficult task for the performer to establish intimate relations with the hearer; and a certain exaggeration, which is foreign to the nature of Mr. MacDowell, brings out the contrasts of a work in bolder relief. It is enough to say that Saturday evening Mr. MacDowell gave a refined reading of an eminently poetic work. And not without good reason was he applauded enthusiastically and thrice recalled.

The other numbers are familiar to our concert goers, and need no words of comment. The concert might well have stopped with the delightful dream-fancy of Berlioz. The "Tasso," with its bombastic platitudes spun out to a dreary length, left a bitter taste behind. It is not necessary to dismiss an audience with a roar and a crash, a jingling and a bray. The orchestra played, in the main, exceedingly well. There were ragged passages in the second movement of the symphony, and an occasional lack of precision in the concerto, but the first movement and the last of the symphony were given with infinite spirit and with genuine appreciation, and in the fantastical pranks of Berlioz, as well as in the circus pomp of Liszt, the orchestra was admirable.

The New Marine Band, under the direction of John P. Sousa, gave a concert last evening in Music Hall. The band was assisted by Miss Marcella Lindh, soprano; Antonio Galassi, baritone, and Mr. Liberati, cornet. There was a large audience, and the enthusiasm was great. Each number of the programme stood for two numbers that were played; dances, marches and arrangements of popular tunes were given to the heart's desire of the most insatiate encore fiend. The band is composed of excellent material, and it would be invidious to particularize. The men have been drilled carefully, and the precision is worthy of high praise. There is also an observance of dynamic marks, of gradations of tone that is unusual in bands of this character. The concert reflected credit on the leader and the men. Mr. Sousa does not always ride in the whirlwind and direct the storm; he has a lively appreciation of the value of contrasts, and certain numbers, as the arrangement of the dirge from the "Peer Gynt" suite were played with delicacy and feeling. Miss Lindh sang the scene and aria from "Lucia," and displayed therein more than ordinary agility. Mr. Raffayolo played his concerto for the euphonium, and Mr. Liberati wandered far away from the true pitch in his cornet solo. This band, which is well worth the hearing, will give a concert in Music Hall next Sunday evening.

Two books were published lately that may be recommended heartily to all musicians and lovers of music. One is an enlarged edition of the second volume of Louis Ehlert's musical criticisms, translated by Mrs. Cretbar and published by Chas. F. Bretton, New York. The other is "Student and Singer, or the Reminiscences of Charles Santley," published by Macmillan & Co. Any extended notice of these interesting and valuable volumes must be deferred for a week.

PHILIP HALE.

SCHROEDER.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

Echoes from the Symphony Concert.

Sousa's New Band to be Heard in Music Hall Tonight.

Rice's Popular Concert—Grossmith's Novelties—"Continental"—Personal.

The programme provided by Director Nikisch for yesterday's symphony concert was one of the most delightful of the season. It was admirably arranged and although no novelty was offered the selections given were most welcome and received rapt attention from the audience throughout a programme of uncommon length.

Mr. E. A. MacDowell was the soloist, and the enthusiastic plaudits which greeted his appearance was pleasing evidence of the high regard which Bostonians very justly have for the talented composer and brilliant pianist.

He played his new concerto, No. 1, A minor, op. 15, in a superb manner. It is a charming composition, full of melodious and original ideas. Full opportunities are given the solo instrument, and the orchestration shows the hand of a master.

Mr. MacDowell has never been heard to better advantage, and he displayed the beauties of his composition with magnificent effect. After the performance he was recalled four times amid tremendous enthusiasm.

Brahms's symphony No. 3, in F major, was finely interpreted by Mr. Nikisch. It was a rare treat for the admirers of Brahms, who are evidently very numerous among symphony patrons, and who have often expressed the wish that Mr. Nikisch would give this composer much greater prominence on the season's programme.

Two movements from Berlioz' "La Damnation de Faust," "Menuet des Feu-follets" and "Valse des Sylphes." Both were given with splendid effect. The interpretation of the latter was particularly graceful and dainty. Liszt's familiar but always welcome symphonic poem, "Tasso," concluded the concert, and was given, probably, as brilliant a performance as it has ever received in Boston.

Following is the announcement for the next concert: Dvorak, dramatic overture, "Hussitska;" Davidoff, concerto for violoncello; Svendsen, "Zorahayda," legend for orchestra; Schumann, Symphony No. 2, in C major. Soloist, Mr. Alwin Schroeder.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Symphony Concert Soloist, Mr. E. A. MacDowell.

Sousa's New Band at Music Hall—Rice's Popular Concert—The Debut of George Grossmith—The People's Singing Class—News Notes, Gossip and Comment.

At the fifth of the season's concerts by the Boston symphony orchestra, in Music Hall last evening, the soloist was Mr. E. A. MacDowell, and Conductor Arthur Nikisch again displayed his skill as a programme maker, as well as an interpreter of widely varying compositions.

The symphony was the third of the series by Johannes Brahms, a work which goes far to make amends for the shortcomings of the composer in the two preceding efforts in this class by this admired representative of the modern German school. The graceful melodious writing in the second and third movements was given an admirable interpretation by Mr. Nikisch, and the sharply contrasted and always brilliant ideas of the finale were splendidly shown in the reading given this movement. It was an always satisfying performance, and the symphony had a hearty appreciation by the audience.

Mr. MacDowell's performance of his first pianoforte concerto, a work which gained instant recognition as the effort of a born composer and skillful musician, when played at one of Mr. Lang's concerts four seasons ago, revealed all its beauties, and all who heard it were delighted by its well contrasted and ever melodious movements. The player's refinement of style, his delicate pearly touch and pure tone gave an indescribable charm to the andante, and the breadth of treatment given the final presto fairly demonstrated the wealth and ability as an executant possessed by this most satisfying artist. Recall after recall rewarded Mr. MacDowell, and he acknowledged the honors with his usual modesty.

Mr. Nikisch indulged his audience with some of the musical tit bits from Berlioz' "Faust," and fairly captivated his patrons by his faultless playing of the "Menuet des Feu-follets," and the "Valse des Sylphes."

A very brilliant performance of Liszt's symphonic poem, "Tasso, Lamento e Trionfo" ended this most enjoyable concert. The soloist next Saturday is Mr. Alwyn Schroeder, cello player, and the programme includes Dvorak's dramatic overture "Hussitska," Davidoff's concerto for violoncello, Svendsen's "Zorahayda," legend for orchestra, and Schumann's symphony No. 2 in C major.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Symphony Concert.

Boston may yet become as fond of Brahms as of Browning, judging by the enthusiasm which the performance of that master's third symphony created at the concert of Saturday. Hans Richter once called this symphony the "Heroic," and it certainly presents as much of combat as the Beethoven symphony which carries that name, and, as in that work, the combative, aggressive principle is represented by a short and very simple figure which appears in season and out of season, dominating and ruling everything. It is far more difficult to bring this character home to a general public, than to make them appreciate the pastoral beauties of a tuneful work like the second symphony by the same composer, and the triumph of the work therefore was all the more remarkable. But, as in Beethoven's third symphony the last two movements do not seem essentially heroic, so in this one finds the "Sturm und Drang" only in the first and last movements, while the other two give a well contrasted element of romance. The first movement was taken with enormous power, and one could heartily agree with this reading, but the tenderness of the second theme, in A flat, was lacking in some degree, and the work lost some of its contrast thereby. Brahms, as well as Beethoven, understood the truth of the poet's adage.

"Wo Starkes sich mit Mildem paaret
Da giebt es einen guten Klang."

The development of this movement may compare with anything of its kind. Just before his death, Dr. Hiller, most conservative of composers, said to the writer: "We have only one man who can write a true symphonic development at present—Brahms!" and when one hears the vague struggles of the other symphonists to squeeze thematic treatment out of their melodies, one can agree with the above dictum so far as to acknowledge the composer the symphonic giant of this generation.

In the first movement the brasses overblew occasionally, but the antiphonal effects between the wind instruments and the deeper strings in the slow movement were finely rendered. The simply scored and almost Mendelssohnian allegretto was a most effective contrast to the strife and fury of the finale. Yet this finale ends with a coda that is half tranquility and half exhaustion, a most unexpected conclusion that rather unfits the symphony to close a programme, and makes it appropriate as an opening number, as it was used on this occasion.

MacDowell's piano concerto in A minor came next, with the composer himself as soloist. To make a success in such juxtaposition, and to have the orchestration of a native work sound effective, even when sandwiched between Brahms and Liszt, was a triumph indeed. The first movement was fiery in the extreme and so difficult that once or twice the composer found difficulty in controlling the Frankenstein he had evoked. The treatment here, as in fact throughout the work, was essentially modern, and the piano frequently added floriture to the themes appearing on the

strings. There was a shade of reminiscence of the composer's teacher in the movement but it was Raff set on fire, and shining in a new and lurid light. In the second movement (Andante tranquillo) the piano daintily embellished a theme on the cello, there was most effective horn passages, some splendid pizzicati on the contrabasses (both of these last touches reminded a trifle of Weber and the effects in his "Freischuetz" overture) and the themes as well as their scoring and treatment were masterly. A series of responses between kettledrum and piano, the latter giving a brilliant preluding of the dimensions of a cadenza, led into the chief theme of the finale, a wild, whirling-dervish sort of a subject. A little of Raff peeped out here in a tonic-dominant figure (two notes only) which was exactly like a passage in the "Im Walde" symphony, but was too transient to constitute more than a suspicion of imitation. The movement was a fine climax to a brilliant work. Mr. MacDowell has more to say in his works than any of our younger American composers, and if he does not fall into the native error of writing too much, may yet be the head of the American school. No less a composer than Massenet spoke enthusiastically of his abilities in 1889. The work and the pianist aroused the audience to a whole succession of recalls.

Berlioz was represented on the programme by two light selections, the elfin music from "The Damnation of Faust." The minuet of the will o' the wisps was rather heavily played, and had not the ethereal lightness of its subject, but the coda with the Mephistophelian theme was brilliant and had perfect ensemble. The waltz of the sylphs was charmingly played, and the muted violins gave the theme with utmost sweetness; nor must Mr. Schuecker's harp playing be passed over without praise.

Liszt's "Tasso" is characteristic enough, even if it does not reach high water mark. It is pleasant to chronicle that the passion was not torn to tatters, and the apotheosis was grand without being over swollen. The bass clarinet, the trumpets and the strings did exceptionally good work in this number. The oboe was also prominent in brilliant work. But, excellent as was the performance, Liszt does not wear well; he always seems a Wagner of lesser potency, with attenuated ideas and intensified vehemence. The very Rheingold figure is to be found in "Tasso," but not with the wonderful harmony with which Wagner made two chords, say as much as an entire theme. The concert, as will be seen from the list (Brahms, MacDowell, Berlioz and Liszt) was entirely a modern one, and it was one in which our orchestra could not fail to shine.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

The last Symphony Concert drew a crowded and fashionable audience to Music Hall. Mrs. W. F. Apthorp, fresh and rosy after her summer in the mountains, was conspicuous in the right balcony, sitting between her husband and the fashionable pianist, Clayton Johns. Mrs. Gardner's seat was occupied by Miss Marie Grelaud, looking breezy, pretty, and animated. Mrs. Flske Warren and Mrs. Arthur Foote still being unable to attend the concert, Mrs. Inches and Mrs. Watson were easily the most attractive of the younger matrons present.

The Symphony Concert.

The fifth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was given at Music Hall on Saturday evening, with the following programme:

Symphony No. 3 in F major, Brahms; concerto for pianoforte No. 1 in A minor, E. A. MacDowell; the minuet of Will-o-the-Wisps, and waltz of Sylpha from "The Damnation of Faust," Berlioz; and Liszt's Symphonic poem, "Tasso." Mr. E. A. MacDowell was the soloist.

The event of the evening was the appearance of Mr. MacDowell and the performance of his concerto for the first time at these concerts. To write of the concerto as a composition, is an agreeable and easy task, for it is a work that ranks among the highest of its class.

It is difficult to imagine a more evenly balanced composition as regards the relations between the solo instrument and the accompanying ones. Throughout the work the themes are melodic and spontaneous and finely contrasted, the different movements displaying the hand of the consummate musician, in which easy grace, judicious employment of means and the inspiration of genius are combined, while the orchestration embraces richness and variety and a most delicate and sensitive employment of effects that enhance the originality of the motives and assist in sustaining an intense interest unflagging to the end.

The virility of the opening movement, the delightful, delicate sentiment of the slow movement, and the brilliancy of the finale, alike ravished the senses of the appreciative listener. It is sufficient to say that the composer possesses a technique that met every demand of the composition. Devoid of the trickery of virtuosity, but replete with the earnestness and grasp of the true artist, he gave a vivid rendering of the solo part, gaining a triumphant success that joined with the success of his composition caused him to be recalled by the enthusiastic audience again and again.

In the slow movement the orchestra followed fairly well with the accompaniment, but in the other movements the need of a competent conductor was felt. To accompany with an orchestra is to put a conductor's ability in the crucible for a test. It is one thing to shout and crack the whip over a herd in driving it to the slaughter-pen, anybody can do that, but to skilfully handle a coach and four over dangerous places and bring safely through the precious souls entrusted to his care requires the competent and skilful driver. The Brahms Symphony and the Liszt piece were played in an exaggerated and rough manner, but the two Berlioz pieces could not

have been more delightfully rendered than they were by this same body of players. The next concert will take place Saturday, Nov. 26, when that sterling artist, Mr. Alwin Schroeder, will play the concerto for violoncello by Davidoff.

WARREN DAVENPORT.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

The chief interest of the audience at the fifth Symphony unquestionably attached to Mr. E. A. MacDowell and his pianoforte, in spite of the herculean efforts of Mr. Apthorp in the programme-book to excite enthusiasm for that object of his admiration—one might almost say adoration—Brahms, whose third symphony began the evening. It does no good, in praising this able, but laborious and often abstruse composer, to say that other musicians before him were not liked and appreciated in their times, and that therefore people ought to be advised and to proceed at once to the enshrining of Brahms in their hearts in the same niche with Beethoven. We are all getting to understand his ways a little better than at first, to bear with his ponderousness, his over-elaboration and his complicated textures, and to like what is clear, sweet, simple, strong or eloquent in him. But it is too soon to insist upon his general and entire acceptance. We are living now, not in some future period, when the musical shall (perhaps) have been drawn quite to his ways of thought and expression. Let not the reader imagine, however, that we are hastening to exalt Mr. MacDowell's star above that of Brahms or to proclaim him to be the superior genius. But his ideas are fresh, his intuitions definite, his writing able and often either impressive or captivating, and his personality and performance attractive and commanding. He inclines too much toward the eccentrically-fanciful in his light and humorous moments and his vocal writing is apt to be intricate and almost unsingable. But he has power and independence, he understands his art and its instruments and he does justice alike to the orchestral and solo parts. His concerto is well put together and holds attention from the first bar, the first and last movements being the most characteristic of his peculiar talent in their fiery speed and their urgent spirit. His performance of the piano part was striking in its brilliancy, its defiance of all difficulties and its constant strength, and it showed delicacy when required. There is a pleasant calm in the *andante*, and this movement was read with gravity and reserve. The remainder of the programme calls for no comment, consisting as it did of the long familiar dances from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust" and the noisy, splurgy, melodramatic "Tasso" of Liszt, all exceedingly well played.

MUSICAL.

The Symphony Concert.

The programme for last night's concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra was: Symphony No. 3, in F, Brahms; Concerto for pianoforte No. 1, in A-minor, E. A. MacDowell; "Menuet des Feu-follets," and "Valse des Sylphes," from "La Damnation de Faust," Berlioz; and Symphonic Poem, "Tasso," Liszt. Mr. E. A. MacDowell was the soloist. The novelty of the programme was his Concerto, which, if we are not mistaken, had not been heard before at these concerts. The other selections have been long familiar here, and are becoming somewhat tiresome by over repetition. Thus far, this season's programmes have not been especially attractive. It is true that they have presented new works by Humperdink and Scharwenka; but they did not prove to be of an order that imparted to the programmes quite that quality of freshness that is most to be desired. In short, the programmes aforesaid are falling into a dull, humdrum of repetition that is rapidly imparting to these concerts much of the distinguishing characteristic of that soporific realm known as boredom. It was Mr. Samuel Slick of factitious memory, who, if our own memory does not play us false, observed that there were some things, as well as others. It is a wise and incontrovertible aphorism, and it is soothing and comforting to those who, oppressed and depressed by some things, can console themselves with the fact that there really are others. The concerts just now are running in the deep rut ploughed by some things. In other words, they are repeating too much of these same, some things. Under the circumstances, it may not be untimely to suggest a practical illustration of the truth of Mr. Slick's veracious saying. Of course, it is well enough to make the concerts educational, if it be deemed wise to do so; but at present the education is too much in one direction, and while we may be thoroughly, even superfluously educated in certain works of certain composers until we know them backward as well as forward, yet there are other works by other composers that are not wholly unworthy a hearing. The pedagogue who should confine his teaching of arithmetic to the calm and stately multiplication table, admirable in itself as a series of statements that carry their truth on their face, and indispensable as elementary knowledge, would cabin crib and confine his pupils within too narrow limits, and keep them in ignorance of other fully as important branches of the science. A little subtraction would be very useful in the programme, and if such blatant, vulgar pretentiousness as Liszt's "Tasso," or, in fact, Liszt's anything, were subtracted, the gain would be great. As far as addition is concerned, the less-familiar great works that are now neglected would supply that branch of the subject; and for division, if the programmes were more equally divided between the various musical nationalities, that branch of the study would be felicitously represented. Of the playing of the orchestra at this concert there is little but praise to be written. The Brahms symphony was read with exceeding effectiveness, though, perhaps, now and then with over-exaggerated emphasis. The Berlioz selections were given with rare beauty of finish and

grace of sentiment. Mr. MacDowell's concerto is an admirable work, steadily brilliant, full of originality, and delightfully free from conventionality. The opening movement is fiery, and holds the attention from beginning to end. The themes are fresh and and effectively contrasted, and the whole movement is worked out in a masterly manner. The work is fairly divided between the solo instrument and the orchestra, and both are combined in a logical and well-balanced whole. The piano does not obtrude, and yet it fulfils the purpose of a concerto which is to provide opportunities for the player to manifest his skill. The orchestration throughout is rich, excellent in its variety and its play of fancy, and always discreet. The *andante* is charming in the warmth and poetic grace of its leading theme, and in the treatment throughout. The finale overflows with passion, and approaches its conclusion with a succession of well-conceived climaxes that become positively exciting as one overtops the other. The performance of the work by the composer was fine in its fluent technique, its frank honesty, its brilliancy and its genuine artistic sentiment generally. Both the work and the composer-player were an overwhelming success. The applause was the most enthusiastic of the season, thus far, and Mr. MacDowell was obliged to come forward three times to bow his acknowledgements. The programme for the next concert is: Dramatic Overture, "Hussitaka," Dvorak, (first time); concerto for violoncello, Davidoff; "Zorahayda," legend for orchestra, Svenheden, (first time); Symphony, No. 2, C-major, Schumann. The soloist is Mr. Alwin Schroeder.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the fifth concert, given in Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Brahms: Symphony No. 3, in F major, Opus 90.
MacDowell: Pianoforte Concerto No. 1, in A minor, Opus 15.
Berlioz: Two movements from "La Damnation de Faust":
Menuet des Feu-follets—Valse des Sylphes.
Liszt: Symphonic Poem No. 2, "Tasso; Lamento e Trionfo."
Mr. E. A. MacDowell was the pianist.

A good deal that is not exactly flattering has been said from time to time about Boston audiences; but we believe it has not yet been hinted that a Boston audience will applaud enthusiastically anything that it has not really liked and enjoyed. The thing called "fashion" may prompt people to do this or do that; but it seldom, if ever, invites his devotees to an ebullient outward show of enthusiasm. So, when we find a splendid performance of a great work call forth loud and persistent hand-clapping, we may safely conclude that the audience really enjoyed that work. Few things that have been played here since the Symphony Orchestra was first founded have been more rapturously applauded than Brahms's F major symphony was last Saturday evening. Is Brahms at last becoming popular, then? It looks somewhat like it!

Never before has this third symphony of Brahms seemed so entirely fine and great a work. It has stood the test of study, it has seemed finer and stronger with every successive performance; now it seems great all through. Mr. Nikisch and the orchestra gave it splendidly, with contagious fire and vigor,

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MUSICAL.

The Symphony Concert.

The programme for last night's concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra was: Symphony No. 3, in F, Brahms; Concerto for pianoforte No. 1, in A-minor, E. A. MacDowell; "Menuet des Feu-follets," and "Valse des Sylphes," from "La Damnation de Faust," Berlioz; and Symphonic Poem, "Tasso," Liszt. Mr. E. A. MacDowell was the soloist. The novelty of the programme was his Concerto, which, if we are not mistaken, had not been heard before at these concerts. The other selections have been long familiar here, and are becoming somewhat tiresome by over repetition. Thus far, this season's programmes have not been especially attractive. It is true that they have presented new works by Humperdink and Scharwenka; but they did not prove to be of an order that imparted to the programmes quite that quality of freshness that is most to be desired. In short, the programmes aforesaid are falling into a dull, humdrum of repetition that is rapidly imparting to these concerts much of the distinguishing characteristic of that soporific realm known as boredom. It was Mr. Samuel Slick of facetious memory, who, if our own memory does not play us false, observed that there were some things, as well as others. It is a wise and an incontrovertible aphorism, and it is soothing and comforting to those who, oppressed and depressed by some things, can console themselves with the fact that there really are others. The concerts just now are running in the deep rut ploughed by some things. In other words, they are repeating too much of these same, some things. Under the circumstances, it may not be untimely to suggest a practical illustration of the truth of Mr. Slick's veracious saying. Of course, it is well enough to make the concerts educational, if it be deemed wise to do so; but at present the education is too much in one direction, and while we may be thoroughly, even superfluously educated in certain works of certain composers until we know them backward as well as forward, yet there are other works by other composers that are not wholly unworthy a hearing. The pedagogue who should confine his teaching of arithmetic to the calm and stately multiplication table, admirable in itself as a series of statements that carry their truth on their face, and indispensable as elementary knowledge, would cabin crib and confine his pupils within too narrow limits, and keep them in ignorance of other fully as important branches of the science. A little subtraction would be very useful in the programme, and if such blatant, vulgar pretentiousness as Liszt's "Tasso," or, in fact, Liszt's anything, were subtracted, the gain would be great. As far as addition is concerned, the less-familiar great works that are now neglected would supply that branch of the subject; and for division, if the programmes were more equally divided between the various musical nationalities, that branch of the study would be felicitously represented. Of the playing of the orchestra at this concert there is little but praise to be written. The Brahms symphony was read with exceeding effectiveness, though, perhaps, now and then with over-exaggerated emphasis. The Berlioz selections were given with rare beauty of finish and

grace of sentiment. Mr. MacDowell's concerto is an admirable work, steadily brilliant, full of originality, and delightfully free from conventionality. The opening movement is fiery, and holds the attention from beginning to end. The themes are fresh and and effectively contrasted, and the whole movement is worked out in a masterly manner. The work is fairly divided between the solo instrument and the orchestra, and both are combined in a logical and well-balanced whole. The piano does not obtrude, and yet it fulfills the purpose of a concerto which is to provide opportunities for the player to manifest his skill. The orchestration throughout is rich, excellent in its variety and its play of fancy, and always discreet. The *andante* is charming in the warmth and poetic grace of its leading theme, and in the treatment throughout. The finale overflows with passion, and approaches its conclusion with a succession of well-conceived climaxes that become positively exciting as one overtops the other. The performance of the work by the composer was fine in its fluent technique, its frank honesty, its brilliancy and its genuine artistic sentiment generally. Both the work and the composer-player were an overwhelming success. The applause was the most enthusiastic of the season, thus far, and Mr. MacDowell was obliged to come forward three times to bow his acknowledgements. The programme for the next concert is: Dramatic Overture, "Hussitaka," Dvorak, (first time); concerto for violoncello, Davidoff; "Zorahayda," legend for orchestra, Svendsen, (first time); Symphony, No. 2, C-major, Schumann. The soloist is Mr. Alwin Schroeder.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the fifth concert, given in Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Brahms: Symphony No. 3, in F major, Opus 90.
MacDowell: Pianoforte Concerto No. 1, in A minor, Opus 15.
Berlioz: Two movements from "La Damnation de Faust":
Menuet des Feu-follets—Valse des Sylphes.
Liszt: Symphonic Poem No. 2, "Tasso; Lamento e Trionfo."

Mr. E. A. MacDowell was the pianist.

A good deal that is not exactly flattering has been said from time to time about Boston audiences; but we believe it has not yet been hinted that a Boston audience will applaud enthusiastically anything that it has not really liked and enjoyed. The thing called "fashion" may prompt people to do this or do that; but it seldom, if ever, invites his devotees to an ebullient outward show of enthusiasm. So, when we find a splendid performance of a great work call forth loud and persistent hand-clapping, we may safely conclude that the audience really enjoyed that work. Few things that have been played here since the Symphony Orchestra was first founded have been more rapturously applauded than Brahms's F major symphony was last Saturday evening. Is Brahms at last becoming popular, then? It looks somewhat like it!

Never before has this third symphony of Brahms seemed so entirely fine and great a work. It has stood the test of study, it has seemed finer and stronger with every successive performance; now it seems great all through. Mr. Nikisch and the orchestra gave it splendidly; with contagious fire and vigor,

with clear coherence, with a true sense of its strength and beauty. There was but one blot on the playing—at several points the wooden wind was well out of tune. If this falling in our orchestra cannot be cured in any other way, one would fain fall back upon the old-fashioned way of having the men tune on the stage; this is, to be sure, rather frowned upon nowadays, but it is in any case better than playing out of tune. But, with this exception, the symphony was given magnificently.

The two selections from Berlioz's "Faust" went less to our liking. We have often before heard them go more effectively. The Minuet seemed to drag a little, and to lack decision of accent; the queer little *coda*, taken from Méphistophélès's serenade, went too slow—not much too slow, to be sure, but a little difference in a quick tempo like that makes all the difference in the world. The Sylphs' Waltz was decidedly too slow, and in two mechanical a rhythm; it gave no impression of the dainty atomies waltzing off through the air, but suggested rather the automatic rhythmic cadence of the little mechanical figures that jerk round and round in the show-windows of old-fashioned hand-organs. Both tempo and accent, as Mr. Nikisch took the movement, savored a good deal of the old Ländler; but we are much mistaken if, when Berlioz marked the piece *Allegro, mouvement de valse*, he had not in mind something more nearly approaching the modern waltz. In so far as exquisite delicacy is concerned, the performance left nothing to be desired—the flutes, clarinets and harp were perfect, but somehow it did not sound right.

In Liszt's "Tasso," on the other hand, Mr. Nikisch covered himself with glory. The "Tasso" is not a composition for which one feels any overwhelming respect; still it is better to have as much made of it as possible in performance, and Mr. Nikisch makes a great deal of it. Especially fine was his reading of the Finale. This turbulent movement, from the point marked "Quasi Presto," where the trumpets begin their crackling triplets, and later on, after the "Allegro maestoso," just before the marks "molto animato" and "stretto," has always sounded to us more like the gibbering and chattering of a maniac than like a song of triumph. Mr. Nikisch plays these ticklish passages with a decision of accent, a well-balanced phrasing, and above all with a wise moderation in tempo, that allow the strange and often far-fetched harmonic progressions to impress themselves distinctly upon the ear; as he plays it, the music may sound turgid and harmonically outrageous, if you will, but it at least sounds as if Liszt were really saying something, and saying it articulately and forcibly. It was a grand performance.

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contemporary American composers. The man evidently walks with a very sur, gait in what he writes; his compositions have anything but a tentative air; you recognize them at once as distinctly professional work. Moreover, he invariably gives the impression of having something to say. And yet, except in one little fugitive piece for pianoforte, we have never been able to make out exactly what he is driving at; it is like listening to an impassioned poem superbly read in Russian; we feel that, as Mary Anderson once said, it is "somehow splendid," but we don't know what it all means. Energy and seriousness of purpose, warmth of feeling, a wondrous glow of color, are all apparent; only we cannot make out for what purpose, nor what feeling. The fault is undoubtedly in us, as we are beginning to perceive; no man—that is, no sincere man—can speak with that air of decision, and say nothing; and Mr. MacDowell's artistic sincerity is above all doubt. We are already beginning to look upon his compositions in a new light; time was when we could not even find them inviting to study and investigation; now we do find them so—we have progressed so far at least. In the concerto he played last Saturday evening, there were moments of such exalted beauty that no one could fail to be impressed by them; but, as to the coherence and true musical meaning of the work, we are still in the dark. Of course no critic is going to take the trouble to write himself down an idiot in face of a man or a work, unless he feels pretty sure that there is something of real, even exceptional, value in that man or work. And we should not take the trouble to say all we have about Mr. MacDowell were we not convinced that there is something in him that we do not understand, and which is well worth understanding. We mean to study him more, and as hard as we can. As for his playing of the concerto, that was superb! The enthusiasm of the audience was at white heat, and he was recalled at the close oftener than we can remember.

The next programme is: Dvorák, dramatic overture to "Hussitska;" Davidoff, concerto for cello; Svendsen, "Zorahayda," legend for orchestra; Schumann, symphony No. 2, in C major, op. 61. Mr. Alwin Schroeder will be the cellist.

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A. J.

West Roxbury, Nov. 19.

MUSIC. *Continued*

THE SYMPHONY.

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For any true music lover it was a privilege to be there even to enjoy an orchestral performance so high in standard, so marvellously artistic in its every detail, that it has not been equaled here even to the Boston symphony orchestra. A renewed experience with the symphony No. 3 in F Major by Johannes Brahms does not enhance the more or less favorable impression which a previous hearing of the work created here. Whatever question may arise as to the purely emotional enjoyment to be derived from the music, this is purely a question of taste; but it is a matter for congratulation that the work of at least one of the prominent composers of the present generation is void of all the impure practices which so often beset modern composers who attempt to produce a work in the highest instrumental form while dragging melody down to the veritable cesspool of their abnormal and eccentric ideas and inflated notions. True, the opening movement impresses one as being somewhat hazy and overcrowded with details which do not appear to bear any genial relation to each other; but in this connection we have used the word appear, hoping that that a more familiar acquaintance with the music will remove the impression. The symphony as a whole displays wonderful spirit and intellectuality, yet does not justify the attempts that have been made to place Brahms' art in juxtaposition with the last rays of the Beethoven spirituality. The first movement is not only rich in thematic matter, but wholly interesting, its heroic first theme being followed by a charmingly idyllic second subject. The hymn-like andante with the scholarly variations in attendance upon it, is especially delightful, in its second subject given out by bassoons, and clarinets and supplemented by an episode for strings, and repeated by wood wind.

The concerto by MacDowell with all its symphonic proportion and originality of contour will easily take rank with some of the most brilliant and effective of piano concertos by contemporaneous composers, and is undeniably indicative of its composer's possession of genius. The pianoforte part while it is in the full free and safe custody of the technician's own art, affording him every opportunity of presenting his chosen instrument as a veritable orchestra in miniature, is so exquisitely developed in its relation to the main body of the orchestra that the two elements often combine in a perfect display of artistic feeling. The whole first movement is extremely lavish in passages of piquant beauty. There can be no mistaking the concerto as a genuine and scholarly creation replete with the very best quality of instrumental coloring and just such episodes, side-thoughts and poetic conceptions as are characteristic of a truly classical work. Refinement, purity and dignity in musical art have, indeed, a prominent example in E. A. MacDowell, and there is within him, too, the rich inner soul-life of the true tone-poet.

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Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1892-93.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. ARTHUR NIKISCH, Conductor.

VI. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, AT 8 P. M.

PROGRAMME.

ANTONIN DVOŘÁK.

DRAMATIC OVERTURE. "Husitska." op. 67.

Lento ma non troppo. (C major).

Allegro con brio. (C minor).

(First time in Boston.)

KARL DAVIDOFF.

CONCERTO for VIOLONCELLO, No. 3, one movement.

(First time in Boston.)

JOHAN SEVERIN SVENDSEN. "ZORAHAYDA," LEGEND for ORCHESTRA. op. II.

Moderato. (G minor).

Andantino ma non troppo lento. (B flat major).

Allegro. (G major).

(First time in Boston.)

ROBERT ALEXANDER SCHUMANN. SYMPHONY No. 2, in C major. op. 61.

I. Sostenuto assai. (C major).

Allegro ma non troppo. (C major).

II. Scherzo; Allegro vivace. (C major).

Trio I: the same tempo. (G major).

Trio II: the same tempo. (C major).

III. Adagio espressivo. (C minor).

IV. Allegro molto vivace. (C major).

SOLOIST:

MR. ALWIN SCHROEDER.

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- I. Sostenuto assai. (C major).
Allegro ma non troppo. (C major).
- II. Scherzo; Allegro vivace. (C major).
Trio I: the same tempo. (G major).
Trio II: the same tempo. (C major).
- III. Adagio espressivo. (C minor).
- IV. Allegro molto vivace. (C major).

SOLOIST:

MR. ALWIN SCHROEDER.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Sixth Symphony Concert.

While the quality of the music performed at the sixth symphony concert in Music Hall, Saturday evening, might not have attracted the musical hermit from his cell yet with a single exception the *ordre du soir* was capital.

Dvorak's dramatic overture "Husitska" is chiefly of historical interest, relating as it does to the wars of the Hussites, a religious sect that, theologically speaking, became extinct at the time of the reformation. The old Hussites were passionately fond of their hymn tunes; and these tunes have more or less permeated the Slavonic masterpieces of Dvorak and similar composers, albeit one can not speak so highly of their grandeur and solidity as of the contemporaneous chorals that the great German composers have so frequently adopted as the basis of their art work. Dvorak's overture opens with a lugubrious and somewhat morbid hymn-tune of Hussitean origin, which, however, is developed into something truly musical by what the composer has done for it. The orchestration is rich, piquant and striking, and the work as a whole is a fairly good specimen of Herr Dvorak's style, being somewhat tainted with mannerism it is true, but on the other hand architecturally beautiful and excellent. In brief it is a composition of dignity and vigor, that nowhere sinks to triviality, and nowhere rises to intensity.

The soloist for the concert was one of the orchestra's own members, namely, Mr. Alwin Schroeder. It cannot be said that the violoncello is one of the most popular musical instruments of the day; yet Mr. Schroeder could but have won a few converts to it by the peculiar charm of his tone. His cantabile playing was exquisite, while aside from this, his roudades were evenly and beautifully executed. The bright and emphatic, as well as the tender and melodious phrases of the music were all given out with remarkable expression. The concerto might not be one which a 'cello virtuoso would select for the exhibition of pure and simple virtuosity as such; but, what is far better, it enabled Mr. Schroeder to show himself as a musician, artist and poetical interpreter, and the opportunity was improved in the performer's worthiest manner.

With the Legend for Orchestra by Svendsen came some of the most dreary and dismal programme music that has been heard in Boston for many a day, and wherein its wrenching groans, its shooting pains and melancholy moans were in any respect true to Washington Irving's "Legend of Alhambra" which has been taken by Svendsen as a subject, it would puzzle an Oedipus to determine. 'Tis not a healthful, manly work, but truly soars 'sicklied o'er with but the pale cast of thought."

The interpretation of Schumann's second symphony was perfectly clear, unflagging and elegant from beginning to end. The work itself is not so markedly beyond praise as the imperishable symphony in B flat—Schumann's first and worthiest symphony—but it nevertheless unites in it so much of the Schumann individu-

ality, so much poetic sentiment, and in the adagio such genuine unaffected pathos, and the texture of each movement is so subtle, yet artistic in form, that it easily holds high rank among the few great symphonies that have been written since Beethoven's time. The allegros especially are all strong, clear, glowing and full of fire. Throughout the concert the orchestra had matter challenging its best powers, and it seems superfluous to add that the challenge was responded to with a zeal and loyalty that it has not yet surpassed. At the seventh concert to be given next Saturday evening the repertoire will consist of a suite for string orchestra "Ans Holberg's Zeit" by Grieg; Symphony No. 1, in F major, op. 4, Eugen D'Albert; and the "Flying Dutchman" overture by Wagner. There will be no soloist.

C. L. CAPEN.

DRAMA AND MUSIC.

SIXTH SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The novelties chosen by Mr. Arthur Nikisch for the programme of the sixth Boston Symphony Orchestra proved to be more numerous than interesting. Of the four numbers given three were new to Boston, although two at least of these have been heard in New York without making any marked sensation. All were kindly received on Saturday evening. The programme was:

Antonin Dvorak. Dramatic overture. "Husitska." op. 67.

Karl Davidoff. Concerto for Violoncello, No. 3, one movement.

Johan Severin Svendsen. "Zorahayda," legend for orchestra. op. 11.

Robert Alexander Schumann. Symphony No. 2 in C major. op. 61.

The Husitska overture seemed like the perfunctory work of a poet laureate. It was composed for the opening of the Bohemian Theatre in Prague. The programme gives the German spelling Pray, which would not probably delight the composer's heart if his dislikes in other things of the nationality run as far as spelling. The phrase taken from Hussitean hymn, which forms the theme of the first movement, is ingeniously, but somewhat uninterestingly worked. Mr. Alwin Schroeder was the soloist, and did all with the Davidoff concerto that could have been wished, and his playing won a double recall. The Legend of the Alhambra was the subject of the Svendsen composition, and it is a bit doubtful if it was quite Irving's idea, but it proved to be tuneful in parts, if somewhat light. The Schumann Symphony was not only the feature by contrast, but was played with perhaps more spirit than the other numbers, and if the tempi were not as of old they were of as Mr. Nikisch of the new. The next programme has the Grieg suite for string orchestra. The Flying Dutchman overture and, for the first time in America, Eugen D'Albert's Symphony in F major.

"Flying Dutchman."

MUSIC NOTES.

The Symphony Concert.

The sixth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place at the Music Hall on Saturday evening. The programme was as follows: Dramatic overture, "Husitska," op. 67, Dvorak; concerto for violoncello, No. 3, one movement, Davidoff; legend for orchestra, "Zorahayda," Svendsen; and Schumann's symphony No. 2 in C major. The soloist was Mr. Alwin Schroeder. If there is anything of value in the Dvorak overture it was not discovered through the rendering it experienced at the hands of the orchestra. It was played without expression and in a noisy and violent manner. It was war to the knife and knife to the hilt, the combatants getting right down to business at once and fighting to the end. The Svendsen legend proved to be a graceful composition delicately scored and delightfully played.

The programme said that it was played on this occasion for the first time in Boston,—that is a mistake, for it was played by the Philharmonic Orchestra under Carl Zerrahn's baton, April 4, 1883, at the Music Hall. The concerto of Davidoff is a work of little interest, of which fortunately Mr. Schroeder gave us one movement only. This with the long cadenza gave the player the opportunity to display his exceptional gifts so happily that he was twice recalled. The Schumann symphony in many respects was well performed, and could that horrible brass band that is attached to the orchestra been kept within the bounds of reasonable tone production, instead of trying to be heard on Biela's comet, the effect of the performance would have been a most agreeable one.

For the first time this season, the tympanist had his innings, even if he did have to wait until the last measures of the symphony to be heard from. He ought to feel as proud over his achievement as Governor Russell does over his election. The next concert takes place Saturday, Dec. 3, when the programme will embrace the overture to "Flying Dutchman," Wagner; a suite for string orchestra, "From Holberg's Time," Grieg; and Eugen D'Albert's Symphony No. 1, which is announced as "first time in America." This cannot be true, unless New York is not in the land of the free and the home of the brave, for Dr. Damrosch played it in Gotham about five years ago.

WARREN DAVENPORT.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Symphony Concert, Soloist Alwin Schroeder.

Sousa's and Levy's Military Bands in Concert Programmes Tonight—Rice's Last—The Damrosch Matinees—Seidl to Give a Big Wagner Afternoon—News Notes, Gossip.

At the sixth of the season's concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Music Hall, last evening, Mr. Alwin Schroeder, leading cello player of the band, was the soloist, his appearance being made in Karl Davidoff's concerto No. 3, one movement, and the success he made fully realized all the pleasant anticipations of those who were familiar with his triumphs in former performances here. He unites in his work breadth of style, fine technical attainments, rare purity of tone, and a delicacy and refinement in his playing, upon occasion, which combine to give him a well deserved prominence among the best cello soloists of the day. The single movement of the concerto gave the player ample opportunity to display his skill, and the hearty and enthusiastic fashion in which his masterly interpretation of its many beauties was recognized proved the audience to be keenly alive to the player's artistic merits.

The Dvorak tendencies of the day were recognized by Director Nikisch, in the placing upon the programme of this composer's "Dramatic Overture," written in 1883 for the opening of a theatre in Prag. It is a notable illustration of the musical fertility of Dvorak, who is seldom guilty of writing without a purpose, or without valuable results. Its leading idea finds expression in a grand hymn-like theme of a solemn character, first introduced by the wood wind section in full harmony. This is shown in strong contrast with a brilliant theme later on, and a fine dramatic climax is worked out with rare skill, the overture concluding with a return to the first theme, which makes a most effective coda.

Another novelty of the evening consisted of Johan Severin Svendsen's "Zorahayda," legend for orchestra, op. 11, a composition full of the odd characteristics of its writer's style, a strikingly beautiful movement, being that for solo violin with pizzicato accompaniment, in which Mr. Kneisel gave his best efforts. It was most admirably played throughout, and afforded much pleasure.

The C major symphony of Schumann ended the concert, and its grand performance was thoroughly appreciated.

Next Saturday's programme consists of Grieg's suite for string orchestra, "From Holberg's Time"; Eugen D'Albert's symphony No. 1, in F major, Op. 4, for the first time in America, and Wagner's overture, "Flying Dutchman."

THEATRES AND CONCERTS.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the sixth symphony concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Dvorak: Dramatic Overture, "Husitska," Opus 67.
Davidoff: Concerto for Violoncello, No. 3, in one movement.
Svendsen: "Zorahayda," Legend for Orchestra, Opus 11.
Schumann: Symphony No. 2, in C Major, Opus 61.
Mr. Alwin Schroeder was the cellist.

Something in this programme suggested to us to look over the programmes of this season, so far, to see how many novelties they contained. The result of this investigation is as follows: In six concerts we have had nine old and more or less familiar works (not counting songs); four works that have been given here before, but which are by no means familiar to the public; eight absolutely new works. Adding together the last two categories, as we may fairly do—for works like Dvorak's suite in D, or Saint-Saën's symphony in A minor, which have been played here once or twice before at long intervals, are virtually novelties—we find that the six concerts have given us twelve novelties against nine old or familiar works! Now, is not this too much in all conscience? Is not this proportion of four novelties to three familiar works out of all proper balance? Ferdinand Hiller has said:

Men (musicians excepted) prefer hearing what is familiar to what is new. The musician, to be sure, is "also a man, so to speak," and often likes to perform, or have performed, works of which he is fond, over and over again; but that which is new has a peculiar charm for him, inasmuch as it excites his curiosity and makes higher demands upon his apprehensive faculty. The public, on the contrary, prefers to enjoy at ease; and we can hardly turn to reproach an impulse so deeply rooted in human nature.

We have always maintained that the taste of the audience was not too much to be considered in making out symphony programmes; there are certain works which it is well to give now and then purely for their own sake, whether the average audience likes them or not. Still, the public's pleasure ought to be consulted to a certain extent, especially when this can be done without lessening the dignity of the concerts; and we mistake much if the glut of novelties we have recently had is not too much for the endurance even of musicians. Add to this the, to say the least, unfortunate character of some of the novelties we have had, and the argument against the plan adopted is only strengthened. A vast city like Paris, which has three independent organizations to give symphony concerts throughout the season, can well afford to found and support a "Société des Premières Auditions" (or whatever its official style may be); but a city like Boston, which looks to the symphony orchestra for the staple of its orchestral music, cannot afford to have this, its one orchestra, so nearly turned into a "Society for First Performances."

We even feel like quarrelling with the quality and character of some of the novelties given. Against giving things like the Tchaikowsky symphony, or Dvorak's overture "Hu-

sitska," we have nothing to urge; it is pretty tough work listening to them, to be sure, but we, as an audience, in a certain sense, owe them that work. Tchaikowsky stands at the head of the Russian school today, Dvorak is in the foremost rank of contemporary composers; both are men of mark, and it is interesting to hear what they have to say; moreover, they have, to a certain extent, earned the right to speak to us and command our attention. But, when it comes to things like Scharwenka's "Frühlingswogen," Humperdink's "Humoristique" or Svendsen's "Zorahayda," the game is not worth the candle; who are Scharwenka and Humperdink, that we should be asked to listen to poor stuff of theirs? They are writers of merely local interest, and their locality is not Boston. We owe them nothing. With Svendsen the case is somewhat different; he stands, with Grieg, at the head of the Scandinavian school today; he, too, is a man of mark. Let us then cheerfully listen to some of his important works; but let us not be asked to waste our time with such sheer musical twaddle as his "Zorahayda"! Time and nerves are too valuable to be given to such experiments as that!

To come to last Saturday evening's concert, Dvorak's "Husitska" overture does not seem one of his strong works; much in it is commonplace, much inordinately noisy, and the whole thing is terribly spun out. Svendsen's "Zorahayda" is out of place at a symphony concert; it is pleasant music enough, but it belongs properly to light, "popular" concerts.

Schumann's great C major symphony, on the other hand, is a work of the very first rank; here we have music, and great music, too. The performance was admirable; we can not remember ever hearing the working-out in the first movement so well cured of its generally thin and ragged effect. Schumann's instrumentation at the period when this symphony was written (and notably in this very work) often requires a deal of "management" to make it sound well and clear; and on this occasion it was managed with the greatest skill. The first violins did wonders in the Scherzo, and both strings and wind covered themselves with glory in the *Adagio*. But Mr. Nikisch's finest triumph was, perhaps, in the Finale; to hear this wonderful movement go with such fire and force, so entirely right, in a word, is a rare delight. It has been objected to this finale that it is deficient in "form;" that it, like some others of Schumann's symphonic movements, departs considerably and even fundamentally from accepted, traditional forms is indubitable; but it is in no wise formless for all that; it emphatically has a form of its own, and its development is finely coherent throughout. It sets out as a rondo, and sticks to this form so far as the return of the first theme; from this point on it is a piece of free thematic development, of the stoutest sort, but not according to symphonic traditions. In a certain sense, it is dramatic, the unravelling of an ideal plot, rather than a symphonic movement of the cyclical sort. Thirty-four pages (almost half its length) are taken up with the coda alone. But one fails to see how these irregularities, or unconventionalities, detract from its greatness; it is no piece of mere formless tone-painting, it is musically

coherent and ever growing in strength; it is, in a sense, unique. To us it is the greatest of all Schumann's Finales; the most heroic and dramatic, and at the same time the most beautiful. The way in which it was played was a positive triumph.

Mr. Schroeder played the Davidoff concerto very beautifully indeed; his tone, intonation, phrasing and musical warmth can hardly be praised too highly. Unfortunately the work itself belongs unmistakably to the things that have had their day. Nothing need be said against it save this; that it is dead past revival, it belongs to a bygone period, to an obsolete style. If anything could have given it new life Mr. Schroeder's playing could; but even his playing could not. The time is not far distant when the 'cello must logically follow the flute, oboe and other wind instruments in the orchestra, and stop playing concertos. The form itself is a weak one, it is yearly growing more and more apart from the musical feeling of the present day. For the pianoforte and violin, there are some few great works that can keep it alive; but for the 'cello this is not so. The literature of the instrument comprises almost nothing of real value in this form. And it is to be remembered that an instrument keeps its legitimate place before the world as a solo instrument, not through the ability of the artists that play it, but solely through the musical value of its literature—by what has been written for it. Mr. Schroeder was enthusiastically applauded and recalled.

The next programme is: Grieg, suite for string orchestra, "Aus Holberg's Zeiten"; D'Albert, symphony No. 1, in F major, op. 4; Wagner, overture to "Der fliegende Holländer."

MUSICAL OFFERINGS.

Programme of Novelties by
the Symphony Orchestra.

Popular Concerts Tonight in the Boston
and Park Theatres and Music Hall.

Benefits to George Coes and Others—
"The Continentals"—Gossip.

Novelties predominated on the programme provided by Director Nikisch for the sixth of this season's symphony concerts. A dramatic overture by Antonin Dvorak, a concerto for violoncello by Karl Davidoff, and a legend for orchestra by Johan Severin Svendsen were all played for the first time in Boston, and with the exception of the latter, all proved most acceptable to the audience.

Mr. Alwin Schroeder was the soloist, and the appearance of this very popular member of Mr. Nikisch's band was heartily welcomed. His solo playing at the symphony concerts a year ago proved him entitled to

rank among the first of cellists in America, and established him firmly in the favor of Bostonians.

His playing yesterday more than fulfilled expectations. His style seemed broader and more finished than heretofore, his tone sweeter and purer, his technique freer, and, if possible, more exact.

Davidoff's concerto, No. 3, in one movement, afforded him ample opportunity for a display of his virtuosity. It is a showy composition, fairly bristling with difficult and brilliant passages for the solo instrument, and having a rich and substantial orchestration. After its performance Mr. Schroeder was three times enthusiastically recalled.

The Dvorak dramatic overture, "Hussitska," is a distinctly descriptive piece, and is written in the broad and impressive manner for which the works of this composer are noted. Its subject is the Hussite wars, and the music is most suggestive of fierce and savage warfare. The solemn grandeur of the opening harmony was superbly interpreted by Mr. Nikisch, especially commendable being the work of the wooden wind instruments, and scarcely less effective was the playing of the fiery, martial passages, which add so much to the brilliancy of the second movement.

Johan Severin Svendsen's legend for orchestra, "Zorahayda," did not make a particularly favorable impression. The composer has taken for his subject, Washington Irving's "Legend of the Rose of the Alhambra." So far as suggestiveness in his music is concerned, he might as well have chosen any other subject.

The first of the three movements is the most interesting. In this there are some novel orchestral effects and some brilliant harmonies.

The other two movements, although treated in a scholarly manner, are devoid of originality, and are for the most part colorless and conventional to a degree. An admirable performance was given the composition.

Robert Schumann's Symphony No. 2 in C major was the concluding offering at yesterday's concert. Mr. Nikisch is particularly happy in his reading of Schumann's writings, and it is not remembered that a more satisfactory performance of this noble symphony was ever given in Boston than was the performance last evening.

The programme for the next concert will be as follows:

Suite for string orchestra, from Holberg's Time. Grieg.
Symphony No. 1, in F major, op. 4...Eugen d'Albert
(First time in America.)
Overture, Flying Dutchman.....Wagner

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Judging from any such standpoint as would not enforce an individual preference regarding certain music about which even doctors differ the programme for last evening's symphony concert was wisely chosen. The "Hussitska" overture with which the concert opened had its first performance in this city. It was composed by Herr Dvorak for the opening of the Bohemian Theatre at Prague, and he resolved instead of writing the ordinary *piece d'occasion*, to commemorate in the tone-language a great epoch in the history of his country. So with this end in view he chose the Hussite wars as his subject. Students of musical history are well aware of the significance which attaches to the Hussite hymns and will learn with interest that Dvorak has used a phrase from one of these hymns as the second theme of the introductory *adagio* of his overture. The theme is characteristic and undergoes numerous metamorphoses. With grotesque effect it is boldly thrown out by the cornets and then dies away to a sigh, but finally calls up in the imagination a vigorous picture of battle. The chief themes of the work are developed with uncommon variety of treatment, and the whole is a richly orchestrated, sonorous composition in regular form; but it is, nevertheless, intensely personal as regards the composer, whom it reveals in perfection not only as regards the scope, depth and height of his genius, but in his mood and habit of thought. Regarding the soloist for the concert, Mr. Alwin Schroeder is especially entitled to a thankful recognition for introducing the 'cello concerto Davidoff, for despite any unfavorable judgment which the work may receive as the result of a single hearing, Mr. Schroeder at least should be the best judge of its technical merits. He must have thought it a masterly work for the cello or he would not have selected it for an important performance. The concerto as a whole was destined to achieve some success at the hands of so finished an artist as Mr. Schroeder, and it was certainly not his fault if no musician will care to hear the work a second time. The poetic justice of the interpretation, the charming delicacy, culture and refinement of his tone shaking, as well as the absolute fidelity of his intonation, were invariably not only in the beautiful cantabile passages, but in the virtuosic roulades and arpeggio, the performance was of entrancing and flawless interest and was so acknowledged by the audience.

Following the concerto the "Zorahayda" legend for Orchestra by Svendsen, was given for the first time in Boston. The most obvious fault of the work as a whole is with its monotonous color and character. It is also kapellmeistermusik pure and simple or as the English writers would quite as aptly call it "organist's music." The attempt at fidelity to Irving's "Legend of the Rose of the Alhambra" is strained and with all its yearning it never succeeds in shaking off its sluggishness. The concert ended with Schumann's symphony in C major, a work which somewhat unworthily follows the immortal symphony in B flat major as it is neither based on lowest depths nor does it tower to transcendent heights. It was performed with all the justice which that perfect balance of parts for which the orchestra is noted and all the refined tonal quality that could be brought in play. Such was the general character of the playing throughout the concert, which however, was perhaps the least interesting of the series thus far.

A striking example of this author's peculiar ideas. The closing number was Schumann's symphony in C major, which was given in the usual masterly manner. The soloist of the evening was Alwin Schroeder, and the number played was Dandoff's concerto No. 3. This was new to Boston and met with appreciation, but was marred in some instances by false intonations. Mr. Schroeder's execution is artistic, and the difficult numbers were well rendered. The seventh concert will be given next Saturday evening at which the following programme will be given: Edvard Grieg, suite for string orchestra, "From Holberg's Time"; Eugen d'Albert, symphony No. 1, in F major, op. 4 (first time in America); Richard Wagner, overture, "Flying Dutchman."

NY ORCHESTRA,

NIKISCH, Conductor.

CONCERT.

BER 26, AT 8 P. M.

PROGRAMME.

OVERTURE. "Hussitska."
(First time in Boston.)

CONCERTO for VIOLONCELLO.

LEGEND for ORCHESTRA.
(First time.)

SYMPHONY No. 2, in C major.

SOLOIST:

SCHROEDER.

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Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1892-93.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. ARTHUR NIKISCH, Conductor.

VII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, AT 8 P. M.

PROGRAMME.

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH. SUITE in D major.

I. Overture: Grave. D major.—Vivace. D major.

II. Air: Lento. D major.

III. Gavotte I.: Allegro. D major.

Gavotte II.: the same tempo. D major.

IV. Bourree: Allegro. D major.

V. Gigue: Allegro vivace. D major.

EUGEN D'ALBERT.

SYMPHONY No. 1, in F major, op. 4.

I. Moderately fast. F major.

II. Slow, but not dragging. C minor.

III. Very fast. C major.—Moderate. A-flat major.

Passionate. D-flat major.

IV. Moderately slow. F minor.—Lively. F major.

(First time in America.)

RICHARD WAGNER.

OVERTURE, "Der fliegende Hollander," in D minor.

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.

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THEATRES AND CONCERTS.

Frank

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra

The programme of the seventh Symphony concert, given in Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Bach: Suite for Orchestra, in D major.

D'Albert: Symphony No. 1, in F major, Opus 4.

Wagner: Overture to "Der fliegende Holländer."

The Bach suite was a treat indeed. With the exception of the Air, it was finely played, and, if the audience did not appear to enjoy it quite as much as they do some other things, so much the worse for them. But it was a delight to listen to this great, genial, stoutly built music, in which every phrase fits into its place as by a divine right, in which every part has something to say, and every portion is felt to bear some organic relation to every other portion. We have hinted that the Air was less well played than the rest; to our ear, the phrasing of the first violins sounded rather artificial and overdone, a little "Ole-Bullish," in fact—not as a fine singer would have sung it. We know it is no joke to phrase with the bow as one phrases with the voice; and yet the two processes are not entirely dissimilar; the length of stroke of the bow corresponds in a measure to the singer's length of breath at one inhalation; more than this, both singers, when near the end of their breath, and string players, when near the end of their bow, often find it difficult not to end the phrase with a little lunge, with something very like a gasping *sforzando*—a trick which only good schooling and a fine musical sense can overcome. Being neither a violinist nor a singer, and judging merely from what we have heard, we should say that this difficulty is apparently more easily overcome in the voice than it is in bowing: unless, indeed, the prevalency of this trick among string players is an instance of something not unknown in the history of musical performance, an instance of what is intrinsically a vice or an awkward mannerism, becoming a "school." But if the playing of the Air left something to be desired, the other movements in the suite went finely; Mr. Pierre Müller is especially to be complimented on his playing of the first trumpet part.

The d'Albert symphony was first given in this country by Mr. Damrosch in New York in 1888. It is reported that d'Albert wrote this symphony when only nineteen years old; it is certainly that the work was first performed in public when he was twenty-two. This should not be lost sight of in considering the symphony. It bears many marks of youthfulness. Its length, a certain lack of individuality and homogeneity of style, a tendency on the composer's part to fire off all his guns at once; these are the common characteristics of young writers. The source of the young man's inspiration is not hard to guess at: Brahms and Wagner evidently haunted his mind when he wrote it. Admirable influences, both of them, only not very easily reconcilable. The predominating influence is plainly Brahms; not only does the character of many of the themes recall him, but there is not a little in the working-out that reminds one of his style. But every now and then one

comes upon very Wagnerish bits of harmony, which sound strangely enough in their Brahmsian surroundings. Be it said at once, too, that d'Albert has been decidedly happier in following Brahms's lead than Wagner's—quite apart from the fact that the former master's style and methods are eminently more symphonic than those of the tone-poet of Bayreuth. What of Brahms, d'Albert has here given us may not always be very good Brahms; but what he has caught from Wagner is often little better than a caricature. Wagner by no means minced matters when he wrote complicated chromatic harmony; but in this symphony d'Albert has written some combinations of notes that are positively hair-raising—and written them, too, with a thoroughness of conviction that makes one smile a little. But, with and in spite of all this, there is a great deal in the symphony to excite admiring respect and wonder. Earnestness of purpose, a noble disdain of triviality and mere display, the most wholehearted, conviction show themselves throughout; some of the tasks the young composer has set himself are no child's play, and he often gets through with them with great credit. Personally we liked the first two movements best; but this may have been mainly because they came first, and we were less worn out. The performance was excellent.

Wagner's "Flying Dutchman" overture was grandly played; here Mr. Nikisch scored another triumph in "interpretation." The work is, at best, not very coherently written; but if anything could make it seem coherent, it was the way Mr. Nikisch conducted it, while all its strong emotional and dramatic features were made the most of.

The next programme (for Friday afternoon, Dec. 16, and Saturday evening, Dec. 17) is: Beethoven, symphony No. 8, in F major, opus 93; Beethoven, symphony No. 9, in D minor (choral), opus 125. The solo parts will be sung by Miss Priscilla White, Miss Louisa Leimer, Mr. William J. Winch and Mr. Heinrich Meyn. There will be no symphony concert this week.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

G. W.

The Symphony Concert.

It was just like dear old Boston not to neglect the symphony concert Saturday evening, but to put on its best bib and tucker and occupy just as many seats as usual, and all this, to be sure, out of love and admiration for the heavenly maid music—for herself alone.

Yes, if there is any place on this earth where music is worshipped for its own sake, is experienced as a lofty revelation, to which Satan is a bitter enemy: where the much vaunted brilliancy of the show-virtuoso no longer with his radiant yet polluting smiles allures and dazzles the public as of yore—that place is our own Athens. So just as of old a Pythagorean spirit prevails, and it would seem as though music and geometry were on the very verge of being taught here as at the foundation of the universe.

Now, "to return to our mutton," the programme for Saturday evening began with the Bach suite for orchestra in D major; it went on with a symphony by D'Albert in F major, op. 4; and ended with the overture to Wagner's "Flying Dutchman."

The Bach suite has not been given here for several years, possibly not since Mr. Gericke

was here, although it is vastly important that the music by Bach in this form should be kept before the public. The solemn and dignified opening and close of the overture were given by the orchestra with some breadth. The intervening vivace was not so clearly given out by Mr. Nikisch as cheerful expression of a massive mind, but the performance was all too sombre and unrobust.

The adagio so well known as the Bach air on the G string was played with delicacy, if not with sentimentality conspicuous by its absence. The graceful gavottes, bourees and gignees as usual pleased the audience immensely. Throughout the playing of the suite there was a lack of breadth—except the opening grave—force and volume of tone which is so essential for an adequate experience with Bach's music; yet in point of shading there was an exuberance of it. The gigue was somewhat jerkily played. The whole interpretation was of the feminine gender.

Any musician will appreciate that in designating as a quasi-important symphony the work of Eugen d'Albert produced at this concert, not the slightest disrespect is intended. After a single hearing the writer may perhaps best express his opinion of it by partially quoting what he has already given out in the columns of an esteemed contemporary.

The work is not without certain great excellencies, but on the other hand it has many mannerisms, is incoherent and desultory in statement; but portions of it are masterly. The composer's originality appears to be in the result of critical conclusions drawn from an examination of traditional methods. As has been stated, the work is quite as remote from genius as oratorical fluency, intermixed with scholasticism, is from the imperishable gift of poesy. The concert ended with an excellent performance of Wagner's "Flying Dutchman" overture. C. L. CAPEN.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

Notable Orchestra Concerts the Coming Week.

Herr Seidl to Give an Illustrative Wagner Programme—First of the Damrosch Symphony Series—The Handel and Haydn Season—Peoples' Singing Class—News Notes, Gossip.

In making the programme of the seventh concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra's present home season, Mr. Arthur Nikisch gave prominence to Eugen d'Albert's first symphony in F major, op. 4, a work which was planned as a novelty of last season, if memory serves.

Gratified curiosity must be taken as the largest result obtained in this performance. The work is eminently conservative in its construction, it is a scholarly effort, and the composer shows a masterly acquaintance with orchestral combinations, but, unfortunately, he uses all these abilities in presenting in various colors phrases of little musical value, and in working out indefinite thoughts rather than well formed musical ideas. The symphony is decidedly interesting as an orchestral study, but as an evidence of the genius of D'Albert as a composer it is decidedly disappointing. The final movement is by all odds the best, but the merits of this portion of the work are hardly sufficient to win a permanent place for the symphony in the repertoire of the day. The performance of the symphony by the orchestra was calculated to give its meritorious features their due prominence, and whatever interest was lacking was caused by the weakness and deficiencies of the composition.

A thoroughly delightful performance of the suite in D major, by J. S. Bach, was the opening number of the evening's programme, and the excellent work done by the string players, especially by Mr. Kneisel in the lento movement, was the cause of genuine pleasure to all.

The glorious "Flying Dutchman" overture came with revivifying effect after the symphony, and Mr. Nikisch gave this popular selection from the Wagner repertoire a magnificent reading, the brass section of the band being used in a grand, broad fashion that gave the strong contrasts demanded with inspiring results.

The orchestra goes on its second occasional tour this week, and the regular series will be resumed on the 17th inst., when both the eighth and ninth of the Beethoven symphonies are announced, the chorus organized by Mr. Nikisch appearing for the first time in the latter work, assisted by Miss Priscilla White, Miss Louisa Leimer, Mr. William J. Winch and Mr. Heinrich Meyn.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

D'Albert's First Symphony Finely Played.

**Anton Seidl to Offer a Treat for
Wagner Lovers at the Boston.**

**Coming of Damrosch's N. Y. Symphony
Orchestra—Other Events.**

The feature of the seventh of this season's symphony concerts was the performance for the first time in America of Eugen D'Albert's symphony No. 1, in F major, op. 4. So great is the reputation of this composer as a pianist, and so cordial has been the favor accorded the few of his compositions heard here, that there was naturally a great deal of interest felt in the performance of his most pretentious composition. Consequently Music Hall was more than ordinarily crowded, both at the Friday rehearsal and at last evening's concert.

The symphony received splendid interpretation from Mr. Nikisch's orchestra, and it was evident that the beauties of the work were fully displayed. It is an exceedingly voluminous composition, and it is possible that its great length accounted in a measure for the lack of enthusiasm awakened by its performance. It is certainly an interesting work, and displays musical intelligence of a very high order.

It is not particularly notable for originality, neither is it strikingly beautiful in the variety or melodiousness of its themes. But it is treated in a thoroughly scholarly manner; the scoring is vigorous, rich and highly colored and very elaborate in ornamentation.

There are four movements, and they approach the old, true, symphonic form much more closely than do the average works of modern composers. The first movement presents three pleasing themes, which are worked out in regular form, and the movement is brought to a close by a short, but effective, coda. The second or slow movement is, perhaps, the most interesting of the four. It is written mainly for the strings and the wood wind, and is most delightful in its melodic effects.

The scherzo is unconventional in treatment, and some very pleasing results are attained. The finale is brilliant and forceful, an uncommonly grand effect being gained by free use of the brasses.

Bach's suite in D major and "The Flying Dutchman" overture were the other offerings on the programme. The five short movements of the Bach suite were played with much expression and evidently gave a great deal of pleasure to the audience, even to those of its members who do not always find much delight in listening to the works of this old master.

The Wagner overture was played in the

same effective style which has in the past characterized Mr. Nikisch's presentation of this beautiful series of tone pictures. The Symphony orchestra will be away on its travels this week, so that the next concert will be given on Dec. 17, when two of Beethoven's symphonies, the eighth and ninth, will be performed, with the assistance of Miss Priscilla White, Miss Louisa Leimer, Mr. William J. Winch and Mr. Heinrich Meyn as soloists, and the Boston Symphony chorus.

MUSIC NOTES.

The Symphony Concert.

The seventh concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place at Music Hall on Saturday evening, with the following programme:

Suite in D major, Bach; Symphony No. 1 in F major, Op. 4, Eugen D'Albert; overture to the "Flying Dutchman," Wagner. There was little to commend in the playing of the Suite or the Wagner overture. Mr. Kneisel played the "Air" in the Bach number in his usual high y artistic manner. The novelty of the evening was D'Albert's symphony, a work so vague, purposeless, unmelodic and at times so grossly discordant, that comment upon its construction, ana itically, would be a waste of space. The programme maker would have the public believe that this symphony was played for the "first time in America" on this occasion.

For the benefit of those who may care to know, it was first played in America in New York, Nov. 25, 1887, Friday afternoon, by the New York Symphony Orchestra, Walter Damrosch, conductor, at the Metropolitan Opera House, and was repeated on Saturday evening, Nov. 26, under the same auspices. The rest of the programme on that occasion embraced an introduction and serenade by Lalo; an aria from "Don Juan," and a ballade, "Siegfried's Sword," by L. Damrosch, sung by Max Alvary; and the unusual occurrence of three overtures played in succession, to wit: "Der Freyschutz" of Weber, "Flying Dutchman" of Wagner and "The Corsair" of Beilios.

There will be no concert next Saturday evening, but on Saturday evening, Dec. 17, the unwelcome ordeal of sitting through the performance of two symphonies will be offered the patient public, Beethoven's Symphony, No. 8 and his ninth (choral) symphony, with Miss Priscilla White, Miss Louisa Leimer, Mr. William J. Winch and Mr. Heinrich Meyn as soloists, and the Boston Symphony Chorus, which makes its first bow at these concerts on this occasion.

WARREN DAVENPORT.

The Seventh Concert of the Symphony Orchestra.

The Reminiscences of Charles
Santley, Baritone.

An Interesting Volume of Anecdotes
and Counsel.

The programme of the seventh Symphony
concert was as follows:

Suite, D major.....Bach
Symphony No. 1, F major.....d'Albert
Overture, "The Flying Dutchman".....Wagner

The performance of the suite was too often ragged and untuneful. The air, as played by Mr. Kneisel, was an agreeable relief, although one might with justice have asked for a fuller tone and a broader delivery. The symphony by Eugen d'Albert was first played in the United States November 26, 1887, by the Symphony Society of New York, under the direction of Mr. Walter Damrosch. When this symphony was first heard in European cities it attracted attention, chiefly on account of the comparative youth of the composer-virtuoso. But when it was heard in January of this year in Berlin, even Otto Lessmann, the warm admirer of d'Albert, protested against its appearance in a concert hall. The symphony showed five years ago the considerable command of the composer over orchestral resources, and it is said that since the first production d'Albert has applied the file to his score. It is not worth the while to review the work at length. Having heard the symphony of the pianist, let us rather remember pleasantly and gratefully the pianist himself. Instead of pointing out Brahms, Wagner and other members of the noble army of martyrs, who at times rise above the sullen billows of d'Albert's music, let us consider the words of Charles Avison, organist in Newcastle a century ago—the Avison treated so singularly by Robert Browning. Master Avison speaks as follows:

"In these vague and unmeaning pieces we often find the bewildered composer either struggling with the difficulties of an extraneous modulation or tiring the most consummate patience with a tedious repetition of some jejune thought, imagining he can never do enough till he has run through every key that can be crowded into one movement, till at length, all his force being exhausted, he drops into a dull close where his languid piece seems rather to expire and yield its last than conclude with a spirited and well-tuned cadence."

Music Notes.

The seventh concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, on the evening of the 3d inst., was the dullest in the season's series, thus far, which is saying much, for since these concerts were instituted the programmes have not been so uninteresting as they have been this year. The performances opened with Bach's familiar Suite in D, which was read weakly, and was played in a slovenly manner that was positively discreditable. In the vivace the attack was loose throughout, and in the Bourree there were moments when the strings were quite at loggerheads in respect to unity and emphasis. It was a species of go-as-you-please performance, and toward the end of the Gigue there was so much confusion in an apparent effort of some of the instruments to "be in first," that it was a relief, and something of a surprise, when they ended together. The Air was given in a flimsy sugary manner from which "jerkiness" was not wholly absent, and the performance of the work as a whole left almost everything to be desired in regard to style and character. In other words, it was unworthy the conductor and the orchestra. It fell flat with the audience. D'Albert's Symphony No. 1 in F, op. 4, followed. It is a wearisome work, extremely modern, distinctly soporific, and exceedingly wanting in individuality. From beginning to end it suggests a composition for the pianoforte that has been adapted to orchestral performance. Of music pure and simple, it contains little, and at every stage the composer seems to have been moved to show how much he knew of harmony, counterpoint and instrumentation rather than to exemplify an irresistible inspiration to write a symphony. Why the work was performed it is not easy to decide. D'Albert, though a fine pianist, has no standing as a composer, and this effort will do little if anything toward winning for him such standing. The symphony has had no success elsewhere that imperatively called for its presentation here, and it could well have been passed by in favor of a work by some better known composer; let us say, for example, a work by Professor Paley, or by M. Chadwick, or by Mr. Foote, who have a certain deserved recognition as writers for the orchestra. It is probable that they may be heard later in the season, but that is no excuse for boring a symphony audience with such a boyish failure as is this D'Albert symphony. The concert ended with a fiery performance of Wagner's "Flying Dutchman" Overture. This evening there will be no concert, the orchestra being away on one of its periodical tours. For next Saturday evening the programme is to consist of two symphonies by Beethoven—No. 8 and No. 9. The solo parts in the latter will be sung by Miss Priscilla White, Miss Louisa Leimer, Mr. William J. Winch and Mr. Heinrich Meyn.

AMONG THE MUSICIANS.

The novelty introduced by Mr. Nikisch at the Symphony concert at Music Hall was Symphony No. 1 in F major, the work of Eugene D'Albert. Mr. D'Albert is a young man who has attained eminence as a pianist and also as a composer. The symphony in question being one of his most ambitious works. It has an element of interest from its orchestral combinations, some of which are exceedingly unique and surprisingly well worked out in so young a composer. The theme with which the symphony begins and terminates is a lofty one and all the movements are ably handled, but it cannot be termed a thoroughly enjoyable work. The third movement is the best, with its light and shade. It was rendered in a masterly manner by the orchestra, Mr. Nikisch giving a comprehensive reading of the score.

Bach's suite in D major was attentively listened to and heartily appreciated. It is somewhat familiar to Boston concert-goers, and is always received with pleasure. The second movement in the strings was admirably given, especially the work of the first violin. The programme closed with the overture of "The Flying Dutchman."

TIGHT BINDING

MUSIC. *Continued*

SEVENTH SYMPHONY CONCERT.

So far from anything of orchestral importance being lost by not performing the Grieg suite "Aus Holberg's Zeit" at the Symphony concert last evening there was a welcome gain in the substitution of the great D major suite by Bach. The suite by Grieg which Mr. Nikisch had selected but had wisely concluded not to have performed is well known to pianoforte teachers as a very serviceable teaching piece; but is as pianoforte music pure and simple, and would not prove effective if given by string orchestra. The Bach suite in D was well known to our grandparents in the days of the well-remembered Harvard concerts. If our memory serves us correctly, Conductor Gerike had it performed here several times; but it was then interpreted in a far more Bachian spirit than characterized the performance last evening. One good healthy fortissimo from the Boston Symphony Orchestra would be agreeable for a change and just such a dynamic quality was invariably lacking whenever it was required of Mr. Nikisch's reading of the Bach suite, which was smoothly and refinedly played, but nevertheless in a manner that was at once sterile and ineffective.

The novel feature of the concert was with Eugen d'Albert's symphony of 4. It is easy to err in judgment when attempting to speak ex cathedra after a single hearing of a work so elaborate, lengthy and pretentious as this new symphony, but a few impressions if not character tainted with pinchbeckism may well be given. The chief fault of the symphony would appear to be with certain mannerisms; and there is an inexplicable mixture in it also of masterly passages, of the quasi-fugue style, of one excellent fugue also having two subjects on the one hand and on the other of puerile weaknesses, of bold phrase now and then followed by a certain lack of individual resources and warm imagination. Portions of the second movement are involved in just such dryness as the amateur might naturally mistake for classicity, while it is not classicity, but more like pedantry. The form of it is very peculiar and even grotesque at times. As a whole, it appears not to be the work of an essentially personal, self-evolved composer.

D'Albert's originality as shown in this work appears to be the result of critical conclusions drawn from an examination of past methods. It is all in all as remote from genius as oratorical fluency intermixed with scholasticism from the divine gift of poesy.

The concert ended with a surprisingly fine performance of the overture to "Der Fliegende Holländer," by Wagner. The next concert will not take place until Saturday evening, Dec. 17, Beethoven's birthday, when the eighth and ninth symphonies will be performed. The Boston Symphony chorus will make its debut, and the soloists for the symphony will be Miss Priscilla White, Miss Louisa Leimer, Mr. William J. Winch and Mr. Heinrich Meyn.

Music Hall.

N 1892-93.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

NIKISCH, Conductor.

CONCERT.

JANUARY 21, AT 8 P. M.

PROGRAMME.

RE. "In the Spring."

TO FOR VIOLIN AND ORCHESTRA.

NY. "Im Walde."

LOIST:

ENRI MARTEAU.

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The Reminiscences of Charles Santley, Baritone.

An Interesting Volume of Anecdotes and Counsel.

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Suite, D major.....Bach
Symphony No. 1, F major.....d'Albert
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TIGHT BINDING

MUSIC.

SEVENTH SYMPHONY CONCERT.

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Music Hall.

N 1892-93.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

NIKISCH, Conductor.

CONCERT.

JANUARY 21, AT 8 P. M.

PROGRAMME.

RE. "In the Spring."

TO FOR VIOLIN AND ORCHESTRA.

NY. "Im Walde."

LOIST:

ENRI MARTEAU.

112

Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1892-93.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. ARTHUR NIKISCH, Conductor.

VIII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, AT 8 P. M.

PROGRAMME.

Ludwig van Beethoven, born December 17, 1770.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN. SYMPHONY No. 8, in F major. op. 93.

- I. Allegro vivace e con brio. F major.
- II. Allegretto scherzando. B flat major.
- III. Tempo di menuetto. F major. Trio: same tempo. F major.
- IV. Allegro vivace. F major.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN. SYMPHONY No. 9, in D minor. (CHORAL)
op. 125.

ORCHESTRAL PART.

- I. Allegro, ma non troppo, un poco maestoso. D minor.
- II. Molto vivace. D minor. Presto. D major
- III. Adagio molto e cantabile. B flat major.

CHORAL PART. (*Text from Schiller's "Ode to Joy."*)

- IV. Presto. D minor. Allegro assai, D major.
- Presto. D minor. Recitative; Baritone. D minor.

SOLOISTS:

MISS PRISCILLA WHITE,

MISS LOUISA LEIMER,

MR. WILLIAM J. WINCH,

MR. HEINRICH MEYN,

AND

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY CHORUS.

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THEATRES AND CONCERTS.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the eighth symphony concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Beethoven: Symphony No. 8, in F major, Opus 83.
Beethoven: Symphony No. 9, in D minor (Choral), Opus 125.

Miss Priscilla White, Miss Louisa Leimer, Mr. William J. Winch, and Mr. Heinrich Meyn were the singers.

A wonderful programme! Here was a chance to drink one's fill of great music unmingled with baser stuff. There are still some people left, to be sure, who do not like the finale of the Ninth Symphony; and it must be admitted that many of the arguments advanced against it are both pertinent and true. The voices are treated with all Beethoven's recklessness; much of the contrapuntal writing is singularly unvocal in character; it may be even doubted whether any chorus ever has been or ever will be brought together really able to sing the choral parts thoroughly well. The work is not essentially impossible, but a thoroughly fine performance of it is virtually impracticable. One can even say that, looked at from the highest artistic point of view, it is in a sense an aesthetically immoral work: to treat singers and their voices with this cruelty has undeniably a tinge of artistic immorality. But, with and in spite of all this, it is a great and glorious work. As far as we are concerned, all the arguments against it appeal to our reason only; they have never had the slightest convincing force over our feelings. We understand them, we are bound to admit their theoretical validity, but they do not lessen our delight in the work one whit! To us it is still the most enjoyable, thrilling and emotionally inspiring composition in existence—the one which carries us away more than any other. Say as much as you please about the monstrosity of Beethoven's high writing for the voices, of the impossibility of his voice-parts being well sung; to our ear the effect of these high passages, even when only approximately well sung, is so superb, so incomparably thrilling, that we would not have one of them changed or struck out. No other work reduces us so completely to the mental attitude of the mere irresponsible amateur, whose only reply to professional objections is: "It may be all wrong, but it gets there all the same!" We have already said that this finale is an immoral work. But when objections take the shape of asserting the want of distinction or the "vulgarity" of the theme to the "Hymn to Joy," then we deny their validity *in toto*. We say right out that, both to our instinctive and to our reflective musical sense, this melody is one of the most superb Beethoven ever wrote; there is genius in every measure of it. It is simple without poverty, exalted in character without turgidity, it exactly befits the state of feeling into which Schiller's poetry throws one. The development of this glorious theme, first in the orchestra, then in the voices, has all the splendor, the beauty, artistic symmetry and elevation, in a word all the "*Heiterkeit*" of a Greek frieze. And how absolutely

individual in manner it all is! The working up of the theme in three and four parts for strings and a single bassoon shows a wholly new departure in counterpoint; both in respect to harmony and to the leading of the parts it is unprecedented as it is still unimitated. Another striking point in this finale is the composer's superb confidence in himself. Beethoven must have known perfectly well that he was here doing many things in a way that, in other hands, had heretofore shown itself to be trivial and undignified; but he had the great genius's complete assurance of his own dignity, the certainty that, do what he would, he could not be undignified. He thus wrote with aristocratic simplicity and directness as the Greek tragic poets did—and with immense dignity of result, in spite of the frequent homeliness of his expression, and the exuberance of animal spirits to which he allowed himself to give way.

The performance of the whole Ninth Symphony last Saturday evening was in most respects magnificently fine. The orchestra evidently laid itself out to do its best. The first movement and the scherzo were two of the finest pieces of conducting we have yet had from Mr. Nikisch. In some passages of the first movement he, to be sure, did not quite succeed in obtaining the true Beethovenish even *pianissimo* (without the suggestion of a swell) from his violins; some of those alternating G-flats and G-naturals were a little too emotionally swelled before the real *crescendo* set it. But in other parts of the work, notably in the *adagio* and portions of the finale, the violins did better *piano* playing of expressive *cantilena* than we have heard them do for some time. It even seemed to us, in the contrapuntal working-up of the "Joy" theme, that the damping effect of the surrounding chorus singers had not been made quite enough allowance for, and that the strings played a trifle too softly to hold their own against the bassoon. The great *adagio* was beautifully played, no slight credit being due to the fourth horn—his low C and G (real E-flat and B-flat) were beautifully smooth and rich, and he played the famous solo passage exquisitely. We felt at moments that Mr. Nikisch was taking the *tempo* slower than any music whatsoever ought to go; but this sort of thing is quite consonant with the modern taste. The chorus sang admirably well—always considering the music. The weak part of the performance was the solo quartet. Here one had a fine example of how much depends on Mr. Nikisch himself in the fine performances he gives; the four solo singers were the only ones on the stage who were placed with their backs to the conductor, and could not see his beat. He placed too great confidence in them, for the result was that the quartet dragged, or tended to drag, behind his beat all through. No doubt, Mr. Nikisch took things at a pretty brisk pace, and singers do not feel very comfortable while singing so fast; but it can be done. The only really satisfactory part of the solo singing was Mr. Meyn's recitative; that was splendid! But, with the exception of the solo quartet, the performance of the whole symphony was unusually fine, with but very few flaws, and often truly magnificent. The ever-delightful Eighth Symphony was admirably played.

We still cannot like Mr. Nikisch's two tempi in the third movement. There are two ways of taking this much debated "*Tempo di Menuetto*": each one has much to say for itself, and we do not care very much whether the movement be taken according to Mendelssohn or according to Wagner. Only, to take it in both ways, to play the minuet with Mendelssohnian vivacity, and the trio with Wagnerish deliberation, is singularly disturbing. No matter how much idealized it may be, a dance-form is and remains a dance-form, and unity of tempo is one of its prime factors. But this is the only structure we have to make; all the rest was admirable.

The next programme is: Mendelssohn, Symphony No. 4, in A major, opus 90 ("*Italian*"); Tchaikowsky, concerto for pianoforte, No. 2, in G major; Lalo, overture to "*Le Roi d'Ys*." Miss Eugenia Castellano will be the pianist.

The Symphony Concert.

The eighth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place at the Music Hall on Saturday evening, with a performance of the Eighth and Ninth Symphonies of Beethoven. The singers engaged in the latter work were Miss Priscilla White, Miss Louise Leimer, Mr. William J. Winch, and Mr. Heinrich Meyn. The chorus organized to appear with the Symphony Orchestra at intervals made its first appearance in The Choral Symphony on this occasion, after a course of rehearsal under the direction of Mr. Arthur Foote.

The concert was a long and tedious affair, the programme being in keeping with that questionable dispensation that has marked the inability of the present incumbent of the conductor's position in this direction.

The playing of the orchestra was in its accustomed style, a manner that under its present regime has fallen to the level of an orchestral *patois*, above which it only occasionally rises.

It would be useless to speak critically of the vocal soloists on this occasion, the folly of the composer having rendered it needless. The chorus, of limited numbers, was crowded in about the orchestra and overpowered in its efforts. Why the Symphony Orchestra should step without its provence to daily in attempts with choral works, I cannot understand. The excuse of wanting to give the Ninth Symphony may be offered in this case, but it is not to stop at this point, for attempts with other vocal works are in anticipation. The Handel and Haydn Society, the Cecilia Society and the Apollo Club can fill this demand, and with success also, and there is no call for such digressions upon the part of the Symphony Orchestra. It would be better to make the effort instead to restore the latter to its former point of orchestral perfection,

and expend some judgment and discretion in designing programmes of a more unique description than are now offered the patrons of these concerts.

As regards the Ninth Symphony, many discriminating, considerate, able and progressive musicians have been iconoclastic enough to believe that it should long ago have been laid up in the archives of musical failures; curiosities (or monstrosities when the Finale is considered), there to remain secluded, to be pointed out only to the inquirer of succeeding generations as the abnormal effort of a great genius, the production of which marked the end of his usefulness in the field of symphonic writing. Many musicians of great name have argued in defence of this last effort of Beethoven, who, had it been the work of any other than its immortal author would undoubtedly have condemned it at once.

The struggles of such in their efforts to make clear the mysteries they pretend are concealed within its pages, are akin to the effort of the able advocate in his endeavor to make the best of a bad and hopeless case, and thus, if possible, prove his client an innocent and honest man. To be sure, in the first three movements of the Symphony, there are some wonderful periods, but prolixity diminishes their value, and the listener becomes wearied with the unmercifully monotonous dragging out, especially in the Adagio, which on this occasion was played in a sickly, sentimental manner, and at a very slow pace, that added still more to its wearisome monotone. As for the Finale, it is hideous in its struggles.—The programme next Saturday evening will be Symphony in A major, "*Italian*," Mendelssohn; Concerto for piano, No. 2, in G major, Tchaikowsky, and the overture, "*Le Roi d'Ys*," Lalo. Miss Eugenia Castellano will be the soloist.

WARREN DAVENPORT.

A thrilling picture could be painted of the "Collapse of an Orchestral Conductor," if somebody present in the dressing room at Music Hall the other night had only brought along a kodak to fix the scene on the spot. Unfortunately, it is only hearsay who can be the artist, for the fainting conductor who had led his band to a musical Waterloo in the performance of the Ninth symphony can never repeat the tableau, because, let us trust, there will never again be an occasion to give it as it was given then in Boston. Shade of the great Beethoven! What wonder that this glorious masterpiece of yours went to pieces! No, the surprise is, your bronzeness was not shattered, and that you, too, did not take it out in a swoon behind the scenes.

THE SYMPHONY.

BEETHOVEN'S BIRTHDAY

DULY RECOGNIZED

And Appropriately Celebrated at Saturday's Concert—Two of the Master's Symphonies, the Eighth and Ninth Produced—The Most Playful Used as a Foil to the Grandest.

Beethoven's birthday was most appropriately celebrated at Saturday's concert by the performance of two of his symphonies. It is always a problem how to introduce the ninth symphony in a concert programme. It is sure to dwarf anything that is placed in itself to constitute the entire concert. Since it is, in a large degree, a tone-poem of liberty, such a work as the "*Egmont*" overture might precede it to advantage (of course no musical work dare follow it), or, because it is the most dramatic instrumental work in symphonic form, the most dramatic of overtures, "*Leonora*," No. 3, might fittingly usher it in. On this occasion, however, our conductor's great love of contrast led to a different arrangement. The shortest of the nine was given as offset to the vastest, the most playful symphony became a foil to the grandest. If ever a work deserved the title of "the humorous symphony," Beethoven's eighth does. Yet Beethoven's humor was not of the dainty Mendelssohnian order, and there is much of brusqueness and *bizarrie* in the work. These points were splendidly brought out in the performance. The odd caperings of the bassoon, the quaint figure on the kettle-drums in the last movement, the dialogue between the violins and the contrabasses in the second movement, the sudden and intentionally prosaic end of the same allegretto, and the grotesque skip from flute to contrabass (from garret to cellar of the orchestra) in the finale, were all perfectly executed. But one did not feel just in the mood for grandeur after so much of playfulness, although the breadth of the contrast was undeniable. Yet in one point the eighth symphony approaches the ninth; in both, the composer has given the humbler instruments some prominence; the contrabasses become *obbligato* instruments and the kettle-drums have great prominence in both symphonies.

The ninth symphony had points of great merit and important defect in this performance. The first movement came with almost the force of a revelation. In previous performances in Boston our conductors have refined too much in this portion of the work and have polished the rugged grandeur of the composition away altogether. This time all the virility was intact, and the massive character of the movement never had better inter-retation. No symphony in the world shows more clearly what a great composer can do with rhythm, and, as if to accentuate this fact, Beethoven uses the simplest possible figures in the first two movements; in the first movement the figure is an empty fifth (and it may be

here mentioned that Wagner has used precisely the same figure, inverted, as the motif of "*The Flying Dutchman*"), and in the scherzo the simplest figure possible, an octave, is used as the chief thematic material. The peculiar beginning of the first movement, where the auditor wanders in a fog, not recognizing any definite key, and only hearing a rhythmic figure, was excellently performed, and the powerful entrance of the chief theme, finally establishing the key of D minor, was like a sunburst. The contrast of the second theme, with its more delicate wood wind work, was equally successful, and the force of the closing theme was quite in place. But the greatest effect of this allegro was made in the coda, where that wonderful crescendo, chiefly of strings and bassoons, a chromatic surging like an ocean storm, was performed in a noble style. The horn did excellent work in the coda, and in fact each and every player seemed inspired by the beauty and loftiness of the work. The scherzo deserved praise for its spirited manner, and it is safe to say that it has never had a more dashing performance here. But the balance of parts was not perfect, and the marked three-noted figure (the octave aforesaid) was by no means always audible where it should have been, only the kettle-drum giving it forth with a startling emphasis, that at least restored the average. As this figure is frequently the key to the coherency of the work, particularly where it punctuates the three and four-barred rhythms, and where it forms a drone-bass to the theme, its obliteration, even occasionally, was a serious fault. But the performance of the wind instruments in the Trio was magnificent in spite of the almost impossible tempo which was taken, and the sudden and impetuous ending of the Coda was given with commendable unity.

The brilliancy of the performance here atoned for the shortcomings noticed above. Not so, however, in the adagio, where the first theme was sentimentalized in a manner that spoiled the finest part of the work. The tempo was taken too slow, and a tropical languor hung over everything in a manner that was anything but the style of Beethoven.

The finale had some serious faults. The fierce and dissonant cry with which it begins was finely presented. It seems a few decades too late to give a commentary on Beethoven, yet one may venture to question whether Berlioz understood what the master intended in this introduction to the choral part of the work. Schiller's words, which he used, may give us the clue to the secret. Beethoven is here picturing, or is about to picture, the era of universal love and brotherhood; before he begins this tone-poem of joy however, he heightens the effect by contrast; the fierce dissonance which begins the work, and which Berlioz characterizes as a "*cry of wrath*," is but the cry of agony of a tortured world; the crime, suffering, and misery of mankind are in it. The contrabasses rebuke the tumult as if the voice of a higher power were promising relief;—the most wonderful instrumental dialogue in the whole realm of instrumental music. Of course the contrabass passages also serve to prepare for the entrance of the choral and solo parts, and the very phrase

which appears on the contrabasses afterwards is given to the solo bass-singer. But the Berlioz suggestion that when this bass voice succeeds the final dissonances of the introduction with "Let us sing pleasanter songs," Beethoven meant "by a queer caprice to calumniate instrumental music," is one of the silliest commentaries in the history of musical criticism. He meant to bid adieu to strife and contention and wretchedness, and herald a newer and brighter epoch. Before the epoch of joy he pictures the era of sorrow,—that is all.

One may earnestly remonstrate with the spirit which led to a sweetening and retarding of the passages for the contrabasses (the noblest passages ever written for the instrument) for these phrases, scarcely less than the voice of a redeemer, became rather the gentle sentences of a lover. The chief theme, on which the subsequent variations are founded, was well given by the contrabasses and cellos. It bears a distinct resemblance to an American melody, and one can coincide with the remark of an eminent Bostonian, made on the occasion of the first performance of the work in this city: "That the ninth symphony! Why its only glorified 'Yankee Doodle'!" The point was well taken, for the melody is not unlike our own, but it has one characteristic which is not present so clearly in "Yankee Doodle." It is almost wholly in conjunct movement, moving by single steps, and not by skips—a characteristic of "God Save the Queen" and almost every other truly national theme. It could readily be sung by thousands of untutored singers, as was Luther and Franck's hymn, "Ein Feste Burg," and, in fact, in its sacred metamorphosis into "Rise my soul and stretch thy wings" in modern hymnals, it is found one of the most singable of themes. But in the subsequent variations it is anything but singable, and truth demands the statement that it was very raggedly sung. The quartette, consisting of Misses Priscilla White and Louisa Leimer and Messrs. William J. Winch and Heinrich Meyn, were generally adequate, although at times the soprano was spasmodic in execution, but the chorus was a continual blur. Two points may here be pleaded in extenuation; the work is emphatically unvocal, and the pitch of today is higher than when Beethoven wrote his merciless high passages. Two lined C in 1823-4 had about 512 vibrations, whereas now, even in our international (lowered) pitch, it has 517 3-10 vibrations. In summing up, then, one can state that the two last movements have been better given, but the scherzo may be classed as successful, while the first movement was overwhelmingly great.

It is always an event for Boston to hear the ninth symphony, and it should be an especially welcome work in America, for liberty and human equality were glowing ideals in Beethoven's soul, and the result of his yearnings toward these were the finale of the Egmont overture, the Heroic symphony, and finally this lofty song of universal happiness. Louis C. Elson.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Symphony Chorus Heard in Beethoven's Ninth.

"Wang" and "Robin Hood" Bound for Boston—The Wolff-Holman Triumph—A Second Recital—Gilmore's Band Concerts—"The Messiah"—News Notes.

The feature of the eighth concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Arthur Nikisch, conductor, at Music Hall last evening, was the first appearance of the chorus organized for the present season as an adjunct to the band.

It was a symphony concert in fact as well as name, the programme being made up of the eighth and ninth symphonies of Beethoven, a choice which probably appealed to the taste and judgment of a portion of those present.

The readings of the instrumental movements of the two symphonies were in keeping with traditional interpretations in the main, and gave general satisfaction. An especially enjoyable performance was given of the lovely allegretto of the eighth symphony, and the brilliant allegro "Vivace" of the same work was delightfully given.

The preparations for the performance of the final movement, made necessary by the limited space available for the singers, caused so much confusion that the continuity of the interpretation was sadly interrupted, and much of the pleasure usually attending a hearing of this finale was missed. The solo singers selected to assist were Miss Priscilla White, Miss Louisa Leimer, Mr. William J. Winch and Mr. Heinrich Meyn, all of whom proved amply equal to the demands made upon them. Miss White made her first prominent appearance here on this occasion, and the rare quality of her voice as well as her admirable skill as a singer was effectively shown in the trying passages for the soprano voice. Mr. Meyn delivered the opening recitative in a thoroughly artistic fashion, and Mr. Winch sang the tenor solo in his usually finished style.

Evidently the aim in the organization of the chorus has been to get competent singers, and the work of its members last evening must have amply rewarded Messrs. Nikisch and Foote for their labors in this direction. The chorus sang with a degree of confidence and certainty that was delightful, and followed the intelligent direction of their conductor with always admirable results. The good work of all the musical forces of the evening was highly enjoyed by the immense audience present, which was fully up to the legal limit put upon the attendance in this hall.

Next Saturday evening the soloist will be Signorina Eugenia Castellano, pianist, and the programme will consist of Mendelssohn's symphony in A major, "Italian," Tschaiikowsky's concerto for pianoforte No. 2, in G major, and Lalo's overture, "Le Roi d'Ys."

ABOUT MUSIC.

The Eighth Concert of the Symphony Orchestra.

The "Ninth Symphony" Considered as a Stumbling Block.

Notes of Interest and Programmes of Coming Concerts.

The Programme of the eighth Symphony concert was as follows:

Symphony No. 8, op. 93 }
Symphony No. 9, op. 125 } Beethoven

The orchestra was assisted by the Boston Symphony Chorus, which made its first appearance as an organization, and by Miss Priscilla White, soprano, Miss Louisa Leimer, contralto, Wm. J. Winch, tenor, and Heinrich Meyn, bass. Music Hall was crowded.

The programme book of the concert states that Beethoven was born Dec. 17, 1770. It is a pleasure to find a long-disputed point definitely and quietly settled here in our own town. To be sure the patient and accurate Victor Wilder, who had the advantage of the fruits of the labor of Alexander Wheelock Thayer, is more cautious in the matter. He only "permitted" himself to draw from certain facts "the inference" that Beethoven was born the 16th of December and baptized the 17th. The facts are these: First, Beethoven was baptized in the Church of Saint Remy in Bonn Dec. 17. Second, before the French Revolution such civil records as marriages and births were only preserved in the parish registers. "In the eyes of the church the child did not enter into life until he was a Christian, and so only the date of baptism was recorded." It was the custom at Bonn to bear the child to the baptismal font the day after its birth.

The cautious Hugo Riemann says that Beethoven was born, "in all probability," the 16th. But it seems that in Boston we are cock-sure of the 17th as the birthday.

The programme-book contains the passage from Wagner's "Beethoven," and it is printed at length, in which Wagner tells how Beethoven "in the fullness of his own plenipotency" changed Schiller's word "streng" (sternly) to "frech" (impudently), and then exclaims, "Can anything be more significant than this act of passionate violence on the artist's part? We think to see before us Luther in his wrath against the Pope."

Of course the word "frech" appealed irresistibly to the vain and arrogant Wagner. Unfortunately, however, he erred in the premises. Beethoven made no such change. In the autograph copy he wrote "streng." A copyist made the foolish blunder that seemed to Wagner an inspiration of Beethoven.

We are all familiar with the performance of the Eighth Symphony by the orchestra under the present administration. To again deplore the lack of delicacy in the treatment of the allegretto, the too frequent anticipation of the climax in other movements, the tendency to tear subdued passion to tatters, is perhaps an unnecessary task. On the other hand, it would be unjust to deny the legitimate effect of certain readings of the conductor.

But the Ninth Symphony is not so familiar to our concert goers. Its last performance in this city before the concert of Saturday evening was, if I am not mistaken, April 23, 1888, under the direction of Mr. Gericke. The singers on that occasion were Mrs. Kaitsch-Lehmann, Miss Louise Meisslinger, and Messrs Kaitsch and Fischer.

The difficulties of this symphony are known to all. They are so great that the question often arises, "In view of the almost inevitable failure, is the attempt of performance worth the while?"

When the Ninth Symphony was given in 1841 at a concert of the Paris Conservatory, Rossini on leaving the hall said to Ferdinand Hiller: "I know nothing more beautiful than the scherzo of this symphony. I could not have made a scherzo like it." For this speech, the tribute of one genius to another, Rossini has stood as the target for sneers; and why? Because he added these words: "The rest of the symphony is wanting in charm; the music does not 'get there.'" And if we were not under the spell of a great name, would we not agree in substance with Rossini?

Let us suppose, for instance, that an American musician, or an unknown Frenchman, should write the finale of the Ninth Symphony and bring it to a conductor of to-day, and that it should be seen for the first time. Would any conductor in this country put it in rehearsal? Is it not probable that he would look with pity on the young composer and say unto him, "My dear young friend, you must first learn the art of writing for the human voice. There are no singers who could possibly bring out the effects that you demand, and I am not sure that your effects would all be worth the trouble if giant singers were trained expressly for your purpose. The passage, 'Before God the cherub stands,' with its fermata is noble, and I admit that here and there are evidences of great talent if not absolute genius. But your chief theme strikes me as unworthy, and no better than any joyous ditty of the Salvation Army. Your march does not impress me. Your quick movements, if the indicated pace must be maintained, will bring rack and ruin to choral dignity or choral effect of any kind. Nor do I find the instrumentation of this finale in any way remarkable. I advise you to study the 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th symphonies of Beethoven."

And yet what songs of blind adoration have been chanted at the mere mention of this finale! We are told that "excellence of the highest kind without obscurity cannot exist." We are told that only an absolutely deaf genius could have heard such marvellous strains. It is true that Beethoven was so deaf that he could only see the stormy applause that greeted him when this symphony was first produced. This performance was in 1824. But he was deaf in 1802 when he wrote his pathetic "Will," in which he spoke of the tortures inflicted upon him by his physical infirmity. The "Heroic" symphony, the C minor, the Pastoral, the 7th, were also the work of a deaf man.

Some warm admirers of this finale say: "It is true that the vocal passages are almost unsingable, and the actual performance is almost always a terror to the ear, but you must imagine how gloriously they would sound if they could be sung."

Others agree with the painter, Eugene Delacroix: "In presence of these grand and singular productions, still obscure and perhaps destined to remain so for ever, artists, men of the profession, hesitate in pronouncing a fit judgment, but if you remember that the works of the second period of Beethoven were at first regarded as undecipherable and are now acknowledged masterpieces, I should say that he were right, even though it were against my opinion, and I should again believe that it is always safe to bet on genius." That is to say, if out of the collection of Beethoven's compositions you happen to find anything that appears disagreeable, trivial or incomprehensible, you should nevertheless bet that it is sublime, for Beethoven was a genius. Now, this is rank tetchism.

The performance Saturday evening of the first three movements of the symphony was in many respects highly creditable to the conductor and the orchestra. There was a praiseworthy attempt in the first movement to preserve the sustained pianissimo which, as played by the orchestra of the Paris Conservatory, excited the admiration of Wagner to such a degree that he preserved the memory of his wonder in his pamphlet "Ueber das Dirigiren." The lightness and the elasticity of the scherzo were admirably brought out by the strings, and the performance of the scherzo was all in all the feature of the evening. On the contrary, the adagio seemed devoid of genuine feeling, and the work of the wood-wind could not always be commended for its purity or precision. It may be said of the instrumental members that a sincere attempt to realize grand effects was often crowned with success. Whether the effects of the composer are really grand—that is another question so far as the first, third and fourth movements are concerned.

The finale was a vocal failure. Of the solo singers Mr. Meyn acquitted himself bravely of his stentorian task. The others made an heroic struggle. The chorus was drowned in the waves of orchestral fury. Here and there a soprano head appeared, gasping above the billows. To judge of the character of the Boston Symphony Chorus from the performance of Saturday evening would be unfair, even if it were possible. Nor would it be just to speak in detail of the singing of Miss White or of Miss Lemmer. The task that was presented to the chorus and the quartette was one that strikes terror to the stoutest singer.

The programme of the rehearsal and the concert of this week will be as follows: Symphony, A major, Mendelssohn; concerto for piano, No. 2, G major, Tchaikowsky; overture, "Le Roi d'Ys." Miss Eugenia Castellano will be the pianist.

PHILIP HALE.

The eighth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, on Saturday night, the 17th inst., was listened to by one of the largest audiences ever gathered in Music Hall. The programme was: Symphony No. 8 and Symphony No. 9, Beethoven, the solos in the latter being sung by Miss Priscilla White, Miss Louisa Leimer, Mr. W. J. Winch and Mr. H. Meyn. It was scarcely wise to precede the long Choral symphony by another symphony, to say nothing of the fact that the work selected to open the performances was by no means the most advisable one that could have been chosen to put the hearer in a proper frame of mind to enjoy the work that closed them. An overture would have been more desirable, if only for the reason that it would have left the audience fresher to listen to the great symphony. Two large symphonies, and one of them the choral, is over much for one concert, if full and unfatigued enjoyment is to be experienced. However, by this time it has become so patent that programme-making is not among the talents of the conductor of these concerts, that it is as superfluous as it is unprofitable to dwell on the subject. The performances throughout were far from satisfying. The eighth symphony was read capriciously.

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Mr. Busoni played Liszt's second concerto in a way that stirred the audience to a decided enthusiasm. The prodigious difficulties of the composition appeared as almost simplicity itself to him, the clearness of his phrasing in the most intricate and rapid fingering was most admirable, and he had a corresponding beauty of tone and warmth of color. In response to repeated recalls he played Liszt's fantasia on "Lucrezia Borgia," with the same excellent power he had displayed on the concerto. Mr. Busoni came with much less preliminary trumpeting than other pianists have been favored with, and has made a deeper impression than most of them.

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Others agree with the painter, Eugene Delacroix: "In presence of these grand and singular productions, still obscure and perhaps destined to remain so for ever, artists, men of the profession, hesitate in pronouncing a fit judgment, but if you remember that the works of the second period of Beethoven were at first regarded as undecipherable and are now acknowledged masterpieces, I should say that he were right, even though it were against my opinion, and I should again believe that it is always safe to bet on genius." That is to say, if out of the collection of Beethoven's compositions you happen to find anything that appears disagreeable, trivial or incomprehensible, you should nevertheless bet that it is sublime, for Beethoven was a genius. Now, this is rank leetichism.

The performance Saturday evening of the first three movements of the symphony was in many respects highly creditable to the conductor and the orchestra. There was a praiseworthy attempt in the first movement to preserve the sustained pianissimo which, as played by the orchestra of the Paris Conservatory, excited the admiration of Wagner to such a degree that he preserved the memory of his wonder in his pamphlet "Ueber das Dirigiren." The lightness and the elasticity of the scherzo were admirably brought out by the strings, and the performance of the scherzo was all in all the feature of the evening. On the contrary, the adagio seemed devoid of genuine feeling, and the work of the wood-wind could not always be commended for its purity or precision. It may be said of the instrumental movements that a sincere attempt to realize grand effects was often crowned with success. Whether the effects of the composer are really grand—that is another question so far as the first, third and fourth movements are concerned.

The finale was a vocal failure. Of the solo singers Mr. Meyn acquitted himself bravely of his stentorian task. The others made an heroic struggle. The chorus was drowned in the waves of orchestral fury. Here and there a soprano head appeared, gasping above the billows. To judge of the character of the Boston Symphony Chorus from the performance of Saturday evening would be unfair, even if it were possible. Nor would it be just to speak in detail of the singing of Miss White or of Miss Leimer. The task that was presented to the chorus and the quartette was one that strikes terror to the stoutest singer.

The programme of the rehearsal and the concert of this week will be as follows: Symphony, A major, Mendelssohn; concerto for pianoforte, No. 2, G major, Tschaiakowsky; overture, "Le Roi d'Ys," Miss Eugenia Castellano will be the pianist.

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The eighth Symphony concert was the gala night of the current season. The artistic eye was gratified to see that the white fur rug had given place an Eastern rug of warm tone. During the choral portion of the Ninth Symphony, the little conductor was "built up" so high that he almost rivalled Beethoven in height, if not in genius. If the attention of the audience wandered, it had a chance to study Mrs. Apthorp, who, in a stunning ball gown of blue tulle, listened to the music, on her way to Mrs. Amory's dance, or to a beautiful girl among the contraltos, whose perfect features might put to shame the Boston belles. Mrs. Robert C. Winthrop, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Bradley, Dr. and Mrs. Ince, Miss Stackpole, Mr. William Blake, Mr. Clayton Johns, Mr. Frank Jackson, Mr. W. C. Lovering, Miss Lovering, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. Elliot Hubbard, Mrs. Robert Grant, Mr. Theodore Chase, Mr. Thornolke, Prof. Royce, Mr. R. H. Dixey, Mr. J. M. Dorr, Miss Russell, Mr. and Mrs. Lemson, Mr. J. E. Priest, Miss Hunt and Miss Andrew were a few of those noticed in the great crush.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

Just why the eighth and ninth symphonies of Beethoven should have constituted the programme for the eighth Symphony concert, the exhausted musicians and hearers at that two-hours stretch of nerve and ear, will probably never know. If the ninth seemed to grow out of the eighth in any way or to have any other relation than that of numerical and temporal sequence, one could understand such a choice; but there is no such derivation or connection. If the idea were to make a contrast, some briefer work might just as well have occupied the early part of the evening. The playing of the eighth had its excellences, but on the other hand it had a good many faults, which were chiefly due to the rough and independent playing which the graceful indefiniteness of the conductor's beat often invites. The favorite *allegretto scherzando* was especially disappointing in its almost lumbering heaviness; Boston has heard it better played scores of times. But the orchestra made ample amends in the first two movements of the ninth symphony, the second being as fine a bit of work as has been done this season. The third movement was smooth and serene in the strings, but there was comparatively little depth of feeling in it—as if the players were already getting tired and had all that they could do in giving the notes and the mere dynamic coloring. The last movement gave, as it almost necessarily must, but very little pleasure. One cannot help feeling about it as about the Indian idol of the story—"He is very ugly, but then he is so great!" Is it really worth while to persuade or hire singers to defy fortune and do violence to nature in attempting to sing the unsingable? We are getting a bit case-hardened to this in Wagner, where the unvocal prevails in the vocal parts, but in Beethoven it is not easy to become reconciled to it, and we are almost heretical enough to suggest that this symphony should be given without its last movement or with the vocal parts arranged in some fashion for instruments. Ideally this music is sublime and splendid—practically, it is quite the reverse and its central theme is a thin and trivial little tune. The continuity of the performance was broken and the effect deteriorated by the long delay incident upon rearranging the

orchestra and getting the singers into place. Of the result, the least said is the soonest mended. The amateur chorus, split in halves by the mass of the orchestra and not guided and sustained by any positive and helpfully systematic beat, got along as best they could and fought to keep their throats above the orchestral sea, with not much more insuccess than usually befalls the singers of those pages. The solo artists did their best; but the frightfully high and exacting range of the parts was against them all. Mr. Meyn was most successful in keeping himself audible, and Miss Priscilla White's light, clear soprano tones rose distinct occasionally; Mr. W. J. Winch gave earnest and honest effort and Miss Leimer appeared to keep steadily at the contralto music.

Tonight will be played Mendelssohn's "Italian" symphony and Lalo's "Le Roi d'Ys" overture, Signorina Eugenia Castellano—a new name—putting the second Tschaiowsky piano concerto between them.

The serial publication of Berlioz's writings continued in the programme-bulletin, something like eight pages being derived from him. Really this kind of thing has gone far enough (especially as the compiler in one place speaks of Berlioz as "inaccurate, as usual") and the tediousness and pedantry of the other notes, added to the monotony of the main selections, have passed beyond a joke and come to weigh heavily on the public. The long scientific foot-note, for instance, in regard to the dissonances in the ninth symphony, is utterly out of place in a programme pamphlet, and the ten pages of dogmatic essay from some laborious German about "The Two Beethovens," a pompous and long-winded dissertation, is not worth the space it occupies. An editor should learn to edit even a programme book, not according to his idiosyncracies and hobbies, but according to the tastes, wishes and aptitudes of the readers for whom it is chiefly intended.

Note.

Owing to the crowded state of our columns, the criticism of the ninth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra on Saturday evening last will be deferred until tomorrow's issue; also a reply to the communication of Mr. Grant Edmands regarding the *Traveller's* criticism of the eighth concert of the Symphony Orchestra.

A CHAPTER ON CRITICISM.

From an Admirer of the Symphony Orchestra.

Editor of the *Traveller*.

In reading the account of the last Symphony concert in your issue of the 19th inst, we were astonished and disgusted at the audacity and unfairness of the critic in his disparagement of orchestra, conductor, programme and composer. Indeed, scarcely anything suits him, although he does have to admit that there are some wonderful periods in the first three movements of the Ninth Symphony. If the science of musical criticism leads to such a lack of appreciation of such immortal works as Beethoven's Eighth and Ninth Symphonies, there certainly may be such a thing as too much learning in this branch.

How a music lover can fail to be uplifted in soul by such superhuman themes as those in the wonderful adagio of the latter is beyond the comprehension of an humble listener, who has not yet reached that stage where he picks flaws in every detail. The critic speaks of its wearisome monotone, made more so by the sickly, sentimental manner and slow time in which it was played. But this movement is not only great but intensely religious, and appeals in a certain degree to the religious as well as musical faculty. Without such appreciation the religious element may be regarded as sentimentality. There may be differences of opinion as to the proper tempo of this movement, but as played Saturday night, the religious element was overpowering and inspiring.

But our critic would add his name to those who would consign this symphony entire to the archives of musical failures. If this work be a failure or the product of a disordered brain, there is certainly method and melody in its madness, which cannot be said of many of our modern compositions, which struggle on through intricate themes but never reach a conclusion or tell us anything.

But the unjust attack upon conductor and orchestra should not go unchallenged. To call their playing a mere orchestral patois is simply a libel upon a matchless band of musicians led by a director with a soul as well as with musical skill.

As an attendant of the Symphony concerts for years we believe the majority of the musical portion of its patrons, both professional and amateur, will agree with us that the concert of

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Saturday night was one of the most notable in the history of the organization.

M. GRANT EDMANDS.

Brookline, Mass., Dec. 20, 1892.

MUSICAL MENTION.

In Response to a Critic.

An admirer of the Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Grant Edmands, in a communication to the *Traveller* last Tuesday, undertook to censure me for my criticism upon the programme and performance of the 8th concert of this organization, expressing his "astonishment and disgust at the audacity and unfairness" of my critique on the occasion. He also was disturbed deeply because I spoke of the playing of the adagio of the ninth symphony as a wearisome monotone, made more so by the sickly, sentimental manner and slow time in which it was given. My estimate of the value of the ninth symphony was also distressingly obnoxious to him. But worst of all was the "unjust attack," as he designates it, upon the conductor and orchestra where my criticism referred to the playing of the orchestra, as having "fallen under the present regime to the level of an orchestral patois, above which it only occasionally rises." In order that our readers may judge of the fairness of my critique a few excerpts from the opinions of other critics are given below.

Concerning the adagio of the ninth symphony, Mr. Elson, in the *Advertiser*, says: "The first theme was sentimentalized in a manner that spoiled the finest part of the work. The tempo was taken too slow, and a tropical languor hung over everything in a manner that was anything but in the style of Beethoven."

Mr. Hale of the *Journal* says: "The adagio seemed devoid of genuine feeling and the work of the wood wind could not always be commended for its purity or precision." Concerning the playing of the eighth symphony, Mr. Hale writes: "We are all familiar with the performance of the eighth symphony by the orchestra under the present administration. To again deplore the lack of delicacy in the treatment of the *allegretto*, the too frequent anticipation of the climax in other movements, the tendency to tear subdued passion to tatters, is, perhaps, an unnecessary task."

Mr. Ticknor of the *Beacon* remarks concerning the adagio of the ninth symphony: "The third movement was smooth and serene in the strings, but there was comparatively little depth of

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feeling in it—as if the players were already getting tired and had all that they could do in giving the notes and the mere dynamic coloring.” And yet Mr. Edmonds’s soul was aglow with a religious emotion and stirred to its very depths by the sentimental drag with which the orchestra perverted the composer’s intention concerning the rendering of the eighth symphony. Mr. Ticknor says, “it had its excellences, but, on the other hand, it had a good many faults, which were chiefly due to the rough and independent playing which the graceful indefiniteness of the conductor’s beat often invites. The favorite allegretto scherzando was especially disappointing in its almost lumbering heaviness; Boston has heard it better played scores of times.”

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WARREN DAVENPORT.

MUSIC. *Continued*

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The observance of Beethoven’s birthday at the symphony concert last evening was not so wholly appropriate as it should have been made. The composer’s eighth symphony, with which the concert opened, has long been known as the “*Kleine Sinfonie*,” or to state the plain English of it, unfair and irreverent though it may sound, it is “the little symphony”—yet its littleness is often noble. Not all nobility is of huge proportions. Art is quality, not quantity. True enough this “little” eighth symphony is as full of life and genius, aye ’tis e’en as full of humor as though it were a poem by Holmes. It is as clear an inspiration, as light and buoyant, as bright and full of grace as anything by Mozart or Haydn. It is the shortest and while never cloying, it is the sweetest of the “Nine.” Here, too, is Beethoven’s “clock” symphony. The allegretto has a swing so pendulum-like that even by the tick, tick, tick of the accompaniment it recalls that quaint old-time piece, the andante of the “clock” symphony, by Haydn. It seems inexplicable how a work so full of melody, so fairly ear catching in its every bar, yet in the truest sense of the term a work of art, could have dated from the master’s saddest period, namely after he became deaf.

The culmination of Beethoven’s deafness was at this time; but here surely there can be found not the slightest evidence that the master did not retain, and without the slightest diminution, that genius and creative power, that incomparable capacity for taking pains, and that mastery of his tone-art, which were all Beethoven’s, aye though all save death, and e’en the world, the flesh and the devil did assault and try in vain to tear them asunder. But the handwriting was on the wall; the cold “blast of the breath of His displeasure” had been heard, and the dawn of the Day of Doom that included the ninth symphony was at hand. The master was being impelled to his ultimate goal even by his bodily constitution; the sins of the father had paid their damning visit. His deafness slowly but mercilessly separated him from mankind; he was as one banished.

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AMONG THE MUSICIANS.

At the eighth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in Music Hall, Saturday evening, Mr. Nikisch introduced a novelty in the Boston Symphony chorus. The programme was quite long, and the two symphonies of Beethoven, No. 6 in F major and No. 9 in D minor, were just a little wearisome and monotonous. The reading of the various movements was generally satisfactory, the allegretto scherzando in the eighth symphony being delightfully played, with delicacy and finish, and was the gem of the evening.

The chorus showed that Mr. Nikisch has brought together a remarkably strong body of singers, capable of doing admirable work under more favorable circumstances. Saturday evening both singers and musicians were huddled together and under these disadvantages it is not strange that the work was at times unsatisfactory. There was something lacking toward making the choral feature of the programme a success. The soloists were in good voice and are worthy of high praise. Mr. Meyer sang with great spirit, his enunciation being very distinct, while his pure voice was handled in a most artistic manner. Miss Priscilla White acquitted herself most brilliantly. Her high notes were well sustained, and she created a favorable impression. Mr. Winch was also good in the numbers assigned him. Mr. Nikisch's equanimity must have been severely tested during the choral part of the ninth symphony. Perched on top of several boxes, he was called upon to exercise his greatest skill to keep his musicians together. Under many conductors his forces would have gone to pieces, but Mr. Nikisch's work has always been of such high order that one is not surprised to see him do almost impossible things. It is to be hoped that the Symphony Chorus may be heard again in connection with the Symphony Orchestra in the near future.

Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1892-93.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. ARTHUR NIKISCH, Conductor.

IX. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, AT 8 P. M.

PROGRAMME.

EDOUARD LALO.

OVERTURE, "Le Roi d'Ys."

a) CHOPIN.

SOLI FOR PIANO.*

b) CHOPIN.

NOCTURNE in E minor. (op. posthumous).

c) MARTUCCI.

SCHERZO in B minor.

ETUDE DE CONCERT.

RICHARD WAGNER.

"WALDWEBEN" from "Siegfried."

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY. SYMPHONY, No. 4, in A major, "Italian."

- I. Allegro vivace. A major.
- II. Andante con moto. D minor.
- III. Con moto moderato. A major.
- IV. Saltarello: Presto. A minor.

SOLOIST:

SIGNORINA EUGENIA CASTELLANO.

The Piano used is a Chickering.

*The Tschaikowsky Concerto announced for today's concert is necessarily withdrawn on account of the incorrect Orchestral parts provided.

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The Symphony Concert.

The programme of last night's concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra was: Overture, "Le Roi d'Ys," Lalo; Nocturne, E-minor (posthumous), Chopin; Scherzo, B-minor, Chopin; Etude de Concert, Martucci; "Waldweben," from "Siegfried," Wagner; Symphony No. 4 (Italian), Mendelssohn. It was a curious jumbling of composers; a thing of shreds and patches; almost touchingly naïve as an example of programme-making, and, on the whole, chillingly uninteresting. The soloist was Signorina Eugenia Castellano, a new comer here, with a profusion of black hair, not Paderewskially, or Hollmanically suggestive of a garden of luxuriant weeds growing wildly at random, but arranged in glossy curls. She was to have played Tschalkowsky's second concerto; but, according to the programme, that composition was withdrawn on account of the incorrect orchestral parts provided, and the pieces named were substituted. They were scarcely up to the dignity of a Symphony concert. The little woman has a brilliant and facile technique, a beautiful touch, and she plays with precision, ease and fluency. The piano has evidently no difficulties of which she is not the master, and her performances were wholly admirable in their finger play. Beyond this they were not especially interesting, except, perhaps, for the graceful refinement of method she brought to bear on them. We have, however, ravaged and glutted on technique, and difficult technique has become so much easier than is easy technique, that we have ceased to wonder at it, and refuse to be comforted by it in the absence of other more intellectual essentials. The Chopin pieces were clearly and cleverly played, but they were not interpreted with any marked skill or special individuality of style, and frequently there was a confusing absence of rhythm. The artist was heard to best advantage in the Martucci selection, a severe technical exercise, bristling with exacting passages, and not unmelodious. Musically, it is not worth much; but it enabled the player to display her finger ability in its fullest development. It excited the audience to a pitch of great enthusiasm, and after two recalls, the artist responded with another brilliant finger exercise, of the same order, which again excited the audience to recall the player twice more, and to insist on another encore. This was granted, and the concert assumed the aspect of a piano recital. On this last occasion a pretty little piece of modern-antique was given with much delicacy, and the audience once more gave way to a rapture of admiration. Two encores at a symphony concert initiated an innovation which, it is to be hoped, may not serve as a precedent to be followed. This claptrap music seemed strangely out of place at these concerts; but the hearers seemed to enjoy it hugely, and the orchestra applauded it heartily, and therefore it is quite possible that we were unable to appreciate how highly proper it was. We may be, in all likelihood, fully as wide of the mark when we confess that we cannot see the necessity of going to New York for a pianist of this order, while an artist of Mr. Baermann's rank and classical tastes has not been heard at these concerts for three seasons, and while at least one other excellent home artist has not been accorded any hearing whatever, under the regime of the present conductor. The "Waldweben" was finely played by the orchestra. Not so the symphony, of which the first movement and the finale were hurried through as if there was a desire to show how fast the players could perform them without meeting with disaster. The programme for the next concert is the following odd aberration: Overture, "Benvenuto Cellini," Berlioz; Concerto for violin in D-minor, No. 4, Vieuxtemps; Symphony, B-flat, Volkmann. The soloist is to be Mr. I. Schnitzler. The programme books, by the way, continue to be industriously unedifying in point of information and ingeniously ponderous in point of style.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Symphony Concert—Soloist Eugenia Castellano.

Return of the Bostonians—"Wang"
Again at the Globe—Cyril Tyler Tonight—The Christmas "Messiah"—
Another Wagner Concert—The Wolff-Hollman Matinees—Notes.

The patrons of the concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra were given a very pleasant surprise last evening in the appearance of Signorina Eugenia Castellano, a pianist who made her American debut on this occasion.

The young artist may well take pride in the success attending her introduction to this country, and it is entirely safe to predict for her a brilliant career, if the triumphs of last evening's appearance may be taken as a measure of her abilities.

She comes to this country as the representative of a school little known here in recent years, for she is a player of the pianoforte, and not a mere mechanical manipulator of the key board, with a prodigious memory and a firm belief in the standard repertory of the day.

Her appearance was to have been made in the second Tschalkowsky concerto, but the incompleteness of the parts supplied the orchestra made it necessary to substitute solo numbers including Chopin's Nocturne in E minor (op.), and Scherzo in B minor and Martucci's Etude de Concert.

The signorina came before her public an utter stranger, but the entire confidence and self-possession which characterized her entrance predisposed the audience in her favor, and before she had concluded the Nocturne she was an accepted Boston favorite.

She is a master of the technique of the pianoforte, but her command of the keyboard has been made a means and not an end, and the drill incidental to the acquirement of her skill in the manipulation of the keyboard has not, as is too often the case, lessened in the least degree the development of her artistic nature.

She is a born musician, and the refinement, sentiment, and the warmth of her temperament all contribute to the effect of her playing. Her touch is delightfully clear and elastic; she shows a reserve power in the broadest passages that is surprising in a woman, and one so young especially; her tone is never forced beyond a pure musical quality, and the greatest rapidity of movement attainable is accompanied by such a clearness and accuracy that every note is given its full value.

Such playing, while showing the intelligence which appeals to the mental faculties, touches the inner nature of the music-lover and gives a sense of satisfaction which no words can describe.

Her most artistic interpretation of the Chopin numbers created a great impression upon the audience, but at the finish of the marvellously brilliant etude by her old teacher, Martucci, both her public and the orchestra found vent for their enthusiasm in the most extravagant expressions of approval, and after four recalls she added

The Symphony Concert.

The programme of last night's concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra was: Overture, "Le Roi d'Ys," Lalo; Nocturne, E-minor (posthumous), Chopin; Scherzo, B-minor, Chopin; Etude de Concert, Martucci; "Waldweben," from "Siegfried," Wagner; Symphony No. 4 (Italian), Mendelssohn. It was a curious jumbling of composers; a thing of shreds and patches; almost touchingly naïve as an example of programme-making, and, on the whole, chillingly uninteresting. The soloist was Signorina Eugenia Castellano, a new comer here, with a profusion of black hair, not Paderewskially, or Hollmanically suggestive of a garden of luxuriant weeds growing wildly at random, but arranged in glossy curls. She was to have played Tchaikowsky's second concerto; but, according to the programme, that composition was withdrawn on account of the incorrect orchestral parts provided, and the pieces named were substituted. They were scarcely up to the dignity of a Symphony concert. The little woman has a brilliant and facile technique, a beautiful touch, and she plays with precision, ease and fluency. The piano has evidently no difficulties of which she is not the master, and her performances were wholly admirable in their finger play. Beyond this they were not especially interesting, except, perhaps, for the graceful refinement of method she brought to bear on them. We have, however, ravaged and glutted on technique, and difficult technique has become so much easier than is easy technique, that we have ceased to wonder at it, and refuse to be comforted by it in the absence of other more intellectual essentials. The Chopin pieces were clearly and cleverly played, but they were not interpreted with any marked skill or special individuality of style, and frequently there was a confusing absence of rhythm. The artist was heard to best advantage in the Martucci selection, a severe technical exercise, bristling with exacting passages, and not unmelodious. Musically, it is not worth much; but it enabled the player to display her finger ability in its fullest development. It excited the audience to a pitch of great enthusiasm, and after two recalls, the artist responded with another brilliant finger exercise, of the same order, which again excited the audience to recall the player twice more, and to insist on another encore. This was granted, and the concert assumed the aspect of a piano recital. On this last occasion a pretty little piece of modern-antique was given with much delicacy, and the audience once more gave way to a rapture of admiration. Two encores at a symphony concert initiated an innovation which, it is to be hoped, may not serve as a precedent to be followed. This claptrap music seemed strangely out of place at these concerts; but the hearers seemed to enjoy it hugely, and the orchestra applauded it heartily, and therefore it is quite possible that we were unable to appreciate how highly proper it was. We may be, in all likelihood, fully as wide of the mark when we confess that we cannot see the necessity of going to New York for a pianist of this order, while an artist of Mr. Baermann's rank and classical tastes has not been heard at these concerts for three seasons, and while at least one other excellent home artist has not been accorded any hearing whatever, under the regime of the present conductor. The "Waldweben" was finely played by the orchestra. Not so the symphony, of which the first movement and the finale were hurried through as if there was a desire to show how fast the players could perform them without meeting with disaster. The programme for the next concert is the following odd aberration: Overture, "Renvenuto Cellini," Berlioz; Concerto for violin in D-minor, No. 4, Vieuxtemps; Symphony, B-flat, Volkmann. The soloist is to be Mr. I. Schnitzler. The programme books, by the way, continue to be industriously unedifying in point of information and ingeniously ponderous in point of style.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Symphony Concert—Soloist Eugenia Castellano.

Return of the Bostonians—"Wang"
Again at the Globe—Cyril Tyler Tonight—The Christmas "Messiah"—
Another Wagner Concert—The Wolff-Hollman Matinees—Notes.

The patrons of the concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra were given a very pleasant surprise last evening in the appearance of Signorina Eugenia Castellano, a pianist who made her American debut on this occasion.

The young artist may well take pride in the success attending her introduction to this country, and it is entirely safe to predict for her a brilliant career, if the triumphs of last evening's appearance may be taken as a measure of her abilities.

She comes to this country as the representative of a school little known here in recent years, for she is a player of the pianoforte, and not a mere mechanical manipulator of the key board, with a prodigious memory and a firm belief in the standard repertory of the day.

Her appearance was to have been made in the second Tchaikowsky concerto, but the incompleteness of the parts supplied the orchestra made it necessary to substitute solo numbers including Chopin's Nocturne in E minor (op.), and Scherzo in E minor and Martucci's Etude de Concert.

The signorina came before her public an utter stranger, but the entire confidence and self-possession which characterized her entrance predisposed the audience in her favor, and before she had concluded the Nocturne she was an accepted Boston favorite.

She is a master of the technique of the pianoforte, but her command of the keyboard has been made a means and not an end, and the drill incidental to the acquirement of her skill in the manipulation of the keyboard has not, as is too often the case, lessened in the least degree the development of her artistic nature.

She is a born musician, and the refinement, sentiment, and the warmth of her temperament all contribute to the effect of her playing. Her touch is delightfully clear and elastic; she shows a reserve power in the broadest passages that is surprising in a woman, and one so young especially; her tone is never forced beyond a pure musical quality, and the greatest rapidity of movement attainable is accompanied by such a clearness and accuracy that every note is given its full value.

Such playing, while showing the intelligence which appeals to the mental faculties, touches the inner nature of the music-lover and gives a sense of satisfaction which no words can describe.

Her most artistic interpretation of the Chopin numbers created a great impression upon the audience, but at the finish of the marvellously brilliant etude by her old teacher, Martucci, both her public and the orchestra found vent for their enthusiasm in the most extravagant expressions of approval, and after four recalls she added as

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 "The score number 'Il Momento Capriccioso,' by Van Westerhout. Even this failed to satisfy the audience, now in a state of delight over the new sensation, and, following a further double recall, the signorina completed her triumphs by playing in a superb fashion a gavotte in the 16th century style by Van Westerhout. It was a great success for the signorina, and the quick recognition of the rare abilities of the new comer reflected credit upon the intelligence of the audience. Without doubt the followers of the German school will be shocked at having critical Boston indorse a player who is not bound by the laws of the classical school, but the public will gladly accept the new-comer and enjoy her playing with a sense of relief.

Mr. Nikisch gave the patrons of these concerts on this occasion a programme of great merit, and his reading of the "Italian" symphony by Mendelssohn was in keeping with his best work this season. An excellent performance of the "Roi d'Ys" overture by Lalo began the programme, and a charming interpretation of the wonderful tone picture "Waldweben," from Wagner's "Siegfried," completed the evening's pleasures.

Mr. I. Schnitzler, violinist of the orchestra, is to be the soloist next Saturday evening, and the programme will include Berlioz' overture, "Benvenuto Cellini"; Vieuxtemps' concerto for violin, in D minor, No. 4, and Volkmann's symphony in B flat.

Signorina Eugenia Castellano, the pianiste, who appeared at last evening's Symphony concert, was born in Naples, Italy, the youngest daughter of five children. She is now 16 years old. Her musical education was derived from maternal tuition, her mother—Teresa Castellano Bordini—being herself an accomplished musician. Signorina Castellano completed her technical studies under Martucci and Sgambati, and lastly, Van Westerhout, for harmony and counterpoint, but she had been always notable as a musician from early childhood, and had finished a thorough collegiate music course of eight years in the space of three years' time, or from the age of 9 to 12 years, when she made the tour of the principal cities of Italy, receiving diplomas of honor from the Royal Philharmonia Academies of Bologna and Rome, with the popular judgment from crown to critic as the first pianiste of her country, as also from the great Italian critic Filippi "that the best artists would be proud to finish where Castellano began."

Ninth Symphony Concert.

The soloist at yesterday's Symphony concert was a very young and a very brilliant pianist, Signorina Eugenia Castellano. She is only 16 years of age, and in appearance is a child, but her playing is that of a mature artist, so broad and comprehensive is her method, so forceful, brilliant and finished is her technique, and so intelligent and sympathetic is her interpretation of master compositions.

She is an Italian, and received her early education from her mother, who was herself a musician of high repute. How naturally music comes to her may be inferred from the fact that she graduated in three years with high honors from a conservatory course of study which is supposed to require eight years of constant application.

She made her first public appearance in America at the Symphony rehearsal Friday afternoon, and completely captivated that usually reserved assemblage. She was recalled four times with uncommon demonstrations of enthusiasm. Her reception was even more cordial at the concert last evening.

It was intended that she should play Tschalkowsky's Concerto No. 2, but the number was necessarily withdrawn on account of the incorrect orchestral parts provided.

As a substitute she played three solos, Chopin's nocturne in E minor and scherzo in B minor, and a concert study by Martucci, the master under whom Signorina Castellano has studied for the past few years.

The familiar Chopin numbers were played with marvellous expression and artistic finish. The Martucci study is a most exacting composition, bristling with difficulties which would try the skill of the most nimble of fingers. She played the most difficult passages with astonishing rapidity and in a faultless manner. She is truly a remarkable pianist, and her promised appearance here in a recital will be awaited with eager interest by Boston music lovers.

The orchestral offerings were very welcome and each was given a splendid performance under Mr. Nikisch's skilled direction. They consisted of Lalo's overture, "Le Roi d'Ys," the "Waldweben" from "Siegfried" and Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy's Italian symphony No. 4.

Mr. I. Schnitzler, violinist, will be the soloist at the 10th symphony rehearsal and concert, and the programme will be as follows:

Overture, Benvenuto Cellini..... Berlioz
 Concerto for violin in D minor, No. 4.. Vieuxtemps
 Symphony in B flat..... Volkmann

THEATRES AND CONCERTS.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the ninth symphony concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Lalo: Overture to "Le Roi d'Ys."
 Pianoforte solos:
 Chopin: Nocturne in E minor, Opus 72 (posthumous).
 Scherzo No. 1, in B minor, Opus 20.
 Martucci: Etude de Concert.
 Wagner: "Waldweben," from "Siegfried."
 Mendelssohn: Symphony No. 4, in A major ("Italian"), Opus 90.

Miss Eugenia Castellano was the pianist.

Lalo's overture belongs distinctly to the new French school—in soul, as it does in body—and has almost all the virtues and faults of its school. It is a strong piece of coloring, with a powerfully dramatic moment now and then, the effects in it being of the physical sort mainly. At times you almost think you are listening to something very like a theme; at others that some formal thematic development is going on. But the general impression is rather formless, and, save for the evident dramatic intention, aimless. But the overture is beauty and coherence themselves compared to some other things of its school we have heard. It was grandly played.

It would not be wholly easy to say just where the musical superiority of Wagner's "Waldweben" over Lalo's "Roi d'Ys" overture lay. The "Waldweben" is, until quite near the end, wholly and frankly formless, and of thematic work there is exceedingly little in it. And yet there is a certain unassuming air about the Wagner selection that leads you to expect less than in Lalo's overture—and you seem really to get more. Then there is Wagner's genius, his strong and compelling individuality; whereas in Lalo you find little else than the style, or manner, of a school—and a pretty bad school, at that.

Mendelssohn's "Italian" symphony was exceedingly brilliantly played. The more one hears this work (especially the first and third movements), the more is one impressed with the consummate mastery the composer shows in it. It is a marvel of beauty of form. It seems a little strange that Mendelssohn should have left this symphony, written in 1833, among his posthumous works, while he had the "Scotch" symphony published during his lifetime. One fails to see by what process of self-criticism Mendelssohn can have been led to imply such a preference for the "Scotch;" to us the "Italian" is decidedly the finer work.

Miss Castellano was announced to play the Tschalkowsky G major concerto; but, when it came to rehearsal, the orchestra parts were found to be in a condition that forbade all thoughts of giving the work. So, as time was short, it was decided that she should play three short pieces without orchestra. This young lady is said to be only sixteen; her technique, especially in respect to finger-work, is almost phenomenal, and she already plays with no little authority and style. If in the Chopin nocturne her feeling showed itself as rather immature, it was honest, straightforward and musical, and there was no aping of the doings of older folk. But in the lighter things she did

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 positive wonders, and was so rapturously applauded by the audience that she had to play two encore pieces. Indeed the impression she made was conspicuously fine.

The next programme is: Berlioz, overture to "Benvenuto Cellini," Opus 23; Vieuxtemps, violin concerto No. 4, in D minor; Volkmann, symphony in B-flat. Mr. I. Schnitzler will be the violinist.

The Symphony Concert.

Concerning the ninth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the eminent critic of the Advertiser, Mr. Louis C. Elson, justly remarks: "The concert of Saturday was in a large degree a piano recital set in an orchestral frame. One can best understand how the dignity of these concerts has departed when the circumstances attending this concert are taken into consideration." This means that, instead of a mature artist and a composition of just value and proportions, a youthful musician, Castellano Gentellano, a maiden of glossy locks, came forth and, after taking time to peel off her gloves, essayed two Chopin pieces, giving them in a characterless manner as far as interpretation is concerned, albeit with a clear touch and facile technique.

These were followed by the Etude of Martucci, which demanded rapid and fluent finger ability, a demand that was met by the young lady with remarkable skill. Two encores followed in the same style, for which performance this youthful digitalist was rewarded with a large bouquet and the vociferous applause of the audience. It would be unfair not to say that the pianist was earnest in her efforts and showed a delicacy and beauty in her touch, a flash of passion and a temperament not to be despised. But the effort belonged to the Salon and was not within the demands of the programmes of these concerts. A promising future, but at present immature.

It is belittling Mr. Higginson's noble beneficence to permit such combinations, and he should call a halt in this respect. The orchestral numbers were, overture to "Le Roi d'Ys," Lalo; "Waldweben" from "Siegfried," Wagner, and Mendelssohn's Italian Symphony. They were played in the accustomed style of the orchestra. The symphony was hustled along on the first movement regardless of the limitations of the instruments, the running passages seesawing with each other at times. The last movement also showed the need of a conductor with a definite beat and controlling influence.

Next Saturday Mr. I. Schnitzler, a more recent member of the orchestra, will make his debut in Vieuxtemps, concerto for the violin, No. 4. Berlioz,

overture, "Benvenuto Cellini," and symphony in B flat, Volkmann, will complete the programme, if the autocrat of affairs does not change his mind during the intervening time.
WARREN DAVENPORT.

MUSIC.

THE SYMPHONY.

At least one classically fine work made the symphony concert last evening seem as though not wholly given in vain. Happily, too, a hearing was spared of the Tschalkowsky pianoforte concerto, No. 2, in G major, and the soloist, Miss Eugenia Castellano, was thereby enabled to appear doubtless at a far worthier advantage with a judiciously chosen group of *solis* as follows: *a* Chopin, Nocturne in E minor (Op. posthumous); *b* Chopin, Scherzo in B minor; *c* Martucci, Etude de Concert. How Mendelssohn himself appreciated his own pet symphony is made evident in his letters from Italy in 1831. For example, he writes to his sisters from Rome on the 22d February, 1831: "Italian symphony is making great progress. It will be the gayest thing I have ever done, especially the last movement."

Yet at this time Mendelssohn had not found anything just right for the "adagio" that he first contemplated, and felt as he tersely expressed it that he must put it off for Naples. This adagio of Mendelssohn's fancy afterwards became an andante, which can only be described as a psychological tone poem in which is related so far as possible the aesthetic impressions the composer's visit to Naples made upon him. In fact the symphony as a whole is full of the open air, the blue sky and the Italian "Season of Blossoms" that he ever loved so much; while the finale is plainly inspired by the Carnival at Rome. The finale is described as a Saltarello, a weird yet lively Italian dance that is not so well known here as the Tarantella, from which it notably differs in quality of step: but there are three distinct themes in the finale of the Italian symphony, and the third theme is unmistakably a Tarantella.

The overture by Lalo, "Le Roy d'Ys," was, unless we greatly err, first heard here last season. It offers a capital illustration of its composer's sensuous individualism and perhaps is one of the most successful overtures of the unique class to which it belongs, having many felicitous touches in the instrumentation and all due propriety of contour.

Of the young artiste who appeared at this concert it is a pleasure to testify that her precocity is of the rarest kind. Her command of the keyboard, her phenomenal abandon, her naive unconsciousness of all technical difficulty were simply entrancing in their effect. In brief Miss Castellano is as bright and intelligent, as talented a pianist as has made a Boston debut for many a day. How temperamentally well balanced she may be as a musician can not easily be determined as the result of a single hearing, but that she is a tone-artist by intuition, that she has been masterly well taught, and that her prospects as a concert pianist are extraordinary, will not be called in question even by the most fastidious pedagogue. The orchestra played the Wagner music exquisitely, and the overture and symphony left little to be desired. The attendance at the concert included but a very meagre number of the regular patrons.

Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1892-93.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. ARTHUR NIKISCH, Conductor.

X. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, AT 8 P. M.

PROGRAMME.

BERLIOZ.

OVERTURE to "Benvenuto Cellini," op. 23.

- I. Allegro deciso con impeto. G major.
- II. Larghetto. G major.
- III. Allegro deciso con impeto. G major.

HENRI VIEUXTEMPS.

CONCERTO for VIOLIN, No. 4, in D minor, op. 31.

- I. Introduzione: Andante. D minor. Moderato. D minor.
- II. Adagio religioso. E flat major.
- III. Scherzo: Vivace. D minor. Trio: Meno mosso. D minor.
- IV. Finale marziale: Andante. D minor. Allegro. D major.

ROBERT VOLKMANN.

SYMPHONY No. 2, in B flat major, op. 53.

- I. Allegro vivace. B flat major.
- II. Allegretto. E flat major.
- III. Andantino. G minor.
- IV. Allegro vivace. B flat major.

SOLOIST:

MR. I. SCHNITZLER.

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- II. Adagio religioso. E flat major.
- III. Scherzo: Vivace. D minor. Trio: Meno mosso. D minor.
- IV. Finale marziale: Andante. D minor. Allegro. D major.

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SYMPHONY No. 2, in B flat major, op. 53.

- I. Allegro vivace. B flat major.
- II. Allegretto. E flat major.
- III. Andantino. G minor.
- IV. Allegro vivace. B flat major.

SOLOIST:

MR. I. SCHNITZLER.

JANUARY 2, 1893.

THEATRES AND CONCERTS.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the tenth Symphony concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Berlioz: Overture to "Benvenuto Cellini," Opus 23.
Vieuxtemps: Concerto for violin, No. 4, in D minor, Opus 31.

Volkmann: Symphony No. 2, in B-flat, Opus 53.
Mr. I. Schnitzler was the violinist.

The "Cellini" overture, one of Berlioz's best written and most stoutly constructed works in this form, was given an immensely brilliant and finished performance. One missed the low tones of the bass clarinet, which should serve to blend those of the ordinary clarinet with those of the four bassoons, in the grave theme in the middle of the *Larghetto* movement near the beginning of the overture; the omission of this instrument, to be sure, leaves no gap either in the melody or harmony, but it does make a serious change in Berlioz's coloring; this omission is of a wholly different nature from Mr. Nikisch's reducing the prescribed "four trumpets" to two at the return of this same theme in the midst of the *Allegro*; an examination of the score shows plainly enough that Berlioz added another pair of trumpets at this point, neither for the sake of greater strength nor of greater fulness in the harmony, but simply on account of the defective scale of the old plain trumpets for which he wrote: by taking four trumpets in different keys, and making the practicable notes of one instrument fill up the gaps in the scale of another, he could get a sufficiently complete scale to enable the four instruments to play the melody after the fashion of Russian bell-ringers—each of the four trumpets playing what notes of the melody it could, and omitting the rest. But this melody can be as well played on two (or, for matter of that, on one) of our modern chromatic instruments as on four of Berlioz's plain ones; so the omission of the extra pair of trumpets was in nowise a piece of infidelity to the score. It made no difference whatever; but leaving out the bass-clarinet did make a sensible difference. Still, our orchestra so seldom sins in this way—it being, upon the whole, very remarkable, as orchestras go, for its scrupulous fidelity to composers' specifications—that this one point should not be too much dwelt on. Here, as on several previous occasions, Mr. Nikisch showed a peculiar aptitude for entering into Berlioz's spirit, and reflecting his individual style with surpassing truthfulness. The performance had all of Berlioz's brilliancy, impetuosity and verve, yet without ever degenerating into mere noisiness; his characteristic sudden *crescendos* were especially admirably done.

The Volkmann B-flat symphony has been heard here before with a certain amount of relish; but it seemed last Saturday evening as if this second hearing were just once too often. The work is respectably written, it is a sufficiently blameless composition, of no overweening pretensions, but lamentably devoid of genius. It is decent mediocrity in its fullest bloom. It is both curious and dismal to note

how, when the composer hits upon a really charming musical thought—as in the first phrase of the theme of the *Allegretto* (second movement)—he flounders about in the most constrained way to finish his theme without falling plump into Mozart or Haydn. The first phrase is simply delicious; what follows it is but a consciously awkward avoidance of plagiarism. We were rather dismayed to hear how flat and foisonless several points in this symphony sounded, which had seemed quite fascinating to us at the first hearing. That dialogue between oboe and horn in the *Andantino*, for instance, seemed dreary and "manufactured" as might be. The symphony is a praiseworthy work enough, but it is not in fast colors; it cannot live. The performance was admirable.

Vieuxtemps's long D minor concerto—a very "sea-serpent concerto," to use Bülow's expression—has not been heard here for some time, if we remember aright. It is a work for which one cannot but feel a certain respect; there are some admirable points in it; the way in which both solo instruments and orchestra are treated in their relation to each other is really masterly, and speaks of something artistically deeper than mere cleverness. Time was (on the first appearance of this concerto in Paris) when a critic like Berlioz could go into unfeigned raptures over it; it is well built, it is musical, there are many passages of real beauty in it, at moments it almost reaches the pitch of inspiration. But it none the less belongs distinctly and irreclaimably to a by-gone musical period; it is one of those too common things in art that become obsolete with their style, that can not outlive their manner. Its being superior to many of its contemporaries cannot save it; today it has nothing left to say to us. That it gives the performer abundant opportunity, not only for virtuosic display, but for really fine and artistic playing, goes without saying; but with all its admirable qualities, it remains cold as stone, and an artist must be a very Pygmalion to win it to life.

Mr. Schnitzler will be remembered as the young violinist who came out to this country some years ago, at the same time as Mr. Fritz Giese, to join the Mendelssohn Quintet Club. After a while he left the club and went West, whence he returns this year as one of the first violins in our Symphony Orchestra. His playing has grown with time in force, vigor and authority; he showed himself last Saturday evening as a solo player *par excellence*—for, although we have not heard him in concerted chamber music since his return, there are certain unmistakable traits by which the born solo player may be recognized, and he has them distinctly. It is largely a matter of temperament. There was Wilhelm Müller, the 'cellist; one of the finest, if not the finest, quartet 'cellist ever heard here; hear him in a quartet, and he seemed possessed of every artistic virtue—fine tone, technique, marked individuality of style, immense pithiness of expression. It seemed as if he could squeeze all the juice out of any musical orange. Well! in solo playing he made next to no effect at all. His was not the solo temperament. Now Mr. Schnitzler plainly has the solo temperament to a high degree; it is not only that his playing stands out easily in relief against the orchestral back-

ground, that he plays with the authority of one who knows himself in a commanding position; neither is it that he has any very marked individuality of style—for, excellent and artistic as his style is, he does not strike a very personal note in the diapason of violin playing. It is that in all he does he depends wholly and instinctively upon his own force of expression, upon his own charm, and plays not to himself, but immediately and directly to his audience. He plays with the true solo player's tact, with the solo player's inborn instinct for pleasing and subduing his audience. Now, this is a quality just as compatible with the highest and sincerest art as it is with far lower phases of performance; it is, after all, an instinct for taking things by their effective side, for making them tell, and for doing as much as possible of the business one's self. Mr. Schnitzler's playing of the concerto was admirable from beginning to end; his tone is exquisite, his phrasing natural and graceful, his sentiment warm and penetrating; his *bravura* is of the most brilliant. In short, he makes a valuable addition to our already rich quota of violinists. He was very warmly received, and twice recalled after the last movement.

The next programme is: Haydn, symphony in D major (Breitkopf & Härtel and Peters editions, No. 2); Bizet, suite No. 2, from the "Arlesienne;" Beethoven, overture to "Leonore," No. 3, opus 72. Mme. Basta Tavary will sing two arias, the titles of which will be duly announced.

MUSICAL MENTION.

The Symphony Concert.

The 10th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place Saturday evening at the Music Hall. The programme was as follows: Overture, "Benvenuto Cellini," Berlioz; concerto for violin No. 4 in D minor, Vieuxtemps; and Symphony in B flat, Volkmann. Mr. I. Schnitzler was the soloist, and played the Vieuxtemps concerto in an admirable manner. He has a fine technique, a full tone, and without affectation or exaggeration executed his task in a manner that showed artistic ability and musical intelligence. He was warmly applauded and recalled.

The composition itself is one of spontaneity and skilful construction. It is also full of difficulties but the work is happily placed upon the instrument. The accompaniment was often overloud and coarse. The brilliant overture of Berlioz and the graceful and enjoyable symphony of Volkmann were played in a manner much better than the customary one of the orchestra. Next Saturday the programme will be: Symphony in D minor, Haydn; suite, "L'Arlesienne," No. 2 Bizet; overture, "Leonore," Beethoven. Mrs. Basta Tavary will be the vocalist.

WARREN DAVENPORT.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Symphony Concert—Soloist Mr. I. Schnitzler.

The Bostonians' New Opera, "The Knickerbockers"—Another "Wang" Week—Paderewski's Return—The Wagner Matinee—Nordica Operatic Concert—Last Wolff-Holm in Recital

Director Arthur Nikisch sent his last evening's audience away from the concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra at Music Hall, under his direction, in the happiest frame of mind, and one of the leading violin players of the organization, Mr. I. Schnitzler, will be apt to share in the pleasant memories of the occasion.

The programme was an eminently enjoyable one, and Mr. Schnitzler made his first appearance, and a most successful one, as soloist.

Hector Berlioz's overture to "Benvenuto Cellini" made the opening number, and the great French composer has never been better represented in this selection than in Mr. Nikisch's reading of it last evening. The band was re-enforced in the wind and percussion parts to meet the full demands of the score, and the several movements were brilliantly played throughout.

Mr. Schnitzler chose Vieuxtemps' concerto No. 4 in D minor, op. 31, for his debut as soloist, playing the complete work and in a most masterly fashion. He proved a thoroughly conscientious player, well equipped for all the demands of the concerto, and his success with the audience was in keeping with his merits. He commands the resources of the violin with rare skill, his playing is characterized by purity of tone, good taste and breadth of style, and his bowing is free and graceful at all times. He made an especially successful effort in the adagio in which the hymnlike theme was sung with fine expression upon the instrument, and in the brilliant finale the admirable style in which he played the sharply contrasting movement showed him to be an artist of broad and liberal training. He instantly attracted the attention of the audience and maintained his hold upon his public throughout the concerto, gaining repeated recalls as he finished his task, his associates in the orchestra joining heartily in the ovation in his honor.

Robert Volkmann's symphony No. 2, B flat major, made the final number of the evening's select ones, and the bright tuneful movements were given a most satisfactory interpretation, which called out the heartiest applause and left a very delightful impression of the final concert of 1892.

Mme. Basta Tavary is the soloist next Saturday evening, and the orchestra will play the Haydn symphony in D minor, Bizet's "Suite L'Arlesienne," No. 2, and the "Leonore No. 2," overture by Beethoven.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

AN EXCELLENT CONCERT BY THE SYMPHONY.

Berlioz Overture to Benvenuto Cellino a Typical Example of its School—The Composer's Indulgence in Experiments—Vieuxtemps's D Minor Violin Concerto Performed.

The overture to "Benvenuto Cellini," which began the concert of Saturday, is a typical example of the merits and defects of its school. In the domain of art it sometimes occurs that a genius arises whose paintings are out of drawing, whose perspective and groupings are not satisfactory, but who goes down through the centuries simply because of his wonderful employment of colors. There are analogous cases in the realm of music. Reduce this glowing overture from a many-colored orchestral painting to the black and white etching of a piano-forte transcription, and it becomes a very tangled affair with tattered bits of melody leading nowhere, and spasmodic thoughts lacking true development. Nor is the process of such transcription an utterly unjust one; one can apply it in the case of Beethoven or of Wagner and have a very satisfactory residuum. Given the contrasted tone-tints of the orchestra, however, allowed to spice his dish as he pleases, and Berlioz becomes sometimes great—always interesting. He differs from Wagner, and is less powerful than him, in the matter of scoring; in the grandeur of musical ideas there can be no comparison made) chiefly in the fact that the great German always knew exactly the effect that he wanted, while Berlioz frequently indulged in mere experiment.

There are such experiments in "Benvenuto Cellini," and the trombone theme with its florid violin accompaniment (excellently played it was too) pales before a similar combination made in the overture to "Tannhaeuser." The trombones had grand work to do and played exceedingly well; but Berlioz here too constantly employs these instruments in their noisiest manner, and seems not to have grasped that effective gloom, that intensified horn tone, in soft, trombone passages, which Wagner employed, and which Mozart seems to have understood. Yet the clangor and the fierce, threatening tone of these instruments was grandly effective in the combative portions of the work, and it may be possible that the chief fault here lay in the unrestrained manner in which the entire brass band was allowed to control matters in the performance. Yet I hesitate to state this defect, for the performance, as a whole, was so noble, so full of verve, that one desires only to praise. Decidedly, if our conductor has his weak points, he has his great ones, too, and it would be difficult to equal the performance of this overture in any other American orchestra.

Mr. I. Schnitzler was the soloist, and performed Vieuxtemps' D minor violin concerto. It is one of the few worthy compositions of the Franco-Belgian school, which too often gives violin fireworks for their own pyrotechnical sake. The *Adagio Religioso* is full of breadth and nobility, and the concerted work of the solo violin, harp and violoncello in this movement is true music. It is unnecessary to chronicle how well the last two instruments were played. The soloist was by no means

overweighted by his difficult task; if I except a slight flattening in pitch, and this but temporary and in the higher positions, the execution was all that could be demanded. The breadth of tone obtained in the G string passages of the finale, the security of the harmonics, the clear double-stopping, especially in the chromatic runs, and the brilliancy of the chief theme of the Scherzo, all call for favorable comment. The rustic character of the Trio of the Scherzo, the drone bass, and the pretty, pastoral character of the wood-wind passages, were well brought out in the orchestral work and formed a good contrast to the spirited and martial finale. The soloist was recalled with much enthusiasm, twice, by the audience, but did not accept encores as was done in the preceding concert.

The programme ended with Volkmann's B flat symphony, a work of shapely and melodious character and of conservative scoring. The musical essayists seem agreed that Volkmann drew inspiration from Schumann, much as Gade took sustenance from Mendelssohn, even to the extent of becoming a copy of his ideal, but in this case nothing of individuality is lost, and in fact the allegretto of this symphony is a nearer approach to that of Beethoven's eighth symphony (which forms the slow movement of that thoroughly playful work) than to anything in the Schumann repertoire; the whole symphony, indeed, is closely comparable (although at a respectful distance), in its brevity, its accelerated "slow movement," and its humorous and capricious touches, with the above-mentioned work of the symphonic master. The first movement is the most satisfactory, for there is excellent contrast of themes (the chief theme is bold and fiery, the second charmingly playful), and proper development. The reappearance of a theme from the first movement, in the midst of the second, gives a continuity to the work, and is a device which both Beethoven and Schumann had used in their symphonies, and Volkmann may have been indebted for the thought to either or both. This second movement was delightfully shaded, and the final appearance of the gavotte-like theme on the strings, pizzicato, with imitations on the woodwind, was the perfection of daintiness in its execution. In the andantino, which serves to introduce a less worthy finale, the excellent playing of the oboe against a well-balanced pizzicato accompaniment deserves much praise, and so does the shading of the crescendo which led gradually from the languor and melancholy of the third, into the dash and *brío* of the finale. The horn, too, gave its part of the dialogue with the oboe without break or blur.

But it is almost unnecessary to seek out the individual excellence where all was so well done. If the concert presented nothing of astounding depth, it gave nothing, *per contra*, that was weak or unworthy, and the brilliancy of the first, and the delicacy of the last number, redeemed the roughness and crudity that has marked the performance of some recently played masterpieces.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

SYMPHONY PROGRAMME.

Tenth Concert, With Violinist Schnitzler as Soloist.

The symphony concert last evening was one of exceeding brevity, lasting but little over an hour. Berlioz's overture to "Benvenuto Cellini," a concerto for violin by Vieuxtemps and a Volkmann symphony constituted the programme.

The Berlioz number is considered as one of his finest works, combining brilliancy, lively rhythm and characteristic orchestration, notably the heavy scoring for brasses and instruments of percussion.

The overture was finely played, the work of the brasses being particularly correct

and harmonious. The somewhat irregular Volkmann symphony, with its technical peculiarities, is an interesting composition, and it received a capital interpretation.

The soloist was Mr. I. Schnitzler, a member of the orchestra, who was heard in Vieuxtemps concerto for violin, No. 4, in D minor.

The young artist played the long and difficult selection in a generally satisfactory manner. His execution was excellent and quite smooth, and while his intonation was not always perfect, a harshness being apparent in the lower notes of his instrument when playing forte, his staccato bowing was clear, and true and delicate.

Mr. Schnitzler plays without affectation or trickery, and with the air of a well-grounded and conscientious musician. He was warmly applauded by the auditors and his fellow-musicians for his excellent performance.

The programme for the 11th rehearsal and concert this week will be Haydn's symphony in D minor; suite, "L'Arlesienne," No. 2, Bizet; overture, "Leonore," No. 3, Beethoven. Mme. Basta Tavary will be the soloist.

AMONG THE MUSICIANS.

Mr. Nickisch had arranged an especially pleasing programme for the eleventh of the series of concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Music Hall last Saturday evening. Mme. Basta Tavary was the soloist of the evening, and the appearance of this eminent artist is always greeted with pleasure. She was first heard in the "Letter" aria from "Don Giovanni," which she sang with her accustomed care and skill. Her second selection was from "Tannhauser," the aria for Elizabeth, and this she gave with great dramatic effect and musical ability, which called forth such hearty applause and repeated recalls that Mme. Tavary was obliged to reappear several times and acknowledge with her accustomed grace. The Suite 1, from Bizet's "L'Arlesienne," is singularly rich and telling in melodious numbers and instrumental coloring, with an occasional sprightly little movement, which was very enjoyable. Joseph Haydn symphony in B flat major and Beethoven's overture to "Leonore" were well rendered by the orchestra during the evening. Next week there will be no rehearsal or concert, as the orchestra will be away on one of its tours, to return Jan. 20, when Mr. Henri Marteau, the violinist, will be the soloist, and J. Raff's symphony "Im Walde."

The Symphony Concert.

The eleventh concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place at Music Hall Saturday evening. The programme consisted of symphony in B-flat, Haydn; "Letter Aria," from "Don Juan," Mozart; Suite No. 1 from "L'Arlesienne," Bizet; aria from "Tannhauser," Act 2, Scene 1, Wagner; overture to "Leonore," No. 3, Beethoven. Mrs. Basta Tavary was the vocalist. The playing of the orchestra Saturday evening, was really the best that has taken place under the present administration. The delightful Haydn symphony was rather vigorously handled, to be sure, and the forte passages were too loud, but there was not that element of coarseness in the rendering that usually permeates the efforts of the orchestra, an element that in the playing of the classics amounts to nothing less than grossness.

Haydn and Mozart need even a more delicate touch than the fairly conservative rendering that was given the Haydn symphony on this occasion. Nevertheless it was enjoyable when it is considered how much better it was than the usual offering by the orchestra in the classics. The Bizet suite was admirably played, Mr. Strausser giving the obligato for saxophone in the first movement, in his usually artistic and satisfying manner. The overture to "Leonore," if the allegro had not been taken so rapidly, would have been a performance recalling somewhat the superb manner of the orchestra under Mr. Gericke. It is to be hoped that the orchestra will keep up to this standard, if it cannot better it, under its present conductor.

Mrs. Tavary brought all the tact and skill of a long experience to aid her in her singing of her numbers. There is always an artistic intention in this vocalist's efforts, if the result realized is not of the best, technically. She was recalled after each aria. There will be no concert next Saturday evening, but on the following Saturday evening, Jan. 21, there will be an interesting programme, presenting Mr. Henri Marteau, a young violinist, just arrived in this country, who will make his debut in New York this week. The composition that he will play at his Boston appearance is not announced.

WARREN DAVENPORT.

MUSICAL.

The Symphony Concert

The concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Music Hall last night opened with a brilliant and exceptionally effective performance of Berlioz's "Benvenuto Cellini" overture, and ended with Volkmann's genial, bright and graceful symphony No. 2 in B flat, op. 53. This also was sympathetically read and delightfully played; the pretty allegretto and the tender andantino receiving especially fine treatment. The soloist was Mr. I. Schnitzler, a member of the orchestra, who played Vieuxtemps's Concerto for violin, No. 4, in D minor, Op. 31, a serious work, not overlaid with virtuoso passages, dignified in style, and making its strongest demands on the finer and deeper qualities of the artistic intelligence of the performer. Mr. Schnitzler has a pure and full tone, an ample and flexible technique, large freedom and ease in bowing, and excellent taste. Not and then his intonation was slightly inaccurate but on the whole, he played well in tune. His cantabile playing is especially warm and broad, and his style is sincere, generally. The effort was commendable for its frank straightforwardness and for the excellent schooling that it evidenced. He was applauded with cordial enthusiasm, and vigorously recalled. The programme for the next concert is: Symphony, D minor Haydn; suite "L'Arlesienne," No. 2, Bizet; Overture, "Leonore," No. 3, Beethoven. The soloist is Mme. Basta Tavary, who will sing two arias.

THE SYMPHONY.

A PIANO RECITAL IN AN ORCHESTRAL FRAME.

Much to Praise and to Condemn—Handel's Masterpiece Given by the Handel and Haydn Society—An Auspicious Opening of the Season—Other Musical Events—Notes.

The concert of Saturday was in a large degree a piano recital, set in an orchestral frame. One can best understand how the dignity of these concerts has departed when the circumstances attending this concert are taken into consideration. The concerto originally announced (by Tschai-kowsky) was shelved "on account of the incorrect orchestral parts provided,"—according to a footnote on the programme. In its stead were given three solo works of the usual recital order. Two of these were Chopin numbers, for which it was scarcely worth importing a pianist into this city of pianists. The third was a showy display of technique that was totally out of place at a symphony concert, and was about as well fitted to precede Wagner's "Waldesweben" as a Tupper poem to precede Shakespeare. But, after all, it did not precede Wagner for an unexpected interpolation took place that must have surprised the regular symphony auditors. Recalled with considerable enthusiasm, which, judged from the technical side, was

deserved, the young pianist—Miss Castellano by name,—tripped gaily back to the instrument and added another piece of virtuosity. Again applauded, she returned and gave a quaint, Gavotte-like work in the antique vein. There was some danger of her adding yet another number, but with the double encore the interpolations ceased. There may be a few who imagine that it is hypercritical to censure a young artist for readily yielding to what she conceived to be the demand of the public; to such it must be stated that there is an art (now almost a lost one) which is called "programme-making," and five piano solos, mostly of the personal display type, violated the unities terribly, and did not serve to usher in Wagner and Mendelssohn in a satisfactory manner. Public applause is not the chief factor in this matter, although the actions of the symphonic authorities might lead one to think differently, for the public applaud Patti's "Home Sweet Home" with as much fervor as "Walther's Prize Song," and were our conductor to give Gounod's "Marche Funebre d'une Marionnette" he would win more hand-clapping response than ever has been given to a Beethoven symphony. Miss Castellano deserves much praise for a brilliant technical display, but not for the aptness of her selections, or for any especial depth of feeling displayed in them, but the last quality may come with riper years, for the pianist is probably the youngest that has recently appeared at these concerts.

The overture to "Le Roi d'Ys" was most brilliantly performed. It is just the music that gives our conductor a chance to display his best points. Bold martial rhythms, tender, Goldmarkian, sensuous love-themes, and fiery trumpet fanfares, here unite to give a picture that is none too deep, but is graphic, and decidedly popular in the best sense of the word. One can pay tribute, too, to the unforced style of the writing: though there is little of novelty, there is nothing of straining. It was a spicy work, nicely performed.

Wagner's "Waldesweben" was both good and bad in its presentation. The first part was ragged, but the passages for the strings *divisi* were very well done and the oboe work was commendable. The passages for the *Glockenspiel* were not in strict time, and blurred the ensemble occasionally.

Mendelssohn's "Italian" symphony began with a furious tempo, but the strings were able to sustain it, although the wind instruments showed occasionally that the pace was too severe for them. The introductory measures of the andante were very tattered and irregular but the viola work in the beautiful chief theme was admirable. What a theme it is to portray the true viola tone-color! It has more of the dreamy melancholy of the instrument than even the theme of Berlioz's "Childe Harold" symphony, which is considered the most typical of viola themes. In the trio of the scherzo the horns did their work without a break, but the passages could have been more delicately shaded. The Saltarello was very brilliant, and the rapid triplet figures were given, at least by the strings, with a degree of clearness that was astonishing: the dainty lightness of it all proved that the conductor appreciated the distinction between the skipping grace of

the Soltarello and the vehemence of the Tarantella a distinction that is not always made. I had nearly forgotten to chronicle the cello theme in the opening overture. It was entirely excellent. But in the matter of solo work our orchestra is almost beyond cis-Atlantic competition, and every *obbligato* is nearly perfect. May we some day be able to say the same of every *ensemble* effect. LOUIS C. ELSON.

SYMPHONY GIRLS.

Amy Robsart at the Rehearsal.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON ROUT.

The Fun at Music Hall Began Early—
Three Hours of Patience—Mr.
Nikisch and his Soloist—Tunes
and Technique—Fiddlers'
Diamonds.

I went to the Symphony rehearsal yesterday.

So did a very big contingent of Boston and the suburbs.

I went early, to see the fun.

If you don't believe thoroughly in the musical enthusiasm of the Boston girl, go early some rehearsal afternoon to Music Hall and stand around the edges of the second balcony crowd waiting in the corridor.

At noon yesterday the Symphony girls began to gather.

The doors are not open until 1:30 p. m. Mr. Nikisch does not lift his baton until 2:30.

Consider the patience of that crowd!

But if you value the wholeness of your garments and the safety of your bonnet, don't confide in it; don't insinuate yourself in its midst.

Spectacled young girls and middle-aged girls; girls chatting in couples and groups packed close; solitary girls; girls with bags and with music rolls; girls reading the Century and Harper's while they wait, wedged in; girls browsing in dog-eared volumes; girls very smart as to gowns and hats, and girls very shabby; girls rural and girls sophisticated; girls in the first stages of Richardson or Czerny and girls who

have been teaching scales and five-finger exercises half a lifetime.

But all of them Symphony girls, each with a precious bit of pasteboard entitling them to admission to the second balcony where there are no seats reserved, and it is a matter of first come first served. Every one of those 466 girls yesterday meant to be first.

There was no doubt of it.

Patiently they waited.

They crowded close and closer, in a condensed mass of gowns and bonnets and breathless expectation.

At last the doors were opened.

Rushing, pushing, elbowing, prying forward by main strength, pell mell they made for the stairs; veils were torn off, skirts ripped, bonnets pulled askew, hair disordered, ribs poked, toes trodden, in the merciless onslaught; the strongest took precedence, the weakest struggled bravely after and the ticket-takers worked with both hands.

A rout of the gallery gods was not to be compared to it.

Filling Music Hall.

Into the big bare balcony they dodged by a dozen doors.

In five minutes the balcony was filled; in ten it was crowded.

It took fifty minutes to fill the first balcony, the floor and the aisles on either side, while the orchestra men filed in a desultory way into their places under the white curtained drop lights and began a melancholy prelude of squeakings and moanings in thirds and sixths, keying up fiddles and flutes.

All this time the second balconyites were rustling the yellow-backed programmes and reading Mr. Apthorp's contributions to recent musical literature.

A Picture of Nikisch.

Then a little man in black broadcloth paced in a slow, soliloquistic way across the stage.

A little man, very sleek and shiny, compact and well-tailored, his Prince Albert coat buttoned close, a rim of snowy linen dividing the black of his long locks and the black of his coat at the neck, big, big cuffs, and his face almost as white as his linen against the dark background of hair, brows and beard.

Conductor Nikisch, of course.

Beethoven in bronze looked down benignly on the flutter of bows and the flash of brasses.

Nikisch in broadcloth, on his little pedestal opposite, ran his eyes in a quick, comprehensive glance across his orchestra.

He lifted the baton.

It was Berlioz's overture to "Benvenuto Cellini."

Over across the hall Apollo, the Greek, stood posed in marble, listening.

The Symphony girls in the second balcony were only ears and eyes.

The Symphony girls on the floor leaned forward in various attitudes of melody-drinking and rapturous expression.

Fine and clear and brilliant the music, with now a clash of cymbals and now a thread of sweet sounds that the magician

wound with subtle passes about his white wand in invisible gossamers; winding, winding, with deft, dainty jugglery, until at the climax of some brilliant crescendo he flung the whole cobweb bubble of melody off into space from the tip of his baton with a single flourish of his white, supple, dexterous hands.

In the interim before the Vieuxtemps violin concerto, while the patter of applause fell like the big hurried drops of an April shower, the Symphony girls broke into chatter, especially the Symphony girls standing in the floor aisles.

"I should feel awfully if I had to stay away a Friday afternoon," commented the eye-glasses.

"Then you are here often?" asked the spectacles.

Confidences in the Aisle.

"I haven't missed a single rehearsal in three years. I used to stand over in the other aisle, but I think you can see better over here. I'd about as soon be in the upper balcony, only one has to come so early to get any kind of a seat, and here when it is a rainy day sometimes one gets a chance to sit down, and if one is early almost always for the first number so many people come late, and get shut out till the second."

Ingenious little Symphony girl, blessed be the tardy!

Then came Mr. Schnitzler with his violin.

"It's too bad his nose is so long," said the pretty girl next me, regretfully sniffing the violets on her muff.

"But he plays perfectly lovely," she added conciliatingly.

"— Nine — ten — eleven — there! I've counted a dozen diamond rings on a dozen little fingers up there, and yet they say men are not vain. Want to call attention to their white hands—it just makes me tired to see them," this spitefully from the pretty girl again.

While the orchestra began the introduction Mr. Schnitzler held his violin in front of him gingerly in one hand and bashfully proceeded to arrange his necktie with the other.

Every girl in the audience had a nervous desire to help him, he obviously was having such a hard time with it.

But just then he tucked his violin under his chin and began.

The Symphony girls couldn't have helped him here.

They leaned forward with rapt attention.

How he played!

Now it was a gentle minor andante with softly flowing numbers and flute-like flights of sound, and then a brilliant scherzo with crisp bright dancing notes.

How the Symphony girls applauded him, and how the members of the orchestra applauded, too.

But he wouldn't be encored.

He got into his own seat in the ranks of the orchestra, and after a little handshaking all around—whole-souled bonhomie that made the Symphony girl want to hug herself out of sympathy—the Volkmann symphony began.

I don't know anything about music.

Only about the sensual pleasure of sweet

sounds—something like the intoxication of hasheesh perhaps.

So I listened to the Symphony girls splitting hair-breadths of technique and gushing adjectives all the way through the corridors and down the stairs, with a little smile at the musical Greek of it.

"And Paderewski will be here next week, just think!" I caught as I passed out.

Music Hall is a wonderful place.

AMY ROBSART.

ABOUT MUSIC.

The Tenth Concert of the Symphony Orchestra.

The First Appearance of Mr. Schnitzler, Violinist.

Several Antidotes Against Severe Pianoforte Poisoning.

The programme of the tenth Symphony concert was as follows:

Overture, "Benvenuto Cellini".....Berlioz
Concerto for viol. No. 4, D minor.....Vieuxtemps
Symphony, No. 2, B flat.....Volkmann

Mr. I. Schnitzler, a member of the orchestra, was the solo violinist of the evening. From the technical standpoint his performance deserved warm praise. He played fluently, without extravagance, with musical intelligence. It is true that occasionally, and then chiefly in bravura, he strayed from the true pitch; but in cantabile his intonation was pure and his delivery was frank. Mr. Schnitzler made a very favorable impression, and he was applauded loudly and deservedly. Whether Mr. Schnitzler, as violinist, has that great gift or rare acquirement known as temperament real or feigned is another question. He would in all probability always command respect, possibly hearty admiration. I do not think, however, that he can wind his fiddle strings around the heart or hypnotize the hearer. It is true that the music played by him does not lend itself to such interesting and dangerous experiments.

For the D minor concerto of Vieuxtemps is a serious work, dignified, and at times almost noble. Vieuxtemps himself hesitated about playing it in public, for, although it was finished in 1850, he did not produce it in any concert in Polish or Austrian city that year. Not until he was in Paris in December, 1851, did the great violinist so highly esteemed by Schumann, Berlioz and Wagner allow it to go upon a programme. On that occasion Berlioz wrote

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a glowing account of the performance and praised highly the work itself. "The composer is here almost jealous of the virtuoso; and yet what a brilliant task he has allotted him. * * * The ideas are spontaneous, numerous; and they are always clothed with an instrumental dress that heightens the effect. The scherzo is indeed singular; it is a difficult task for the leader of the orchestra and for the violinist to arrive at the end without a slip."

Vieuxtemps, by the way, was born the 17th of February, 1820, not the 20th, as stated by the programme book. Many biographers, with Fetis at the head, say the 20th. Vieuxtemps, in his autobiography, is clear that it was the 17th, and his friends Radoux and Kupperath, in their lives of the great violinist, follow his own direction.

It may be of interest now that Hollman, the cellist, has played in Boston, to listen to the opinion of Vieuxtemps concerning him. Vieuxtemps finished his first concerto for violoncello in January, 1876. Hollman sought counsel concerning the proper interpretation of the work, which was first played by Joseph Servais. It is recorded that Vieuxtemps spoke as follows concerning the former cellist: "Hollman is the Dutch cellist, with his powerful tone, his bow of steel. He plays my concerto superbly, with vigorous tone, incredible strength, but not with the magic charm of Servais. The latter is more refined, more delicate, more remarkable in expression and in variety of color. The other, however, is young, zealous, industrious, an enthusiast. * * * I could fashion him into a great antagonist, with whom it would be dangerous to contend."

The orchestra gave Saturday evening a brilliant performance of the "Benvenuto Cellini" overture by Berlioz. The overture has made the swing of the pendulum. In early days it provoked such men as Louis Ehler to rhapsodical praise; and now many thoughtful French and German search in it in vain for one great musical thought, and prefer "Le Carnaval Romain," the companion piece. The believer in programme music may here find, possibly, the full expression of the mad, artistic and adventurous life of that singular genius and cut-throat, Cellini, who boasted of his descent from a Captain in the Army of Julius Caesar. The concert-goer who seeks merely amusement listens to a concert overture where there is much ado about nothing, and he may console himself with the remark of Ehler, that the mistakes of a giant are more interesting than the truisms of a dwarf.

The Volkmann Symphony is pleasing music, and it was played in a charming and sympathetic manner. The second and third movements were particularly delightful, and the solo passages of the andantino were treated con amore. It is true that the symphony is not "great" or "profound" music, but it is a pleasure to hear occasionally music that does not prescribe to itself very preposterously. "It has become the fashion to write overtures to subjects like Lear, Faust, Manfred and Hamlet—subjects that, if one be not a great man, must further in the most dangerous manner all unhealthy and improper tendencies. What demands do we not make that we may be able to enjoy in such cases, and—pardon the inversion—with what a measure of delight is not our enjoyment exacted from us? What have we to do with spiritual sprains, in which form musicians exhibit before us their soul suffering? I will openly assert that I discover more genuine intended and expressed art sense in Strauss's 'Beautiful Blue Danube' than in all the caricatures of puffed-up, modern romantic music."

The pianists are upon us. Again will there be various interpretations of Beethoven and Chopin and conflicting opinions. The concert-goer who wishes an antidote against pianoforte poisoning should first of all read diligently Louis Pagnier's treatise on "The Evil Influence of the Pianoforte on Music as an Art."

He may then find comparative relief in the following definitions and sayings, borrowed for the most part from the French.

A "pianoteuse" is a female pianist who spends her time in torturing the ears of the neighbors by playing without style, without taste and with the imperturbability of a country girl of marriageable age, a great repertoire of light music which under her untrained fingers stabs the hearers.

"The pianoforte is the gatling gun of peace." A horse that trots irregularly is said to "play the pianoforte."

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PHILIP HALE

MUSIC. July 1, 93

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MUSIC. Jan 193

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The Second Boston Symphony Concert.

THE program scheme of the second concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which occurred last Thursday evening at Chickering Hall, was simple and well contrasted. Johannes Brahms' third symphony in F, op. 90, Dr. Antonin Dvorák's D major suite for orchestra, Wagner's "Kaiser Marsch" and Chopin's "Andante," "Spianato" and "Polonaise," the latter played by Miss Suza Doane with orchestral accompaniment, comprised the evening's entertainment.

The performance of the Brahms' symphony must surely have appealed to his enemies, for it contains so many beauties—beauties of mood, beauties of color, of workmanship; in a word, a genuinely inspired work of art.

Mr. W. F. Apthorpe's remarks in the analytical program would lead one to expect a composition as a whole sombre in its savagery, full of gloom and mistiness and soul strife. As if to prove that he can be Allegro as well as Penseroso, Ariel as well as Caliban, Brahms seems to have composed this symphony in the happiest frame of mind. There is much that is tragic, much that is dramatic, but not the gruesome, morbidly theatric exploitation of soul states that one often encounters in modern symphonic music. Health, magnificent, manly, mental health predominates; and color there is, mood coloring, subtle, swiftly transitory, darkling at times, but the basic keynote throughout is pitched high, blithe, sweetly eloquent and even fiery. The color scheme, as far as the instrumentation, is brighter, less turbid and generally clearer than much of Brahms' orchestral work. It must be confessed that his orchestral speech at times is stammering and crass, but it very often suits his moods. Why frame an epic with the airy trellises, the ornamental curvings of a piquant com-

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edy? Brahms is Brahms, and we have to accept him and his shortcomings. The envelope is rough, even repelling, but the kernel is always sound and sweet. He reminds one in this particular of Robert Browning.

The orchestral garb of the beautiful third movement, the allegretto in C minor, seems to fit the orchestra better than does the instrumentation of the other three movements; upon its quaint, pathetic grace one cannot dwell sufficiently. It is a musical gem of the first water and is accorded a better setting than most of Brahms's precious musical stones. The symphony was played by Mr. Nikisch with a clear sympathetic fire, that burned brightly to the close. It was not the most favorable night for music, but the orchestra has seldom played better here. Dr. Dvorák's suite was extremely interesting in character and invention. It is built on characteristic dance motives, and its composer's ingenuity and deftness, even where the musical idea is slight, is extraordinary. Dvorák is the landscape painter among modern composers. He has genuine feeling for out of door scenes, he is breezy, sane, and his Bohemian blood sparkles and surges through this suite. The bagpipe drone of the præludium, the melancholy grace of the polka, the delightful measures of the menuet, the poetry of the romanza, admirable in its scoring for the woodwind, and the furiant finale, with its tangle of cross rhythms—bold, impetuous, galloping across country—and its closing chords, religious in color (Dr. Dvorák is a good Roman Catholic), all these made the suite delightfully good music.

It also was superbly played, though the tempi were open to criticism.

One wishes that Miss Suza Doane, who was a Reinecke pupil, could, in her piano playing have come up to the standard of the evening. But she is young, quite talented, and was very nervous, hence her playing sounded angular, awkward and constrained. She possesses a fluent technic, an incisive touch (often forced and hard), and has evidently been well schooled.

She was received well, and for encore played Liszt's setting of Mendelssohn's "Auf flueglen des gesanges" in anything but a poetic manner.

The evening closed with a brilliant performance of Wagner's pompous march, in which the orchestra was splendidly sonorous and satisfying. The third concert takes place January 12.

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Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1892-93.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. ARTHUR NIKISCH, Conductor.

XI. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, AT 8 P. M.

PROGRAMME.

JOSEPH HAYDN. SYMPHONY in B flat major (Breitkopf & Haertel. No. 12).
I. Largo. B flat major. Allegro vivace. B flat major.
II. Adagio. F major.
III. Menuetto: Allegro. B flat major.
Trio: The same tempo. B flat major.
IV. Finale: presto. B flat major.

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART. "LETTER"-ARIA from "Don Giovanni,"
Act II., Scene 13.
DONNA ANNA: (Recitative.) "Crudele? Ah no, mio bene!"
(Rondo: Larghetto). "Non mi dir, bell' idol mio."
(Allegretto moderato). "Forse un giorno il cielo ancora."

GEORGES BIZET. SUITE No. 1 from "L'Arlesienne."
I. Prelude: Allegro deciso (tempo di marcia). C minor.
II. Minuetto: Allegro giocoso. C minor.
III. Adagietto: Adagio. F major.
IV. Carillon: Allegretto moderato. E. major.

RICHARD WAGNER. ARIA from "Tanhaeuser," Act. II., Scene 1.
ELISABETH: (Allegro). "Dich, theure Halle, gruess' ich wieder."

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN. OVERTURE to "Leonore," No. 3, op. 72.
Adagio. C major. Allegro. C major.

SOLOIST:

MME. BASTA TAVARY.

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.

MUSICAL.

The Symphony Concert.

The programme for the eleventh concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in Music Hall, last night, was: Symphony, B-flat (B. & H. No. 12), Haydn; the "Letter" aria from Don Juan, Mozart; Suite No. 1, "L'Arlesienne," Bizet; Air, "Dich theure Halle," from "Tannhauser," Wagner; and Overture "Leonore," No. 3, Beethoven. Madame Basta Tavary was the soloist. The Symphony was beautifully played throughout, though it was read in a somewhat too modern vein, and the first allegro was taken at a pace so rapid that its piquant grace was somewhat marred, and a vigor was imparted to the movement that misrepresented it. The charming Bizet suite was delightfully given in both the reading and the performance. The emphasis throughout was admirable and the coloring was rich and brilliant. Madame Tavary sang the Mozart aria with the ease and freedom of an experienced artist, though in a dry and perfunctory manner. The recitative would have been more effective had it been given with greater breadth. Some liberties were taken with the last movement, that cannot be approved. Mozart needs no gratuitous ornamentation, and the run that was interpolated and the high note that was given at the close could well have been spared. If the composer had wanted them he would have written them down. This "improving" a great master, especially when that master is a Mozart, assumes, very much, the aspect of an unpardonable impertinence. The "Tannhauser" air was spiritedly sung, though with an excess of sentimentality in the opening recitative. The artist was recalled twice after each aria. The programme for the next concert is: Overture, "In the Spring," Goldmark; Symphony, "Im Walde," Raff, and a violin concerto. The soloist will be Monsieur Henri Marteau.

BASTA-TAVARY.

Journal
She Will Sing This Evening
in Music Hall.

A Sketch of a Woman of Marked
Versatility.

From Cologne to Munich—From
London to New York.

The outside of the throat of a singer is more interesting to many than the tones that issue and create waves of air. Tamagno washing his socks aroused as much attention as Tamagno the slayer of Desdemona. I am told that there are people who awake at dead of night and wonder whether Paderewski wears a wig. It is the old story. Boswell is read and "The Rambler" is forgotten. The documents consulted

most curiously are "human documents," and there was such cultivation of curiosity before the Goncourt Brothers invented the phrase.

The singer baffles curiosity while she excites it. The field of her triumphs is seen through the colored glass of her imagination. She knows not disaster. She is always the favorite pupil of her master. But in her answers to definite questions she defies chronology, and mocks time and space.

When a singer appears and applause rends the air questions follow the applause. "Where was she born? When was she born?" And often, alas, "Why was she born?" would be a more appropriate question. "Has she a mother?" This is a needless inquiry. A well-conducted singer always has a mother as well as jewels. The mother is devoted to her, lives for her, protects her, but in many cases she does not look like her. And so it was in Venice when Benedetto Marcello threw his vitriolic satire in the face of the voluptuous queens of the operatic stage.

Mrs. Basta-Tavary sings in Music Hall this evening. It is not her first appearance in the town, but it is her first appearance in a Symphony concert. Questions that may be asked this evening can now be answered. Here is her picture.



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I do not know her maiden name. She is of Russian parentage, and her mother was a singer before her. The Basta was one of the innumerable pupils of Liszt; and she might have thum-

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I do not know her maiden name. She is of Russian parentage, and her mother was a singer before her. The Basta was one of the innumerable pupils of Liszt; and she might have thun-

dered his picture and gypsy music in the cities of the globe. Fortunately she turned from the error of her ways and studied singing, first with Marchesi, then with Lamperti. She learned dramatic action with Roger, that great glory of the French operatic stage. Let us see. Roger died in 1876; so she must have been with him before she said good-by to 17. She made her debut at La Scala in Milan as Lucia. She sang soon afterward in Berlin. In 1882 she appeared as Carmen in Cologne. And then she went to Munich.

I first saw "Frau Basta" in August, 1882, in the Royal Theatre at Dresden. She was not a member of the company, but she was a "visitor" from the Munich Opera House. She then sang Isabelle in "Robert the Devil," and she told Robert with great emphasis that she loved him. Now Robert was a short, fat man named Riese. He had a sweet voice and was once a trombone player.

Two nights after I heard her as the Queen of Night in "The Magic Flute." The Queen of Night, you remember, is a woman with a high voice and a high temper, and she has an unpleasant habit of appearing when you least expect her.

August 23 of the same year Mrs. Basta lost her reason and kept her bravura as the unhappy Lucia.

In September—it was the 30th—1884, I assisted at a representation of Halevy's gloomy opera, "The Jewess." There on the stage was my old friend as Eudoxie, the part created by Dorus-Gras. The Princess or the Queen in French opera of the Meyerbeer period had always taken singing lessons so that she could trill for hours and spend days in directing vocal cascades.

Presio. The 4th of October she was Carmen. The German Carmen, as a rule, has studied Spain only in the geography of school. But I forget; I record simply; I should not pass judgment.

In November, '84, she was the jealous woman in "Norma," who is jealous and imploring in solo and duet. Vorl was the tenor; and, by the way, was there ever such a contemptible stage hero for two respectable women to fight over as the Roman proconsul of Benini?

Basta was the Susanna in "Figaro's Wedding," a month later. And in January, 1885, I said good-by to her for a season. It was the 4th, and as Oscar, the page, in "Gustav III," she was plump and pleasing.

Now the poor, mad Bavarian King, the friend of Wagner, was fond of Basta in his musical, platonic fashion. He liked her as Eva. It is said he was so pleased with her that he gave her a brilliant and solid diamond ring; that he commanded a picture of her in the character of Eva to be painted for his own collection.

And then Basta wandered. She sang in the Italian language in Moscow and St. Petersburg. Augustus Harris heard of her, and she signed a three years' engagement for London. In Covent Garden she swore vengeance against Don Juan.

The Minnie Hauk Opera Company sang "Carmen" at the Boston Theatre Nov. 30, 1891. Michaela went timidly across the stage in search of Don Jose. I rubbed my eyes. It was the Basta. But according to the programme it was Basta-Tavary. It was the same Basta, however. The face is one not to be mistaken. During that engagement she sang Margaret in "Faust," Senta in "The Flying Dutchman," Donna Anna in "Don Juan" and Martha in Flotow's opera. Since that engagement she has sung in concerts at Tremont Temple and Music Hall. Last fall she was engaged by the managers of the Worcester Festival of '92.

Mrs. Basta-Tavary will sing this evening "Non mi dir," from "Don Giovanni," and the air from "Tannhauser," Act II, scene I.

PHILIP HALE.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Symphony Concert, Soloist Mme. Tavary.

Return of the Damrosch Orchestra—The Second Wagner Matinee Under Herr Seidl's Direction—Intense Interest in Paderewski's Recitals—The Nordica Operatic Concert—Notes.

The engagement of Mme. Tavary as the soloist at the Symphony concert in Music Hall last evening, the 11th of the season's series by the Boston orchestra, gave great satisfaction to those who have anticipated with pleasure this recognition of Mme. Tavary's eminent abilities.

The favor this singer has gained with the Boston public, in her appearances under other auspices here, was clearly shown in the hearty greeting which attended her first appearance, and she fully met the expectations of those familiar with her earlier local successes in both her numbers.

She was first heard in the "Letter aria" from "Don Giovanni," in which her singing of the melodious movements charmed all who heard her and quite merited the enthusiastic applause with which she was rewarded at its conclusion. Her eminent ability as an actress, quite as much as her skill as a musician, served her in good stead in this number, and the rare musical intelligence of the singer was prominently shown at all times.

She made an admirably contrasting choice in her second selection, the aria for Elizabeth in the second act of "Tannhauser," which was given with such a breadth of dramatic style and such a grand measure of artistic elegance in its delivery that it called out an ovation seldom given at these concerts. Repeated recalls after each selection were most gracefully recognized by Mme. Tavary.

Mr. Nikisch has not often given the patrons of these concerts a more enjoyable treat than that afforded by the playing of the first suite from Bizet's "L'Arlesienne," the brilliant and dainty movements having a performance that brought out their captivating contrasts in the happiest manner.

A very satisfying recital of Haydn's symphony in B flat major No. 12 (B. & H.) introduced the evening's programme, and an equally pleasing performance of the "Leonore" overture No. 3 ended it.

The orchestra makes its occasional tour the coming week, and will resume its home concerts on the 20th inst., when M. Henri Marteau, violinist, is to be the soloist, and Raff's "Im Walde" the symphony.

ABOUT MUSIC.

The Eleventh Concert of the Symphony Orchestra.

Concerning Bizet's Music to "L'Arlesienne."

Basta-Tavary Sings Arias of Two Centuries.

The eleventh symphony concert gave much pleasure to a large audience. The programme was interesting, although there was no novelty; it was well contrasted and it was of reasonable length. The performance of the orchestra was almost always acceptable and often brilliant. The programme was as follows:

Symphony, B flat (B and H No. 12) Haydn
"Non mi dir" from "Don Giovanni" Mozart
Suite "L'Arlesienne," No. 1 Bizet
"Dieu, que l'homme est grand" from "Tannhauser" Wagner
Overture, "Leonore," No. 3 Beethoven

The feature of the concert was the excellent performance of Bizet's charming suite made by him from his incidental music to Daudet's play. The second suite from this music of 24 numbers in all was published after Bizet's death and was arranged for concert use by Ernest Guiraud.

The account of this suite that is published in the programme book is unsatisfactory. In the first place Bizet's name was Alexandre-Cesar-Léopold, and not "Charles," etc. Bizet's godfather preferred the name "Georges," and the composer of "Carmen" is thus named by the world.

The operetta "Docteur Miracle" was written in competition for performance at the Bouffes-Parisiens under Offenbach as manager. Bizet took the first prize ex aequo with Lecocq, and the two operettas were played alternately.

In the Entr'acte of the programme book there is a quotation from Zola in which "L'Arlesienne" is spoken of as a "failure," and there is no mention of the final success of Daudet's piece. It is true that when the play was first brought out at the Vaudeville, Oct. 1, 1872, it was a failure, and there were only 14 or 15 performances. But it was given at the Odeon in 1887, and then played 63 times. In 1887 at the same theatre it had 42 performances.

The simple play of Daudet is not so well-known to concert-goers that a sketch of it in explanation would have been impertinent. A young farmer, Frederi, is madly in love with a girl of Arles. He is about to marry her when it is discovered that she is an infamous woman. The unfortunate young man tries to forget her. He makes love to Vivette, a charming girl whom he has known from infancy, but the recollection of the cursed Arlesienne paralyzes his love-making and keeps alive his sorrow. One night, while the peasants celebrate the

festival of Saint-Eloi and dance the farandole, he throws himself out of the loft of the farmhouse and breaks his skull on the pavement of the court.

The original music to this play was written for the orchestra of the Vaudeville, which was thus curiously made up: Seven first violins, no second violins, two violas, five cellos, two double basses, one flute, one oboe, one cornet, two horns, two bassoons, kettle drums, harmonium and pianoforte. The harmonium was behind the scene and it was played by Bizet and at times by Guiraud. The orchestra was directed by Constantin.

The suite now known in the concert halls of the world was rewritten by Bizet for concert use. He changed the instrumentation and arranged it for a full orchestra. The suite was first played in its new form at a Concert Pasdeloup, Nov. 10, 1872. It was admitted to the honor of Conservatory performance in 1875. When the drama was revived the second instrumentation of Bizet was used by Colonne, who directed the orchestra at the Odeon performances.

The programme book says that the Prelude opens with "a solemn, march-like theme." Now this "march-like theme" is a march tune, and one that is well known throughout France. It is an old Provencal Noct (or Christmas song), the "Marche du Roi," the march of the Kings, the words of which are attributed to King Rene. The melody is two centuries older than the text. It is often called the March of Turin.

The second part of the Prelude is composed of two distinct ideas that play a great part in the drama. The first is the "sweet and sympathetic theme, veiled by the sonority of the saxophone with a shadow of mysterious melancholy." And now comes an excellent illustration of the fact that music is an individual affair. A certain strain means one thing to one man, another thing to another man. The author of the programme book thought that Bizet drew "his inspiration from an idea akin to Mephistopheles's: 'O night, spread thy shade over them; Love, close their souls against prying remorse; and ye, flowers of subtle odor, complete the perturbation of Margaret's heart!'" In other words the music suggested guilty passion. The andante is "morbid, if you will, but it is of an unearthly beauty." Alas for human conjecture! This theme is the music of the innocent, Frederi's pure and sweet brother, whose reason slumbers until it is awakened by the tragic death of the passionate young man. To a third or fourth hearer, unacquainted with the story and the fitting music, the phrase might mean something else, might awaken thoughts of a landscape, regret, a picture, or what-you-will.

The second idea in the second part of the prelude is the passion of Frederi, a strong, terrible lament, which cries out in agony and with convulsive sobs.

The exquisite adagietto accompanies the meeting of Balthazar, the old shepherd, and the grandmother of Vivette. They had loved each other in their youth, but she became the wife of another, and he then shunned her. They met for the first time in many years, although they had not been widely separated by distance, at the betrothal of Frederi and Vivette. Listen to this speech of Mere Renaud: "And when I heard your dogs bark, and I recognized afar off your great cloak, it took all my might to keep me from running to you. Now our sorrow is over, and we can look at each other without blushing. Balthazar, would you be ashamed to kiss me, now that I am old and wrinkled? Press me close to your heart, my brave good man. I have owed you this kiss for 50 years."

Camille Bellalgue protests against the separation of the music from the drama: "As if one could detach the colors from the canvass; as if the supreme beauty of these melodies, these ritornelles, these chords (for sometimes they are only choros) did not consist in rigid adherence, so to speak, to the situations, the words and the gestures."

The suite was read and played in a most sympathetic manner. There is only one serious criticism to make in regard to the reading and that concerns the treatment of the "Innocent music" in the prelude. The languid, melancholy, unearthly air was taken at such a quick pace that the phrase seemed hurried, nervous, restless; its character was destroyed and there was little effect of any kind. With this exception the performance of the suite was one long to be remembered. Particularly delightful was the interpretation of the Intermezzo, generally known as the "Menuet des Vieillards," or the "Menuet Valse," in which the phrase which forms the middle part is thought by a fanciful French writer to "express well the gentle and resigned tenderness of two aged lovers in the drama, who interchange souvenirs full of subdued emotion." What Bizet thought of it is another matter; he was no doubt chiefly busied in writing good music.

The Haydn symphony was well played in spite of occasional traces of ultra-modern proclivities of the conductor, and the "Leonore" overture was read in a highly dramatic fashion. All in all, it was a most agreeable concert, and one of reasonable length.

A sketch of the career of Mrs. Basta-Tavary appeared in the Journal of last Saturday, and there is now no need of calling attention to what she has done or left undone. She is fond of the "Letter-aria," from "Don Giovanni," and she sings it on all occasions. In the sketch published Saturday I forgot to mention that in March, '92, Mrs. Tavary was Donna Anna in the poor performance of "Don Giovanni," by the Abbey, Schoffel & Grau Company at Mechanics' Hall. Saturday evening she showed herself to be a singer of experience. The recitative was lacking in breadth, and there was, on the whole, an absence of the "grand style." On the other hand, much of her detail in the large-voiced passages was admirable. As for the bravura passages that follow, I confess that I sympathize with Berlioz and detest them, unless the performance is a triumph of the vocal art. Mrs. Tavary's delivery was uneven, and that which was good and that which was bad were close together. Breathing and consequent phrasing would be worthy of the highest praise; and then a pinched tone or a meaningless explosion would offend. She did not rise to true Wagnerian dramatic intensity in the "Tannhauser" air; that is to say, she did not follow the traditions. Whenever I heard this air sung by a stout, red-faced mistress of the Wagnerian art in Berlin, Dresden or Munich, the song was one long, heaven-defying howl. Then great was the enjoyment of the audience. Mrs. Tavary is to be thanked for her moderation.

There will be no rehearsal and concert this week. The programme of the rehearsal and concert Jan. 20, 21, will be as follows: Goldmark's overture, "In the Spring," and Raff's Forest symphony. Mr. Henri Marteau, a young French violinist, will be heard in a concerto for violin and orchestra.

PHILIP HALE.

Echoes From The Symphony Orchestra Concert.

Paderewski's Second Piano Recital—Urania Spectacle Tonight.

Damrosch and New York Symphony Orchestra—Lieut. Peary's Lecture.

Mme. Basta-Tavary was the soloist at the Symphony concert last evening, singing Donna Anna's letter song from "Don Giovanni" and an aria from Wagner's "Tannhauser." The talented soprano is a favorite with Bostonians, and her reception was most cordial. In the Giovanni aria the recitative was given with excellent dramatic effect, although madame's voice was not at its best, and the rondo and closing part showed marked improvement in tone quality. More satisfactory was the "Tannhauser" selection, the Wagner music suiting her voice better, and her strong, clear and true vocalizing rang out above the orchestra with telling effect. Although an opera singer, and heard to greater advantage with theatre surroundings, Mme. Tavary's concert work is always of a high order of merit, and in both selections she merely utilized her vocal abilities without any suggestion of dramatic action. She was recalled several times.

Haydn's symphony in B flat major, No. 12, was the opening number. Although this is scored for a full orchestra there are no clarinets introduced, and the part for the second flute is almost entirely done away with. The introduction, a lively allegro, resembles a country dance tune and two themes play "hide and seek," as it were, until a sudden rest ensues; then at last the second theme is introduced by a phrase on the strings; an odd bit of orchestration. The opening was played with a delightful dash by the strings, while the sombre closing themes showed the almost perfect team work of Mr. Nikisch's orchestra in elaborate and heavily scored compositions. In the second movement the cello parts, horn effects and measures for muted trumpets were beautifully played by the men. The minuet was given with dash and rhythmic precision, and the finale was noticeably well done on the part of the wind contingent.

In Bizet's suite the work of the instruments in the opening, military-like theme in unison seemed perfect, the playing of the band being as of one man. The effect was grand. The minuet, a quaint little dance air with a peculiar bass, and the third movement, for strings only, were each delightfully interpreted.

The effect of the bell-like orchestration of the closing group was electrical, and the simulation of chimes was singularly beautiful and sonorous.

The familiar "Leonore" overture, No. 3, by Beethoven, closed the concert. The grand work was grandly given, perhaps, as a whole, receiving the best interpretation of the evening.

The next rehearsal and concert will occur Jan. 20 and 21, the programme being Goldmark's overture, "In the Spring," Raff's symphony, "In Walde," and a concerto for violin and orchestra, with Henri Marteau as soloist.

THEATRES AND CONCERTS.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the eleventh symphony concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Haydn: Symphony in B-flat major (No. 12, Breitkopf & Härtel Ed.)

Mozart: Recitative, "Crudele! Ah no, mio bene!" and Aria, "Non mi dir, bell' idol mio," from "Don Giovanni," act II, scene 13.

Bizet: Suite No. 1 from "L'Arlésienne."

Wagner: Aria, "Dich, theure Hulde, grüss' ich wieder," from "Tannhäuser," act II, scene 1.

Beethoven: Overture to "Leonore," No. 3, opus 72.

Mme. Basta Tavary was the singer.

The Haydn symphony is in many ways a rather modern sounding work for the composer; it is not merely that it is Haydn at his best, and hence ever fresh and young; it is something in the general character of the themes, the more frequent and at times bold modulation, an occasional chromatic element in the harmony, an unwonted profusion and variety of wind-coloring in the orchestration. One feels in it more than once the influence of Mozart; indeed, the symphony was written in 1795, and Mozart died in 1791. The slow movement in particular, with its independent 'cello part, its muted trumpets and drums, and its rich scoring for the wind instruments, is a gorgeous piece of coloring of which, even as a bit of orchestration, any modern master might be proud. There is, too, a certain modern breadth of style, a length of breath so to speak, in the theme itself that anticipates the melodic style of Beethoven and other later masters. The symphony was admirably, beautifully played.

Bizet's first suite from his music to Alphonse Daudet's "L'Arlésienne" (decidedly the more interesting of the two) contains much that is charming. The opening march theme in the prelude is not only full of life and vigor in itself, but is treated with infinite spiritual skill. The little *Andante molto* that follows it is to us one of the most absolutely bewitching passages in all modern French music. Strange to say, however, this exquisite little passage was less effectively played than anything else in the whole suite. To us the tempo seemed decidedly too fast; and here one may well be in doubt as to precisely what Bizet meant by "*andante molto*." Bizet was a Grand Prix de Rome, and had been some time in Italy before he wrote his "L'Arlésienne" music; he might thus be expected to use Italian terms in the Italian way. But "*andante molto*," in the literal sense of "very much going"—i. e. going briskly—does not in the least agree with the character of the music. On the other hand, if he used the term as any Frenchman or other non-Italian might, taking *andante* in its generally accepted technical sense to mean "slow," then "*andante molto*" would have to be interpreted "very slow"—something just short of *largo*, for instance—and this would indicate the proper tempo of the movement (to our thinking, at least) very correctly. At all events we remember the ravishing effect of the passage as it used to be played by Mr. Thomas, at a tempo, if not much slower, yet markedly slower than that taken by Mr. Nikisch last Saturday evening. Some other items, too, militated against the

full effectiveness of the passage: muted string parts were played with such exceeding delicacy that those cloyingly sweet and unctuous chromatic harmonies that underlie the reiterated E-flat, G, F, E-flat of the clarinet were hardly perceptible. Mr. Strasser played the saxophone solo very smoothly and nicely; but one might suspect that he is not so easily at home on the saxophone as he is on the clarinet, for there was a certain lack of abandon and romantic fervor in his performance such as we have never noticed in his clarinet playing. In short, for one reason or another, this delicious passage missed fire—so much to our disappointment that we cannot help dwelling upon it at perhaps greater length than it really deserves. The Minuet, *per contra*, was exquisitely played, with all due delicacy and sprightliness; the *smorzando* passage at the close was especially well done. The Carillon made its unfailing effect.

Beethoven's great "Leonore" overture was superbly given; the strings in particular are to be praised for giving certain passages of *piano cantilena* not only with artistic phrasing and expressiveness, but really *piano*, as they are written. The dramatic trumpet episode in the middle, with its alternating song of thanksgiving, was grandly led up to; Mr. Molé played the flute solo excellently well, and the rushing coda was given with immense effect. By the way, what can the individual who edits the programme-books have been thinking of when he said that, at the beginning of this overture, the harmony passed to the key of B major? The chord of B major with an obvious D-natural in it is something new!

Mme. Tavary sang Donna Anna's great aria with great expressiveness and no lack of vocal technique; but there was a certain want of breadth and heroic grandeur of style to be felt throughout, and the close of the allegretto ("Forse un giorno," etc.) needed more brilliant *slancio* and ecstatic exaltation of sentiment. It was pure, artistic singing, full of delicate and feminine feeling, but somehow one felt it not to be Donna Anna; it was not on a large enough scale. Elizabeth's greeting to the Minnesingers' Hall has no proper place in the concert-room. On the stage, as a sudden outpouring of intense feeling, as one short climax of buoyant emotion, its effect is enormous—coming, as it does, immediately after the exceedingly brilliant introduction on the orchestra. But in the concert-room it is merely an excerpt, and one that has not sufficient development to throw the listener into a sympathetic mood. It ends almost before it has begun. As well might a reciter select Gloucester's first speech in "Richard III." and stop short at "the lascivious pleasing of a lute." The thing has, by itself alone, no proper musical existence: it is but the introduction to a scene, not a scene in itself. Mme. Tavary sang it with both sentiment and fire; but no singer ever made it effective in such conditions.

The next programme (for Jan. 21) is—Goldmark, overture, "In the Spring," opus 36; Raff, symphony No. 3, in F major ("Im Walde"), opus 153. Mr. Henri Marteau will play a concerto for violin, the title of which will be duly announced. There will be no rehearsal nor concert here this week.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Symphony Concert.

The concert of Saturday gave the impression of lightness and popularity, rather than of depth or of educational intent. A pretty Haydn symphony was followed by Bizet's popular "Suite Arlesienne" (No. 1), a work which one of the symphonic conductors used to relegate to the "Young People's Popular Concerts," and even the soloist of the evening had a light voice. Yet it is pleasant to hear a concert of such prettiness once in a way, and it is not always a matter of regret that our conductor does not allow the dignity of the symphony concerts to weigh heavily upon him.

There was a degree of modern fervor about the Haydn symphony that was not quite in the vein of the simple old master, but the conductor showed palpably, in the finale, that he fully understood the meaning of the Haydn tempi. The presto became an allegro, as was proper, for, a century ago, the quick tempi were taken slower and the slow ones quicker than nowadays. The points of excellence in the work were the shading of the trio of the minuet, the delicate work of the violins in the last movement, and the exquisite daintiness with which the interrupted phrases of the final coda were given. The only shortcomings were a too great dramatic force in the first movement and a lack of perfect ensemble in portions of the finale.

After the symphony came Mme. Bastavary in the "Letter-Aria" from "Don Giovanni." This was not an entire success; there was palpable effort in almost every measure and the voice was thin and too much given to vibrato. These defects were still more marked in the "Greeting to the Hall" from "Tannhauser," which seemed spasmodic rather than broad, and, of course, the tremolo was quite in opposition to the Wagnerian ideal. It is due to the singer to say that she was twice recalled after each of her songs.

Bizet's "Suite Arlesienne" was excellently played; it seemed to suit the dashing, capricious vein of the conductor and none of its quaintness or *brusquerie* was lost in the performance, and the bold effects of orchestral color were made the most of. It is wise to put works of this character on the programme occasionally, for, while these concerts are supposed to be educational, they need not be pedantic, and in fact, Bizet's scoring has an educational value even to the advanced musician. The breadth of the strange march, given in unison by the deep strings, was peculiarly impressive, and the subsequent varying of this theme with unusual tone-colors served to show the different departments of the orchestra to much advantage. The drone bass in the pastoral second movement was given in the heartiest manner possible. The little adagio was sweetly given by the muted strings, and of course pleased the audience greatly. The final carillon was played with all its appropriate swing, and brought the attractive work to a worthy conclusion.

It was the last number of the concert that redeemed the programme from being unambitious, for this was the finest of all dramatic overtures—Beethoven's "Leonora,

No. 3." The performance of this was brilliant in the extreme. Judged by any standard, it was a grand interpretation of a noble work. Especially noteworthy was the dramatic power of the passage immediately preceding the trumpet call which heralds the arrival of the governor of the province, a graphic picture (in outline) of the desperate attempt of Pizarro upon the life of Florestan, and the revealing of the heroine in her true character.

The trumpet calls were perfectly played, better than I can recall ever having heard them in these concerts. They are not intrinsically difficult, it is only the nicety of shading required, and the distance of the performer from the conductor, that makes them so. In fact, Beethoven never wrote a difficult trumpet passage. The so-called "Classical epoch" was an era of decadence in trumpet-playing and Beethoven seems to have recognized this fact, for while he uses the horns unmercifully at times, he demands but little of his trumpeters. Mozart's alterations of the *obbligato* in Handel's "The Trumpet Shall Sound" is a vivid proof of the statement above made. Entirely magnificent was the playing of the violins in the closing passages of this overture; one may search through America in vain for a body of musicians which shall rival our group of first violins.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

—Mme. Tavary made an emphatic success as soloist at the Symphony rehearsal and concert last week. She looked finely Friday afternoon in a black gown of thin texture combined with pink. The square-cut bodice was all of pink under black lace. Her abundant blonde hair was most charmingly dressed. In the audience, which was exceedingly demonstrative for a rehearsal, were seen in seats near the platform Mrs. Gardner, her first appearance; Mrs. Roger Wolcott, Mrs. Lindall Winthrop, the Misses Stackpole, the Elliott W. Pratts, Mrs. James Jackson, Mrs. Henry Winsor, Mrs. Nikisch, Mrs. G. B. Shattuck, Mrs. C. P. Curtis, Mrs. Charles Fairchild, Mrs. Templeman Coolidge, Jr., and Dr. Sturgis Bigelow.

MME. NIKISCH.

Chat With the Wife of the Symphony Leader.

She Is One of Boston's Four Hundred.

"My Aim Is to Raise the German Lied to Its Proper Place."

On one of Brookline's highest hills, commanding a magnificent view of the southern suburbs and the shining dome of the State House, stands a handsome modern house which bears on its modest door-plate the magic legend, "Nikisch." It is the only house in Boston or its suburbs which can assume that title, as there is no other owner of that name than the popular Symphony Orchestra conductor, after one has counted his little family.

A ring at the door bell brings a quick reply, and the Journal representative is ushered through a pleasant, well-lighted hall into the finely appointed library and morning room beyond. A bright and cheery apartment it is, with the sun shining in through the bay window, lighting up the sombre bookcases, and bringing out into full relief the tones in the good etchings and engravings on the walls. Near the window stands an ebony escritoire with brass-mounted inkstand and pen tray, and other furnishings necessary to the dainty woman who writes a note in English as daintily and well cared for as herself. On a table



MME. ARTHUR NIKISCH.

close by are photographs in frames of Mrs. Nikisch and Paderewski, of Madame Nikisch herself, and a friend or two beside. On the mantel are other photographs of musicians at home and abroad. In the centre of the room stands a big divan with luxurious square pillows that instantly suggest the comfort which the concertmeister must find there when he comes home tired from rehearsal or concert. Over in the bay window stands the only distinctly foreign feature of the room, in the form of a tiny spinning wheel, such as the German peasant women use for spinning flax; and which is quite different from those formerly used in this country for a similar purpose, and which one occasionally sees now in the parlors of women who would on no account own that

Their Grandmothers Ever Spun Flax!

There is nothing else foreign about the room; on the contrary, it has a distinctly home-like and "lived-in" look. One has barely time to realize this when the door opens and the little woman who gives her whole house this atmosphere, the cheerful, lovable house-mother, enters. One does not wonder at the atmosphere when one sees her sweet, smiling face or hears her kind, gentle voice; but one does wonder at her English. For when Madame Nikisch came to Boston three years ago she spoke it very little, and to-day one would scarcely notice the slight accent which lingers about her speech, rather than mixes with it.

Personally, she is slightly below medium stature, with brown hair and the frank, appealing, blue eyes, which we find sometimes in the German race. She is a young woman, and one cannot wonder, looking at her and her charming toilets, that the society papers refer to her, frequently, as "quite the prettiest woman" at some high festivity. For with her simple, unaffected manners, her charming features and the indescribable fascination of her smile, she is easily the rival of any society belle in town. It is probably owing to all these charms, quite as much as to her husband's position, that she has won her way straight into the holy of holies of our best society and is well established.

One of Boston's Four Hundred.

Amelie Nikisch was born in Brussels, where her father was a printer and publisher for many years. She was educated there for some years, having studied music at an early age and always having been associated with the best musical people. Her father met with reverses in his business and removed to London, where he died soon after, leaving Amelie at the age of 17 to find some means of supporting her mother. This she did for some years by teaching music, going back to Germany and keeping up her studies at the same time as well as she could. She was a pupil at the Leipzig Conservatory for a time, always working hard with both the present and the future in view.

After a few years of music teaching, singing and studying, a lady who was deeply interested in the dramatic profession obtained a position for her in light opera, and she went on the stage. From that time her life was easier. It was not long before she met Herr Nikisch, and after a short courtship they were married, when she retired from the stage to assume the domestic duties for which she is so well fitted.

"I am a trained housekeeper," she says proudly. "I am never at the mercy of my servants, because I understand all kinds of housework well, and if they should suddenly decide to leave me I could do it all myself. I am a good cook; and as I have no reason to be afraid of their leaving, I am never worried about my household affairs. I respect all labor and I really like to do housework; but if a woman has any other work to do she cannot afford to wear herself out in the treadmill of daily housework."

It is to be feared that Mme. Nikisch is not the typical German housewife of a generation back, however, for she also says:

"The care of a house and a family are not enough for a healthy, thinking, earnest woman."

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The shock have come vital interest in her life beyond them, or she must stagnate and grow gossip and narrow. When I think of my own work I care little for all the gossip of the world. Upon being asked about her work, she went on:

"My first and highest work, of course, is the care of my family—my husband and my two children. But next to that my aim is to

Raise the German Lied

to its proper place in the public estimation. The lieder are the only songs I sing. Mine is not a great voice" (this is Madame Nikisch's own modest estimate of herself), "but it is one admirably fitted to the lieder. Why do public singers always choose the same old, time-worn, showy select ones? There are such possibilities in the lieder. You know they are the German folk-songs, in a sense. They speak the language of the heart in a simple, homespun way, appealing to the sympathies, if properly sung, as no other songs can. They combine poetry, music, pathos and lowly sentiment, and it is a pity the public do not know them better. There are hundreds of them in the German language. But beyond a dozen or so by Schubert, two or three by Schumann and an occasional other, you Americans do not know them. Robert Franz has published a big book of them, Schubert wrote over a hundred, Schumann scores of them, and every German composer has added his—often beautiful—contributions to the list. These are what I sing. These are what I want the American public to know."

Madame Nikisch has sung the German lieder at the symphony concerts on two or three occasions here, and has appeared with the Symphony Orchestra in New York, Baltimore and Philadelphia. She has also been heard often privately here, when Mr. Nikisch could accompany her. In fact, she never sings except to his accompaniment, as no one else can give her the same sympathetic support.

When she left the stage, and especially after the birth of her two children, her studies had to be dropped for a time; but after she came to Boston she took them up again in good earnest, with her husband for her instructor. She works diligently and practices faithfully; and what, with her fine, sympathetic voice, and her singleness of purpose as she becomes better known as a singer,

Boston Is Destined to Be Proud of Her.

When asked how she liked America she answered quickly and heartily:

"I like it very much. I am glad my children are being educated here. Germany educates her children very thoroughly in some directions; but American children are taught everything and made to see everything. They grow broad and liberal minded, and that is what I want my children to be. And the women? O, they are much more free in this country. In Germany a woman who will do anything toward her own support so long as she has a husband is not considered respectable. See would not be tolerated in society. And women are so much better who have some interest in life. If they have it not, beyond themselves, they become so harsh and bitter, so uncharitable and narrow; O, it aches me to see it."

And this latter is the only German construction one may hear her utter in an hour's steady conversation.

Madame Nikisch is, in short, a typical woman of the educated class to-day. A generation or two ago such women stayed quietly at home, reading novels, mending the household linen and secretly wishing there were something in life beyond this and their neighbor's shortcomings. To-day they stay in their homes; they look after the household affairs, they keep up with the new in literature, they look after their children, but they are finding new avenues for thought and outlets for their energies in some of the ever widening interests for their sex. They are losing their taste for viewing their neighbor's shortcomings in the broader perspective of opportunity.

And yet they are women—and pretty ones.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

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It was an odd programme, anyway, two soloists and an antiquated piano concerto being included in its scheme, besides a symphony which, being one of the even numbers, is not one of Beethoven's best. It was played, too, in a rather conservative and colorless way. The "Leonore" overture, on the other hand, was superbly played, with that tremendous final climax which we were taught to love at the German opera. The Valse des Sylphes was given so daintily that the audience insisted on a repetition.

The two soloists were Mr. Adamowski, who played two movements of Bruch's first violin concerto in excellent fashion, for which he was made to get up and bow again and again. The other soloist, Signorina Eugenia Castellano, was also overwhelmed with applause. She is a young Italian girl of only sixteen, who plays with masculine vigor and brilliancy. Her execution is clear, unerring, showy, and dashing. She is at her best in bravura pieces, which accounts for her choice of a trashy piece by Martucci for an "encore." She played the last movement of Mendelssohn's first piano concerto brilliantly, but the slow movement revealed her limitations—a hard, metallic touch, and an apparent inability to enter into the spirit of music which is written for a higher purpose than the display of digital dexterity. Possibly these attributes may come in time, but little Josef Hoffman and Otto Hegner had them from the beginning.

We hear from the New York Times the surprising intelligence that the Boston music critics are doing their best to drive Mr. Nikisch out of the city. The Boston music critics would scarcely undertake to do this thing, in view of the fact that they are fully aware that a mortifying defeat would attend their efforts. They perhaps do not rate Mr. Nikisch as high as he is rated in New York; but there are various good and sufficient reasons for that, all of a purely critical nature. This statement of the Times is just as reliable as is its other statement that these same critics assert that New York is the only city in the United States which possesses a first-class permanent orchestra with a thoroughly competent conductor. On the contrary, the Boston music critics have steadily insisted that the Boston Symphony Orchestra is by far the best in the country, and is unsurpassed anywhere. The thoroughly competent conductor is quite another story; but certainly, critical Boston does not cast its eyes in the direction of New York, in the hope of discovering one there; especially since the New York music critics drove Theodore Thomas out of that city.

Saville 24/15/93

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

Seidl Society Concert.

M. Henri Marteau, the young violinist of Reims, made his first appearance in America last night, at the third Seidl Society concert in the Brooklyn Academy of Music. Judged by his looks M. Marteau is a youth of twenty years. He is a pupil of the famous Leonard of Paris, and has won the first prize of the Paris Conservatory. In addition to that he is the protégé of such men as Charles Gounod and Jules Massenet. During the last two years he has given many concerts in France and Germany, and has been well received. His early success, apparently, has not turned his head, for he bears himself with modesty and without affectation. M. Marteau's first piece on the programme was a violin concerto by Bruch, a *bravura* number. It was played with fire and great technical excellence by the young violinist as well as by the orchestra. Brilliancy and a sure technique are the only qualities, indeed, which are necessary for its proper performance. The best piece of the evening was Gounod's "Vision de Jeanne d'Arc," a melodious violin solo with many poetic passages, dedicated to M. Marteau by the composer. This was followed by Schubert's Serenade. M. Marteau played these two solos with great warmth of feeling and thorough comprehension. The technique was flawless. His high notes never screeched, while the lower passages were marvellously clear and sympathetic. As an encore he played a fragment

from Wieniawski's Polonaise Brillante, another *bravura* number. The choice of such a piece, after a simple and affecting composition like the Serenade, is not to be commended.

The Seidl Orchestra gave Tchaikovsky's Symphony in F minor, Philip Scharwenka's "Frühlingswogen," and the Prelude and Glorification from Wagner's "Parsifal." Herr Seidl conducted all these pieces with his wonted excellence. The *pizzicato scherzo* in the first number, and the selection from Wagner at the end, were received with great applause.

A Noted Young Violinist.

Henri Marteau, the lad who is to play at the concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in the Music Hall on Jan. 20 and 21, was born in Reims, France, in 1874. His father was an amateur violinist and president of the Philharmonic Society of Reims; his mother was an accomplished pianist and had been a pupil of Clara Schumann. When Henri was but five years of age Camille Sivori visited the family, and so charmed was the boy that he requested his mother to permit him to become a professional violinist. The next day Sivori selected a little violin, which he presented to the lad. At once he began to study under Bunzl, a Swiss, who had been a pupil of Molique. After three years his parents took him to Paris, where he began his studies under the famous Leonard, who took a great liking to the boy. In April, 1884 (then ten years of age) he appeared for the first time in public before an audience of 2500 persons at Reims, and played with orchestra Leonard's violin concerto No. 5, earning the warmest approbation. He has since played in Paris, London, Vienna, Berlin, Dresden, and always with marked success. On special occasions, Leonard permitted his young pupil to perform on an old violin which Leonard prized highly, and upon his death Marteau became the possessor of this fine instrument. Gounod took a deep interest in Marteau, selecting him to perform the violin obbligato in a piece composed expressly for the Joan of Arc Centenary at Reims in 1885, entitled "The Vision of Joan of Arc," and which Gounod dedicated to Marteau.

Massenet is writing a concerto for the young artist. Brahms, Ambroise Thomas, Bruch, Richter (under whose conductorship he has frequently performed in London and Vienna), also take the liveliest interest in his career. In the summer of 1892 Marteau obtained the first prize at the Paris Conservatory amid overwhelming applause from the public and to the delight of Ambroise Thomas, Massenet, Dubois and other eminent musicians on the jury. Rudolph Aronson and Major J. B. Pond have the direction of Marteau's tour in America. His first appearance in this country is announced for tomorrow night at the Lenox Lyceum, New York, with Mr. Seidl's Orchestra. In February he will play in the public rehearsal and concert of the New York Philharmonic Society.

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Saville Jan 15/93

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

Seidl Society Concert.

M. Henri Marteau, the young violinist of Reims, made his first appearance in America last night, at the third Seidl Society concert in the Brooklyn Academy of Music. Judged by his looks M. Marteau is a youth of twenty years. He is a pupil of the famous Leonard of Paris, and has won the first prize of the Paris Conservatory. In addition to that he is the protégé of such men as Charles Gounod and Jules Massenet. During the last two years he has given many concerts in France and Germany, and has been well received. His early success, apparently, has not turned his head, for he bears himself with modesty and without affectation. M. Marteau's first piece on the programme was a violin concerto by Bruch, a *bravura* number. It was played with fire and great technical excellence by the young violinist as well as by the orchestra. Brilliancy and a sure technique are the only qualities, indeed, which are necessary for its proper performance. The best piece of the evening was Gounod's "Vision de Jeanne d'Arc," a melodious violin solo with many poetic passages, dedicated to M. Marteau by the composer. This was followed by Schubert's Serenade. M. Marteau played these two solos with great warmth of feeling and thorough comprehension. The technique was flawless. His high notes never screeched, while the lower passages were marvellously clear and sympathetic. As an encore he played a fragment

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from Wieniawski's Polonaise Brillante, another *bravura* number. The choice of such a piece, after a simple and affecting composition like the Serenade, is not to be commended.

The Seidl Orchestra gave Tchaikovsky's Symphony in F minor, Philip Scharwenka's "Frühlingswogen," and the Prelude and Glorification from Wagner's "Parsifal." Herr Seidl conducted all these pieces with his wonted excellence. The *pizzicato scherzo* in the first number, and the selection from Wagner at the end, were received with great applause.

A Noted Young Violinist.

Henri Marteau, the lad who is to play at the concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in the Music Hall on Jan. 20 and 21, was born in Reims, France, in 1874. His father was an amateur violinist and president of the Philharmonic Society of Reims; his mother was an accomplished pianist and had been a pupil of Clara Schumann. When Henri was but five years of age Camille Sivori visited the family, and so charmed was the boy that he requested his mother to permit him to become a professional violinist. The next day Sivori selected a little violin, which he presented to the lad. At once he began to study under Bunzl, a Swiss, who had been a pupil of Molique. After three years his parents took him to Paris, where he began his studies under the famous Leonard, who took a great liking to the boy. In April, 1884 (then ten years of age) he appeared for the first time in public before an audience of 2500 persons at Reims, and played with orchestra Leonard's violin concerto No. 5, earning the warmest approbation. He has since played in Paris, London, Vienna, Berlin, Dresden, and always with marked success. On special occasions, Leonard permitted his young pupil to perform on an old violin which Leonard prized highly, and upon his death Marteau became the possessor of this fine instrument. Gounod took a deep interest in Marteau, selecting him to perform the violin obbligato in a piece composed expressly for the Joan of Arc Centenary at Reims in 1885, entitled "The Vision of Joan of Arc," and which Gounod dedicated to Marteau.

Massenet is writing a concerto for the young artist. Brahms, Ambroise Thomas, Bruch, Richter (under whose conductorship he has frequently performed in London and Vienna), also take the liveliest interest in his career. In the summer of 1892 Marteau obtained the first prize at the Paris Conservatory amid overwhelming applause from the public and to the delight of Ambroise Thomas, Massenet, Dubois and other eminent musicians on the jury. Rudolph Aronson and Major J. B. Pond have the direction of Marteau's tour in America. His first appearance in this country is announced for tomorrow night at the Lenox Lyceum, New York, with Mr. Seidl's Orchestra. In February he will play in the public rehearsal and concert of the New York Philharmonic Society.

Jan 14/93

MUSIC.

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In the allegro vivace there is all the energy and strong youthful activity of a modern young athlete at his sport; and how ingenious it all is, especially at its transition period, no musician surely need be told. With the second movement, the expression becomes deeply fervent, and here we have indisputably the most beautiful movement of the symphony. It is deeply full of thought; and a devout and exalted tone pervades its strains.

The minuet has the same old formula that our grandparents in the Harvard Musical Association days used so much to admire, and with the finale there is a genial play of tones, but as is usually the case with Haydn symphonies, a deeper meaning is wanting. Many years will elapse before an estimate of Haydn's fame will cease to interfere with that just appreciation of his symphonies, which has but slightly more to do with homage than with enjoyment. The orchestral performance of the work was exceedingly good in points of tonal contrast and attention to some of the most delicate effects of light and shade, although the allegro vivace was taken at a rate of speed that was unjust if not inartistic in its effect.

The soloist for the Letter aria from Mozart's "Don Juan" and an aria from Tannhauser, Act II, Scene I, was Mme. Basta-Tavary.

Mme. Tavary, with all her vocal endowments, which are rare, and her intelligence as a musician, which is by no means mediocre, was but partially successful with the Mozart aria. Her delivery lacked straightforwardness and decision, not sincerity, for Mme. Tavary is eminently a sincere artist. She is, furthermore, gifted with a sympathetically musical nature; but, paradoxical as it may seem, her tones are always not quite true. Although Mme. Tavary is a dramatic soprano, her vocalism was offensively plegmatic in her performance of the great aria from Tannhauser, "Dich theure Halle."

There was lively, piquant and ear-catching melody and plenty of it in Georges Bizet's suite No. 1 from L'Arlesienne and it is all worked out with great ingenuity and various kinds of imitations. It heightened the audience into a humor that had not before been experienced and won for the orchestra some of the very hearty plaudits. In the performance of the suite there was a rare amount of finesse and refinement, yet all due chic,

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An interesting note which the programme does not contain may be found in a letter which Beethoven's biographer, Mr. Alexander H. Thayer, wrote to the New York Tribune, March 5, 1888. It refers to Beethoven's intention regarding the well-known trumpet signal that is a popular characteristic in each of the three overtures. As the opera was given in 1805-6, the closing scene was down in the dungeons of the prison. "When the signal is first given," says Mr. Thayer, "it is heard lightly, because all the doors and passages are supposed to be closed. On repetition these are all open and the crowd is rushing into the vaults. The increased loudness of the trumpets shows Pizarro that the time to commit murder is now passed." The reading of this overture differed very materially from any other that has been heard here. The allegro was taken at a tempo that often dragged, yet which was either hurried or retarded in accordance with an exceedingly inappropriate tempo rubato. At the concert one week from next Saturday evening Monsieur Henri Martean, violinist, will appear; the overture will be Goldmark's "In the Spring;" and Rad's "In Walde" symphony will end the concert.

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The soloists were Mr. T. Adamowski, one of the first violins of the orchestra, and Signorina Eugenia Castellano, a young Italian pianist, who appeared for the first time in New York at this concert. Beethoven's F major symphony, "The Little Symphony," which opened the programme, is a reflex of one of the composer's most joyous, happy-hearted moods, all the more precious because so rare. All of its lightsome humor, airy grace and delicacy and never failing charm were delightfully brought out by an interpretation and rendering admirable alike in refinement and finesse. The fairy-like allegretto in particular was given with special charm.

Just now, when Paderewski is claiming, and justly, a large share of popular attention, the advent of a new candidate for pianistic honors, who was also heralded as being worthy of them, is a matter of considerable interest and no little curiosity. Signorina Castellano, who is little more than a child in years and appearance, is nevertheless an artist of more than considerable present attainments and of great future possibilities. Her playing of the almost trivially familiar Mendelssohn concerto was marked by a repose and balance remarkable in one so young, by nice, artistic perception, and a charming feeling for contrast, and by a technique which is at once masterly and unobtrusive. Her tone is clear and brilliant, yet delicate, with a pearly, rippling quality in the scale passages, which recalls Joseffy. She was received with gratifying cordiality, and finally responded to a persistent and justifiable encore. Signorina Castellano will be heard again with pleasure, and heard often, too, one is inclined to think, as both her playing and artistic personality have that indefinable attribute we call charm.

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Haydn and Mozart need even a more delicate touch than the fairly conservative rendering that was given the Haydn symphony on this occasion. Nevertheless it was enjoyable when it is considered how much better it was than the usual offering by the orchestra in the classics. The Bizet suite was admirably played, Mr. Strausser giving the obligato for saxophone in the first movement, in his usually artistic and satisfying manner. The overture to "Leonore," if the allegro had not been taken so rapidly, would have been a performance recalling somewhat the superb manner of the orchestra under Mr. Gericke. It is to be hoped that the orchestra will keep up to this standard, if it cannot better it, under its present conductor.

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GLOBE—SUNDAY, JANUARY 22, 1893—

BOSTON'S NEW MUSICAL IDOL.



HENRI MARTEAU.

Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1892-93.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. ARTHUR NIKISCH, Conductor.

XII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, AT 8 P. M.

PROGRAMME.

- | | |
|-----------------|--|
| CARL GOLDMARK. | OVERTURE in A major. "In the Spring," op. 36. |
| MAX BRUCH. | CONCERTO FOR VIOLIN, No. 1, in G minor, op. 26.
I. Vorspiel: Allegro moderato. G minor.
II. Adagio. E flat major.
III. Finale: Allegro energico. G major. |
| FRANZ LISZT. | EPISODE from Lenau's "Faust." Scene in the Village Tavern. "Mephisto-Waltz."
Allegro vivace, quasi presto. A major. |
| CHARLES GOUNOD. | "VISION DE JEANNE D'ARC," for VIOLIN and ORCHESTRA. |
| JOACHIM RAFF. | SYMPHONY No. 3, in F major. "Im Walde."
op. 153.
I. IN THE DAYTIME. Impressions and emotions. Allegro. F. major.
II. AT TWILIGHT. Revery: Largo. A flat major.
Dance of Dryads: Allegro assai. D minor
III. AT NIGHT. Silent weaving of the forest. Entrance and exit of the wild hunt with Dame Holle (Hulda) and Wotan. DAYBREAK: Allegro. F major. |

SOLOIST:

MONSIEUR HENRI MARTEAU.

Boston society musical circles have a new idol in Henri Marteau, who is but 18 years old. It is not that the local devotees of music love "The Human Chrysanthemum" less, but there is a fair prospect of them loving the latest addition to the ranks of celebrities among artists more, at least it will be so if all signs go not astray.

M. Marteau made his first appearance before a Boston audience yesterday afternoon at the rehearsal. He has been in this country about three months, and was the talk of Paris and London and Berlin long, long ago, but it is safe to say that the majority of the fashionables at the Symphony rehearsal and a good many of the students and amateur musicians in the audience had never heard of M. Marteau.

Some of them were even overheard wondering who the soloist was, but it did not take many bars of his first number, Bruch's lovely concerto, to prove that here was a virtuoso though almost entirely unheralded.

The slight, boyish looking youth proved a master indeed of the violin and swept everybody at once into his train of admirers, and when the last strains died away enthusiasm broke loose. Where there is usually a modicum of nice, polite or even cordial "kid-glove applause," there was a burst of enthusiasm, and it was kept up until those who counted said there had been 12 recalls, and at the last some of the girls threw their corsage postes of violets at the feet of the violinist.

M. Marteau is as magnetic and charming personally as is his playing. He speaks almost no English as yet, but converses with much fluency in his native tongue, French, and quite as volubly in German.

"Henri," as his friends among Europe's musicians all affectionately term him, was born in Rheims, France, in the spring of '74. His family was one of wealth and posi-

tion, and both of his parents were leading amateur musicians of the place.

Henri's first inspiration to become a great violinist came from hearing Sivori, the famous Paganini's pupil, play at the Marteau's home when the little aspirant for honors was but 5 years old. As he grew older he was given the best teachers, Bunzl, Hubert Leonard and Garcin at the Paris conservatory.

When but 10 years old he made his first appearance in his native city, playing before an audience of 2500 people. A year or two later he went to Berlin and Vienna, and shortly afterward made a tour of France.

From his first meeting with Richter, the famous Vienna musician and teacher, the latter looked upon young Marteau as a genius. Five years ago Richter told Mr. Rudolph Aronson, who was endeavoring to secure him for an American tour, that he could not come, but that he recommended as one bound to be a success young Henri Marteau, who at that time was already creating a great deal of enthusiasm.

But Mr. Aronson had not heard of him, and through not coming at that time into personal contact with the lad nothing farther was said or done in the matter. It is really to the manager's pretty wife that America is indebted just now for its pleasure. Mrs. Aronson last summer heard M. Marteau play at a musicale in Paris, and was so charmed that she besought her husband to hear him, and that settled the matter.

Two years ago M. Marteau won a first prize at the Paris conservatory, playing Vieuxtemp's 5th concerto, the prize being one of the coveted large silver medals, in itself a work of art.

Massenet was the chief of the judges who awarded the medals, and has ever since been one of Henri's warmest admirers. So highly indeed does he think of his technique and sympathy and compelling charm as a player he is writing a violin concerto for him at the present time.

At the concert last evening there was a repetition of the pronounced favor shown M. Marteau, and a disposition on the part of the big audience not to let the soloist pass from their view at the conclusion of his numbers. He came back numerous times to bow his acknowledgments.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the twelfth symphony concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Goldmark: Overture in A major, "Im Frühling."

Opus 36.

Max Bruch: Concerto for Violin, No. 1, in G minor.

Opus 26.

Liszt: Episode aus Lenau's "Faust": Scene in der Dorf-Schenke (Mephisto-Walzer).

Gounod: "Vision de Jeanne d'Arc," for Violin and Orchestra.

Raff: Symphony No. 3, in F major ("Im Walde"), Opus 158.

Mr. Henri Marteau was the violinist.

Goldmark's overture was finely played, but the composition does not wear over-well; there is a want of geniality in the leading theme, an occasional hardness in the harmony, and, although there is not a little undeniably good work in the working-out, the thing lacks true inspiration. The second theme is the best part of its material.

Liszt's "Mephisto-Walzer" has always seemed to us one of the best things in his orchestral baggage; it has more originality than "Les Préludes"—which is characteristic of the composer only in its form and treatment, but by no means especially so in its thematic material, which latter borders dangerously upon the commonplace—and more real dash and go to it than the other symphonic poems. To be sure, it does not rise to any great musical or poetic height; but it does admirably well all that it pretends to do. It is a tone-picture of a very "glowing"—as the French would say, a very *brillant*—scene, treated in a spirit which is half sympathetically enthusiastic, half cynical. Here, if anywhere, Liszt shows himself as really *geistreich*; he is picturesque, suggestive, and expressive without tediousness, and seems for once to have had a real inspiration. The thing is written with evident *gusto*—a feeling in which the listener is also able to share. For one thing, this work, far more than the symphonic poems, seems to be the true prototype of most of the things Saint-Saëns has done in a similar line.

The oftener one hears the "Im Walde" the more is one impressed with it as decidedly Raff's best symphony; it has all his virtues and fewer of his faults than any other extended orchestral work of his we can call to mind. Both in musical material and workmanship, it stands markedly higher than the "Lenore" symphony, while its poetic essence is at once finer and more truly human. It lacks the "popular" element that will always make the "Lenore" the favorite with the mass of the public; poetically considered, too, its subject is less strongly appealing to the average mind than that of Bürger's dramatic ballad. But the "popular" side of Raff's genius too often has a somewhat over-strong smack of the vulgar, not to say the meretricious—faults from which neither the march nor the slow movement of the "Lenore" are wholly free. And one of the most pleasant points in the "Im Walde" is that, with all its finer material and stouter workmanship, with all its more truly poetic atmosphere, it is just as individual in accent, just as unmistakably characteristic of the composer as anything he ever wrote. The middle part (working out) and coda of the first movement

are equal to the best work of the sort Raff has done anywhere in his chamber music, which is saying a good deal. In the corresponding part of the "Lenore," on the other hand, he sinks more than once down to the rather helpless level of Rubinstein. The Scherzo (Dance of Dryads) is a gem; nothing could be more dainty and at the same time more spirited than those little passages in double-tonguing for the wooden wind. Mr. Nikisch made a heroic, but in every way admirable, cut in the last movement—in which, as a certain German critic once said, Raff, out of respect for the sonata-form, had made the day break twice on the same morning—a cut which infinitely improves the movement. There was really no artistic sense in making Wotan and Frau Holle go through their "wild hunt" all over again, after they had once bagged their game and departed. Can it have been that Raff (who once wrote a pamphlet on the "Wagner Question") had got it ineradicably fixed in his mind that Wotan was a person who always did everything at least twice? Mr. Nikisch cuts the second edition of the "wild hunt;" would that all conductors might follow him in this! The day-break and sunrise with which this movement ends are a positive master-stroke; here Raff has done successfully what no other orchestral composer we know of has succeeded in doing: he has brought back a bit of sentimental *cantilena* (the second theme of the first movement) in glowing apotheosis fashion at the end of a stirring final climax, and made it sound really strong and grand. From Flotow's overture to "Martha" to Reineck's overture to "König Manfred," we can recall no other instance of this sort of thing being done without a certain weakness that borders on the ludicrous. Raff has done it really powerfully and impressively! The whole symphony was admirably played.

Mr. Henri Marteau, the young violinist (we believe he is only twenty) made an exceedingly fine impression. His tone is unusually large, brilliant and penetrating, and holds its own against the orchestra with perfect ease. His technique is extremely brilliant and sure, and he plays with contagious warmth of sentiment. His phrasing is, if not invariably, yet generally artistic and musical. In short, the young man evidently, has very conspicuous and unusual talent; he is born and bred to his business! A certain immaturity, a lack of repose and perfect mastery over himself, are only natural—thank heaven he is human and not a monstrosity! But his playing has infinite charm, and is full of high artistic quality. One regrets that he has begun starring quite so early; for he has still something to learn that can best be acquired through patient, retired study, and can hardly be learnt at all in the concert room; and his talent is so plainly above the ordinary run that it is worth cultivating to the highest pitch. His playing of the fine Bruch concerto was admirable, and created the wildest enthusiasm in the audience. Gounod's "Vision of Joan of Arc" is a sort of thing that it is gratifying to have dedicated to one (it is dedicated to Mr. Marteau) from a famous composer; but it cannot be quite so gratifying to have to play it, and it is cer-

tainly no gratification at all to have to listen to it. It has the virtue of brevity—a virtue which it would have been easy to increase still further—and is undeniably a charming piece of tone-color; but it is hardly strong enough to hold together even with Mr. Marteau's playing.

The next programme is: Schumann, symphony No. 1, in B-flat major; Paderewski, concerto for pianoforte, in A minor; MacDowell, two poems for orchestra—I. "Hamlet," II. "Ophelia;" Wagner, Vorspiel to "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg." Mr. Ignace J. Paderewski will be the pianist.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

Francis Wilson's "Lion Tamer" at the Globe.

M. Henri Marteau's Triumphant Debut at the Symphony Concert—Third Paderewski Recital—The Busoni Programmes—The Heinrich Concerts—Scharwenka's Coming.

The soloist at the Symphony concert last evening, the 12th of the present season's series, was M. Henri Marteau, a young French violinist, who made his first appearance here on this occasion.

M. Marteau is a very young man, being credited with having gained his present prominence at the age of 19, but he has the qualities of maturity in his playing, and has no call to ask consideration on account of his lack of experience upon the concert stage.

In this age of technical studies his mastery of his violin in this particular is not calculated to surprise the hearer, but the breadth of style, the finished and artistic elegance which characterizes all his playing, and the beauty of his phrasing, all combine to stamp him as an artist of remarkable merit.

His stage presence is calculated to gain him the good will of any audience, as the pose he assumes is easy and graceful, his bowing free and sure and his figure commanding, despite his evident youth.

He gets a large, and at all times faultlessly true tone, and, with the exception of occasionally forcing his strings beyond a musical quality in the stranger passages his playing gives rare pleasure.

He chose the concerto in G minor, by Max Bruch, for his first appearance, and won a well deserved recognition of his eminent abilities after each of its movements. The vorspiel was played in a grand, broad fashion, and the lovely adagio was sung up on the instrument with admirable taste and expression. In the brilliant finale the technical attainments of the player had a fine display, so much so that he was given a great ovation and recalled many times to acknowledge the applause from both audience and orchestra.

Of the "Vision de Jeanne d'Arc," composed by Gounod for this violinist, the composer could say, with Gilbert's Bunthorne, "A poor thing, but mine own." However, it was daintily played by M.



HENRI MARTEAU.

Marteau as his second contribution to the programme, and the reputation of the composer made it a septable.

The work of the orchestra in the concerto calls for the highest commendation, as a better support for the soloist could hardly have been supplied.

The orchestral numbers on the programme of the evening were the overture "In the Spring," Goldmark; "Mephisto Waltz," Liszt, and the symphony, "Im Walde," R. ff.

The selections seemed a bit out of season for spring scenes, and thoughts of the woods were not in keeping with the atmospheric condition of the outside world. Despite this fact the programme gave great pleasure by reason of its many brilliant characteristics. The Goldmark overture is an excellent example of the ability of this master of tone color, and the playing of the composition under Mr. Nikish's baton fairly challenged criticism.

The "Faust" episode by Liszt had a most fascinating performance, the real thing given it realizing all its ever varying suggestions in the most enjoyable fashion.

Raff's "Im Walde" symphony has always been popular here, and deservedly so, as it is a notable success in the line of programme music, and appeals to even the unimaginative mind by reason of its tuneful characteristics and wonderfully clever orchestration. It was capably played throughout.

At next Saturday evening's concert Mr. Paderewski is to be the soloist, and the programme will include Schumann's symphony No. 1, in B flat; Paderewski's concerto for pianoforte, in A minor; MacDowell's poems for orchestra, I. Hamlet, 2. "Ophelia," soli for pianoforte, and Wagner's vorspiel, "Die Meistersinger."

HENRI MARTEAU.

The Career of an Eighteen-Year-Old Violinist.

A Sketch of the Soloist of Tonight's Concert.

Applauded Throughout Europe, He Visits the United States.

Henri Marteau, the eminent violinist, who plays this evening at the Symphony concert in Music Hall, arrived at the Parker House late Thursday night in company with Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Aronson. A representative of the Journal called on Mr. Marteau yesterday and obtained from him the following account of his life, the most complete account that has as yet appeared in an American newspaper. Besides his native language, Mr. Marteau speaks German fluently. As he has at present but a scanty knowledge of English, the languages spoken during the interview were French and German. Mr. Marteau is a young man of simple manners. He is frank and direct in speech, modest in bearing, and of winning personality. Here is his picture taken from a Parisian photograph; and it is an excellent likeness.



M. HENRI MARTEAU.

Henri Marteau was born at Reims, France, the 31st of March, 1874. His father was an amateur violinist, a man of wealth and the President of the Philharmonic Society of the town; his mother was a pianist and a pupil of

Clara Schumann. When Henri was about five years old Ernest Camillo Sivori, the famous pupil of the only Paganini, visited his parents, and as the boy heard him play, he exclaimed, after the manner of Correggio, "And I, too, will be a violinist!" Sivori himself chose a violin fit for such tiny hands.

The first teacher of Henri Marteau was Bunzl, a Swiss and a pupil of Molique. After three years' preparation Henri went to Paris and there he studied with Hubert Leonard, who was fond of him.

Henri's first appearance in public was in Reims in April, 1884, when he made his debut before an audience of 2500. He then played with the orchestra Leonard's concerto No. 5. In 1885 or 1886 (Mr. Marteau told the Journal representative that he was not sure of the year) he made his appearance at Kroll's Theatre in Berlin. In December, 1887, he played the Bruch concerto (No. 1) in Vienna. In 1888-9 he made a tour in France and played pieces by Bruch, Gounod, Mendelssohn, Sarasate, Schumann, Vieuxtemps, Leonard. In March, 1889, he was at Monte Carlo, where he played the Mendelssohn concerto and pieces by Ernst and Elter. In June, 1888, he was applauded in St. James Hall, London.

Marteau revisited Berlin in November, 1890, and appeared at the Singakademie. He played the Mendelssohn concerto; the Paganini capriccio, A minor; a mazurka by Wieniawski and a romance by Viardot. He gave concerts in Dresden in January and February, 1891. In one concert he was associated with Amalie Joachim. His concert selections were Bach's chaconne, Saint-Saen's third concerto, a sonata by F. W. Rust (1739-1796) and pieces by Dubois, Gounod, Leonard, Vieuxtemps, Wieniawski.

It was in April, 1891, that Marteau played for the first time in France, the violin concerto of Johannes Brahms. This was at Angers. In November of the same year he played it in Geneva. In December, 1891, he was at Antwerp.

It was in 1892 that Marteau was a first prize of the Paris Conservatory. He entered as a pupil of Garcin. His associate in the honor were Miss Jaffe, Boucherit, Tracol and Belville. The piece selected by the committee, of which Massenet was Chairman, was Vieuxtemps's fifth concerto, A minor. The glowing tribute then paid by Arthur Rougin to Marteau deserves a separate paragraph.

"As for M. Marteau, who was a pupil of Leonard before he entered the Conservatory, he is a finished artist. His performance is characterized by delicacy and elegance, his style is broad and grand, his phrasing is exquisite, his technique is above reproach. There is nothing wanting in color, heat or fire. In a word, his performance is almost perfection."

Mr. Marteau will play this evening in Music Hall Bruch's first concerto and a piece by Gounod, who took a veritable interest in him, selecting him to perform the violin obbligato in a piece composed expressly for the Joan of Arc centenary at Reims in 1885 entitled "Vision de Jeanne d'Arc," and which Gounod dedicated to Marteau. Massenet is now writing a concerto for Marteau, and Brahms, Ambroise Thomas, Bruch, Richter (under whose conductorship he has performed in London and Vienna) take the greatest interest in his career.

When Leonard died Marteau became the owner of the favorite Italian violin of his master.

Marteau is engaged for 50 concerts in this country. He will go as far West as Chicago. He

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was anxious to play the Brahms concerto here, for he studied it under the supervision of the composer, but it was thought best that he should make his first appearance in the popular concerto of Bruch.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Symphony Concert.

It was an exciting concert from beginning to end, and although the programme was longer than usual, the interest of the auditor was not suffered to flag for an instant. Saturday's concert may therefore be spoken of as one of the best of the entire series. Goldmark's "Spring" overture is not of the effeminate, cloying style that is a defect in some of his works; its opening phrase, a three-noted figure from dominant to tonic and back, bursts forth with a heartiness that at once gives a clue to the boisterous heartiness that is to rule. The work is not without contrast however, and there are some celestial passages which picture ecstasy *a la* Wagner, on the violins in the highest positions. Touches of drone-bass, and other conventional portrayals of rusticity appear, but the work is so robust and exhilarating that one can readily excuse a lack of novelty. The performance was appropriately brusque. The violins began with an incisive power (it sounded like *sull' ponticello* work) that gave the keynote to the entire performance, which was brilliant from this sudden entrance, to the fiery Coda. The flute did especially artistic work in this number.

Boston is tending toward musical polytheism. A second object of worship has arisen in the concert room. This time it is a violinist—the Paderewski of the catgut. Henri Marteau is yet a youth, but he is an artist in whose work no trace of juvenility can be discerned. He presented his visiting card in the shape of Bruch's G minor concerto, and long before he had finished the introductory movement every one knew that a great artist was on the platform. He played the work as if he loved it, and there is certainly much to love in its stately measures.

The first movement, which may be called almost an improvised introduction, demands far more than mere technique from the performer; it requires dramatic instinct, and a broad, declamatory style; the arpeggios and other brilliant passages, here become a means and not an end; it is the French style applied to a German purpose. It is in such a movement that one can best judge of an artist, for here the individual nature speaks most freely. M. Marteau achieved his great success in this important movement.

The gem of the work, musically considered, is the Adagio. What a wealth of expression there is in the sub-theme here! How it appears in constantly new guises, on the G string, in canonic imitations between soloist and orchestra, and in tenderest pianissimo! Here was the romantic side of the artist, and it proved more abundantly equipped even than the dramatic. The finale has just a touch of war and heroism in its bold measures, and it was very natural for Bruch, who may be called the Tyrtæus of modern music, to employ this vein; its

dashing measures are the truly technical part of the great concerto. Constant double-stopping, difficult skips, furious runs are everywhere present. Again the artist made a triumph, and the recalls which followed showed an enthusiasm on the part of the audience that was entirely in place.

One may commend the choice made by the young violinist for his introductory number, for the three contrasted styles of its movements afford the most abundant opportunity to judge of the soloist who undertakes it, and musically the concerto is not far behind the great one by Beethoven, and may certainly be ranked with the famous Mendelssohn concerto. Not as much can be said of the second number of M. Marteau; it was Gounod's "Vision de Jeanne d'Arc," a treacherous bit which the artist gave with appropriate sentimentality, but which seemed terribly diaphanous after the powerful concerto. The public, however, as is often the case, preferred molasses to music, and five recalls followed the termination of the sweet effusion.

The orchestra played finely in the concerto, and continued its excellent work throughout the concert. The "Mephisto Waltz" was as full of *diablerie* as the wildest sensationalist could wish. It is a fine study of tone-color, if nothing else, and its eerie character lost nothing in the interpretation. The ensemble was surprisingly good, for the work fairly bristles with syncopations and rhythmic difficulties, and these were overcome in excellent style. The violoncello, flute, and harp solos were finely executed, and deserve especial mention. Mr. Schuecker was most brilliant in the last named.

Raff's "Im Walde" symphony ended the concert. It is the best of the symphonies of this master, as the "Lenore" is the most popular. The first movement was beautifully shaded, and the rich modulations of the figure of two notes (like the chief figure of the "Spring" symphony, which began the concert, this is simply the dominant and tonic) were expressively rendered. The clarinette did excellent work in its important phrases in the Reverie, and the flute *fioriture* against the theme on the strings were finely played and with judicious balance. The "Dance of the Dryads" gave splendid opportunity to the woodwind, and the blending of the pretty skipping phrases with the pizzicato effects was perfect. That uncomfortable Northern deity, Frau Hulda, rode around in the finale in the usual sensational manner. Raff is fond of musical equestrianism, for both in the "Lenore" symphony and in this work the auditor is treated to a horse-back ride. One cannot say, however, that the realism of Berlioz or the dash of Wagner in the same kind of cavalry work is attained. This is, however, one of the very best of the Raff finales, for in this movement of his symphonies one often finds Raff rather too diffuse.

That Raff was master of the symphonic form is undeniable; he shows it in the first movement of this very symphony. But his love of programme effects is not a merit, and just such a symphony leads the non-musician to expect a story in every instrumental work. Beethoven, to be sure, opened the door to this, but it is a defect all the same. When classical instru-

mental music endeavors to picture definite things, it is not so powerful as painting or poetry, and it by choice, becomes the weakest in the sisterhood of arts. The fact needs frequent statement, for the laity still prefer Beethoven's weak Sixth symphony to his strong Seventh, and Raff's "Im Walde" does not take the public out of the woods in this popular misunderstanding of the true scope and mission of music.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

The following bit from a private letter touches the Symphony concert of Saturday evening. We see often the criticism of experts, but isn't it interesting to see how a delicate intelligence, not musical, is affected by such music? Hereto is the tone of reflection the bit suggests:

"We enjoyed the concert very much—it was so very, very beautiful, and so dramatic. I like dramatic music, music that describes action, for this enables me to follow as I cannot the more philosophical music, because of my ignorance of technicalities—but this evening I was happy. We had a scene from 'Faust,' and a most beautiful symphony in three parts—'Daylight, Emotions and Impressions'—this was too vague for me, but beautiful—'Twilight, Reverie and Dryads' dance,' and last, 'Night—the silent weaving of the forest with Dame Hulda and Wotan—Daybreak.'"

This last part was most intelligible and beautiful—the dark forest and the gently heaving and weaving branches, the gradually nearing sound of the hunt, the wild music and the passing away, and at last the darkness and the murmur of trees. Then came some shrill sounds, faint at first and few—then one could really hear the screech of dawn. A brook seems to shake itself loose with bubbles like musical bells—the harmony becomes grand and heroic—one knows that the Almighty Giver has arisen once more to display his Creator's power. I wish you could have heard it all; I am not fanciful but I seemed to be in the forest guided by Keat's nightingale."

The composer himself would have been glad of this delicate appreciation. Usually "descriptive music" describes one thing as well as another, unless you know in advance what it is going to describe; but this Raff symphony is no doubt an exception.

AMONG THE MUSICIANS.

The reception accorded to the young violinist, Henri Marteau, who made his first appearance in this city as the soloist of the twelfth symphony concert in Music Hall Saturday evening, was most hearty and well merited. All that has been said of his successes, which have fired the enthusiasm of the musical centres of Europe can no longer be doubted, he is an artist of a rare type and plays with the quiet ease of a master. There is a breadth, power and musical sentiment in his playing seldom met with in the greatest artists, and his tone, rich, warm and of perfect smoothness, is simply exquisite, leaving little to

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be desired, and promises for him a most brilliant future career. He is quite young in years, having been born in Reims, France, in 1874, and showed signs of his musical genius at the age of 5, though it was not until April, 1884, that he made his public debut before an audience of 2500 in his native city. His stage presence is easy and graceful and he has a bright and winning face. He chose for his first number Bruch's concerto in G minor for violin. There was a perceptible nervousness which soon wore away and he played the Vorspiel with broad and technical skill. The adagio was full of expression and refinement; in the finale the purity of his tones were remarkable, and his runs and chromatics were given with great rapidity and evenness of bow. The second number, Gounod's "Vision de Jeanne d'Arc," and which was dedicated to Marteau by the composer, was played in a dainty and charming manner, full of thoughtful expression. At the conclusion of each of his numbers, a perfect ovation was accorded him to which he gracefully bowed acknowledgement. The rest of the programme consisted of overture in A minor, "In the Spring," by Karl Goldmark, which was given in Mr. Nikisch's best manner. The "Mephisto Waltz" by Listz, is one of the liveliest of Listz's orchestral tone-pictures, and was played with life and color. The long cello part was excellently done. Raff's "Im Walde" is full of picturesque and poetic beauty, and that highly colored orchestration in which Raff delights, and was a fitting ending to a thoroughly enjoyable programme. Next Saturday evening and Friday rehearsal Mr. Ignace Paderewski will be the soloist.

Twelfth Symphony Concert.

The principal feature at the symphony rehearsal and concert was the introduction of a young violinist, Henri Marteau, whose fame abroad, to judge from his performances here, has been justly earned. He is a youth of about 19 years of age, but young as he is, he is an artist "to the finger tips."

He is modest in bearing and boyish in appearance, and his bright, smiling face instantly wins the hearts of his auditors.

His first number, Bruch's first concerto for violin, immediately showed his almost perfect command of the instrument. The opening allegro was not so smoothly played as has been heard before in this city, but this defect was evidently due to the artist's nervousness, for his subsequent adagio and finale were beautifully performed.

The purity of his tones are remarkable. His legato runs and chromatics were given with great rapidity and precision, and the evenness of his bowing was also noticeable.

At times, perhaps, he lacked power; but that is but a slight fault which time will remedy. His interpretations plainly denote his artistic and sympathetic temperament, and the digital difficulties of the piece were skillfully surmounted by the young performer.

Gounod's "Vision de Jeanne d'Arc," his second number, was dedicated to young Marteau by the composer, and the charming manner in which it was performed elicited several recalls to the platform.

The artist chatted with Mr. Nikisch while waiting for the orchestra to lead off, and at

the conclusion of his last solo the two indulged in hearty hand shakes.

The high attainments of young Marteau promise a brilliant career for him. The applause was spontaneous and long prolonged, especially after his second number.

Goldmark's brilliant "Spring" overture was the first selection played by Mr. Nikisch's men. The various moods of the composer were given with due dramatic effect. Liszt's "Mephisto" waltz, as its name implies, is a revel of melody, broken into bits by desonants and percussion interruptions, and the dash and vim with which it was played imparted to it all the tone coloring required. The long cello parts were capitally given.

Raff "Im Walde" symphony, with its picturesque and poetic orchestration, served as a delightful finale to the concert.

AMUSEMENTS. Aug 13/92

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Mr. Nikisch's most interesting concert, the third of this winter's New York series, was attended by an audience that tested to the utmost the seating capacity of Chickering Hall. A perfectly rounded and satisfactory programme was played, beginning with Beethoven's eighth Symphony. This is one of the symphonies that possesses the greatest continued charm. The fifth and the seventh, with this one, make up the trinity of greatest beauty among the symphonies. That heavenly calm and serene majesty which are the characteristics of the symphony given last evening were set forth in their highest power by Mr. Nikisch's excellent judgment in tempi and from the absolute and rigid command in which he holds his band. The time in which each movement was set seemed slower than most renditions that we are accustomed to, but there can be no doubt of the good resultant effect. It is remarkable, too, how each set of instruments, each choir, effaces itself in turn, as the music demands, leaving its neighbor room to come into prominence for the moment. In this way the most exquisite variety of tone color and of variety in expression are produced. Nikisch plays upon his orchestra as though that were his instrument and he the virtuoso.

Not the least interesting and exciting part of last night's concert was the debut before our public of Signorina Castellano, a young Italian pianist, who, though only 16 years old, has played often in Italy with the largest orchestras, and now comes to win fame in our country. Her natural gifts are of the highest. She seems endowed with every attribute that is necessary to the grandest success in her art, and there can be no doubt that she will meet it. Her reception last evening and the enthusiastic encore, where the applause was undiminished after two recalls, testified the delight of her hearers. Signorina Castellano played Mendelssohn's G minor concerto, with orchestra taking the first movement and the last at a tempo which would be impossible to any pianist that was not endowed with a marvellous facility. This indeed, she has in an extraordinary measure. Her technique is perfect and absolutely astonishing. There is immense strength and an unending supply of nervous force. Her serenity is undisturbed in the midst of the greatest physical exertion, and the union of fire and dash with dignified reserve is something rarely if ever before found in a woman pianist. As an encore "La Castellano" played a presto by

Turini not known to our concert rooms. Much of her music has the charm of novelty as well as of beauty, as will be heard in her recitals that are soon to take place.

Mr. Adamowski, the favorite violinist of Boston, played two movements from Bruch's G minor concerto with that ease, elegance, and precision which have won for him an enviable position in the world of art.

What gave most piquant pleasure to the audience was probably the two extracts from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust," the minuet of the "Will-o-the-Wisps," and the "Waltz of the Sylphs." The latter was played in such a manner as to be beyond criticism. None but words that would sound very like flattery could be applied to the performance of this most dainty and delicate bit of orchestration. It represents the sylphs, who have, at Mephistopheles' bidding, brought to the sleeping Faust dreams of love and Marguerite, as gliding and dancing away through the air after the performance of their magic task. The audience redemanded this fairy-like bit, which was played so deliciously as to be equal in rendering to the perfection of its composition.

It should be announced that a sudden and severe cold will prevent Mrs. Nikisch from appearing at the Brooklyn concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra this afternoon and Saturday evening. Mme. Basta Tavery will sing the "Non mi dir" from "Don Giovanni," and Elizabeth's aria from "Tannhäuser."

The fourth Symphony concert of the Boston Orchestra will take place on Thursday evening, Feb. 8.

Henri Marteau, who has captured musical Boston at one fell swoop, received one of the most noteworthy compliments that has been paid an artist in this city. It will be recalled that the Symphony orchestra is wont to lavish its applause on every soloist that plays or sings at the Saturday night concerts; indeed, the more indifferent the performance, the louder tap the bows on the leading violinists' desks. Many and many a time have the men of the orchestra saved an artist and fanned the audience into a species of enthusiasm by applauding. In short, the discriminating auditor has come to regard the Symphony orchestra as a sort of "claque," and its applause as meaningless; but the other night, after the masterly playing of the Bruch concerto, the first violins sat quite undemonstrative and allowed the expensive audience to wear out its hands and feet in recalling this charming youth who had taken it by storm. Possibly these gentlemen felt they were unequal to the occasion. For once a boy of genius stood among their ranks, and it so surprised them to hear the violin played in this fashion they thought any applause at their hands—or bows—was not necessary. Silence is eloquent, but, as it can be interpreted in several ways, it is sometimes safer to make signs that shall indicate what is believed; otherwise an observer might fancy jealousy was the cog that held back the wheels of emotion. No incident in the eleven seasons of Boston's Symphony concerts has made the stir which young Marteau's performance has done, and the spirit in which the violinists received it has made it doubly noteworthy.

ABOUT MUSIC.

The Twelfth Concert of the Symphony Orchestra.

Henri Marteau, Violinist, Plays and Conquers.

In Memoriam—Julius Eichberg, Violinist and Teacher.

The programme of the twelfth Symphony concert was as follows:

Overture—"In the Spring," op. 36.....Goldmark
Concerto for violin No. 1, G minor, op. 26.....Bruch
Mephisto Waltz.....Liszt
"Vision de Jeanne d'Arc," for Violin and Orchestra, Gounod
Symphony No. 3 ("Im Walde"), op. 153.....Raff

Goldmark once delighted in musical pictures of strange lands and strange men and women, that swooned alike under a blazing sun. He dreamed of Balkis, the Queen of Sheba, and her wild desire to see the court of Solomon. He was an Oriental, studying devoutly the Kama Sutra. He wandered in Shushan in the third year of the reign of the King Ahasuerus, and he sat at the feast in the court of the garden of the King's palace, "where were white, green and blue hangings, fastened with cords of fine linen and purple to silver rings and pillars of marble; the beds were of gold and silver upon a pavement of red and blue and white and black marble." He, too, coveted the beauty of Tamar.

And so his music was full of sandal wood and pungent incense, camels and nodding palms, long-bearded men that knew the languages of the animals, women that were courted by the Barmecides. And the hot sun struck fiercely his notes and turned them into mingled blood and wine. That was the Goldmark of "Sakuntala" and the "Queen of Sheba." The Goldmark of the "Spring overture" is an excellent and amiable musician who writes pretty and agreeable music. His name might be Schmidt, Schulz or Mueller. I prefer the Goldmark of the inexorable desert, the bird-haunted forest, the player to the graceful movements of heavy-eyed dancing girls.

The music of this concert was largely descriptive and romantic. Spring means something to an Englishman or a dweller on the Continent. We have no spring in staid New England. There is a dangerous leap from winter to summer, and the realistic music of accompaniment is a cacophony of coughs.

The "Mephisto Waltz" is an indecent setting of a lewd text. This episode in Lenau's

"Faust" is coarse and brutal; musical embellishment does not better it. Liszt's music is not without strength; the strength is the strength of Diogenes. The beauty is momentary and infrequent; morbid, it is akin to the charm of a poem by Baudelaire on "Carrion" or "Spleen."

The symphony gave great pleasure. There was no need of following Raff's directions for proper enjoyment. The music may have meant this or it may have portrayed that; the success of the portrayal is immaterial; the music itself, particularly in the first three movements, fascinates and holds the hearer.

The performance of the orchestra was admirable from the beginning to the end. In solo passages and in ensemble there was almost nothing to be desired. In beauty of conception and in perfection of performance the concert of Saturday evening was the finest of the present series.

The solo violinist was Henri Marteau. The story of the career of this remarkable young man was told at length in the Journal of Saturday, and there is no need of referring to his triumphs in France, Germany and England. Besides we have heard him.

Marteau does not need the rare charm of his personality. He could be older by many years, for in his performance there is no suggestion of the wonder-child. He could conquer without the aid of his handsome face with dangerous dimples; without the impression made by his manly, nervous and aristocratic bearing. Were he the Gwynplaine of Victor Hugo, the hearer would not notice the carve and eternal laugh. The ugliest of singers charmed thousands by the passion of his song, and the greatest Arsace was hi-cious to the view.

But when such physical attractions and such modesty of bearing are added to supreme musical gifts and acquirements, then indeed must the violinist be irresistible.

This young man was fortunate, it is true, in his teachers. There was Hubert Leonard, who succeeded Charles de Beriot. There was Garcin, the pupil of Alard. Marteau has also enjoyed the counsel of colleagues and composers.

But Marteau has one thing that cannot be given by the most experienced teacher. It is not to be learned in private lesson or in long-established conservatory. Intimate knowledge of tradition is here or no avail.

For this young man has the sacred fire of genius.

Destiny promised him at his birth that he could go forth into the world and by his violin draw all hearts unto him.

Nor is he merely an emotional player, of rare technique and fastidious ear. He plays with breadth and he is not dominated by an heroic role. He is master of the situation. He sounds the entire gamut of human passion.

His strength is never brutal. His virility is never muscularity. His tenderness is not effeminacy.

He does not play to the eye. He does not call attention to a difficulty. The good old cantor and organist Karl August Haupt—now at rest—would have seen in him the living exemplification of his advice to a pupil. "When you come to a trying passage you should persuade the hearer by your ease and accuracy that it is the simplest passage in the composition."

There are excellent violinists that honor this town by choosing it as the home of their adoption. Wandering stars of the first magnitude have brightened our sky for a night. But an audience in Music Hall has not been so thoroughly captivated by a violinist since the apparition of Martin Melton Sarasate.

And yet the joy of greeting a master is lessened by the thought of the departure from us.

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the same week, of one of the most revered musicians of this country. Many in this city remember the beauty and the purity of the performance of the violinist. Hundreds acknowledge gratefully the sound and wise instruction that came from him.

Set oration or solemn funeral line would be distasteful to Julius Eichberg. It was his custom of an afternoon, when he was through with the exhausting labors of the day, to sit at ease in the club, where he was loved and respected from the time of its foundation. There would he talk on subjects musical, on topics of the day. There would he tell of musicians of the past. There would he give kind and unostentatious advice, which is now doubly precious. There would he parry jest and speak in epigram.

His use of English was most felicitous. One adjective would color a terse and witty sentence. He was a master of sarcasm, which, however, was only used in denunciation of that which was hypocritical, mean or impure. He scorned pretence and affectation. He was the champion of the unrecognized deserving, and of the humble, and of the oppressed.

His learning was never openly exposed. It crept into his conversation almost secretly and shame-faced, for great was the modesty of the man.

To the very last he was faithful in the discharge of his duty. He had exchanged the passing glory of the virtuoso for the enduring honor of the teacher. Although fatigued, he did not complain. That noble head was not bowed; those piercing eyes were not dimmed. The wit was nimble. The heart was great with kindness.

Now that he has left us there seems to be less music in this world, and nature itself seems less kindly. But surely such energy, such courage, such nobility and purity of life are not now extinct.

"O strong soul, by what shore
Tarriest thou now? For that force
Surely, has not been left vain!
Somewhere, surely, afar,
In the sounding labor-house vast
Of being, is practiced that strength,
Zealous, beneficent, firm."

PHILIP HALE.

MUSICAL MENTION.

The Symphony Concert.

The twelfth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place at Music Hall Saturday evening, with the assistance of Mr. Henri Marteau, soloist. The programme was as follows:

Overture in A major. "In the Spring." Goldmark.
Concerto for violin, No. 1, in G minor. Max Bruch.

"Mephisto Waltz".....Liszt.
"Vision de Jeanne d'Arc," for violin and orchestra.....Gounod.
Symphony No. 3, in F major. "Im Walde".....Raff

The event of the evening was the appearance here for the first time of Mr. Henri Marteau, a young violinist who has already acquired an enviable reputation in Europe. One must speak in the highest terms of this youthful player for he possesses all the acquirements of the mature artist. His tone is broad, his technique extraordinary and wonderfully brilliant, his intonation remarkably correct, and his repose that of the consummate artist. His musical temperament embraces all the elements that are necessary in an æsthetic nature of the highest degree; his playing is characterized by delicacy, a beauty of sentiment and refinement, as well as a noble and virile manner, imparting manliness and breadth to his interpretations. His style is finished in the extreme. He was recalled five times after the Bruch concerto.

The orchestra played much better than usual, and if it had not been for the overblowing of the brass, the results would have been gratifying.

Next Saturday evening Mr. Paderewski will play his concerto in A minor, and there will be in the programme two poems for orchestra by Mr. MacDowell, our townsman, entitled "Hamlet" and "Ophelia," respectively. Schumann's Symphony No. 1 and the "Vorspiel" from Wagner's "Meistersingers" will complete the programme.

WARREN DAVENPORT.

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Young Marteau was born in Reims, France, in 1874. He made his debut in 1884 at Reims before an audience of nearly three thousand persons. Since then he has performed in Paris, London, Vienna, Berlin and other large cities and invariably with very much the same success that attended his Boston debut last evening, where everyone present could but have realized that all heralding of his European fame had been amply fulfilled, and the enthusiasm of the audience was raised to the highest pitch. Following the concerto the orchestra played the Mephisto Waltz in the episode from Lenau's "Faust," by Franz Liszt,—which was time wasted upon a thoroughly bad work—after which Mr. Marteau again appeared and with great charm interpreted with the orchestra the "Vision de Jeanne d'Arc," by Charles Gounod. The concert ended with a fine performance of the Raff symphony above quoted.

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 an innate aristocratic nobility that proclaims him at once as one of the favored of those children of art who have been dowered in the cradle. His performance of the concerto was fascinating in the beauty of its sentiment, its impressive, romantic feeling, and its freedom from all that savored of affectation. We have been somewhat surfeited on violin playing, of late, but the playing of this young genius, in its high perfection of technique and style, was a new sensation, that was stimulating in effect. Many have played this concerto here before, but no one has performed it so beautifully, or has made it so well worth the hearing. At the end of the first movement, the audience expressed its surprise and delight with prolonged applause, and when the work was ended, gave way to a storm of enthusiasm, recalling the artist three times. His wonderful cantabile playing in the Gounod selection again stirred it to a fury of plaudits that did not cease until the player came forward five times to bow his acknowledgements. His success was overwhelming, and what is more, it was wholly deserved. The brilliant future of this young master is already assured. At the next concert the programme will be: Symphony, No. 1, Schumann; concerto for pianoforte, A minor, Paderewski; two poems for orchestra, "Hamlet" and "Ophelia" Mac Dowell (first time); pianoforte solos, and Wagner's "Mastersingers" overture. The soloist is Mr. Ignace J. Paderewski.

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Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1892-93.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. ARTHUR NIKISCH, Conductor.

XIII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, AT 8 P. M.

PROGRAMME.

ROBERT SCHUMANN. SYMPHONY, No. 1, in B flat major. op. 38.
 I. Andante un poco maestoso. B flat major.
 Allegro molto vivace. B flat major.
 II. Larghetto. F flat major.
 III. Scherzo; Molto vivace. D minor.
 Trio I. Molto più vivace. D major.
 Trio II. Same tempo as the Scherzo. B flat major.
 IV. Allegro animato e grazioso. B flat major.

IGNACE J. PADEREWSKI. CONCERTO for PIANOFORTE, in A minor. op. 17.
 I. Allegro. A minor.
 II. Romanza: Andante. C major.
 III. Allegro molto vivace. A major.

EDWARD A. MACDOWELL. TWO POEMS for ORCHESTRA. op. 22.
 I. HAMLET. Largamente. D minor.
 II. OPHELIA. Moderato, con tenerezza. F major.

SOLI for PIANOFORTE.

RICHARD WAGNER. PRELUDE to "Die Meistersinger von Nuremberg."
 In very moderate movement, broad and weighty throughout. C major.

SOLOIST:

MR. IGNACE J. PADEREWSKI.

The Piano used is a Steinway.

The Symphony Concert.

The 13th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place at Music Hall Saturday evening. Mr. Paderewski was the soloist. The programme was as follows: Symphony No. 1, in B flat, Schumann; concerto for pianoforte in A minor, Paderewski; Two Poems for Orchestra, No. 1, "Hamlet," No. 2, "Ophelia," MacDowell; solos for pianoforte, Nocturne and Valse Brillante, Chopin; Prelude to "The Meistersinger," Wagner.

Of course the great attraction of the evening to most everyone was the appearance of Mr. Paderewski; and it was the announcement that this eminent pianist would play, that long before the day of the concert caused every ticket for sitting or standing room to be disposed of. There is nothing new to be said of the playing of this wonderful artist.

Whatever he does is sure to charm the audience. This occasion was no exception, and he was recalled again and again after the performance of each of his numbers. His concerto, played for the third time in Boston (twice by himself and once by Mrs. Rive-King), is a work that improves upon repeated hearings. The effect of this composition depends upon a happy performance of the orchestral part, which is a dominant feature of the work. On this occasion it was coarsely and noisily played, more particularly the first movement, the impression thereby being given that the work is coarse and crude in its construction, which really is not the case. Its beauties were subjected to the *patois* that afflicts our band, hence the unfortunate results.

The novelty of the evening, and to the real musician the most important feature of the programme, was the presentation of Mr. MacDowell's "Two Poems" for orchestra. These compositions are spontaneous and finely orchestrated, showing in every respect the hand of the inspired and competent musician. If the effect produced was disappointing to the listener, it must not be laid at the door of the composer, but to the manner in which the music was performed, a manner at once rough and boisterous, regardless of the indicated expression, and lacking in the necessary contrasts of dynamics. As delineated by the orchestra "Hamlet" seemed armed with a club, and roaring like a lion, strode about thirsting for gore. "Ophelia," however, was more considerately treated, perhaps through some possessed gallantry upon the part of the conductor. It is to be hoped that we

may yet hear these compositions played under better auspices.

The Schumann-symphony, the beauties of which are familiar to our audiences through the delightful playing of the orchestra under the baton of Mr. Gericke, was not creditably performed. The wood-wind was untuneful and the brass overblown and rank in quality; even the string band did an amount of undue rasping. At no time has the inability of the tympani player to accurately tune his drums been more distressingly apparent than in the first movement of the Paderewski concerto. A loud rough and hurried performance of the Wagner prelude finished this overlong and unpraiseworthy performance, as far as the orchestra was concerned.

WARREN DAVENPORT.

ABOUT MUSIC.

Journal

The Thirteenth Concert of the Symphony Orchestra.

Hamlet and Ophelia According to Mr. MacDowell.

The Enthusiastic Tribute Paid to Ignace Paderewski.

The programme of the thirteenth Symphony concert was as follows:

Symphony No. 1, B flat major, Op. 38.....Schumann
Concerto for pianoforte, A minor, Op. 17.....Paderewski
Two poems for orchestra, op. 22.....MacDowell
Nocturne, Op. 37, No. 2 }Chopin
Waltz, Op. 34, No. 1 }
Prelude to "Die Meistersinger von Nuernberg" ...Wagner

Mr. Paderewski was the pianist.

Mr. Paderewski was greeted warmly when he appeared on the stage, and at the end of the concerto he was applauded with unbridled enthusiasm. Recall followed recall. There was a similar scene after the numbers by Chopin. There was again seen the amazing triumph of temperament. And yet Mr. Paderewski never appeared to less advantage in Music Hall than at the concert of Saturday evening.

His concerto does not wear well. When it was played by him last season, there was much of its material that seemed effective. Saturday evening the former favorable impression was not renewed. The pianoforte part appeared to be often meaningless, or merely a means of exhibiting bravura. The instrumentation seemed at times unnecessarily noisy and raw. The romanza seemed rambling and inconsequential, and the finale not without the pomp and the tinsel of a spectacular theatre-piece. Mr. Paderewski played with fire and brilliancy; but he frequently forced the tone, or, to speak plainly, he pounded, and without necessity.

When the concerto was first played here by Mrs. King in March, 1891, the impression then made was this: "The concerto makes severer demands upon the player's technique than mine. The bravura work is dazzling, and it would be more effective were it not almost incessant. There is little or no depth of feeling, there is but very little feigned or genuine passion. Everything lies upon the surface, to be looked at, to be praised, to be forgotten. The concerto is like a long-continued setting-off of fireworks: rockets soar upward and die in fiery agony; pinwheels revolve and throw out dazzling sparks; colored lights and Roman candles, flower pots and mines amuse and hold the attention; set pieces compel one to admire the art of the maker; the last spark is extinct, and the darkness which follows is the more intense." This impression was strengthened by the hearing of Saturday evening.

Mr. Paderewski was not in his happiest vein. His performance of the nocturne was mannered and artificial: it was without poetic feeling; it was almost wholly devoid of the marvelous pedal coloring which seems peculiar to him. Nor was his playing of the waltz as frank as on former occasions.

The virtuoso dies with his generation. His fame is a bubble. When garrulous old men shake their heads and prate of the eloquence of the jury lawyer of their youth, or of the beauty of the actress whose eyes are now dust, or of the virtuoso who thrilled them, the young sit in the seat of the scornful. "The leaf falls, but the forest remains." That which is printed has a chance of survival, and the respect of the Chinese for paper and type is not without foundation. Mozart, the virtuoso, is a myth; Mozart, the composer, dwells among us; we know his plain and lovable face; we listen eagerly to his words of humor and consolation. But who can foretell the life of a contemporaneous composition?

Mr. MacDowell's symphonic poems are called "Hamlet" and "Ophelia," and they are without a textual programme. The hearer, when he knows that the music is about the Prince of Denmark, can imagine what he pleases. He may find the wicked King therein, or Polonius; the ghost may walk the wind-swept platform; or Rosencrantz and Guildenstern may enter arm-in-arm. It has been said that everyone is convinced of his ability to play the part of Hamlet, and no two hearers would probably agree concerning Mr. MacDowell's musical delineation of the hero. Let us rather rejoice in the musical beauty of the pieces without entering into vain discussions concerning the meaning of this or that passage. These symphonic poems are not by any means the strongest of the works of MacDowell, but how full they are of romantic beauty, of charming effects, of passion under artistic restraint, of haunting melody. With what skill are the colors prepared! This man is a born musician. Music was not to him an acquired taste, like tomatoes or olives. He best expresses his thoughts in music. It is his natural means of communication with his fellows.

These poems are "sleep-chasings," to borrow the phrase of Walt Whitman. Hamlet is seen as in a dream, from which the sleeper wakes, moved, excited, but not disquieted; and he would fain dream the dream again. Personally, I prefer the "Ophelia," and yet the "Hamlet" is in height of imagination the nobler work. When I hear such programme music as this, I do not hanker after conventional and rigid molds, into which music is poured that answers the definition of Leibnitz, viz.: "Music is an occult exercise of the mind, unconsciously performing arithmetical calculations."

Hearty and honest applause followed these symphonic poems, and yet theseeming triumph of the evening was the temperament of Paderewski. The individual is nearer to the public than is a work. It is the actor in "Hamlet" that provokes discussion and rivets or repels the attention. And yet the musical feature of the concert of Saturday evening was the introduction of the symphonic poems of Mr. MacDowell.

The orchestra gave a robust performance of the Schumann symphony. The effect was marred at times by the untunefulness of the wind instruments. The concert was protracted to a late hour, and many left the hall before the opening measure of the "Meistersinger" overture.

PHILIP HALE.

JANUARY 29, 1893—

MUSICAL OFFERINGS.

Symphony Orchestra and
Pianist Paderewski.

Second Week of "Lion Tamer"—Urania
Spectacle—Handel and Haydn.

Nordica and Damrosch Programmes—
Concert for Benefit of Veterans.

If there had been any doubts about the continuation of the Paderewski craze, the unbeliever who attempted to purchase tickets for the 13th rehearsal and concert of the Symphony would have found his or her incredulity sadly at fault last week. The simple announcement made by Manager Ellis, "All tickets for both performances are sold," was verified; for Music Hall was crowded at each entertainment with an audience of admiring (perhaps worshipping would be a more fitting term,) spectators, who insisted on recalling the wonderful pianist several times after each number.

It was given out that M. Paderewski had injured his hand before the rehearsal, but if he had no bad result was shown.

With the orchestra he played his A minor concerto for pianoforte, a work, although written by a pianist, which treats the piano as a single instrument without seeking to wander into the realms of orchestral effects.

Wonderfully was the piece played. The confidence of the composer, reinforced by the ability of the player, was a combination as near perfection as one could imagine.

The graceful romanza of the andante, the second movement, was perhaps the most delightful portion of the composition, for here the dainty melodic form is alternated between the piano and orchestra, and if ever harmony possessed soul this charming morceau must rank in that category of expression.

At the matinee his Chopin introductions awakened great applause. But whether it be Chopin, Liszt, Beethoven, Schubert, or any other composer, the great performer almost disarms criticism, and it is useless to further laud his phenomenal performances.

Two new poems, entitled "Hamlet" and "Ophelia," written by the well-known Boston composer, Mr. E. A. MacDowell, were given by the orchestra with fine effect. They evidently are companion pieces, although the talented writer gives no further clue to the tone pictures than that conveyed in their titles.

Underlying the "Hamlet" number is the suggestion of the depressing moods of the

young prince, illustrated by the generous measures allotted to the string basses and the brasses, broken at intervals by discordant notes, typifying, doubtless, the phantasies of the mind which conjures up shadowy visions from the spirit world.

The sad and gentle nature of the unfortunate maiden is shown in the "Ophelia" composition, by the plaintive and tender orchestration in which the strings have the principal work. Dissonants mark her madness, and a pathetic theme, pianissimo, shows her untimely "taking off."

A single hearing of the piece is insufficient for a proper analysis of its fine orchestration and originality of treatment. It was most favorably received, but it is of so delicate an order of composition that it appeals more successfully to the cultivated musician than to the average auditor.

Schumann's stately symphony No. 1, in B-flat major, and the prelude from "Meistersinger" were the other orchestral selections.

This week the programme will be as follows:

Overture, Coriolanus.....Beethoven
Skeleton in Armor, op. 28.....Arthur Foote
For chorus, orchestra and quartet.
Mrs. Marie Barnard-Smith, Miss Lillian Carlsmith,
Mr. George J. Parker, Mr. Clarence E. Hay.
(First time.)

Song of Destiny.....Brahms
For chorus and orchestra.
Columbus March and Hymn.....Paine
For chorus and orchestra.
(First time in Boston.)

PADEREWSKI'S ART.

IT JUSTIFIES THE FERVOR OF ADMIRERS.

Music Hall Filled to Overflowing at Saturday's
Symphony Concert, in Which the Great
Pianist Was the Central Figure—A Unique
Brilliancy of Harmonic Production.

The Symphony on Saturday was but the frame of the picture, for it was Paderewski, and Paderewski almost alone, who caused the aisles of Music Hall to overflow with a standing population, and the best orchestral numbers did not evoke a quarter of the enthusiasm that greeted a well-torn Chopin nocturne and waltz. In a certain sense the frenzy had its justification, for the pianist was at this concert heard with his appropriate surroundings, and in his own concerto he attained a greater height than in the groups of piano solos, more fit for chamber recitals, which have made up his preceding programmes.

One can only rhapsodize about his work in this concerto. Such brilliancy, such fervor, such bravura without an attempt to put virtuosity in the foreground, deserve paeans of praise. Naturally the composition is *Klavier-maessig*, but Paderewski has not committed the fault of Rubinstein and kept the piano unduly prominent; on the contrary, almost all the real development is given to the orchestra while the piano repeats, embellishes, or emphasizes the orchestral thoughts. Nor has the composer shown the Achilles' heel of Chopin, and betrayed weakness in dealing with tone-colors, made prominent by contrast with strength in the piano passages.

The cadenza of the first movement led in an unstrained manner from thematic material to the most brilliant display of virtuosity, and the final octave work was simply phenomenal in its power, rapidity and clearness. Originality is in every part of the work, although the burst of festivity in carillon-like clanger and the solemn organ-like second theme, in the finale, cause this movement to recall the spirit, if not the substance, of Schumann's "Cologne Symphony." The refined and melancholy character of some of the orchestral touches in the first movement, the ineffable sweetness of the romance, the exciting hurly-burly of the finale, and the powerful climax of the work, go to make up a composition that is likely to be more appreciated at each successive hearing.

The solos were less effective. Any piano pieces must lose in effect when brought in direct contrast with orchestral works, and it was probably this intermingling which caused the two Chopin numbers to seem less entrancing than usual. The works given were the nocturne in G and the waltz, op. 34, No. 1. The audience, however, went frantic over the playing and recalled the artist time after time, until it became evident that he did not propose to play an encore. The orchestral support in the concerto was especially good, the ensemble being without flaw, the conductor and musicians entering heartily into the spirit of the work.

Less commendation, however, must be given to the performance of the first movement of Schumann's B flat symphony, the introduction being made blatant to the verge of untunefulness, and like anything but the composer who was reserved even in his happiness, and who always avoided bombast. One may acknowledge the spirit of triumph which is in the first movement of this work, for Schumann, who often wrote his autobiography into his music, here celebrates the winning of his wife, or at least the happiness consequent upon it, but one can easily parody this outburst of joy, this combination of love and spring, and by exaggerated performance, metamorphose rejoicing into boisterousness.

There are passages in the first and last movements which call for the full power of the orchestra, but it may be questioned if this full power means forcing the strings to stridency, and causing the brass players to blow until their cheeks crack! The trombones especially can readily take the step from the sublime to the ridiculous; there was a time when they were too restrained in our orchestra, but the pendulum has now swung too far on the other side.

The larghetto, however, was finely played, and horns and cellos vied with each other in good shading and expression here. The scherzo, also, was taken up in good style, with just the right changes from earnestness to airiness. Schumann here gives a mood that is not easy either to define or musically interpret: He sweeps from lively to severe, if not from grave to gay, leaning just a little toward the darker side, and portraying Pleasure as Hawthorne has personified him in the wanderings of Daffydowndilly. Neither the mirth of Mozart nor the grotesqueness of Beethoven are in this scherzo, but the picture is not less true or artistic than these. Oboes, horns and especially to the solo flute (in the cadenza) deserve especial mention in connection with the last movement.

To the American auditor the most interesting part of the programme should have been the two poems (*Poemes Symphoniques* in the true sense of the word) by MacDowell, entitled "Hamlet" and "Ophelia." They are rather too deep to capture the multitude at once, but they are rich both in ideas and scoring. The composer has made of these two characters a sort of Faust and Marguerite, and the military tone of the first poem, and the tender and pathetic, yet simple character of the second, remind strongly of the contrast of the two first movements of Liszt's "Faust Symphony," especially as Ophelia, as Gretchen appears on the muted violins. In the portrayal of Hamlet the warlike element is well contrasted with moments of reverie and sorrow, and in the Ophelia movement there is something of foreboding and premonition. There is fluency of writing apparent in every measure, and though one may not find the ordinary conception of Shakespeare's pair present in the work, yet judged *per se*, the composition is one of the most worthy of the recent additions to the native repertoire. It does not belong to the average "programme music" school either, for the composer has here given a subjective rather than an objective work, and it is a presentation of emotions rather than of events.

With a fiery performance of the prelude

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to "Die Meistersinger" the exciting programme ended in an exciting manner. There was much to commend in the performance of this. The broad theme of the Guild of Mastersingers was given with splendid power. It is not generally known that this is taken (at least its first score of notes) from an actual theme written by a mastersinger. The quick march on the woodwind was also very clearly and accurately played. There was, however, an occasional lack of perfect balance of parts, and a few of the sub-themes, which might have been seen by the eye in the score, were not audible to the ear in the performance. As a whole the concert was a successful one, but one cannot help regretting the swaggering Schumann who marched at the head of the procession.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Symphony Concert, Soloist Mr. Paderewski.

"The Lion Tamer" a Hit—Return of the Nordica Company—The Heinrich Song Concerts—Romantic Recitals by Scharwenka—Grossmith Again—Another Wagner Event—Notes.

The 13th of the season's concerts by the Boston Symphony orchestra at Music Hall, last evening, made an ideal musical entertainment, and the immense audience present, limited in numbers only by the entire capacity of the auditorium, left no doubt of the impression given by the programme performed under the direction of Mr. Arthur Nikisch.

The Schumann symphony No. 1 made the first attraction of the evening, and the reading given its several movements realized all their beauties in the most artistic fashion, the men of the orchestra seeming to enter into the spirit of the work with unusual interest.

Following the symphony came the concerto for pianoforte in A minor, op. 17, by Mr. Paderewski, with the composer as solo player. The repetition of this work, which had a hearing here last season, made a memorable event of the evening, for the playing of Paderewski was superb, and left nothing to be desired by the most captious critic. The orchestra, which is made so prominent throughout the concerto, was heard at all times with equal satisfaction, and the remarkable scene of enthusiasm which followed the conclusion of the work was but natural. Repeated recalls were responded to by the well nigh exhausted artist, whose powers of endurance seem to equal his genius as a pianist and composer.

Mr. Nikisch then gave a first hearing of the two "poems for orchestra," named by Mr. E. A. MacDowell, the composer, "Hamlet" and "Ophelia." No descriptions of

these "poems" have been made public by Mr. MacDowell, and the difficulty of deciding upon their realistic value is thereby greatly increased. Music is indefinite in its suggestions even to the most imaginative nature, and it appears only fair to assume that Mr. MacDowell has correctly reproduced the thoughts which he may be supposed to have had in mind while preparing these "poems." Apart from any definite significance, the two works are compositions well worthy the name they bear. They are excellent specimens of Mr. MacDowell's melodious tendencies, the leading themes being clear and definite, as well as full of character, and in the working out of the principal subjects Mr. MacDowell again shows his skill as a musician and his masterly ability in the use of the modern orchestra. The merits of the two "poems" were fully appreciated by the audience and the reading given them by Mr. Nikisch was most satisfactory.

The programme was further enriched by Mr. Paderewski's contribution of some solo selections in his best mood, and ended with a splendid performance of the great prelude to the "Meistersingers."

Next Saturday evening the programme will be as follows: Beethoven's overture, "Coriolanus"; Arthur Foote's "Skeleton in Armor," op. 28, for chorus, orchestra and quartet, with Mrs. Marie Barnard-Smith, Miss Lillian Carlsmith, Mr. George J. Parker and Mr. Clarence E. Hay as soloists; Brahms' "Song of Destiny," for chorus and orchestra, and J. K. Paine's "Columbus March and Hymn," for chorus and orchestra.

MUSICAL. *Sarita*

The Symphony Concert.

The concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, last night, was attended by an audience that completely packed Music Hall. Every available bit of standing room was filled. The concert opened with Schumann's Symphony, No. 1, for which, by the way, the conductor seems to have a special predilection. The work was given very effectively, though with much exaggeration of style, and untunefulness on the part of the wind instruments. The novelty of the concert was a work by Mr. E. A. MacDowell; two poems for orchestra, op. 22, and entitled "Hamlet" and "Ophelia," respectively. We must confess that we failed to understand them on a first hearing. The music is well put together, is beautifully instrumented, and is delightful in tone color generally; but beyond this we do not feel competent to speak of it. Why Hamlet, and why Ophelia, we cannot understand. If the first be to describe the moods of Hamlet, the listener is left to discover what moods. What the wildness, the incoherency and the raving of the greater part of the first movement indicate, baffles us. If this music typifies Hamlet at all, it is a Hamlet who would have run his sword through the King, his uncle, the first time he saw him after having heard the story of the Ghost. The Ophelia movement is more lucid, and has a leading theme of great beauty. The work is musically from beginning to end, but it is a pity that it does not tell what it has to tell more clearly. It was well played, though again the wind instruments indulged in false intonation. There was much applause, and an evident desire to call the composer forward, but he did not appear. The soloist was Paderewski, who was welcomed with immense enthusiasm. He played his concerto in A minor, op. 17, the same work that he performed last year at these concerts. That he gave it with splendid brilliancy and impressiveness need not be said. In fact, it is no longer necessary to dwell on the perfections of this artist's playing. He was wildly applauded and recalled four times. Later in the evening he played the great Chopin Nocturne in G and the Valse Brillante by the same composer. We have heard him perform these works much better than he did on this occasion. He was evidently not in his best mood, and there were moments in the waltz when he was not equal to himself. Still it was Paderewski, and the audience rewarded him with thunders of plaudits after the nocturne, the orchestra giving also their stamp of approval; and after the waltz the applause was furious in its fervor, again encouraged by the orchestra. The artist was recalled three times, manifestly with the view of exacting an encore; but the piano lid was closed incontinently, and the recalls ceased. A fine appreciation of Wagner was shown by the exit of the larger part of the audience before the performance of the "Meistersinger" overture which ended the concert. The programme for the next concert is: Overture, "Coriolanus," Beethoven; "The Skeleton in Armor," by Arthur Foote; Brahms' "Song of Destiny," and the "Columbus March and Hymn," by John K. Paine. Mrs. Marie Barnard-Smith, Miss Lillian Carlsmith, Mr. G. J. Parker, Mr. Clarence E. Hay and the Boston Symphony chorus will assist.

CYNICISMS.

I have frequently wondered, in attending the Symphony concerts in Music Hall, at the eclectic tastes of the orchestral performers, especially of the outer row of first violins, which is particularly within my line of vision. These gentlemen applaud the performances of every soloist who assists at the concerts. The quality of the performance, be it good, bad, or indifferent,

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does not seem to affect them in the slightest. They applaud, and heartily. When a soloist chances to be a member of the orchestra, the applause is more vigorous than it is at any other time; but that should be looked at in a sympathetic rather than a cynical light; should be considered as an amiable weakness, an illustration of loving camaraderie, a manifestation of a highly laudable *esprit du corps*. So regularly and so industriously do these gentlemen give the cue to the audience, in the shape of plaudits, that I sometimes ask myself if this is among the other duties they have contracted to perform; or whether the orchestra is called upon to combine the services of players with those of a well-organized clique. I have sometimes thought that the audience might be permitted to all the applauding, as it may be very naturally surmised that it is they who are expressly privileged to manifest that they are well satisfied with the return that has been made to them for their money. However, this is, perhaps, to consider too curiously, if not too harshly. Their applause, however, would be more valuable and more impressive if they did not bestow it on everybody and everything. Perhaps, they feel themselves in an awkward position before the public, and that their motives may be misjudged if they do not testify their approbation of singers, violinists, and pianists in the way named. Perhaps, on the other hand, they entertain the opinion so largely prevailing among artists, that the public is an ass, and must be guided, by authority, in the direction of applauding in the proper places. For many years, have I attended these Symphony concerts, and I do not recall when the orchestra, especially the front row of violinists of which I have made mention, has failed to applaud with great fervency, the soloist of the evening. I have seen and heard them evidence by their applause, their pleasure, real or pretended, with some exceedingly poor singing, poor violin playing and poor piano playing. To do them justice, though, I must hasten to add, that I have always known them to give the heartiest evidence of enthusiasm toward one of their own number. Now, on the strength of all this, and full of memories more or less cheering, of their course toward other soloists, I was astonished, knocked off my perch, as it were, at their conduct toward the young violinist, Henri Marteau, on Saturday evening, the 21st inst. Here was a brilliant artist, a mere boy, and yet a thorough master of his instrument; one who has been approved of the most eminent and most exacting critics of Europe; a genius, in fact, who plays exquisitely, artistically, perfectly; who, few as are his years, is the superior, in many important essentials, of any of our resident violinists who has been heard at these concerts. Curious to relate, the violinists who have for so long been, to all intents and purposes, the clique of the organization, forget their familiar enthusiasm on such occasions, and failed to applaud the gifted young artist; or applauded so gingerly, so weakly, and with such calm perfunctoriness, as to excite the astonishment of all who witnessed it. The audience showed its independence of what I charitably call the volunteer clique, by going into extasies over young Marteau, by storming applause at him, and recalling him again and again in a perfect fury of delight. What puzzles me is the conduct of the hitherto always prompt orchestral applauders. Perhaps they were so overcome by the splendid talents of the violinist that they were paralyzed, for the time being. This, if true, would be creditable alike to their heads and their hearts. I wish that Mr. Kneisel, Mr.

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CYNICISMS.

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does not seem to affect them in the slightest. They applaud, and heartily. When a soloist chancies to be a member of the orchestra, the applause is more vigorous than it is at any other time; but that should be looked at in a sympathetic rather than a cynical light; should be considered as an amiable weakness, an illustration of loving camaraderie, a manifestation of a highly laudable *esprit du corps*. So regularly and so industriously do these gentlemen give the cue to the audience, in the shape of plaudits, that I sometimes ask myself if this is among the other duties they have contracted to perform; or whether the orchestra is called upon to combine the services of players with those of a well-organized claque. I have sometimes thought that the audience might be permitted to all the applauding, as it may be very naturally surmised that it is they who are expressly privileged to manifest that they are well satisfied with the return that has been made to them for their money. However, this is, perhaps, to consider too curiously, if not too harshly. Their applause, however, would be more valuable and more impressive if they did not bestow it on everybody and everything. Perhaps, they feel themselves in an awkward position before the public, and that their motives may be misjudged if they do not testify their approbation of singers, violinists, and pianists in the way named. Perhaps, on the other hand, they entertain the opinion so largely prevailing among artists, that the public is an ass, and must be guided, by authority, in the direction of applauding in the proper places. For many years, have I attended these Symphony concerts, and I do not recall when the orchestra, especially the front row of violinists of which I have made mention, has failed to applaud with great fervency, the soloist of the evening. I have seen and heard them evidence by their applause, their pleasure, real or pretended, with some exceedingly poor singing, poor violin playing and poor piano playing. To do them justice, though, I must hasten to add, that I have always known them to give the heartiest evidence of enthusiasm toward one of their own number. Now, on the strength of all this, and full of memories more or less cheering, of their course toward other soloists, I was astonished, knocked off my perch, as it were, at their conduct toward the young violinist, Henri Marteau, on Saturday evening, the 21st inst. Here was a brilliant artist, a mere boy, and yet a thorough master of his instrument; one who has been approved of the most eminent and most exacting critics of Europe; a genius, in fact, who plays exquisitely, artistically, perfectly; who, few as are his years, is the superior, in many important essentials, of any of our resident violinists who has been heard at these concerts. Curious to relate, the violinists who have for so long been, to all intents and purposes, the claque of the organization, forget their familiar enthusiasm on such occasions, and failed to applaud the gifted young artist; or applauded so gingerly, so weakly, and with such calm perfunctoriness, as to excite the astonishment of all who witnessed it. The audience showed its independence of what I charitably call the volunteer claque, by going into extasies over young Marteau, by storming applause at him, and recalling him again and again in a perfect fury of delight. What puzzles me is the conduct of the hitherto always prompt orchestral applauders. Perhaps they were so overcome by the splendid talents of the violinist that they were paralyzed, for the time being. This, if true, would be creditable alike to their heads and their hearts. I wish that Mr. Kneisel, Mr.

Adamowski and Mr. Roth had applauded with their customary vigor. It would have left no cause for disapproving comments on the part of the audience, and for uncomplimentary remarks about jealousy of another violinist who was not of their number; about the enmity of German artists to those of French origin; about cliannishness, ungenerosity, small mindedness and other disagreeable things. Alas! the artistic nature is hard to understand.

CHATTERER.

JANUARY 30, 1893

THEATRES AND CONCERTS.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

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Schumann: Symphony No. 1, in B-flat major, Opus 38.
Paderewski: Concerto for Pianoforte, in A minor, Opus 17.

MacDowell: Two Poems for Orchestra; "Hamlet" and "Ophelia," Opus 22.

Pianoforte solos—

Chopin: Nocturne in G major, Opus 37, No. 2.
Valse Brillante in A-flat major, Opus 34, No. 1.

Wagner: Prelude to "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg."

Mr. Ignace J. Paderewski was the pianist.

A glorious concert, if two hours long! The magnificent opening of the Schumann symphony was given as it deserved, and the passage where the same theme returns in the same slow tempo in the middle of the first movement, instead of seeming like something of a falling off, as it usually does, sounded even stronger and more heroic. Equally brilliantly done was the horn and trumpet fanfare near the end of the movement. These are effects after Mr. Nikisch's own heart, and he makes them stand out in almost unexampled splendor. The whole symphony was admirably read and played, albeit we have heard the slow movement done with greater delicacy, and with something more of smoothness of tone.

Mr. MacDowell's "Hamlet" and "Ophelia" do not throw much more light upon what this immensely talented, but enigmatic, young musician strives after in his compositions—unless his aim be to combine beauty of tone-color with emotional expressiveness, and nothing else. In the "Ophelia" there are some moments of approach to recognizable musical form and coherence; but for the most part these two poems sound very like mere rambling preluding, like the first tentative stage in the growth of a musical purpose. Or shall we say that they sound like the musical accompaniment to some unexpressed poetic thought, or to an unseen dramatic action? There is no little beauty in them, much vigor, with perhaps a leaning toward the fantastic; but of musical meaning we can find next to none in them, and of definite poetic meaning there can be none at all. They are like the incoherent happenings in a dream, which, to be sure, do not seem incoherent for the time being to the dreamer. Perhaps this music ought to be listened to when one is in a state of half somnolence, and the mind is not occupied with the outline of things.

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sical outline in some of the more delicate passages, but with superb force and sustained power in the stronger places, and with positively enormous effectiveness in the final climax. The peroration was simply overwhelming.

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The next programme is: Beethoven, overture to "Coriolan," opus 62; Arthur Foote, "The Skeleton in Armour," for chorus, quartet and orchestra, opus 28; Brahms, "Song of Destiny," for chorus and orchestra, opus 54; Paine, "Columbus March and Hymn," for chorus and orchestra. Mrs. Marie Barnard-Smith, Miss Lillie an Carlismith, Mr. George J. Parker and Mr. Clarence E. Hay will sing the solo parts.

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By itself considered also the programme was of strong interest, containing as it did the "Spring Symphony" by Schumann and the two new poems by MacDowell; but there are few amateurs indeed who could not be drawn to a concert by such a reputation as Paderewski's and to use a commonplace phrase, limiting it, of course, to the musical elite in this city, "everybody was there" last evening and the greatest interest and enthusiasm prevailed. One does not care to rob the alphabet from A to Z in order to do justice to an artist like Paderewski. Looking in the glare of his qualities as a genius and searching for some point of defect, and then only finding to a limited extent such deficiencies as have been admitted in connection with his pianoforte recitals in this city, such an analysis will afford the pessimist the satisfaction of knowing that the most enthusiastic things a critic can say of Paderewski's performances will scarcely equal the enthusiasm of such as place the spiritual nobility of an artist's effort upon a higher plane than its scholastic or theoretical excellence. As we listened to Paderewski's performance of his concerto in A Minor last evening we were impressed that, possessing the truest, rarest and most charming tokens of his art, Paderewski is in the best sense one of the most interesting and masterly tone-poets that the musical world has known. In his piano-forte concert one finds an epitome of his characteristics as a genius. The whole work displays abundant spirit and concentrates attention between piano-forte and orchestra in about as perfect an ensemble as one would care to hear. That the work of any composer who has not been dead for a score of years or more is the offspring of genius is the last thing in the world that a contemporaneous wise-acre will feel disposed to admit; but it is difficult to understand how there can be a dissentant to the verdict that this A Minor concerto is one of the genuine creations in music. As equally true of the Chopin and Saint Saens concertos, with which works it may not improperly be compared, but very rare traces of borrowed thought can be found in it. It is also a work overflowing with rich musical conceptions, the merit of which was recognized when it was performed here before. Its workmanship alone proclaims that study and learning, combined with a spontaneous regard for the interests of the virtuoso, have guided the pen of its author.

The performance of the work by Paderewski was eminently beautiful and satisfying. In it there was freedom within strictness and, paradoxical though it may seem, strictness within freedom, while throughout both composer and pianist, the two in one, had their say in a perfectly natural and candid manner, and with all the vigor, skill and mastery also of the whole-souled and superbly educated musician.

The symphony given last evening seems to have been the logical outcome of the happiest period of Schumann's life. The obstacles to the composer's marriage with Clara Nieck had been overcome, and he had won high position as a musician and critical authority. Writing to Dorn in 1839, Schumann complains of the pianoforte as "too

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Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1892-93.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. ARTHUR NIKISCH, Conductor.

XIV. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, AT 8 P. M.

PROGRAMME.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN. OVERTURE to "Coriolan," in C minor, op. 62.

ARTHUR FOOTE.

"THE SKELETON IN ARMOR." Ballad for
CHORUS, QUARTET, and ORCHESTRA, op. 28.
Conducted by the Composer.
(First time in Boston.)

MRS. MARIE BARNARD-SMITH,

MISS LILLIAN CARLSMITH,

MR. GEORGE J. PARKER,

MR. CLARENCE E. HAY.

JOHANNES BRAHMS.

"A SONG OF DESTINY." for CHORUS and
ORCHESTRA, op. 54.

JOHN KNOWLES PAINE.

"COLUMBUS MARCH AND HYMN."
(First time in Boston.)

BOSTON SYMPHONY CHORUS.

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.

A FUNNY ROW,

In Which Our Own Nikisch
Reverend Figures.

NEW YORK, Feb. 2.—The funniest row of the winter is now going on between Harry Cannon and Nikisch, the Boston Symphony Orchestra leader, also leader of the orchestra that played last week at Harry Cannon's subscription concert.

Harry Cannon is a little blond, mussy-pated chappie of New York, who may have been spoiled by having had a good time all his life, with lots of money to spend.

Nikisch the brunette accuses Cannon the blond of having been very rude and arbitrary to him on the occasion of Nikisch's Orchestra being hired to give a performance at Cannon's house.

The word "hire" is the stumbling block. What does an artist lose or gain when he is hired to play in a private house?

Harry Cannon claims that Nikisch gains his price and cold supper and stale champagne thrown in for himself and musicians.

Nikisch claims that he gains social recognition, hot oysters a la poulette and "fizz" galore, freshly opened and poured into goblets.

Moreover, Nikisch and his men were admitted by a side door of the Cannon house, and he claims the front door only should have been opened for them.

Always in Good Form.

The quarrel is a very pretty one all round.

However much Harry Cannon may have been spoiled, he has not been found lacking in those generous impulses which amateurs often show to professionals.

As a sculptor of no mean fame, Harry Cannon maintained a studio uptown and has over and over again called in professional talent to assist at the exhibitions of his works of art.

At no one of these somewhat famous symposiums of luxurious society and talented professionals have I ever heard a word of disagreement as to the standing of the professionals or the graceful seated pose of society.

It cannot be that Harry Cannon and his pretty wife have intentionally slurred so great an artist.

The Symphony.

It was chorus night at the Symphony concert on Saturday, and by no means so artistic an occasion (as far as performance goes) as when the orchestra is heard unaided. The body of vocalists gathered as an auxiliary to the instrumental forces is by no means on a par with them. In a city which possesses an Apollo Club, a Cecilia, or a Handel and Haydn Society, this is a great shortcoming, and one that must become speedily palpable to the general public, no matter how omnivorous that many-headed monster may be. This criticism may be tempered at once with the statement that the chorus sang much better on this occasion than when it appeared in the ninth symphony. But it may sing much better still, and not be the peer of the organizations mentioned above, or of the orchestra which is its yoke fellow. The American composer has become epidemic this week, and in two days Paine, Chadwick and Foote have been heard in new works. Foote's "Skeleton in Armor" was the longest work on the programme on Saturday. It was a cruel thing to place this cantata between a warlike Beethoven overture and a most dignified Brahms cantata. Under these circumstances the Viking became a very respectable, even pious, individual, rather addicted to religious tones, a much better party than most of the old Norsemen, but scarcely the one depicted by Longfellow. Mr. Foote with all his great ability (and he is one of the most skillful of American composers) seems utterly deficient in dramatic power, and therefore one finds him habitually choosing the most dramatic subjects for his musical setting. He has never succeeded in grasping the direct power and strong contrasts of Longfellow's poetry, often as he has had recourse to this fount of inspiration. To give the sentiments of the Viking (which at once suggest a solo for baritone or tenor robusto) to a chorus and quartette for interpretation, avoiding solos altogether, was inartistic. Let the composer study Bruch's "Frithjof" with its sombre baritone work if he desires to see how a Norse subject can be graphically presented, or let him refer to George E. Whiting's "Tale of the Viking" if he desires to see a stronger presentation of this very subject. Yet one must praise the fluency of writing amid all the disappointment entailed by the mistakes alluded to, and the repetitions (caused by contrapuntal imitations) which marred the setting of "The Wreck of the Hesperus" are but seldom apparent here. The orchestral prelude was striking, but the setting of the stanza beginning

"But when I older grew, joining a corsair's crew"

was as suggestive of a "Y.M.C.A." as of a "Corsair's crew." The love episode, on the other hand, was beautiful in a high degree, although perhaps a little too pastoral. In this part the tender harmonies, the tasteful orchestration, and the melodic themes, combine to make a number that will live. Entirely ineffective was the succeeding scene of Hildebrand's banquet hall. Here one might well have expected a flavor of bardic music, a burst of harps, something akin to the rhapsodical character which

Bruch has given in the banquet in "Odysseus"; there was nothing of this, nor was there anything of northern revelry, there was only a degree of trumpet-blowing, and after these fanfares some use of the battery of percussive instruments that was conventional amidst all its noise.

It would be mere repetition to follow the rest of the work in detail: the well-written and meaningless music is continued to the very end. One may except the *Andantino Grazioso* at the words "Three weeks we westward bore," which is certainly graceful; but at the very close, as if to emphasize the undramatic character of it all, there is not an iota of difference between the lines "Skool! to the Northland! Skool!" and "Thus the tale ended." The performance may not have done full justice to the work, for the balance between chorus and orchestra was poor, and there was many a blur to condone. The solo quartette, consisting of Mrs. Marie Barnard-Smith, Miss Carlsmith, Mr. Geo. J. Parker, and Mr. Hay, was the redeeming feature of the execution of the work.

Brahms' "Song of Destiny" began well. The dignified prelude was well played. But from the entrance of the vocal parts there was much inequality, and much seemed spasmodic in a work where this was the unpardonable sin. It may be doubted whether the chorus ought, in its present state, to undertake such ambitious work. The postlude was not so well given by the orchestra as the prelude had been. Before speaking of the final number of the programme, tribute must be paid to the excellent orchestral execution in the "Coriolanus" overture; the Beethoven work has seldom has a better performance. The reading was broad and massive, yet quite free from exaggeration.

Prof. Paine's "Columbus March and Hymn," an artistic outcome of the Chicago fair, closed the concert. It was not well performed, but here at least one may acquit the chorus of all blame; they sang with heroic effort, but they were numerically too weak to cope with a work that was intended for a vast festival occasion. As well examine the head of Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty in the rooms of the Boston Art Club with a hope of getting its true effect, as expect to judge of such a work in the surroundings and with the forces of a symphony concert. One cannot help thinking of the march which our last international exhibition brought forth, and drawing a parallel between the two. Paine's composition is a worthier one than Wagner's; it is clearer, and works to a better climax. The element of bombast may be detected in both, but that is permissible, almost to be demanded, in such music of national self-glorification. Peace and prosperity are rarely the parents of a national anthem, and those who hoped for a better successor to that English drinking-song, "The Star Spangled Banner," were disappointed. The beginning of the march was military enough, and presented trumpet fanfares galore, and as much "Turkish Music" (bass-drum, cymbals, and other percussion) as would fill the vast Chicago auditorium, and it more than filled Music Hall. The two themes of the work are well contrasted and broadly treated, always with a view to heavy effects, for the Western occasion would not permit of deli-

cate touches. Artificial groupings occur frequently and prevent any trace of monotony. The climax is a most worthy one, and is, in the opinion of the writer, decidedly higher than if the composer had culminated with one of our national tunes. The lofty theme of the chorus reminds of that subject with which the composer culminated his second symphony, and like that majestic theme it is in 3-2 rhythm. Words and music form just the right keystone to the arch, and while such a work can never make its due impression in the calm atmosphere of Music Hall, it has formed a worthy prelude to one of the most important of American events.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

SYMPHONY AND SONG.

New Works by Arthur Foote and Prof. Paine.

The programme for the rehearsal and concert of the Symphony orchestra was made particularly attractive by Mr. Nikisch, who introduced two numbers, new to this city, both of which were written by prominent resident musicians. The concert consisted of Beethoven's overture, "Coriolan," Arthur Foote's "Skeleton in Armor," for the first time, Brahms' "Song of Destiny," and John K. Paine's Columbus march and hymn for the first time here.

The Beethoven overture is one of this master's grandest works, being full of dramatic effects and furious orchestration. Short and melodic phrases are repeated by the different instruments to be suddenly interrupted by a storm of brassy. It has been called "an overture in a new form," because of Beethoven's departure from the accepted canons of overture compositions.

The orchestra, especially the strings, played the number grandly. The phrase variations illustrated the homogeneity of team work of the different instruments, the passages being given with precision and unity.

Mr. Arthur Foote's musical setting of Longfellow's "Skeleton in Armor" was



given by the orchestra, Boston Symphony chorus, and the soloists, Mrs. Barnard-Smith, Miss Lillian Carlsmith, Mr. George J. Parker and Mr. Clarence E. Hay, Mr. Foote conducting. After a short and sombre orchestral introduction the chorus takes up the line, "Speak, Speak! Thou Fearful Guest."

which is the keynote as it were, to Mr. Foote's introductory music. The spirit then changes to the heroic style, and in this allegro the chorus sang with splendid results.

In gentler strain the quartet then fol-

lows; after which the story of the Viking's flight is told, closing with song of the sea. The passing away of the Viking's lady love and his violent death close the cantata.

Mr. Foote has written a work which may be classed as artistic and musical; musical in the sense of continued harmonious forms which are not over-elaborated or intricate.

The text of the poem is beautifully illustrated by the orchestra as well as the vocal setting, and the instruments are used as a background and seldom appearing prominently excepting in the dramatic portions of the work.

The allegro, "Scarce had I put to Sea," is a charmingly breezy bit of writing, and the descriptive, "Death Without Quarter," is broadly scored for both contingents of the performers.

In the closing quartet there is a dainty theme for strings and flutes, and the vocal part is also a fine example of sympathetic writing.

The composition must inevitably take high rank as a chorus composition, for to that body is given the principal work. The orchestra did very well as a whole, although the brass contingent showed unfamiliarity with the author's style of leading.

The solo roles were well sung by Mrs. Smith, Miss Carlsmith and Messrs. Parker and Hay. Mr. Foote was cordially received, and that his fine composition gave great pleasure to the large audience was shown by the liberal applause at the close of its rendition.

Brahms' "Song of Destiny" was given a satisfactory performance. The running accompaniments by the orchestra, with the chorus singing in unison, was very smoothly played.

The last number upon the programme was Prof. John Knowles Paine's Columbus march and hymn, written for the Columbian exhibition, and played for the first time in this city. The text is also by Prof. Paine, and the work is scored for the full modern orchestra.

The style of composition is, of course, martial, and it admits of heavy and sustained effects by the brasses and instruments of percussion.

Two themes are given to the orchestra in the march, which are worked out with stentorian modulations, these joining at the close and leading up to the hymn.

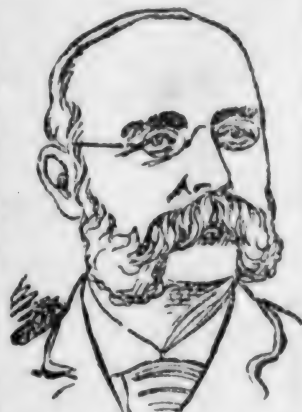
The chances for lights and shades in a work of this nature are so few that one is forced to view the piece from a patriotic rather than from an artistic standpoint.

Prof. Paine has scored the march grandly and with but little of the blatant element, when the style of the production is considered. The heroics are not tawdry or commonplace; the themes are developed harmoniously and clearly, and there are many passages which thrill the auditor, especially when that auditor is an American.

It was given without the organ, hardly a noticeable omission in this case, and with the quartet and chorus.

The vocal work was spirited and generally acceptable; although the volume of the instruments was sufficient to drown the efforts of the singers in many instances.

The next programme, to be given Feb. 17 and 18, is as follows: Thieriot, symphony in E major, op. 55, first time; Saint-Saens, concerto for pianoforte in G minor; Beethoven, symphony No. 7, in A major. Soloist, Mr. George M. Nowell.



PROF. JOHN K. PAINE.

THEATRES AND CONCERTS.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the fourteenth symphony concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Beethoven: Overture to "Coriolan," Opus 62.
Foote: "The Skeleton in Armor," Ballad for chorus, quartet and orchestra. Opus 28.
Brahms: "A Song of Destiny," for chorus and orchestra. Opus 54.
Paine: "Columbus," March and hymn, for chorus and orchestra.

The Boston Symphony Chorus assisted, and Mrs. Marie Barnard-Smith, Miss Lillian Carlsmith, Mr. George J. Parker and Mr. Clarence E. Hay sang the solo parts.

These concerts in which a chorus sits round the orchestra are not the ones in which the orchestra sounds best. After three or four experiments, one is even in doubt whether they pay musically. The idea of having a chorus regularly associated with a symphony orchestra is by no means new; in certain conditions it is an excellent one. Take, for instance, the Conservatoire concerts in Paris; at these concerts a chorus *always* takes part. But the chorus is a small one, of professional trained singers, who are paid for their work, and who can consequently be employed without any regard for their own pleasure, but simply for the good of the concerts. Thus the chorus can be called into play whenever, and as often as, it is wanted. As a rule, there are one or two choral numbers at a concert; not more; and it should be remembered that the programmes are considerably longer than ours. The chorus is not grouped round the orchestra, as with us, but is massed together just in front of the orchestra; the singers invariably sing sitting. The orchestra is drawn up behind them on a permanent raised platform, the general form of which is that of an amphitheatre; it has the wall of the hall, or what other sound-reflecting surface there may be, immediately behind it. As the orchestra is thus raised above the singers, it plays over their heads, straight at the audience; the chorus being numerically small, it absorbs exceedingly little, if any, of the orchestral tone. The purely orchestral pieces make their full effect while, in the choral numbers, the chorus, singing directly into the audience from the front of the platform, tells "for all it is worth." These are perhaps ideal conditions for symphony concerts interspersed with choral selections.

But it is difficult to see how these conditions can be made to exist here in Boston. Our chorus singers are almost without exception amateurs; their voices, as a rule, are neither so strong nor so telling as those of trained professionals, and to get an effective chorus you must have more of them. This encumbers the platform. As amateurs, they all have their regular avocations, which they must give up to attend rehearsals and performances; they sing mainly for their own enjoyment or from good will toward the concerts, and cannot be worked as paid professionals can. To get them together is no slight task, and it is no mean effort on their part to go through the work of rehearsals and concert. Thus it is not rationally worth while to form and rehearse a chorus unless you get a good deal of singing out of it. To take all these pains for

the sake of one choral number on a programme is out of all due proportion between effort and result. It is especially unwise, as the mere presence of the chorus on the platform injures the effect of all the orchestral numbers; and to ask volunteer singers to sing in one number, and wait in the green-room until their turn comes, thus preventing their hearing the rest of the concert, is not the part of common courtesy. The chorus can be made musically worth while only by giving it the lion's share of the programme; and this turns the whole thing from a symphony concert into a choral concert.

Now it is hard to see what sufficient reason there is for the Boston Symphony Orchestra's giving choral concerts; this field has been amply worked in Boston for the last ever so many years; we have already all the choral concerts we know what to do with. In this respect we are better off than they are in Paris, where, with the exception of the Société des Grandes Auditions Chorales (which gives fewer concerts a year than our Handel and Haydn does), the Conservatoire is about the only regular organization that gives choral performances. And Paris has three independent symphony orchestras that give their concerts invariably on the same afternoon! To have a choral annex, to add variety to what are mainly orchestral concerts—just as solo singers or players do—is a very different matter from giving essentially choral concerts. And we have shown why it is not easily practicable to have a chorus to do nothing more than add the desirable variety to symphony concerts in this city. The game is not worth the candle. And, in so far as choral concerts, properly so called, are concerned, that sort of thing is so done, and so well done, by other societies that there is no need of the Symphony Orchestra's putting its finger into the pie.

Last Saturday evening the "Coriolan" overture, evidently well played, made next to no effect at all: the tone of the orchestra was so damped and muffled by the surrounding ranks of chorus singers.

Mr. Foote's "Skeleton in Armor" (conducted by himself) is a work to be spoken of both with respect and admiration. Mr. Foote's affection for Longfellow's ballads is apparently unquenchable; so, in spite of our conviction that they are not the best material in the world for extended musical setting, we will say no more on this head. Let us say at once, however, that in this last work of his Mr. Foote seems to us to have been far more successful in catching and holding fast by the true ballad tone than in any of his previous attempts. That he has completely solved the problem—as Carl Loewe did in his ballads for a single voice—can hardly be said; in this "Skeleton in Armor" the absence of distinctly dramatic style results in certain instances in a corresponding loss of dramatic effect, notably in places where the suggestions of the text are essentially dramatic. He has not quite caught the art of dramatic coloring without doing violence to the even, lyrical flow of the ballad style. But he has come much nearer to it than ever before, and has at the same time preserved the ballad style in far greater purity. Instances of the musical rhythm running disturbingly counter to the poetic metre are quite exceptional here, whereas in his "Hiawatha" and "Wreck of the Hes-

perus" they were far more frequent, and also far more striking. The whole "Skeleton in Armor," in spite of its rhythmic variety and frequent shiftings of keys, impresses one as springing from one inspiration, and being cast in a single mould. In musical workmanship it is thoroughly excellent; it is poetic in conception and admirably strong in execution. Its absolute clearness is something uncommon today. The performance was capital, the quartet of solo voices doing extremely good work. It was very enthusiastically received, the composer being repeatedly called out after it. Mr. Foote has scored one more success.

Brahms's "Song of Destiny" is a work of infinite beauty, but somehow it seemed singularly ineffective last Saturday evening. The orchestra sounded dull and muffled as it did in the "Coriolan" overture, and the chorus, although apparently singing well enough, was not impressive.

Columbus does not seem to have brought great luck to American composers. Dudley Buck once wrote an overture on him that proved to be one of his weakest works, and we mistake much if the "Columbus" march and hymn keeps a very high place in the list of Mr. Paine's compositions. It is a gorgeously instrumented, pompous march, terminating in a hymn broad three-two time sung by the chorus. But the work does not strike one at the first hearing as of finer quality than occasional compositions in general are. Mr. Paine has done far better things.

The next programme (for Friday afternoon, Feb. 17, and Saturday evening, Feb. 18) is: Thérriot; sinfonietta in E major, opus 55; Saint-Saëns, concerto for pianoforte, No. 2, in G minor, opus 22; Beethoven, symphony No. 7, in A major, opus 92. Mr. George M. Nowell will be the pianist. There will be no rehearsal nor concert next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Symphony Concert, American Composers Honored.

The Nordica and Damrosch Operatic Programmes—"The Lion Tamer"—Recitals by Max Heinrich and Wife and Scharwenka—Grossmith's Return—Tonight's Handel and Haydn.

The American composers resident in this vicinity were duly recognized in last evening's concert of the Boston Symphony series, and the action of Conductor Nikisch in giving this prominence to native talent was productive of much satisfaction.

In commenting upon the evening's events first mention is due to Prof. John K. Payne's "Columbus March and Hymn," composed for orchestra and chorus, by request, for the dedicatory exercises of the Columbian Exposition at Chicago last October. It was very gratifying to have an opportunity to hear this composition under

such favorable circumstances, for, with the chorus organized for these concerts and the Symphony orchestra, a combination of musical forces was had, which gave the grand composition a most complete interpretation.

The introduction of the orchestral movement is inspiring in its breadth and dignity, and at once stamps the work as that of a master in the use of all of the resources of the modern orchestra. In the march movement two themes of striking merit are used with rare skill and discretion, and the repetition of the introduction leads the hymn with excellent effect.

Prof. Paine's verses make an excellent subject for his genius as a composer, and in the choral movement he has used the voices of the choir in a way that brings the composition to a telling climax. The performance of the march and hymn created a marked impression, and the composer was duly honored by the applause which followed its termination.

Mr. Arthur Foote's ballad for chorus, quartet and orchestra, being a musical setting of Longfellow's poem "The Skeleton in Armor," was also included in the evening's programme, its production, for the first time here, being made under the composer's baton.

The selection of this ballad for such elaborate treatment does not appear to be quite wise, and the composer has not been altogether happy in his assignment of the verses. The work is in cantata form, and despite the sterling ability shown in the orchestral and voice parts there is a lack of strength and contrast in the ballad, as a whole, which is hardly in keeping with the earlier works by Mr. Foote. The ballad is well suited for single voice, but hardly affords the opportunities demanded to use such a combination of vocal forces as have been employed by Mr. Foote. The orchestral score is rich in tone color, and much success has attended the treatment of this portion of the composition.

The chorus did commendable work in their numbers, and were well aided by Mrs. Marie Barnard-Smith, Miss Lillian Carlsmith, Mr. George J. Parker and Mr. Clarence E. Hay in the quartets.

A grandly effective performance of Brahms's "Song of Destiny," for chorus and orchestra, already heard in the Cecilia programmes, with the ever welcome "Coriolan" overture, completed the programme.

The reseating of the stage, by which the chorus and orchestra were both accommodated, has been very successfully accomplished, and the singers were well placed for effective results.

The orchestra is on one of its occasional tours the coming week, and on the evening of the 18th inst. the programme will be the E major symphonietta by Thérriot, Saint-Saëns' G minor piano concerto and Beethoven's seventh symphony, the soloist being Mr. George M. Nowell.

TIGHT BINDING

ABOUT MUSIC.

The Fourteenth Concert of the Symphony Orchestra.

The Second Concert of the Handel and Haydn Society.

"Phoenix Expirans" Set to Music by George W. Chadwick.

The programme of the fourteenth symphony concert was as follows:

Overture, "Coriolan".....Beethoven
"The Skeleton in Armor," Ballad for chorus, quartet and orchestra. (First time in Boston).....Foote
"A Song of Destiny," for chorus and orchestra.....Brahms
"Columbus March and Hymn." (First time in Boston.) Paine

Mrs. Barnard-Smith, Miss Carlsmith, Messrs. Geo. J. Parker and Clarence E. Hay sang the quartettes in Mr. Foote's ballad. The chorus was the Boston Symphony Chorus.

It may be said that Mr. Foote was unfortunate in his choice of a text, for Longfellow's poem does not appear to allow of rhythmic diversity in music, at least as far as Mr. Foote is concerned. The question is not whether the choice was judicious. The composer might have told of "Sir Patrick Spens," he might have dreamed over James Clarence Mangan's "Vision of Compnaught," the superb and mystical poem of the time and the years of Cahal Mor of the Wine red Hand; he might have taken from Percy's Reliques, "John Barleycorn" with its stirring lines,

"John Barleycorn has got a beard,
Like any other man."

Mr. Foote preferred "The Skeleton in Armor." The question is this, What did he do with it?

He that proposes to put music to a ballad full of panoramic incidents must, if he wishes to gain dramatic effect, treat the detail dramatically or choose two or three salient scenes and create as many moods, sharply defined and contrasting. If he consider carefully every point he is apt to lose sight of one great climax; or the effect is frittered away by italicizing so many sentences; or the work is prolonged unduly. The ballad then becomes as jejune and foolish as Dr. Johnson's celebrated burlesque:

"The tender infant, meek and mild,
Fell down upon the stone;
The nurse took up the squealing child,
But still the child squeal'd on."

Mr. Foote avoided these dangers, it is true. He also avoided, alas, dramatic intensity in his treatment of a few contrasting scenes. He employed a quartette for the expression of the gloom and the peaceful married life. He used the allegro in different degrees and with various modifications. In spite of these efforts the ballad is undramatic. The music seldom suits or intensifies the words.

A reader of imagination and well-trained voice could make a more vivid impression by reciting this poem of Longfellow. In Mr. Foote's setting the music often obscures the words and at times wars against the palpable meaning of them.

The questioner, the narrator and the skeleton that answers are all one and the same musical person. This one musical person is not a ventriloquist. The skeleton that once skated, led a wild life, asked the consent of Hildebrand, bore away the mail, and then, after years of quiet enjoyment, allowed his soul to go skyward by falling upon a spear, has the same voice in the episodes of his existence.

Is there horror in the first inquiry? No. Is awe inspired by the narration of the coming to life? No. Is the "dead man's curse" effective? No; for tempo, notation and leading of voices deny the possible existence of effect. And so throughout the catalogue of incidents. Once, it is true, Mr. Foote succeeded in giving comparative pleasure—in the pretty and conventional treatment of the few lines beginning, "Once, as I told in glee," the quartette, pp. 10-14.

The music is undramatic. The voices are at times treated so that their walk is stiff; at other times they are soled that the resulting harmony is dry, noisy and without effect. There is occasionally a sense of awkwardness in the reading, as in the eleventh and twelfth measures of the fifteenth page.

Nor can the instrumentation be praised. It is either thin or thick. The voice parts are too frequently doubled by instruments. The different choirs of instruments are not effectively used against each other. There seems to be little attention paid to the peculiar characteristics of the instruments.

Throughout the work there is a certain fever, but it is a slow fever. There are hints of dramatic effects that are postponed indefinitely. There are false prophecies concerning the arrival of a climax.

It is true that the ballad was not well sung. The chorus no doubt contains excellent material, but the parts are not well balanced; the intonation is not above reproach; the attack is not decisive. The ballad was conducted Saturday evening by its composer; it is therefore fair to say that it was read in accordance with the wishes of the composer. And yet his indications in the voice and pianoforte edition were not followed. The ballad is peppered hotly with these indications. But Saturday evening there was not one pianissimo observed, and p p p seemed as unintelligible as an hieroglyphic. There was a monotone of forte that was of close kin to fortissimo. There was little rhythmic sense. The musical sentences were not read as sentences, and there was always undue importance given to the first beat. Even the experienced singers of the quartette sang without full appreciation of the character of 9-8 movement.

Mr. Foote's work was applauded heartily, and he was recalled two or three times.

Prof. Paine's "Columbus March and Hymn" was "written by official invitation for the opening ceremonies of the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago and performed there for the first time in October of last year." It was written with a view to performance in an immense hall, with an orchestra of 200 and a chorus of 5000. To judge of its merits when it is given under different conditions might be regarded properly as unfair. These general statements may, however, be made. First, nearly all of the compositions known to the French as "official machines" may have

which they were written; they have seldom been of permanent worth; they have seldom preserved alone the name of the composer. Again, Prof. Paine had contributed to the musical reputation of his country by his music to "CE ious" and by orchestral works before the Columbian Exposition was a fact. The invitation extended to him by the managers of the exposition was a deserved tribute of respect and admiration. The acceptance of the invitation was the graceful act of a composer who knew full well the difficulties of the undertaking. To write a march that should be worthy of his reputation and of the occasion and at the same time be not devoid of the elements of popularity, that was indeed a task.

It would seem from the performance of Saturday evening that if Prof. Paine erred in the fulfillment of his task, it was in the desire to gain instantaneous popularity. Whatever may have been the effect produced at Chicago, this march cannot be classed among the most dignified, original and thoroughly musical works of the eminent composer.

The "Song of Destiny" has been heard in Music Hall under more favorable conditions. The Boston Symphony Chorus in its present state is not able to give such a work with proper effect.

There will be no public rehearsal and concert this week. The programme of the rehearsal and concert of Feb. 17-18 will be as follows: Symphonietta, E major, op. 55, Thieriot; concerto, G minor, for pianoforte, Saint-Saens; Symphony, A major, No. 7, Beethoven. The pianist will be Mr. George M. Nowell.

PHILIP HALE.

MUSIC.

THE SYMPHONY.

The concert in Music Hall, last evening, was for the most part given by the Boston Symphony Chorus, the only orchestral performance, strictly speaking, being that of the overture to "Coriolan," in C minor, opus 62, Ludwig van Beethoven. As Beethoven was well acquainted with the master works of Plutarch and Shakespeare. It may at first thought seem strange that he should have gone out of his way to make his overture serve as a prelude to the five-act tragedy by Collin on the subject of the famous Roman. Collin and Beethoven, however, were personal friends, and the overture was written at a time (1807) when the former was secretary to the war department of the Austrian Government. In this same year Beethoven also wrote the Ramoumoffsky quartettes, the pianoforte concerto in G; and the C minor symphony was also near at hand. Richard Wagner identifies the overture with the scene between Coriolanus, his mother and his wife on the battle field before the gates of his native city, when the chieftain yielding to feminine entreaties, refused to assault the place and thereupon suffered death at the hands of Volcan Atilus, his associate in the enterprise. Reichardt, however, has said that it is a better representation of Beethoven himself than of the Roman, whose name it bears, and it is also the opinion of the same authority that both in the overture and the "Herole" symphony, Beethoven was unconsciously painting his own portrait. The heroic elements of the work with all the intense energy and fever-heat in attendance upon them were oddly enough sterilized and rendered ineffective in the interpretation by Mr. Nikisch.

Following the overture was Mr. Arthur Foote's ballad for chorus, quartet and orchestra, opus 23. The composer himself conducted, and the select quartet for the performance consisted of Mrs. Marie Barnard-Smith, Miss Lillian Carlsmith, Mr. George J. Parker and Mr. Clarence E. Hay. Making due allowances for a single hearing of Mr. Foote's work its psychical relation to the words of Longfellow is not wholly clear, and it would appear to have been more scholastically throughout than deeply felt. That the work is the production of a highly cultivated musician is as apparent as need be, but a certain monotony is engendered possibly by the composer's over anxiety to do justice to the spirit of the words at a consequent sacrifice of an adequate amount of spontaneity. The ballad, it is true, was somewhat inanimately sung by the chorus, but the select quartet for the performance was all that could have been wished. The Song of Destiny by Brahms, and the admirable Columbus March and Hymn, by John Knowles Paine were delightfully given. At the next concert Mr. George M. Nowell will appear as soloist with the pianoforte concerto in G minor, by Saint-Saens.

The Symphony Concert.

The fourteenth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in Music Hall, last night, was largely attended. The programme was, with the exception of Beethoven's "Coriolanus" Overture, devoted wholly to vocal works, Mrs. Marie Barnard-Smith, Miss Lillian Carlsmith, Mr. George J. Parker, Mr. Clarence Hay, and the Boston Symphony Chorus, assisting. The works presented were Mr. Arthur Foote's setting of "The Skeleton in Armor," for quartet, chorus, and orchestra, which was given for the first time; Brahms's "Song of Destiny," and Mr. Paine's "Columbus March and Hymn" for chorus and orchestra. The choral body did not prove large enough to produce the desired effect; it, in fact, is too small for the purpose for which it was formed and is lopsided in respect to balance of voices. There are not enough tenors and basses, and the volume of tone is lacking in necessary fullness. The chorus singing was none of the best. We have become so accustomed to the almost perfect work of our prominent singing societies that we are scarcely prepared to derive pleasure, enjoyment or satisfaction from such unsteady, colorless and unfinished singing as that which the Boston Symphony chorus vouchsafed last night. It was not worthy the orchestra whose name it shares. If the body cannot be enlarged to the proper size, and if better results than were achieved on this occasion cannot be obtained, it would be wise to omit the performance of important choral works from the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Thus far the chorus has not acquitted itself in a manner to justify the expectations that were aroused when its formation was first announced. Mr. Foote's cantata, which was conducted by the composer, was very disappointing. It shows but little invention, is without any marked contrasts, and is dull and monotonous generally. The orchestration is frequently tasteful, but on the whole sounds thin and ineffective. The work is strangely barren of climaxes. There is a constant reaching out for them but they are never achieved. The music is well made but it has the fatality to be uninteresting. Its melodies are labored and dry, and have no distinguishing individuality. In other words, it is deliberate, almost perfunctory, music, suggesting neither spontaneity nor inspiration. Though in nowise plagiaristic, yet it nowhere gives the impression of originality. Often it recalls the conventional church anthem, and often it is cloudy in both the orchestral and vocal writing. Its best moments are to be found in the two quartets, but even here there is nothing that rises above the purely conventional. Through out there is an apparent struggle for something that the composer constantly fails to attain. In fact, its effect is that of industriously and carefully manufactured music. Mr. Foote has proved himself capable of far better work. Of the performance there is not much to be said. It was uneven and steadily barren of light and shade. Sometimes the chorus obliterated the orchestra, and often the orchestra blotted out the chorus, while a lack of emphasis and rhythmical swing generally characterized the rendering as a whole. It was listened to with great attention, and at its end Mr. Foote was recalled three times with great enthusiasm. The Brahms chorus is not the most inspiring of works, but its clearness and its positiveness caused it to seem like a burst of musical sunshine after what had preceded it. The

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It is a work worthy of the genius and ripe musicianship of its author, the most eminent American composer. It is broad and majestic in construction, melodic and flowing in its themes, and most brilliantly, but discretely, scored for the fullest orchestra. The trumpet passages at the beginning and the end are noble and stirring in their effects. The Hymn, (the words also by Prof. Paine,) although simple in structure is of majestic proportions in the effect gained. It appears at the climax of the composition, and is most happily joined to its orchestral preparation. Unfortunately the chorus was too feeble for obtaining the effect intended by the composer as it was written for a large body of singers, and being so fully scored the comparatively small number

served their purpose on the occasion for which they were written; they have seldom been of permanent worth; they have seldom preserved alone the name of the composer. Again, Prof. Paine had contributed to the musical reputation of his country by his music to "Columbus" and by orchestral works before the Columbian Exposition was a fact. The invitation extended to him by the managers of the exposition was a deserved tribute of respect and admiration. The acceptance of the invitation was the graceful act of a composer who knew full well the difficulties of the undertaking. To write a march that should be worthy of his reputation and of the occasion and at the same time be not devoid of the elements of popularity, that was indeed a task.

It would seem from the performance of Saturday evening that if Prof. Paine erred in the fulfillment of his task, it was in the desire to gain instantaneous popularity. Whatever may have been the effect produced at Chicago, this march cannot be classed among the most dignified, original and thoroughly musical works of the eminent composer.

The "Song of Destiny" has been heard in Music Hall under more favorable conditions. The Boston Symphony Chorus in its present state is not able to give such a work with proper effect.

There will be no public rehearsal and concert this week. The programme of the rehearsal and concert of Feb. 17-18 will be as follows: Symphonietta, E major, op. 55, Thieriot; concerto, G minor, for pianoforte, Saint-Saens; Symphony, A major, No. 7, Beethoven. The pianist will be Mr. George M. Nowell.

PHILIP HALE.

MUSIC.

THE SYMPHONY.

The concert in Music Hall, last evening, was for the most part given by the Boston Symphony Chorus, the only orchestral performance, strictly speaking, being that of the overture to "Coriolan," in C minor, opus 62, Ludwig van Beethoven. As Beethoven was well acquainted with the master works of Plutarch and Shakespeare, it may at first thought seem strange that he should have gone out of his way to make his overture serve as a prelude to the five-act tragedy by Collin on the subject of the famous Roman. Collin and Beethoven, however, were personal friends, and the overture was written at a time (1807) when the former was secretary to the war department of the Austrian Government. In this same year Beethoven also wrote the Ramonouffsky quartettes, the pianoforte concerto in G; and the C minor symphony was also near at hand. Richard Wagner identifies the overture with the scene between Coriolanus, his mother and his wife on the battle field before the gates of his native city, when the chieftain yielding to feminine entreaties, refused to assault the place and thereupon suffered death at the hands of Volcan Attius, his associate in the enterprise. Reichardt, however, has said that it is a better representation of Beethoven himself than of the Roman, whose name it bears, and it is also the opinion of the same authority that both in the overture and the "Heroic" symphony, Beethoven was unconsciously painting his own portrait. The heroic elements of the work with all the intense energy and fever-heat in attendance upon them were oddly enough sterilized and rendered ineffective in the interpretation by Mr. Nikisch.

Following the overture was Mr. Arthur Foote's ballad for chorus, quartet and orchestra, opus 28. The composer himself conducted, and the select quartet for the performance consisted of Mrs. Marie Barnard-Smith, Miss Lillian Carlsmith, Mr. George J. Parker and Mr. Clarence E. Hay. Making due allowances for a single hearing of Mr. Foote's work its psychical relation to the words of Longfellow is not wholly clear, and it would appear to have been more scholastically throughout than deeply felt. That the work is the production of a highly cultivated musician is as apparent as need be, but a certain monotony is engendered possibly by the composer's over anxiety to do justice to the spirit of the words at a consequent sacrifice of an adequate amount of spontaneity. The ballad, it is true, was somewhat inanimately sung by the chorus, but the select quartet for the performance was all that could have been wished. The Song of Destiny by Brahms, and the admirable Columbus March and Hymn, by John Knowles Paine were delightfully given. At the next concert Mr. George M. Nowell will appear as soloist with the pianoforte concerto in G minor, by Saint-Saens.

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— Why will the sprightly and entertaining N. Y. Recorder take such "half views of men and things" as the following? "The funniest row of the winter is now going on between Harry Cannon and Nikisch, the Boston fiddler and leader of the orchestra that played last week at Harry Cannon's subscription concert. Nikisch is a little, dark, mussy-haired musician, who has been petted and spoiled in Boston by Mrs. Jack Gardner and some others of her set. Harry Cannon is a little blond, mussy-pated chappie of New York, who may have been spoiled by having had a good time all his life, with lots of money to spend. Nikisch, the brunette, accuses Cannon, the blonde, of having been very rude and arbitrary to him on the occasion of Nikisch's orchestra being hired to give a performance at Cannon's house. The word "hire" is the stumbling block. What does an artist lose or gain when he is hired to play in a private house? Harry Cannon claims that Nikisch gains his price, and cold supper and stale champagne thrown in for himself and musicians. Nikisch claims that he gains social recognition, a high seat at the synagogue, hot oysters a la poulette, and 'fizz' galore, freshly opened and poured into goblets. Moreover, Nikisch and his men were admitted by a side door of the Cannon house, and he claims the front door only should have been opened for them. The quarrel is a very pretty one all round. However much Harry Cannon may have been spoiled, he has not been found lacking in those generous impulses which amateurs often show to professionals. As a sculptor of no mean fame, Harry Cannon maintained a studio up town, and has over and over again called in professional talent to assist at the exhibitions of his works of art. At no one of these somewhat famous symposiums of luxurious society and talented professionals have I ever heard a word of disagreement as to the standing of the professionals or the graceful seated pose of society. It may be that Nikisch has presumed too far. It cannot be that Harry Cannon and his pretty wife have intentionally slurred so great an artist." Feb 6 1893

Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1892-93.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. ARTHUR NIKISCH, Conductor.

XV. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, AT 8 P. M.

PROGRAMME.

FERDINAND THIERIOT.

SINFONIETTA, in E major, op. 55.

- I. Allegro moderato. E major.
- II. Romanze: Andante. B major.
- III. Tarantella: Presto. E minor.

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CONCERTO for PIANOFORTE, No. 2, G minor, op. 22.

- I. Andante sostenuto. G minor.
- II. Allegro scherzando. E flat major.
- III. Presto. G minor.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.

SYMPHONY No. 7, in A major, op. 92.

- I. Poco sostenuto. A major. Vivace. A major.
- II. Allegretto. A minor.
- III. Presto. F major. Assai meno presto. D major.
- IV. Allegro con brio. A major.

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THEATRES AND CONCERTS.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme for the fifteenth symphony concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Thieriot: Sinfonietta in E major, Opus 55.
Saint-Saëns: Concerto for pianoforte, No. 2, in G minor, Opus 22.

Beethoven: Symphony No. 7, in A major, Opus 92.
Mr. George M. Nowell was the pianist.

Of all novelties by men of local fame that have been brought out here for several years the Thieriot sinfonietta is by far the most pleasing. In fact, looking back over the things by Grädener, Baumgärtner, Bruckner, Herbeck, Humperdink, et al., that have been given here from time to time, this sinfonietta by Thieriot is the first work by a man of this class that has seemed really worth while giving at all. The composer is a Hamburg musician, born in that city, and living there now at the age of fifty-four; he studied in Altona under Eduard Marxsen—who was also Brahms's teacher—and later in Munich under Joseph Rheinberger. He has occupied the positions of music director and conductor in several German and Austrian towns. The sinfonietta is, like the earlier symphonies of Philipp Emanuel Bach's day, in three movements: an *Allegro moderato* in E major; a *Romanze (andante)* in B major; and a *Tarantella (presto)* in E minor. The first of these movements is strictly according to the sonata-form in its construction. It is not to be gainsaid that the thematic material in the work is not of the highest quality; it does not show melodic invention of a high order, and often grazes the commonplace. But, for all that, it does show melodic invention, and that most decidedly: the themes are spontaneous, natural, musical and easily flowing; and, moreover, their lack of the highest distinction is in a great measure atoned for by a certain unassuming air they have. But where the composer shows his musical inventiveness most unmistakably is in his treatment of his material, in his working-out. His inspiration, such as it is, does not flag after the first eight or sixteen measures; it persists to the end. The musical sense is delighted at every turning by some happy device, by some charming way of doing things that shows more than mere routine skill. It is this that lifts the work out of the domain of mere *Kapellmeistermusik*, and gives it true artistic life and vitality. Every phrase proclaims its divine right of being there; the music is not only coherent, but charmingly, naturally, genially coherent. One feels that the composer is never at a loss what to say next: the presence of a genuine talent is felt throughout. The sinfonietta was admirably played and made a very vivid impression.

In the performance of Beethoven's A-major symphony there was much to praise, also something to criticise. We must say, to begin with, that of all the now current fads in musical performance, the modern slow *allegro* seems most out of place when applied to Beethoven. We can well remember the time when it was the fashion to take almost every *allegro* with a rush, as if thrashed out to the crack of the ring master's whip. That was bad enough; but now

the pendulum has swung over to the other side, and it seems as if conductors and pianists were bound to take off the *vivace* from the fair forehead of an innocent *allegro*, and set a *moderato* there? Why should brisk, lively movements like the first *Vivace* of this symphony be played as if they had an insatiable yearning to become *Allegrettos*? Why must they be made to creep along as if hired by the hour, and not by the course? What becomes of all Beethoven's so characteristic dash and *brio* with this tame ambling? And then that other modern fad: expressive modifications of the *tempo*! One gets tremendously tired of it. That holding back the rhythm on the last two or three syncopated horn notes in the trio of the third movement, just before the trumpets take the A's out of the violins' mouth, and the whole orchestra plunges *fortissimo* into the theme! To us it sounds cheap and trivial, like a Laputan flapper, to wake up the audience and call their attention to the fact that something important is coming. Beginning the long *crescendo* in the coda of the first movement at a markedly slower *tempo* than what has gone before is another instance of this, and to us equally unpalatable. If there ever were a composition in which inveterate rhythmic persistency was the prime feature, Beethoven's A-major symphony is that one; it is an apotheosis of the Dance from beginning to end. But, on the other hand, there were items in the performance which call for the highest praise. The dotted triplet throughout the first movement—one of the rhythmic figures most seldom played right—was given palpably as a dotted triplet, and not as an eighth-note followed by two-sixteenths. The long *crescendo* in the coda, if taken too slow for our taste, was played with incomparable beauty of tone and phrasing. The principal figure in the trio of the third movement (on the clarinets, bassoons and horns) was swelled and diminished just right. Here, by the way, we would bring up the question once more of whether double and triple grace notes and turns before the first note of a measure are to be considered as belonging to the measure in which they are written, or to the one immediately preceding. Each interpretation of these ornaments has its advocates; the best conclusion probably is that neither method should be applied invariably. Mr. Nikisch has these grace-notes played as belonging to the preceding measure, that is before the beat, instead of on the beat. We should have nothing to urge against this—as it is in most cases purely a matter of taste—were it not that in one place (the fifth and sixth measures of the second section of the trio) playing the three-note turn before the beat brings the C-sharp in the oboe and second clarinet and bassoon immediately over the low G-sharp in the second horn, thus making rather questionable fourths between the middle-voice and the bass. Four measures later the turn in the flute makes open octaves between the upper voice and the bass. This may be a slight point, but it is surely quite as important as that "trilling on every note of a triad" that Mendelssohn once noticed in Italy, which resulted in "the most terrible fifths!" The finale was played with all due brilliancy and dash. This movement presents one of those problems, not un-

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common in Beethoven, which are exceedingly difficult for the conductor's ingenuity to solve. It is like the famous organ-point in the scherzo of the ninth symphony, of which Wagner wrote, "I call upon a musician to assert with a good conscience that he has ever heard this melody clearly in orchestral performances, yes, whether he would even know it, if he had not got it from reading the score or from playing the pianoforte arrangement!" Play the finale of the seventh symphony as it is written, and you cannot hear the theme in the first violins; tone down the wind instruments so as to make the theme audible, and you obliterate the whole character of the music. And here there can be no question of changing the scoring as in the passage from the ninth symphony already referred to; there a great part of the trouble arose from Beethoven's not having valve-horns and trumpets to write for; here it is nothing of the sort. To "improve" this movement there would be nothing for it but to distribute the second violin and viola parts among the violas *divisi*, and to double the first violins with the second—a liberty that should by no means be taken with Beethoven. There only remain the two different ways of playing it: right, with an inaudible or barely audible theme; or wrong, with an audible theme. Mr. Gericke used to do the latter; Mr. Nikisch does the former. We must say that we far prefer Mr. Nikisch's way.

Saint-Saëns's G minor concerto has not, we believe, been heard here for some time. It was good to hear it again, to find it holding its own against the hand of Time, the great Destroyer, and showing itself as fresh, strong and beautiful as when we first heard it. Surely this work is one of the finest pianoforte concertos written since Mendelssohn and Schumann; in inspiration, workmanship, form and style it is alike admirable. And it is all such pure pianoforte playing, too; never has the instrument been more congenially written for with orchestra. Never mind how much it owes to Mendelssohn, Berlioz, or whom you please. Mendelssohn owed a good deal to Bach, and Bach not a little to those who went before him. Let it suffice that it all bears the stamp of Saint-Saëns's style and individuality. The first movement is as strong and brilliant as steel; and the second and third movements may look long before finding their match in modern writing. Mr. George M. Nowell has gained much since we last (and first) heard him in Weber's Concertstück at the symphony concerts some years ago. It must be admitted that he then made a decidedly feeble impression. But last Saturday evening he played the Saint-Saëns concerto both with brilliancy and musicianly authority. His technique is not to be compared to that of the great finger-knights, but he shirked none of the difficulties of the concerto, and carried through the most dangerous passages with unflinching *bravura*. We suspect him of having studied the work with the composer, for he plays it—excepting a little over-rapid *tempo* in the second theme of the second movement—just as he does. There is no great opportunity for showing depth of feeling in the work; but Mr. Nowell fully satisfied all the demands it makes upon a player's emotional expressiveness. He played it with great distinction of style, clear-

ness, and effect. He fully earned the repeated recalls he got at the end.

The next programme is: Mendelssohn, overture to "Fingal's Cave," opus 26; Saint-Saëns, concerto for violin, in A major; Grieg, suite No. 2 from "Peer Gynt;" Dvorák, symphony No. 2, in D minor, opus 70. Mr. C. M. Loeffler will be the violinist.

Symphony Concert.

The strictly orchestral music of the Saturday symphony concert consisted of symphonietta in E major, of 53 by Ferdinand Thieriot, and Beethoven's seventh symphony. Certain portions of the symphonietta were admirable, notably its first movement, an allegro moderato in which there is an always pure and spontaneous flow of inspiration, combined with grace, with subtilty, too, and a bountiful supply of skillful treatment. The romanza conveys a somewhat vague impression as to what it really means, and this is rendered all the more ambiguous by the intrusion of a weirdly dry, a scrambling, stupid intermezzo. As for the tarantella with which the symphonietta closes, it would seem but a trifle too severe to characterize it as a weakly cooked-up sham, which should have found no place in one of the symphony concerts. Mr. G. M. Nowell then played Saint-Saëns' G minor concerto.

The seventh symphony of Beethoven followed the sixth, or "Pastoral," after an interval of four years, and at a time, too, when the composer's hearing had already become seriously impaired. Writing to Neate in November, 1813, Beethoven says: "Among my best works, I can boldly pronounce my symphony in A." Beethoven left no record, however, of his purpose when composing it, and after its first performance in the hall of the University of Vienna, Dec. 8, 1813, diverse speculations were then as now rife respecting the meaning of the work, and ever since then commentators have been widely at variance regarding it. Berlioz and Ambros, however, would seem to agree that the first movement is intended as a true picture of some rustic wedding. Lenz regards the symphony as one result of the military enthusiasm which produced the "Battle of Vittoria" symphony. Marks discerns a Moorish knight-hood, Onbicheff, a masked ball, etc.

In the performance last evening the composer's manifest intentions were not always clearly presented, but the technique of the performance was, for the most part, admirable.

The Fifteenth Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the fifteenth concert of the Symphony Orchestra was as follows:

Symphonietta, E major, op. 55.....Thieriot
Concerto for pianoforte, No. 2, G minor.....Saint-Saëns
Symphony No. 7, A major.....Beethoven

Mr. George M. Nowell was the pianist.

It is said that the ending "etta" in the Italian language indicates diminution with the accessory idea of fondness, loveliness, compassion, tenderness. This composition by Thieriot does not call for compassion; it may be patted on the head and called "a pretty little symphony." The first movement is the most pleasing of the three. The themes are graceful and fresh, although the chief theme bears a passing resemblance to a well-known tune by Meyer-Helmund. The harmonization is agreeable, and, at times, beautiful. The instrumentation abounds in color that is discreetly applied. The second movement, a romanza, is interrupted by an intermezzo that is, perhaps, in too strong contrast, and neither the romanza nor the intermezzo is of unusual strength or beauty.

The tarantella after the exposition of the chief theme sounded like all the other pieces of music that are supposed to assuage the feelings of the victim of the spider, which grows to horrific size in Tarentum. Although the two last movements of the symphonietta did not seem equal in value to the first, the composition as a whole gave much pleasure on account of its modesty, its melodiousness, its reasonable length. The day may come when the symphony fashioned after old and approved models will be presented only in sections; and it may be supplanted by the "symphonic-poem" or even the symphonietta. Bruckner, however, would dispute this proposition; for his eighth symphony, played lately in Vienna, ate the whole time allotted to the concert. The adagio alone lasted 28 minutes; but as, according to the analytical programme, this same adagio represented "the all-loving Father in His boundless wealth of mercy," the time was none too long. Thieriot's symphonietta was played in Leipzig in 1891.

The symphonietta was played Saturday evening with an apparent appreciation of its pleasant qualities, and the performance of the symphony was admirable. It is true one or two liberties of interpretation were taken in the vivace of the first movement, as at the very start and also at the beginning of the long pianissimo and following crescendo that bring the exultant close; and the effect thus gained was, if not absolutely injurious to precision and rhythm, at least of doubtful value. With these exceptions the reading and the performance were of unusual excellence. The impressive and finely proportioned rendering of the allegretto was especially worthy of praise.

The pianoforte concerto in G minor was played for the first time at a Concert Populaire in Paris, and by the composer, Dec. 13, 1868. It afterward served as a test piece in the competition of pianoforte pupils at the Paris Conservatory. There is no need at this late day of speaking of its surpassing merit.

From the merely technical standpoint there was much to praise in the performance of Mr. Nowell.

He has good fingers.

His runs were smooth and clean; his arpeggio work was characterized by its evenness; he did not smear; he did not pound; his delivery was frank, his bearing was modest.

His performance showed the results of patience, industry and excellent instruction.

Now, accuracy, honesty of purpose and ability to overcome mechanical obstacles are characteristics that lead to success in many of the

callings of life.

These characteristics mark the experienced bookbinder, the trusted surveyor, the ship pilot.

Other characteristics enter into the supreme success of the man that moves, persuades, commands by the display of his art.

Above all things in the performance of the G minor concerto is temperament imperiously demanded.

From the intellectual or the sensuous standpoint there was little to commend in the performance of Mr. Nowell.

Take the first movement, for instance: there was little or no distinction made between the delivery of the imposing prelude on the pedal-point and the impassioned theme in G minor that follows; they had alike the same defined, hewn-out hardness; the style of Bach and the style of the ultra-modern were called one.

One might pass over without objection Mr. Nowell's breaking of the aforesaid pedal-octave and the breaking of chords that might have been better attacked boldly; one might allow the liberty taken in the opening of the cadenza; but the lack of rhythmic swing in the second movement and of demoniac energy in the stormier passages cannot so easily be overlooked.

Again, the performance of Mr. Nowell was colorless, or rather it was monochromatic. The tones were soft or loud, but they were all of the same color, and that color was a cold tint.

There was no one great effect produced that startled or moved the hearer by an irresistible display of feeling, brilliancy or that mixture of sinking self in the composer and at the same time intensifying the speech of the composer by the rare individuality of the interpreter, that singular attribute of a great player that for want of a better word is vaguely called intellectuality. There was no apparent appreciation of a climax.

And so Mr. Nowell's playing of the noble, brilliant and entrancing concerto of Saint-Saëns may be justly described as an exhibition of well-trained fingers that triumphed over the notation of the composer, but failed to grasp the spirit of which the notation is merely the superficial expression.

PHILIP HALE.

The Symphony Concert--Soloist,

George M. Nowell.

Tonight's Carney Hospital Concert--

The Wilbur Company's Operatic

Season--The Wagner Matinee--Mr.

Baermann's Programme -- Last

Scharwenka Recital--Russian Choir.

The 15th of the present season's concerts by the Boston Symphony orchestra, under Mr. Arthur Nikisch's direction, at Music Hall last evening, had as its prominent feature the appearance of Mr. George M. Nowell, pianist, as soloist.

Undoubtedly, the choice of the pianists of the season makes a difficult matter for Mr. Nikisch to act upon, but in giving Mr. Nowell an appearance he not only justly recognized the claims of a thoroughly competent artist, but gave encouragement to the many local aspirants for a similar recognition.

Mr. Nowell is to be congratulated upon having made a pronounced success and with completely conquering the natural tendency to undervalue the merits of a home artist, which, unfortunately, characterizes the Symphony concert patrons.

In choosing the second concerto in C

THE FIFTEENTH SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The programme chosen for the fifteenth symphony concert last evening in Music Hall had for its most noteworthy features the concerto for pianoforte, No. 2, in G minor, op. 22, Camille Saint Saens, while its least important, yet by no means mediocre, selection was a sinfonietta in E major, op. 55, by Thieriot. The allegro with which the sinfonietta begins is characterised by a transparent, yet simple, clearness of design and a harmonious development of the parts; it is quasi classical art work against which no serious objection can be urged. The themes of its first movement are unaffectedly pleasing and are also naively yet carefully developed. The pathos of the romanza, the second movement, is by no means over done; but the finale a tarantella, presto in E major is inexplicably vulgar. The soloist for the ever welcome concerto in G minor by Camille Saint Saens was Mr. George M. Nowell.

Such an ideal performance of the work from any artist's standpoint of technique has not been heard here, while a superbly cultivated and sympathetic touch, and a touch more thoroughly musical, refined and poetic it would be difficult to imagine, often enabled the artist to contribute a wonderfully photographic representation of the music—a recognition of Mr. Nowell's ability that is especially applicable to his superlatively fine performance of the presto. There was no sacrifice of respect of the composer, and the entire rendition carried with it a merit of execution so delightfully unimpeachable that the enthusiastic plaudits received by the artist upon the conclusion of the work was indeed as highly merited a tribute as is seldom bestowed.

Of the concerto it can truly be said that it will always remain a master-piece. The themes of the first movement are spontaneous on the one hand, and impressively scholastic and dignified on the other. The allegro scherzando is a complete and charming contrast to the first movement, is jovial without being vulgar, and the piano and orchestra fairly seemed engaged in a friendly skirmish, yet always filling up the general structure and uniting to contribute a rich, warm tone to the general effect. The finale with all its cheerful themes and sparkling vivacity is full of just such individual traits as have so often suggested Saint-Saens as the most musical of Frenchmen.

Beethoven's seventh symphony has had two few hearings here of recent years not to make its appearance heartily welcome on the programme for last evening. Beethoven has left no record of his purpose while composing it, yet how highly he valued it may be inferred from his correspondence. In a letter to Salomon he says: "The grand symphony in it is one of my very best; and again he writes to Neate concerning it as follows: "Among my best works, which I can hardly say of my symphony in A." Commentators, who by reason of their intimate study of Beethoven, are regarded as authorities, disagree in interpreting the seventh symphony, whose composer has given them no other aid by which their differences might be settled. Berlioz would have us believe that the first movement is a rustic wedding, and we are therefore to suppose that it is drawn from the same scene of village mirth that suggested the dance in the "Pastoral" Symphony. Lenz looks on the symphony and its comparison, the Eighth, as one result of the military enthusiasm, which produced the "Battle of Vittoria" symphony, and as Grove says, "bends and warps every passage to give its warlike intention." But where "doctors differ who shall decide?" Marx sees in the work Moorish knighthood; Orblieff discovers a masked ball; Bischoff called it a sequel to the "Pastoral;" Ambrose sides with Berlioz, while Richard Wagner declares it is the apotheosis of the dance, the ideal embodiment in tones of the bodily movement.

The performance of the work lacked in positive clear outline, in accuracy of detail, in distinct and palpable contribution of each instrument. One also missed in the finale allegro the fine vitality of accent and free, buoyant onward movement that the music should have incited and would have done, doubtless, had it not been for the prevailing effeminacy and sterility of Mr. Nikisch's lead.

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Mr. Nowell set himself a task well calculated to test the skill of an artist of a far greater experience upon the concert stage, but his success justified the choice made for he met all the demands of the composition in a manner to disarm criticism, and won the hearty approval of the most critical on both sides the stage line, the men of the orchestra joining in the applause which rewarded his efforts with enthusiasm.

The most striking merit of Mr. Nowell's playing is the delightful touch he employs in all his work; it is clear and crisp, with both the breadth demanded for the strongest passages and the delicacy of a woman's hand in the lighter and more graceful measures, this characteristic giving a charm to his interpretations which is seldom realized.

The firm, broad style in which the player began the andante movement arrested the attention of the audience instantly, and indicated that a master sat at the piano. This impression was strengthened as the movement was continued, and at its conclusion Mr. Nowell was applauded with a spontaneous outburst which was honestly won. The airy grace of the allegro was most happily caught by the player, whose dainty treatment of this portion of the concerto was delightful. The brilliant presto again displayed the pianist to fine advantage, the technical demands of its intricate passages being met with a perfection, ease and beauty that aroused the audience to a high pitch of excitement, and gained an ovation of the grandest sort for the player as he concluded his task.

Mr. Nowell is primarily a musician, and he uses the pianoforte with a degree of taste and intelligence which, with his skill as an executant, puts him in the front rank of the world's players, and fully justifies his devotion to his profession.

The orchestra's novelty of the evening was the Sinfonietta in E major by F. Thieriot, a composer better known in Hamburg than in this country. The work made a good introduction for its composer, however, and its performance gave great pleasure. The opening allegro is built upon a tuneful theme, which is admirably treated, the scoring being for the lasso orchestra, with two horns and trumpets, but no trombones. The second movement, in romanza form, is also admirably well written, and the final presto, a tarantella, is peculiarly pleasing in its sudden changes of time and its tuneful characteristics. Its reading by Mr. Nikisch brought out all its merits, and the audience was quick in its appreciation of the good work done by the composer.

The seventh of the Beethoven symphonies concluded the programme, and a most satisfactory interpretation of it was given by Mr. Nikisch.

At next Saturday evening's concert Mr. C. M. Loeffler will be the soloist, playing the concerto for violin in A major, the other numbers of the programme being Dvorak's second symphony, Grieg's second "Peer Gynt" suite and the "Fingal's Cave" overture.

The Symphony Concert.

The 15th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra took place at Music Hall on Saturday evening with the following programme: Sinfonietta in E major, op. 55, F. Thieriot; concerto for pianoforte, No. 2, in G minor, Saint Saens; Symphony, No. 7, Beethoven. Mr. George M. Nowell was the soloist. The Sinfonietta of Thieriot was the only novelty on the programme and it proved an interesting composition, fresh and melodious, of the most natural proportions as regards construction, harmonious and spontaneous in all its parts.

It was played with little expression and in a loud manner; especially rough was the effect of the piu animato of the second movement, while the Tarantella fared little better, with the additional drawback of a lack of precision between the parts in the execution. In the lack of delicacy, the absence of necessary contrast, a non-observance of the nuances and a general state of coarseness in the rendering, the playing of this composition was a marked example of the *patois* that afflicts the musical speech of this organization. The Beethoven symphony was hardly a whit better in the playing, the trumpets blowing with a violent and distorted sound, a Jericho triumph that would make a circus band green with envy.

The Saint-Saens concerto is a familiar work, a noble specimen of the genius of its eminent author. It is full of dramatic life, encompassing the gamut of musical expression from its most delicate touch to its broadest expansion. It calls for a pianist of fine qualities as essentially as for one of the more heroic element. Mr. Nowell played the work from beginning to end in a heavy, inelastic and expressionless manner. His interpretation failed to display the beauties of the composition, and left upon the listener the impression of a monotonous struggle with technical difficulties that gave no thought for the æsthetic demands.

Artistically it was not a creditable effort, the work being rather beyond the capacity of the performer, if the results achieved with this concerto by such players as Franz Rummel are taken as a comparative point in judging. The audience recalled Mr. Nowell at the end of the concerto.

Next Saturday evening Mr. Loeffler will be the soloist, playing Saint-Saens' concerto for violin in A major. Dvorak's Symphony No. 2; Grieg's "Peer Gynt" Suite No. 2, and Mendelssohn's overture, "Fingal's Cave," will complete the programme.

WARREN DAVENPORT.

The Symphony Concert.

There was an excellent audience in attendance at the concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in Music Hall, last night, despite the storm. The programme was: Sinfonietta in E, op. 55, F. Thieriot; Concerto for piano No. 2, G-minor, Saint-Saens, and Symphony No. 7, Beethoven. The Sinfonietta is in three movements, the first of which, an allegro moderato, is the best. It is delightful in its freshness, its graceful orchestration and the pleasing individuality that distinguish it. The harmonies are rich without forcing, and there is no struggle for novelty, the music flowing easily and naturally, and the effect of the whole, with its warmly melodious themes, being charming. The second movement, a romanza with a spirited second part, was less interesting and more labored in style, while the finale, a tarantella, has little to commend it except the piquant brilliancy of its opening theme. The work was admirably performed. The Beethoven Symphony was fairly read along conservative lines, with the exception of certain portions of the first allegro, with which unauthorized liberties were taken with infelicitous results. The break into the vivace was awkwardly made. This followed evidently from a misconception of the composer's dynamic marks, which indicate and call for a crescendo from pianissimo to piano. The conductor, instead, made the crescendo culminate in forte, and then suddenly dropped to piano, by which curious innovation the attack was without precision, and the effect was confusing. This and a neglect to begin the movement with the vivacity demanded were, however, the only blemishes on the performance. Both reading and playing otherwise resulted in the best Beethoven interpretation the orchestra has given this season. Mr. George W. Nowell was the soloist. His rendering of the Saint-Saens concerto was very neat, brilliant and clean-cut in its finger-work, and was characterized generally by sincerity in style and fluency in execution. The reading was wanting in the fire necessary to give the concerto its just effect, and there was also a lack of contrasts in light and shade that imparted to the effort something of monotony, but, on the whole, Mr. Nowell acquitted himself very creditably. He was heartily applauded, and twice recalled. The programme for the next concert is: Overture, "Fingal's Cave," Mendelssohn; Concerto for violin, Saint-Saens; Suite, "Peer Gynt," No. 2, Grieg; and Symphony No. 2, Dvorak. Mr. C. M. Loeffler is the soloist.

NY No. 1, in D major.

HED SYMPHONY.

NY No. 3. "Eroica."

MUSIC.

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The Symphony Concert.

The 15th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra took place at Music Hall on Saturday evening with the following programme: Sinfonietta in E major, op. 55, F. Thieriot; concerto for pianoforte, No. 2, in G minor, Saint Saens; Symphony, No. 7, Beethoven. Mr. George M. Nowell was the soloist. The Sinfonietta of Thieriot was the only novelty on the programme and it proved an interesting composition, fresh and melodious, of the most natural proportions as regards construction, harmonious and spontaneous in all its parts.

It was played with little expression and in a loud manner; especially rough was the effect of the piu animato of the second movement, while the Tarantella fared little better, with the additional drawback of a lack of precision between the parts in the execution. In the lack of delicacy, the absence of necessary contrast, a non-observance of the nuances and a general state of coarseness in the rendering, the playing of this composition was a marked example of the *patois* that afflicts the musical speech of this organization. The Beethoven symphony was hardly a whit better in the playing, the trumpets blowing with a violent and distorted sound, a Jerichoic triumph that would make a circus band green with envy.

The Saint-Saens concerto is a familiar work, a noble specimen of the genius of its eminent author. It is full of dramatic life, encompassing the gamut of musical expression from its most delicate touch to its broadest expansion. It calls for a pianist of fine qualities as essentially as for one of the more heroic element. Mr. Nowell played the work from beginning to end in a heavy, inelastic and expressionless manner. His interpretation failed to display the beauties of the composition, and left upon the listener the impression of a monotonous struggle with technical difficulties that gave no thought for the aesthetic demands.

Artistically it was not a creditable effort, the work being rather beyond the capacity of the performer, if the results achieved with this concerto by such players as Franz Rummel are taken as a comparative point in judging. The audience recalled Mr. Nowell at the end of the concerto.

Next Saturday evening Mr. Loeffler will be the soloist, playing Saint-Saens's concerto for violin in A major. Dvorak's Symphony No. 2; Grieg's "Peer Gynt" Suite No. 2, and Mendelssohn's overture, "Fingal's Cave," will complete the programme.

WARREN DAVENPORT,

The Symphony Concert.

There was an excellent audience in attendance at the concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in Music Hall, last night, despite the storm. The programme was: Sinfonietta in E, op. 55, F. Thieriot; Concerto for piano No. 2, G-minor, Saint-Saens, and Symphony No. 7, Beethoven. The Sinfonietta is in three movements, the first of which, an allegro moderato, is the best. It is delightful in its freshness, its graceful orchestration and the pleasing individuality that distinguish it. The harmonies are rich without forcing, and there is no struggle for novelty, the music flowing easily and naturally, and the effect of the whole, with its warmly melodious themes, being charming. The second movement, a romanza with a spirited second part, was less interesting and more labored in style, while the finale, a tarantella, has little to commend it except the piquant brilliancy of its opening theme. The work was admirably performed. The Beethoven Symphony was finely read along conservative lines, with the exception of certain portions of the first allegro, with which unauthorized liberties were taken with infelicitous results. The break into the vivace was awkwardly made. This followed evidently from a misconception of the composer's dynamic marks, which indicate and call for a crescendo from pianissimo to piano. The conductor, instead, made the crescendo culminate in forte, and then suddenly dropped to piano, by which curious innovation the attack was without precision, and the effect was confusing. This and a neglect to begin the movement with the vivacity demanded were, however, the only blemishes on the performance. Both reading and playing otherwise resulted in the best Beethoven interpretation the orchestra has given this season. Mr. George W. Nowell was the soloist. His rendering of the Saint-Saens concerto was very neat, brilliant and clean-cut in its finger-work, and was characterized generally by sincerity in style and fluency in execution. The reading was wanting in the fire necessary to give the concerto its just effect, and there was also a lack of contrasts in light and shade that imparted to the effort something of monotony, but, on the whole, Mr. Nowell acquitted himself very creditably. He was heartily applauded, and twice recalled. The programme for the next concert is: Overture, "Fingal's Cave," Mendelssohn; Concerto for violin, Saint-Saens; Suite, "Peer Gynt," No. 2, Grieg; and Symphony No. 2, Dvorak. Mr. C. M. Loeffler is the soloist.

NY No. 1, in D major.

HED SYMPHONY.

NY No. 3. "Eroica."

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Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1892-93.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. ARTHUR NIKISCH, Conductor.

XVI. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, AT 8 P. M.

PROGRAMME.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN. OVERTURE. "Fingal's Cave."

CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS. CONCERTO for VIOLIN, No. 1, in A major. op. 20.
I. Allegro. A major.
II. Andante espressivo. D major.
III. Tempo primo. A major.

EDVARD GRIEG.

ORCHESTRAL SUITE No. 2, from the Music to
"Peer Gynt," op. 55.

- I. Der Brautraub (Ingrids Klage), Allegro furioso.
G minor. Andante doloroso. G minor.
- II. Arabischer Tanz, Allegretto vivace. C major.
- III. Peer Gynts Heimkehr (Stuermischer Abend an der
Kueste). Allegro agitato. F sharp minor.
- IV. Solvejgs Lied. Andante. A minor.
- V. Tanz der Bergkoenigstochter. Allegretto alla burla.
D major.

ANTONIN DVOŘÁK.

SYMPHONY No. 2, in D minor. op. 70.

- I. Allegro maestoso. D minor.
- II. Poco adagio. F major.
- III. Scherzo; vivace. D minor. Poco meno mosso. G major.
- IV. Finale: Allegro. D minor.

SOLOIST:

MR. C. M. LOEFFLER.

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THEATRES AND CONCERTS.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the sixteenth symphony concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Mendelssohn: Overture to "Fingal's Cave," Opus 36.
Saint-Saëns: Concerto for violin, No. 1, in A major, Opus 20.

Grieg: Orchestral suite No. 2, from the music to "Peer Gynt," op. 55.

Dvorák: Symphony No. 2, in D minor, Opus 70.

Mr. C. M. Loeffler was the violinist.

Mendelssohn's "Fingal's Cave" ("Hebrides") was given one of the best and most satisfying performances we can remember. The music was played wholly in accord with its intrinsic character, with nicety of finish, buoyancy of phrasing, and immense beauty of effect. Especially good was the way in which the *staccato* episode in the third part of the work was treated.

In strong contrast with this admirable work, in which romantic imaginativeness and picturesqueness go hand in hand with classic beauty of form, was the new suite by Grieg that came next but one on the programme. One can not help looking with a certain distrust at these "second" suites from incidental music to plays; one feels that the cream of the music must have gone into the first suite, and that the second must be made up largely of discarded leavings. This one of Grieg's is made up of five numbers: I. "The Abduction of the Bride" (Ingrid's Lament). II. Arabian Dance. III. "Peer Gynt's Return" (Stormy Evening on the Coast). IV. Solveig's Song. V. Dance of the Mountain King's Daughter. It is impossible to deny this music a certain amount of emotional force; one feels that one has to do with a man who is something more than merely clever. Nevertheless his forms of expression are so reckless of artistic dignity, so forgetful of beauty, that one hesitates to welcome this music of his to the concert-room. In its place, as melodramatic music, it is undoubtedly strongly effective; but such music was never meant to stand in the foreground and take up the listener's undivided attention; it is but a musical background to a dramatic scene. No doubt composers of high artistic aim have written melodramatic music that was far better than the bare necessities of the case demanded, and could stand closer inspection as music on its own merits. But we cannot feel that Grieg has done this in the present case; this "Peer Gynt" music does not rise to the concert level; it is too merely melodramatic. He has not even shown his usual cleverness; his scoring of Solveig's song for strings, with a few wind instruments, weakens the peculiar wild accent of the music, and goes far to spoil what was in its original shape a tolerably good song. The "Stormy Evening on the Coast" sounds as if it had been made up from the waste baskets of any composers you please, who had tried their hand at thunder-and-lightning effects. The "Dance of the Mountain King's Daughter" is avowedly a piece of burlesque extravagance, for in the story Peer Gynt gets himself into decidedly hot water by laughing at it; but burlesque

extravagance got by xylophones, fancy "champion drum corps" effects, and playing on stringed instruments with the bow upside down, is rather a cheap business. Upon the whole, this second "Peer Gynt" suite is not only inferior to the first, but is utterly unworthy a place on the programme of a serious concert. That it was admirably played did not mend matters very much.

Dvorák's second symphony wears better than we expected. There is not a measure in it that begins to compare, for brilliancy of inspiration, with the wonderful beginning of the first symphony; but it is as a whole a far better-written and more coherent work. When it was first played here some years ago a good deal in it sounded rather cheap and melodramatic; one felt that Dvorák had fallen into the trap into which many another composer had stumbled before him, in being merely theatrical where he meant to be dramatic, but this first impression has pretty well worn off by this time, and the real earnestness of purpose that underlies the music is beginning to show through. For one thing, we know of no other work of Dvorák's in which there is so much real beauty of color, so little that is merely conventionally brilliant in the orchestration. How thoroughly he has made his four horns pay in that passage in the slow movement! Since Weber's "Freischütz" overture we can recall no other instance of such really refined and poetic use of a combination which too often produces one of the cheapest effects in all modern orchestration. And this is but one instance out of many in the symphony. Then the whole work has an individual atmosphere of its own; one feels a real man behind it. The performance was of a very high character, and showed the work in its true light.

Saint-Saëns's A major violin concerto is an eminently genial, pleasing composition, and one wonders a little how it could have remained so long in manuscript after its two (to our thinking, far inferior) successors were published. It belongs to Saint-Saëns's best period, to a time when that ambition to write for the stage which possesses every Frenchman was as yet in embryo, and the composer was still devoting his best strength to writing for the concert-room. The form of the work, if not wholly original, is admirably adapted to its purpose, and is well worth imitating by other concerto writers. The plan of it is this: Instead of the regulation three (or four) movements, Saint-Saëns has here taken the standard sonata form—usually applied to first movements of concertos—and cut it in two through the middle; into the gap thus formed he inserts a short, slow movement. Thus the work begins as other concertos do, and goes on regularly through the first part of the first movement up to about the middle of the working out; here it breaks off, and we have the little *andante espressivo* episode, which is really an independent movement in itself. This episode over, the working-out of the "first" movement is taken up again and carried through, leading to the regular third part and the final coda. If the *cantabile* second theme does not make its appearance again in this third part, this is but a matter of detail, and by no means unprecedented in modern writing. This form is simply

The Sixteenth Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the sixteenth concert of the Symphony Orchestra was as follows:

Overture, "Fingal's Cave".....Mendelssohn
Concerto for violin, No. 1, A major.....Saint-Saens
Suite No. 2, "Peer Gynt," Op. 55.....Grieg
(First time in Boston.)
Symphony, D minor, No. 2, Op. 70.....Dvorak

Mr. C. M. Loeffler was the solo violinist. Saint-Saens's violin concerto, Op. 20, was dedicated to Sarasate, and it was played by the great Spaniard at a concert at the Chatelet. It is my impression that it was brought out in Boston by Mr. Adamowski in March, 1885, at a Symphony concert, and the work was then called a "concertstueck."

This concerto is a work of eminent distinction, pure and refined, graceful in melody, always interesting in harmonic structure, and elegant in the discreet simplicity of instrumental color. It was played most sympathetically by Mr. Loeffler. His performance, faultless from the technical standpoint, was marked by purity of style, warmth of expression, and a largeness, a liberality of conception. In whole and in detail it was a noteworthy performance. It was a lesson to the student, a pleasure to the professional as well as the amateur, an honor to the orchestra of which Mr. Loeffler is a member. Not the least agreeable feature was the modesty of the player, the modesty that is characteristic of the true artist.

Mr. Loeffler, it is said, wrote the cadenza that he introduced. The cadenza is a relic of the past. In a work of to-day it seems a mere survival, like unto the organ of unknown use in the human body that endangers the life, and might perhaps be extirpated.

Who was the first that invented the habit of flourishing with breath, or bow or fingers while accompanists and audience were silent spectators of ingenuity employed chiefly for self-glorification? Alas, the habit is apparently as old as the vanity of mankind. To be sure there are wiseacres who say boldly the cadenza was invented in such a year and by a certain person. They are not unlike the well-known lecturer in a Western law school. Although, as Judge, he was a worthy follower of Chief Justice Skinner's "grandson on the Royal Bench of British Themis," he was nervous when he addressed the students, and so he had recourse to alcoholic preparation. Thus fortified, he laid everything to the Corsican, and he would blandly begin as follows: "Bills of exchange, young gentlemen, and promissory notes were invented by the First Napoleon."

Mr. Loeffler's interpolation was in good taste, and it displayed his virtuosoship; but the concerto would have pleased as much without the addition.

Grieg wrote incidental music (op. 23) for Ibsen's long-winded dramatic poem, "Peer Gynt." The music contains numbers for solo voices, chorus and orchestra. The first suite (op. 46) is well known. The second suite (op. 55) was played here last week for the first time.

This second suite is not equal to the first. With the exception of the beautiful arrangement of "Solvejg's Song" the music is cheap stuff. It may serve in the theatre to enhance strange scenic effects or grotesque situations, but in the concert room it is without value. The "Return of Peer Gynt" has echoes of "The Flying Dutchman," but each echo seems a burlesque. The "Arabian Dance" suggests the invasion of Arabia by the Salvation Army, personally conducted by one of the numerous relatives of General Booth; and there was a time during the dance when all necks in the audience were stretched in joyful expectation of the apparition of Miss Lottie Collins. However,

the number was written long before the ingenious arrangement of music to "Ta-ra-ra, Boom-de-ay."

This "Arabian Dance" is local color with a vengeance; that is, it is Grieg's idea of Arabian music. He that wishes to know the real character of Arabian music, with a description of instruments, melodies, tonality and the "danse du ventre," may consult with pleasure Tiersot's "Musiques pittoresques."

The last number, "Dance of the Mountain King's Daughter," is a wretched replica of the last movement, a wretched original of the first suite. Throughout the movements, with the above-named delightful exception, the "doubbling drum is beat with furious heat;" not only kettle-drums, but other pulsatile instruments strive laboriously for effect. The xylophone puts an end to the charivari. Now, the xylophone is an instrument of antiquity. Holbein introduced it in his "Dance of Death," and the skeleton beats upon it there with ghastly glee. Saint-Saens used it with prodigious effect in the "Danse Macabre." As used by Grieg, it brings to mind the variety show.

"Solvejg's Song" was applauded. The other numbers met with a cold reception, although there was a desire to laugh after the finale.

The symphony and the overture were played with marked effect, and the performance of the latter was, indeed, brilliant.

The programme of the next rehearsal and concert is as follows: Overture "Der Freischuetz;" Brahms's Fourth Symphony; Riemenschneider's "Dance of Death;" Nicolai's overture to "Merry Wives of Windsor."

PHILIP HALE.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

Echoes from the Sixteenth Symphony.

Piano Recital by Mr. Nikisch—Gros-smith's Merry Entertainment.

Grand Opera at the Boston—Big Banjo Concert—Gossip and Coming Events.

Mr. Nikisch introduced as the soloist at the Symphony rehearsal and concert last week the well-known artist and composer, Mr. C. M. Loeffler, the fourth member of the violin contingent of the orchestra that has appeared as soloist under Mr. Nikisch's baton during the season. Saint-Saens' concerto No. 1, for violin, although in three parts, is linked by cadenza-like passages, making it practically one movement, a slow episode being inserted in the middle.

Mr. Loeffler's playing was, in the main, commendable. He has an excellent command of his bow, and his broad tones were sweetly resonant and devoid of harshness. The repeated trills in the andante were clearly given and well sustained, and his leading themes were clean cut and firm, though lacking somewhat in strength.

The slides running through the composition were unpleasantly frequent, although

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that was probably not the first of the series.

Without being particularly brilliant, Mr. Loeffler played with facility and commendable dash. Just before the close of the piece he introduced a cadenza of his own, which was in keeping with the general tone of the composition and very well performed.

The artist was enthusiastically received, being recalled several times at the close of his performance.

Mendelssohn's fantastic overture, "Fingal's Cave," was played with great effect. Each part of the orchestra did its work splendidly. The fragments of themes which the great composer introduces throughout the work are impartially distributed among the instruments, and the fine contrasts and changes in tempo and harmony were given in such a manner as to realize a tone picture of great beauty.

Grieg's suite, "Peer Gynt," was a novelty, Norwegian in treatment and at times startling in its grotesque orchestration, the cellos being added to the instruments of percussion by the performers striking the strings with the back of the bow.

It was played with great spirit and the proper abandon, the dance, "The Mountain King's Daughter," with its glissando terminal by the xylophone, being the sensational feature of the number.

Dvorak's symphony in D minor, No. 2, closed the concert. The beautiful orchestral coloring of the first two movements were effectively presented, and the Slavic characteristics of the composer in the last numbers were given with admirable contrasting energy and boldness.

The programme for the next rehearsal and concert will consist of the overture from "Der Freischuetz," Weber; symphony No. 4 in E minor, Brahms; "Todtentanz," for orchestra, first time, Riemenschneider; and overture, "Merry Wives of Windsor," Nicolai.

MUSICAL MENTION.

The Symphony Concert.

The 16th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place Saturday evening at Music Hall. The programme was as follows: Overture, "Fingal's Cave," Mendelssohn; concerto for violin No. 1 in A minor, Saint-Saens; orchestral suite, No. 2, from the music to "Peer Gynt," Grieg; Symphony No. 2 in D minor, Dvorak. Mr. C. M. Loeffler was the soloist. The orchestra gave more attention to detail in both the Mendelssohn overture and the Grieg suite (the latter hardly worthy a place on the programme) than it is customary to expect from it nowadays, and consequently the works were not without some effect in the renderings.

In the symphony, however, the orchestra fell into its accustomed coarse and over-loud manner, paying little regard to the nuances of the composition, and failing to give the least indication of repose or delicacy anywhere. Even the adagio, which demands the most expressive playing, was given with a monotone of loudness, every half tint of shading being exaggerated in a stereo-

typed and vulgar manner. The playing of the finale resulted in little less than a continuous noise. Now this symphony is a work that demands the greatest care in the playing, for it is full of wide and sudden contrasts, is bold and impassioned, changeable in rhythm and glows with a rich color. Its themes are at times tender and delicate, and demand a most considerate treatment in the rendering.

Nothing of the sort was brought forth in the playing, however, and the effect fell flat. Mr. Loeffler played as he always does in a manner at once denoting the skilful performer, able musician and the ripe artist. The Saint-Saens concerto, worthy of its eminent author, met with a splendid interpretation upon the part of Mr. Loeffler, his own cadenza serving to display his grasp of the technical difficulties of the instrument, his pure intonation and his firm and well-restrained tone. He was recalled three times.

WARREN DAVENPORT.

The Symphony Concert.

The concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in Music Hall, last night, was very well attended, notwithstanding the miserable weather. The programme was: Overture, "Fingal's Cave," Mendelssohn; Concerto for Violin, No. 1, in A, op. 20, Saint-Saens; Orchestral Suite, No. 2, from the music to "Peer Gynt," op. 55, Grieg; Symphony in D minor, No. 2, op. 70, Dvorak. The Grieg Suite, which, if we are not mistaken, had not been heard at these concerts before, is not especially interesting. As music, pure and simple, it says very little that was worth the saying, and though by no means lacking in clearness, is somewhat unmeaning without the text that it was intended to illustrate and emphasize. It is a curious medley of commonplace and pretentiousness; of spasms of tune-fulness and throes of melodrama; the whole seasoned with spice and frequently novel orchestral effects which are now and then more vulgar than edifying. The suite was remarkably well played, but it made no very strong effect, despite its eccentricities and its bid for popular favor. The fiery Dvorak symphony was also very well played, and with great spirit. Mr. Loeffler played the fine violin concerto with exquisite taste, perfect finish of style, purity and brilliancy of technique, and nobility of sentiment. The warm and graceful artistic feeling, and the conscientious devotion to the composer that always give a characteristic distinction to his playing, were manifested at their fullest, and proved a potent element in the pleasure that his performance afforded. He was applauded with exceptional enthusiasm, and was three times recalled with tremendous fervor. The programme for the next concert is: Overture, "Der Freyschutz," Weber; Symphony, No. 4, E minor, Brahms; "Todtentanz," Riemenschneider (first time); Overture, "Merry Wives of Windsor," Nicolai. There will be no soloist.

Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1892-93.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. ARTHUR NIKISCH, Conductor.

XVII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, MARCH 4, AT 8 P. M.

PROGRAMME.

KARL MARIA VON WEBER. OVERTURE to "Der Freischuetz," in C.

JOHANNES BRAHMS.

SYMPHONY No. 4, in E minor.

- I. Allegro non troppo. E minor.
- II. Andante moderato. E major.
- III. Allegro giocoso. C major.
- IV. Allegro energico e passionato. E minor.

GEORG RIEMENSCHNEIDER. "TODTENTANZ"

Moderately slow (constantly modulating)
Very lively and restless. A minor.
(First time.)

OTTO NICOLAI.

OVERTURE. "Merry Wives of Windsor."
Andantino moderato. F major.
Allegro vivace. F major.

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Without being particularly brilliant, Mr. Loeffler played with facility and commendable dash. Just before the close of the piece he introduced a cadenza of his own, which was in keeping with the general tone of the composition and very well performed.

The artist was enthusiastically received, being recalled several times at the close of his performance.

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Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1892-93.

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JOHANNES BRAHMS.

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Moderately slow (constantly modulating)
Very lively and restless. A minor.
(First time.)

OTTO NICOLAI.

OVERTURE. "Merry Wives of Windsor."
Andantino moderato. F major.
Allegro vivace. F major.

Y. MARCH 6, 1893.

MUSIC AND DRAMA. *June*

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the seventeenth symphony concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Weber: Overture to "Der Freischütz."

Brahms: Symphony No. 4, in E minor, Opus 98.

Riemenschneider: "Todtentanz."

Nicolai: Overture to "Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor."

The overture to the "Freischütz" began with a long-held C such as we never experienced before. There are some famous long notes in music—think, for instance, of the thirteen measures of A in the *soprani* in the ninth symphony—but they are for the most part organ-points, against which other voices do something interesting; but this long C stands all by itself, nothing accompanies it, nothing has preceded it, and, after a while, it seems as if nothing were destined to follow it. One feels like calling out, "Enough! stop! assez! basta! we understand! the note is C; yes, we know it!" What is Mr. Nikisch thinking of, to take the tempo at such a crawl that you absolutely lose all interest in every note before the next note comes? When it came to the Samiel business, he had to hurry up, as we were glad to note. The quick movement was played with great dash and effect—albeit we do not like that little jump in the phrasing of the Agathe theme in the flute, clarinet and bassoon—and the great C-major chords rang out grandly; in the coda Mr. Nikisch followed Wagner's idea of starting in *piano* with the theme, after the first dash; this does seem really an improvement upon the old *fortissimo* way, and Wagner's clever sophistry proves quite conclusively enough that Weber must have intended the passage to go so.

With the Brahms symphony we again struck upon the snag of Mr. Nikisch's passion for making things slow. Ah! come, now! There is only one slow movement in this symphony, and Mr. Nikisch gives us three! The opening *Allegro non troppo* was played as an *Andante poco moto*; the final Passacaglia, marked *Allegro energico e passionato*, was played *Allegretto moderato*. The only move the ear could recognize as a distinctly quick movement was the third, *Allegro giocoso*. The result of this slow tempo in the first and last movements, added to the rather morose Phrygian mode of the slow movement and the forbidding cross-relation in the second measure of the theme of the third, was to give the whole symphony a singularly sinister expression. No doubt a certain sombre grandeur and impressiveness was at times gained thereby; but it was a very Sahara-like sort of grandeur, of which the ear soon tires, and in not a few places the effect seemed rather over-sentimental than grand. Now, likely enough, Mr. Nikisch can say that he has been through this very symphony with Brahms himself, and that he takes it just as the composer wished it to go. Were the first part of this true, the second part does not necessarily follow. One can not imagine Brahms having the queer fancy

Rubinstein had at one time, of marking some of his movements as he did not want them to go. Once, when Rubinstein came to Vienna to conduct some new works of his which the orchestra had already rehearsed under its regular conductor, every one was surprised at the last rehearsal, which Rubinstein conducted in person, to find how very differently he took some tempi; the conductor who had conducted the preliminary rehearsals excused himself to the composer for the blunder he had apparently made in taking some of his movements wrong, by saying, "How could you expect me to divine that you meant the music to go so slow, when you have marked it *allegretto*?" Rubinstein answered, "Oh! that is nothing; the term *allegretto* has certain personal associations for me in this connection, and I marked the movement so, more for my own satisfaction than for anything else; it is true it does not give a very clear notion of the proper tempo, but I did not mind that." But, if Rubinstein can do things of this sort, one can not well imagine Brahms being so impractical; when he says *allegro*, it may be taken as at least prima facie evidence that he means *allegro*. Another argument on our side is that Mr. Nikisch took both the first and last movements of this symphony even slower at the Friday-afternoon rehearsal than at the Saturday-evening concert; both tempi can not be right even from his point of view. But the strongest argument on our side is, after all, this—that an especial fondness for very slow *allegros* is a strongly-marked trait in Mr. Nikisch's conducting in general, no matter who the composer may be; the opportunities a deliberate tempo gives for expressive phrasing, for highly potentized emotional coloring, and for producing impressive effects, seem peculiarly tempting to him. He is an "emotional" conductor, if ever there were one, and his instinctive bent is to make things as dramatic as possible. Well, if a man have a right to anything, it is to his own individuality: he has a right to his, and we to ours. It is not our fault if what seems strongly dramatic and impressive to him, often seems merely theatrical and trivial to us. And we may be pardoned for being a little tired of the monotony of having to say so often: like enough, he is just as tired of hearing us say so. The symphony was, upon the whole, excellently played, although some few passages might have been given with greater clearness and accuracy of ensemble; the great Passacaglia of the last movement was enormously impressive; to us it is one of the grandest of Brahms's orchestral movements, to be ranked with the first movement and finale of his C minor symphony. Nothing but its inherent force, but the genius in it, could have made it palatable in its place in the symphony, especially after the preceding *Allegro giocoso*, which sounds so much like a finale itself.

Riemenschneider's "Todtentanz," written on a queer ballad by Goethe, is a work that can fairly be dismissed without comment, as the audience dismissed it without applause. Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor" overture did one good to hear. It was played with immense and contagious brilliancy, in a way that was wholly new to us. We should have liked to hear the violins take that demure, roguish little second theme more delicately, with some-

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 blackening up before its last appearance, and making a marked *ritenuto* on its first measure or two! Is not this sort of thing, in the last analysis, nothing more nor less than the familiar, hackneyed effect that belongs properly to concert performances of Strauss waltzes? But, with these exceptions, the overture was given with tremendous dash and vim.

The next programme is: Berlioz, overture, "Le Carnaval Romain," opus 9; Rubinstein, pianoforte concerto No. 4, in D minor, opus 70; Wagner, "Siegfried Idyll;" Schumann, symphony No. 3, in E-flat major ("Rhenish"), opus 97. Mrs. Fanny Bloomfield-Zeisler will be the pianist.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

Symphony Concert—The Durell Opera Season.

A Notable Sunday Programme for the "Music Hall Popular"—The Public School Music Question Reopened—A Nordica Matinee—News Notes, Comment, Gossip.

No soloist appeared at the 17th of the season's concerts by the Boston Symphony orchestra at Music Hall last evening; the programme given under Mr. Arthur Nikisch's direction being as follows: Weber, overture to "Der Freischütz"; Brahms, symphony No. 4 in E minor, opus 98; Riemenschneider, "Todtentanz" for orchestra (first time); Nicolai, overture to "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

Director Nikisch rather had those who have studiously avoided a rehearsing of Mr. Brahms' fourth symphony at a disadvantage in this return to the Henschel arrangement of the programme at these concerts. Even the old city reporter, who in this day, after a generation of service in Boston churches, brags that he has "never heard a prayer and never missed a text," would be puzzled to have timed his arrival so as to have avoided a hearing of Mr. Brahms' over-elaboration of short musical phrases which he dignifies with the title of symphony.

Mr. Nikisch and his men were very faithful in their efforts to give the work a good performance, and the followers of the composer appeared well satisfied with the results.

The novelty of the evening, "The Dance of Death," proved a very fascinating bit of bizarre writing. It is designed to describe the scene of Goethe's poem, which tells of the experiences of a watchman stationed upon a tower which overlooks a graveyard. The traditional visit to earthly scenes by the inhabitants of the tombs below him and their usual revels occur, the dancery casting aside the habiliments of the grave to gain greater freedom. Thinking to play a practical joke and to send one ghost back to his abiding place in a condition to be troubled with rheumatism, the watchman steals down from the tower and abstracts one pite of grave clothes, which he carries back to his point of observation.

As the dancers tire of their revelry they

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As abstract music, the composition is full of tuneful ideas, cleverly elaborated and making a most enjoyable impression at a first hearing. As to whether the act of disrobing and the scenes of excitement incidental to the discovery that all the other fellows have gone has been correctly depicted in this "tone poem" is, at least, an open question. The composer has given the ghosts the usual instruments to dance by, and has written some music that set many a foot tapping at the measures as they were played under Mr. Nikisch's baton.

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It was a rather oddly arranged programme that was given at the concert of Saturday, in which the earnest and the spectral were sandwiched between the romantic and the jovial. It began with the overture to "Der Freischütz." A great deal of liberty is to be allowed in the reading of a Weber work, for this composer was of the theatre and employed the devices of the stage more freely than other great composers; but there was a tendency to exaggerate these points in the performance, an evident desire to prolong pauses into acute suspense, and to increase the bursts of sound to cyclones of fury. Spite of these shortcomings, and they jarred but little in such a work, the performance was a memorable one. The clarinette theme was most charmingly played; to Weber, in fact, belongs the credit of having discovered the true possibilities of the instrument, and the dark, spectral tone-color of the lower register (the "Chalumeau") is here used to excellent advantage. Although Mozart had given prominence to the clarinette more than 30 years before, he seems never to have grasped the effect of this register; only Mendelssohn, in "Elijah" and in the Scotch Symphony, may be ranked with Weber in the masterly use of the clarinette. Not less striking as a remarkable bit of tone color is the pizzicato A, which follows the horn quartette; it is the most graphic effect ever produced on a single note on the contrabasses. The famous horn quartette (progenitor of hymns innumerable) has been much better given in Boston than it was on this occasion. There was no actual break of tone, but the whole passage was too loud, and altogether lacked the tenderness and romance which should have characterized it.

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LOUIS C. ELSON.

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MARCH 5, 1893

MUSICAL MATTERS.

No Soloist at Last Night's
Symphony Concert.Lilian Durell Opera Company Soon to
Sing at the Boston Theatre.Popular Sunday Concerts—Vocal and
Piano Recitals—Personal Gossip.

There were no soloists introduced at the 17th symphony concert and rehearsal, Mr. Nikisch making up his programme entirely of orchestral numbers. Of the four selections but one was new, Riemenschneider's "Dance of Death," being given for the first time here. Weber's romantic overture to "Der Freischütz," Brahms's symphony No. 4, and Nicolai's overture to "The Merry Wives of Windsor" were the other offerings.

Weber's delightful work calls for little comment, the interpretation, as a whole, being admirable. In the beautiful adagio, in which occur the sylvan melodies, the charming themes were most daintily given by the strings and quartet of horns. The incantation music was also effectively played. The impressive finale, with its rushing, ascending passages, was at times indistinct, the full orchestra not following promptly their conductor's baton beat.

The Brahms number was marred by the imperfect tones of the brasses in the closing movement. The solemn and elaborate harmonies of the second part, given first to the wood winds and horns, and later to the strings, were, perhaps, the best portion of the performance.

The Riemenschneider "Dance of Death" is a musical setting of Goethe's ballad in which a watchman sees the corpses in a churchyard sally forth and indulge in a dance, after removing their shrouds.

The watchman steals a garment, and when the dancers return to their graves the skeleton who has been deprived of his habiliments seeks out the watchman, who has climbed to the top of the tower in affright. Just as the skeleton is about to regain his winding-sheet the clock strikes 1 and the spirit falls to the pavement below, shattered to atoms.

The character piece is of an order which may be called "diabolique," and is orchestrated to carry out the ghostly ideas of the story. The opening theme is very pretty and the first of the dance movement is melodious, but the work soon becomes chaotic and weird and is only to be judged by its effect, which certainly is symbolic of an internal revel. The orchestra evidently achieved the results intended by the com-

poser. As a contrast to the foregoing number Nicolai's "Merry Wives" overture was most welcome, and the merry, fairy-like composition, a notable example of pure comic opera, seemed particularly enjoyable. The dash and spirit which the orchestra infused into its work was marked, and the audience evinced its pleasure by according this number the most liberal plaudits of the evening.

The programme for the rehearsal and concert, March 10 and 11, will be as follows: Overture, "Carnaval Romain," Berlioz; concerto for piano, D minor, Rubinstein; "Siegfried Idyl," Wagner; Schumann's "Rhenish" symphony, E flat. Mrs. Bloomfield-Zeissler will be the pianist.

MUSIC.

THE SYMPHONY.

The seventeenth symphony concert last evening had a programme against which no serious objections could be urged. It was no such programme as either Conductor Nikisch or the members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra might have chosen for their own edification. For this reason it was certainly none the less a popular programme. It contained two well worn yet ever acceptable overtures, "Der Freischütz," and "The Merry Wives of Windsor;" also Brahms' most easily intelligible symphony No. 4, in E minor; and for a novelty the Todtentanz, by Georg Riemenschneider.

In a small book entitled "Der Freischütz Buch" by Frederic Kind, who was von Weber's librettist, it is stated, that at its first performance, in Paris in 1824, "Der Freischütz" was hissed—a singular exception to the popularity of an opera that in this respect has probably never been surpassed either before or since Weber's time. It is even recorded that its music once became, so familiar in London, and among all classes of people that a gentleman advertising for a servant conspicuously stipulated that no applicant would be accepted who could whistle its airs.

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MARCH 5, 1893—7

MUSICAL MATTERS.

No Soloist at Last Night's Symphony Concert.

Lillian Durell Opera Company Soon to Sing at the Boston Theatre.

Popular Sunday Concerts—Vocal and Piano Recitals—Personal Gossip.

There were no soloists introduced at the 17th symphony concert and rehearsal, Mr. Nikisch making up his programme entirely of orchestral numbers. Of the four selections but one was new, Riemenschneider's "Dance of Death," being given for the first time here. Weber's romantic overture to "Der Freischütz," Brahms's symphony No. 4, and Nicolai's overture to "The Merry Wives of Windsor" were the other offerings.

Weber's delightful work calls for little comment, the interpretation, as a whole, being admirable. In the beautiful adagio, in which occur the sylvan melodies, the charming themes were most daintily given by the strings and quartet of horns. The incantation music was also effectively played. The impressive finale, with its rushing, ascending passages, was at times indistinct, the full orchestra not following promptly their conductor's baton beat.

The Brahms number was marred by the imperfect tones of the brasses in the closing movement. The solemn and elaborate harmonies of the second part, given first to the wood winds and horns, and later to the strings, were, perhaps, the best portion of the performance.

The Riemenschneider "Dance of Death" is a musical setting of Goethe's ballad in which a watchman sees the corpses in a churchyard sally forth and indulge in a dance, after removing their shrouds.

The watchman steals a garment, and when the dancers return to their graves the skeleton who has been deprived of his habiliments seeks out the watchman, who has climbed to the top of the tower in affright. Just as the skeleton is about to regain his winding-sheet the clock strikes 1 and the spirit falls to the pavement below, shattered to atoms.

The character piece is of an order which may be called "diabolique," and is orchestrated to carry out the ghostly ideas of the story. The opening theme is very pretty and the first of the dance movement is melodious, but the work soon becomes chaotic and weird and is only to be judged by its effect, which certainly is symbolical of an internal revel. The orchestra evidently achieved the results intended by the com-

poser. As a contrast to the foregoing number Nicolai's "Merry Wives" overture was most welcome, and the merry, fairy-like composition, a notable example of pure comic opera, seemed particularly enjoyable. The dash and spirit which the orchestra infused into its work was marked, and the audience evinced its pleasure by according this number the most liberal plaudits of the evening. The programme for the rehearsal and concert, March 10 and 11, will be as follows: Overture, "Carnaval Romain," Berlioz; concerto for piano, D minor, Rubinstein; "Siegfried Idyl," Wagner; Schumann's "Rhenish" symphony, E flat. Mrs. Bloomfield-Zeissler will be the pianist.

TIGHT BINDING

MUSIC.

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That the conductor of the Symphony concerts is a man of impulses, no one sees more clearly than himself, and he has even admitted frankly that in his interpretations a planned and intended reading not infrequently slips away from the control of his will, if a strong mood, evoked by something in the music or associated with it, interposes and sways him. In the direction of his seventeenth programme he must have been carried away often by his feelings, because nothing else could explain the extreme relaxations of tempo into which he several times sank. The concert began with the "Freischütz" overture, the opening *adagio* had less "linked sweetness" than "long-drawn-out"-ness, for it was taken so slowly that the beautiful and gently melting horn quartette lost its persuasiveness in the effort the players had to make to find breath enough for their usual phrases, without attempting to give uniformity and smoothness to their union. The *allegro* swept almost as far in the other direction, and fairly rushed to its conclusion save when some special delay upon a note or two held it back before another plunge. In the symphony, too—which was that laboriously elaborated fourth of Brahms—the tempo was slackened in all but the last movement, thus opposing the composer's directions, but giving the hearer a better chance to follow and understand and the director a longer dwelling in his lingering mood. Yet be it understood that with this exception taken to the tempo, there could be no special criticism brought against either the technical handling of the parts or the energy and earnestness of the reading. After the Brahms came a kind of ghost story in music—a "Todtendanz"—by George Riemenschneider, which added nothing to the value of the concert, although it will count as one more in the list of the season's novelties. There is some fancy in it, but of the rather deliberate and intentional sort, and it has some clattering and rattling and some whistling shrieks of the piccolo. But it is not to be mentioned in the same epoch with Saint-Saëns's unrivalled "Danse Macabre," gloomy and impressive with its wild, persistent voice of the viola and its swift, weird dispersion of the gaunt, fleshless revellers whom the strange, compulsive strain has summoned. The evening ended with a brilliant but rather too exhilarated rendering of Nicolai's bright, gay and elegant "Merry Wives of Windsor" overture.

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One of the most commendable performances of the orchestra since the advent of the present incumbent of the conductor's position, was the playing of the Weber overture on Saturday evening. The strings were simply perfect, the wood wind in good tune and the brass less violent than usual, but still too loud and coarse.

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One must acknowledge the mastery of Brahms over all that pertains to the science of music in the matter of development and elaboration contrapuntally of themes and movement, and the symphony in E minor is an evidence of his superior power in this direction. It must be admitted, also, that there are some charming themes and novel harmonies in this work in the first and second movements, but the work as a whole is labored and dry. It was played mostly in a too loud and rough manner by the orchestra, the coarseness of the rendering being often largely due to the excessive violence of the brass, the overblowing of which instruments was something horrible. One would not care to have the virility of Brahms's music emasculated, but discretion is better than valor in music as well as in other things. Mr. Gericke is a great lover of Brahms, and the splendid effects he brought out in his interpretation of this

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 symphony are still clear in the writer's mind. There was nothing in the performance Saturday night, however, that would remind one of Mr. Gericke's achievements with this composition.

Riemenschneider's "Dance of the Dead," played in these concerts for the first time Saturday evening, showed well enough that the composer is a capable musician, but it lacked any distinguishing features to characterize it sufficiently to praise it much, if any. There was but little imagination exhibited consecutively in the idea presented.

A brilliant performance of the "Merry Wives of Windsor" overture gave delight to the audience. The repertoire of such works can be drawn upon with marked benefit to the programmes offered at these concerts.—Mrs. Fanny Bloomfield-Zeisler will be the soloist next Saturday evening, and will play Rubinstein's D-minor concerto. The rest of the programme will consist of "La Carnaval Romain" overture, Berlioz; "Siegfried Idyl," Wagner, and Symphony No. 3, Schumann.

WARREN DAVENPORT.

Mr. Nikisch and the Symphony Orchestra.

To the Editor of the Saturday Evening Gazette.

DEAR SIR: As you are presumably responsible for the musical criticisms which appear in your paper, may I write to you my complaint that this winter the weak points of our Symphony Orchestra have been hammered at incessantly by your critic, much to the neglect of its good points?

Now, good points it has, and it has seemed to others, if not to your critic, that one of those points has been the dignified behavior of its members. One had but to watch closely through the concerts given by the orchestras which have visited Boston this season, to see what some conductors will allow. Why, we should gasp to see Mr. Kneisel do what Mr. Brodsky did, and that was to leave the stage (when young Marteau came on to play a selection with an orchestral accompaniment), and, by way of leaving, to climb over the outstretched feet of the next violinist, as he would over a low, stone wall!

I think, Mr. Editor, your critic and I would be inclined to "lean back" in our chairs once in a while, if we had played in 124 concerts and rehearsals in seven months. I do not wonder that Mr. Nikisch appeared fatigued last Saturday evening, though very possibly, that was due to worry over not reaching Music Hall till after eight o'clock, owing to a delayed train.

I have attended, Mr. Editor, every Saturday evening concert in the course this winter, and not once have I seen such tittering and nudges as men permitted in one of the above-mentioned orchestras.

Another good point, although you, perhaps, will consider it a superficial one;—but I cannot agree to that—is the bearing of Mr. Nikisch when with baton in hand: no superfluous motion, no bending of the legs for extra emphasis, as if weak-kneed; no sawing the air with long arms, like

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One of the most commendable performances of the orchestra since the advent of the present incumbent of the conductor's position, was the playing of the Weber overture on Saturday evening. The strings were simply perfect, the wood wind in good tune and the brass less violent than usual, but still too loud and coarse.

Of course it is not expected that the first clarinet will always play in perfect tune, or that the tympani player will ever have his drums correctly tuned, but nevertheless much pleasure was enjoyed by the exacting listener, even, from the performance of this incomparably beautiful composition. The first movement was taken too slow, however. How vivid in the remembrance of many listeners are the wonderful performances of this overture under Mr. Gericke's conducting. It is not to be wondered at that he was called forth a half dozen or more times to acknowledge the enthusiastic delight of the audience as a unit, after each superb rendering. The playing of this overture on Saturday evening excited the most spontaneous applause that has greeted the orchestra for a long time.

One must acknowledge the mastery of Brahms over all that pertains to the science of music in the matter of development and elaboration contrapuntally of themes and movement, and the symphony in E minor is an evidence of his superior power in this direction. It must be admitted, also, that there are some charming themes and novel harmonies in this work in the first and second movements, but the work as a whole is labored and dry. It was played mostly in a too loud and rough manner by the orchestra, the coarseness of the rendering being often largely due to the excessive violence of the brass, the overblowing of which instruments was something horrible. One would not care to have the virility of Brahms's music emasculated, but discretion is better than valor in music as well as in other things. Mr. Gericke is a great lover of Brahms, and the splendid effects he brought out in his interpretation of this

symphony are still clear in the writer's mind. There was nothing in the performance Saturday night, however, that would remind one of Mr. Gericke's achievements with this composition.

Riemenschneider's "Dance of the Dead," played in these concerts for the first time Saturday evening, showed well enough that the composer is a capable musician, but it lacked any distinguishing features to characterize it sufficiently to praise it much, if any. There was but little imagination exhibited consecutively in the idea presented.

A brilliant performance of the "Merry Wives of Windsor" overture gave delight to the audience. The repertoire of such works can be drawn upon with marked benefit to the programmes offered at these concerts.—Mrs. Fanny Bloomfield-Zeisler will be the soloist next Saturday evening, and will play Rubinstein's D minor concerto. The rest of the programme will consist of "La Carnaval Romain" overture, Berlioz; "Siegfried Idyl," Wagner, and Symphony No. 3, Schumann.

WARREN DAVENPORT.

Mr. Nikisch and the Symphony Orchestra.

To the Editor of the Saturday Evening Gazette.

DEAR SIR: As you are presumably responsible for the musical criticisms which appear in your paper, may I write to you my complaint that this winter the weak points of our Symphony Orchestra have been hammered at incessantly by your critic, much to the neglect of its good points?

Now, good points it has, and it has seemed to others, if not to your critic, that one of those points has been the dignified behavior of its members. One had but to watch closely through the concerts given by the orchestras which have visited Boston this season, to see what some conductors will allow. Why, we should gasp to see Mr. Kneisel do what Mr. Brodsky did, and that was to leave the stage (when young Marteau came on to play a selection with an orchestral accompaniment), and, by way of leaving, to climb over the outstretched feet of the next violinist, as he would over a low, stone wall!

I think, Mr. Editor, your critic and I would be inclined to "lean back" in our chairs once in a while, if we had played in 124 concerts and rehearsals in seven months. I do not wonder that Mr. Nikisch appeared fatigued last Saturday evening, though very possibly, that was due to worry over not reaching Music Hall till after eight o'clock, owing to a delayed train.

I have attended, Mr. Editor, every Saturday evening concert in the course this winter, and not once have I seen such tittering and nudges as men permitted in one of the above-mentioned orchestras.

Another good point, although you, perhaps, will consider it a superficial one;—but I cannot agree to that—is the bearing of Mr. Nikisch when with baton in hand: no superfluous motion, no bending of the legs for extra emphasis, as if weak-kneed; no sawing the air with long arms, like

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a wounded bird trying desperately to rise on wing. A careless observer would say there was not enough motion and emotion in the conducting of Mr. Nikisch to incite his men to highest action; but let that observer for once be less careless, and he will see concentrated power and magnetism in the quiet pose and steady hand. I have yet to see Mr. Nikisch fail to get a tremendous *tour de force*, or sudden emphasis, or quick tempo, if he so minded.

As I more than have hinted above, the bearing of a conductor seems to me of considerable importance. It is wearying to the spectator to see gymnastics on the conductor's stand, and moppings of brow; to see a conductor "make faces," as the children say, first to his fluteist, when it is time for a bit of a solo, then to the horns when they should come in, and, finally, with worst face of all, and arms on high, like a Dutch windmill, to the drums.

Oh, I have thanked over and over again the Fates, that they made Mr. Nikisch not that kind, thus giving us hearers and onlookers golden opportunities to digest good music, without such usual, I had almost said, distraction.

One more opinion as to our orchestra's worth will be of value, and that is of no less a person than Paderewski. Why should he have been so delighted with their work, if it were poor work? Is he not a good judge?

Of course, there is but one Mr. Gericke, but he has decidedly his limitations in this very modern day; and, by the way, did not the arduous work he did with this orchestra (perhaps, climate had a small share of responsibility) very nearly kill him?

But, if we cannot have Mr. Gericke, what then—
is there no balm in Gilead? KAY.

Our correspondent undoubtedly meant well in addressing this letter to us; but, unfortunately, she has failed to make wholly clear the exact point at which she wished to arrive. She takes us to task for stating last week that some of the orchestra took their playing very leisurely, by leaning back in their chairs, and then excuses them on the ground that they have performed in one hundred and twenty-four concerts and rehearsals in seven months. This, however, does not provide any evidence that we stated what was untrue. Moreover, the orchestra has not, as yet, given as many concerts as are named by our censor, and their season is only five months old, instead of seven. As for Mr. Brodsky, he is the solo concert-master of the Dambrosch Orchestra, and his disappearance from the stage during the playing of M. Marteau, was doubtless by reason of an agreement, common enough under similar circumstances, that he should not be called on to play in the accompaniments, to any other soloist. As for the manner of his leaving, it was probably a case of necessity, owing to the crowded state of the stage, and there was nothing remarkable in it. If he had climbed over the head of the next violinist, as over a high stone wall, the case would have been otherwise. As we said nothing regarding the fatigued appearance of Mr. Nikisch, we do not feel called upon to make any explanation in that connection. As for the "tittering and nudges" to which our correspondent refers so reproachfully, we must say that if she has not seen similar tittering, if not nudging, in our orchestra, her attention could not have been deeply centered on the performers. But here, again, she has touched on a point to which we made no allusion. Nor did we comment on the bearing of Mr. Nikisch, and therefore her references to the bending of the legs, weak knees, sawing the air with long arms, gymnastics on the con-

ductor's stand, moppings of the brow, or giving signals to the flautist or the horn player, seem to us wholly irrelevant not to say superfluous. "The lady doth protest too much, methinks." Of course it is desirable that the personal peculiarities of a conductor should not come between the public and an enjoyment of the music he is directing; but after all, something in the way of eccentricity may be conceded to one who produces the best possible effect with the players under his control; and for our own part, we should much prefer the conductor afflicted with a bent leg and a weak knee and a brow-mopping habit, who vouchsafes a perfect reading and an adequate performance of a great work, to the conductor whose legs and knees remain unobtrusive, while he gives an unsatisfying interpretation and an inadequate performance of the same work. It is a matter of results achieved, and not of a conductor's personality. When Paganini first appeared, and revolutionized the art of violin playing, a famous soloist of the old school, one Keyswetter, if we are not mistaken, exclaimed: "Why, the fellow is no artist; he plays with a stiff bow-arm!" Then somebody replied: "If you can do as well with a stiff bow-arm, nobody will find any fault. It is certain, however, that you do not equal him, even with a free bow-arm." It is what is accomplished, and not how it is accomplished, that is entitled to first consideration in matters of art. As far as "no less a person than Paderewski" is concerned, it may be conceded that his opinion of our orchestra's worth was sincere; but what then? He is a magnificent pianist; but that does not make him an infallible authority on orchestral performances. Our correspondent asks, "Is he not a good judge?" The only possible reply is, that if Paderewski finds nothing to condemn in much of the conductor's interpreting and much of the orchestra's playing, he is not a good judge. The work he approved of was work that pleased him, and may have been good work; but he has only heard two or three, or, at the most, a half-dozen performances by the orchestra, and it is impossible for him to answer for what he has not heard. The fact that Mr. Nikisch is fatigued with overwork, and that Mr. Gericke was nearly killed by it, has no bearing whatever on Mr. Nikisch's conducting or on that of the performances of the orchestra. Our correspondent, as it seems to us, does not controvert our critic; on the contrary, she rather endorses him, by giving a reason for the shortcomings which he has complained. Mr. Nikisch may be credited with perfect artistic sincerity of purpose in all that he has undertaken here, but he has made it clear that he is not at his best as a conductor of purely orchestral music. His method is so thoroughly impregnated with operative feeling that he imparts the tone of the opera to almost everything he interprets. This is eminently out of place in the more classic music written for the concert room. We read that he has been called to fill the place of musical director of the opera house at Buda-Pesth. We congratulate him, sincerely, on the appointment. In such an establishment he will be wholly in his element and can hardly fail to win deserved success and appreciation.

Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1892-93.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. ARTHUR NIKISCH, Conductor.

XVIII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, MARCH 11, AT 8 P. M.

PROGRAMME.

HECTOR BERLIOZ.	OVERTURE. "Le Carnaval Romain." op. 9.
ANTON RUBINSTEIN.	CONCERTO for PIANOFORTE, in D minor. No. 4, op. 70. I. Moderato. D Minor. II. Moderato assai. F major. III. Allegro assai. D minor.
RICHARD WAGNER.	SIEGFRIED IDYL.
ROBERT SCHUMANN.	SYMPHONY No. 3, in E flat major, op. 9. (Rhenish). I. Lebhaft. E flat major. II. Scherzo: Sehr maessig. C major. III. Nicht schnell. A flat major. IV. Feierlich. E flat minor. V. Lebhaft. E flat major.

SOLOIST:

MME. FANNY BLOOMFIELD-ZEISLER.

The Piano used is a Steinway.

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.

THEATRES AND CONCERTS.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the eighteenth symphony concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening was as follows:

Berlioz: Overture, "Le Carnaval Romain," Opus 9.
Rubinstein: Concerto for Pianoforte, No. 4, in D minor, Opus 76.

Wagner: Siegfried-Idyll.
Schumann: Symphony No. 3, in E-flat major ("Rhenish"), Opus 97.

Mrs. Fanny Bloomfield-Zeisler was the pianist.

Berlioz's "Carnaval Romain" went with great spirit and force of accent; it was taken at just the rushing pace the composer must have wished for. The introductory *Andante sostenuto* was given with great delicacy and clearness.

Schumann's third symphony went exceedingly well, too; the first movement was taken at a good, brisk pace, as nearly as possible as Schumann marked it. The syncopations in the theme, too, were brought out with fine sureness of accent, without being overdone. In the second theme the wood-wind performed an actual *tour de force* in making a short *crescendo* followed immediately by *piano*; seldom have we heard this done more nicely. The four horns did nicely in that superb heralding of the return of the first theme at the beginning of the third part of the movement, and the theme itself was taken up by the orchestra in a double-*fortissimo* that did one good to hear. What a superb movement it is! With what unflagging vigor Schumann has carried through his magnificent theme! Here, too, one finds an appositeness in the orchestration, a harmony between form and color, such as even the greatest masters of scoring could not have surpassed. Looking at the orchestration by itself alone, one might perhaps find that Schumann had done a trifle too much with his horns, that the orchestra was somewhat too much charged with horn tone; but even in this matter Schumann has rather followed Beethoven's lead—look, for instance, at some of the *fortissimo* passages in the first movement of the seventh symphony—than forestalled the more modern composers, with many of whom the quartet of horns forms too constantly the real centre of gravity of the whole orchestra. And his horn tone is here eminently in place. Give this movement to any one you please of the present masters of orchestration, and let him re-score it; he might give it more volume of tone, a superior flash and glow of color, a more incisive brilliancy, but he would not make its form, outline and color go so beautifully hand in hand. Pick flaws in Schumann's orchestration as you will—and it often lays itself undeniably open to that—you find it, in the end, wonderfully well adapted to his purpose, wonderfully well able to help him say what he meant to say. The second and third movements were very sympathetically played, if one could have desired something more of technical perfection of finish. The grand "cathedral-scene" (third movement) was superbly given; it is in movements of this character that Mr. Nikisch is fairly at his best, and, when he is at his best, he is wellnigh incomparable. One might question his reading of the eighth-note after the double-dotted half, in the two great *forte* and *fortissimo* calls on the wind

instruments just before the close of the movement; he gives the eighth-note its exact value—possibly just a thought more than this; but there is a tradition that a double-dotted note is, in every case, to be followed by the *shortest possible* note, and that the exact fractional value of each is to be disregarded. This is, to be sure, a matter open to considerable freedom of interpretation; but in this case we prefer a very short eighth-note; it is more in harmony with the character of the here strikingly prominent trumpets and trombones; it has a sharper bite to it. The finale was admirably played, and the peroration, in which the principal figure of the "cathedral-scene" returns in E-flat major, worked up with tremendous power.

Wagner's beautiful and poetic "Siegfried-Idyll" was given wellnigh to perfection. Mr. Nikisch reads it in a way to give its wondrous variety of mood and coloring full play, while he makes its musical coherency so plain as to forbid all tediousness of impression. The well-balanced prominence he gives to every phrase of real thematic importance is a notable factor in this. Only we missed our blithe "canary-chirping" (sixth measure on page twenty-nine of the full score); since Mr. Zarrahn first conducted the piece here, we have not heard this picturesque effect duly brought out.

Mrs. Bloomfield-Zeisler carried everything before her in the Rubinstein concerto. We are quite willing to admit that we are growing reconciled to this work of Rubinstein's. The working-out of the first movement cannot be called masterly by any serious standard; Rubinstein was never strong in this matter. But the exposition in the first part of the movement is masterly; nothing could be clearer nor more concise; the themes lead, one into another, with perfect naturalness; up to the second theme they constantly grow in passionate intensity, while the idyllic suavity of the second subsidiary, with its almost playful accompanying figure on the pianoforte, forms just the desired contrast and gives passion breathing-time before the strenuous passages in the working-out. Then the themes themselves are of admirable quality. The super-sentimental slow movement we still heartily dislike; but the vim and go of the final rondo, its unflagging brilliancy, and the many beautiful effects of color and modulation in it, make it really exciting to listen to, while, as a piece of musical form, it is among the very best things Rubinstein has given to the world. Mrs. Bloomfield-Zeisler's playing of the work was simply superb. To one point we take exception: We do not like her reading of the white-hot passionate second theme (first appearing in F major) in the first movement; she seems to us to over-sentimentalize it, to distort its true character. No doubt her playing of it shows great feminine delicacy of feeling; but, if ever there were a distinctly *male* theme, this one is. At the climax-point of this same theme Rubinstein himself used to make an effect (not down in the score, by the way, and even contradicting the indications in the score) of the most surpassing beauty, and one which no other pianist we have ever heard has been able to imitate or to recall. But effects of this sort may be regarded as Rubinstein's sole property; they were flashes of momentary inspiration. But, with this exception, her play-

ing of the first movement was admirable indeed. Of all pianists we can remember, she plays the second movement best. Exactly wherein her superiority lies were hard to specify; may be that just that feminine delicacy of feeling, which we found out of place in the second theme of the first movement, helps her here to veil the rather cheap *bänkelsängerisch* sentimentality of the theme and give it a certain semblance of artistic refinement. Certainly we have never heard it sound less obnoxious than in her hands. In the finale she was brilliancy itself, and showed forth the whole magic of some of those sudden piano effects in unexpected keys. Comparing her performance with her playing of other things in previous seasons, one finds that she has made a vast stride towards artistic mastery. She was most enthusiastically recalled after the concerto.

The next programme is: Paul Gilson, "La Mer," symphonic sketch; Raff, "La Fée d'Amour," for violin and orchestra; Goldmark, "Ländliche Hochzeit." Mr. Otto Roth will be the violinist. The date of the concert is March 25.

Eighteenth Symphony Concert.

Mrs. Fanny Bloomfield-Zeisler appeared as piano soloist at the symphony concert yesterday, and played Rubinstein's concerto, No. 4, in D minor, a favorite piece with many pianists, and the one given by the composer on his first appearance in this city. Mrs. Zeisler's reputation as a pianist is well established in the West, and her abilities have also received warm endorsements from Boston concert-goers, who enjoyed her playing here some years ago.

The difficult Rubinstein concerto was given with wonderful sustained vitality and power and precision of touch. Her style of playing is broad and confident, and her attacks, especially in the rapid fortissimo octave runs, were bold and animated, the tempo and force being retained to the end.

The beautiful theme in the second part was most delicately and sympathetically interpreted, the running passages being rapidly and clearly given, and the hearty plaudits at the close plainly indicated the appreciation the auditors felt for the artist's brilliant work.

In the closing number Mrs. Zeisler's energy was notable, for the elaborate rush of chords for the piano was not drowned by the heavy orchestration.

Her success was undoubted, and she was recalled again and again at the close of her performance.

The Berlioz overture, "The Roman Carnival," began the programme. The composer's treatment of the brasses and instruments of percussion is particularly effective in this piece, and these contingents of the orchestra showed to marked advantage.

The rollicking saltarello was played with fine contrasts of rhythm and dynamic force, the strings singing their charming dance music with beautiful effect.

The Schumann "Rhenish" symphony, which closed the programme, was very satisfactorily played.

The programme for next week's rehearsal and concert, March 24 and 25, will be as follows: Paul Gilson's symphonic sketches for orchestra, "The Sea," "Le Fée d'Amour," for violin and orchestra by Raff, and Goldmark's symphony, "A Rustic Wedding."

MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Symphony Concert.

The programme of Saturday was slightly longer than usual, but was made up of interesting material from first to last. Berlioz's "Carnaval Romain" overture began the concert. It was given a vigorous reading, and spite of the capricious effects, the orchestra was kept well in hand. The English horn solo at the beginning of the work was especially well played, and so were the viola passages which followed it. These passages breathe a tender melancholy that is peculiarly suited to the character of the instruments employed. There is contrast here, even in similarity, for the English horn pictures a dreamy sadness, as the viola does, but the change from wind to string tone prevents anything like sameness. After the serenade the revelry seems to burst forth in wildest fashion. It takes considerable technique to give the chromatic runs which usher in this hurly-burly without blurring, yet this passage was clearly played on this occasion. But the work is as spasmodic as its composer was, and, spite of its gaudy colors, it remains a thing of shreds and patches.

This is one great point of difference between Berlioz and Wagner in orchestral treatment: when the former attains even the greatest effects one feels the effort behind them, all is spasmodic and artificial, while the ability to sustain a high level is one of the characteristics of the German composer. Had Berlioz composed 1000 years he could not have attained the equality (to say nothing of the power) of the first act of "Die Walküre" or the last of "Die Meistersinger."

Yet Wagner was presented on the programme of this concert at a disadvantage; the "Siegfried Idylle" was a most charming birthday surprise for Mme. Wagner. Nothing more charming than the secret composition, the smuggling of the orchestra into the house, the placing the musicians along the stairway leading to the chamber, and the presentation of the poem explaining the purport of the music, can be imagined; but the very exigencies of the case militated against the conditions of the concert room: the orchestra was of necessity a small one, the scoring light, the themes (chiefly the "Melody of Peace" and "Siegfried, the World's Treasure") require explanation, and the entire work can appeal powerfully only to the initiated Wagnerian. The Swiss musicians who participated in the performance playfully called the work "Treppen-musik" (stairway music), and, truth to tell, its fullest power lay in the circumstances and surroundings of that first performance. Yet there are beautiful touches in it, even though the effect of the same themes in their place in the operas is not attained. It was a poetic thought to intertwine the melody of Peace with that of Siegfried (in augmentation) as a final phrase, for these two themes taken from the operas of "Siegfried" and "Goetterdaemmerung," here typify Wagner's happiness in his Brunnhilde (Cosima Wagner) and his only child, Siegfried, and the lines in the poem which originally accompanied the music:—

And in the cadence I have held united Siegfried, our dearly-cherished son, and thee, make the intention very clear. But all of this was lost on the auditor who listened to the work as pure music, and while the figure treatment is very ingenious and the performance was very good, the composition did not do full justice to the great composer. There were some startling liberties taken with the first phrases, a very bold and extended *ritenuto* being introduced.

If Wagner's compositions are sometimes autobiographical, Schumann's almost invariably are, and if the B flat symphony speaks of the sunburst of happiness in the life of the composer, the one in E flat, which was performed on this occasion, tells us no less certainly of the last flickerings of that happiness, when the musician came to feel the charm of the Rhine-life, and was excited by the hearty ways of the dwellers in Dusseldorf and Cologne. Yet Schumann was never able to enter heartily into rollicking humor or joviality; even in this work the scherzo has the form but not the spirit of such a movement. There is mystery, tenderness, sweetness here, but not a trace of that playful abandon which Mendelssohn was able to portray so successfully, or of the grotesqueness in which Beethoven so frequently indulged. To the writer the two last movements seem the most striking, partly no doubt because of their graphic contrast. The effect of the trombone passages in the cathedral scene (the fourth movement) is that of a mighty organ in some old Catholic theme, and the chatter and vivacity of the finale (a nearer approach to the spirit of the scherzo is found in this than in the second movement) has been well compared to the holiday spirit which is apparent in the streets of Cologne when the crowd pours forth from the grand old edifice. The work was given in proper spirit and would have made a greater effect had not the audience been somewhat wearied with an exceptionally long programme. As it was, the organ theme seemed to be accepted as a sort of closing voluntary or postlude, to cover the footsteps of the departing congregation.

It remains to speak of an excellent soloist. Mme. Bloomfield-Zeisler was the pianist, and she played Rubinstein's D minor concerto in a manner calling only for commendation. A few mannerisms, such as the throwing about of the hands in an unnecessary fashion (and this might have been copied from Rubinstein himself) or an occasional excess of power, might be commented on, but the work as a whole, was played in a manner that places the artist in the front rank of female pianists. The ensemble was undisturbed throughout, and the shading of the second movement was especially commendable. Best of all was the fact that while there was abundant display of technique, it was made only the means to an end, the pianist entering into the spirit of the work in a manner that caused one to forget technicalities. She was recalled many times at the close of the concerto. There is one point in the instrumentation of the third movement of this concerto that shows that Rubinstein has taken a lesson of Berlioz. In the "Child Harold" symphony Berlioz im-

itates the tone of heavy and light bells by twangs of the harp, followed first by tones of the horn, and then by higher notes on clarinette and flute. Nothing closer to the reverberations of bells can be imagined. In this concerto Rubinstein produces a similar effect, but the impact of the bell-hammer is now given by violin *pizzicati* instead of by harp. But as St. Saens struck 12 o'clock on the harp in the *Danse Macabre*, and as composers need bell effects once in a while, perhaps the combination falls short of plagiarism.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

THE SYMPHONY.

A programme that represented Berlioz, Rubinstein, Wagner and Schumann at their worthiest, as did the programme for the eighteenth symphony concert. Music Hall, Saturday evening, March 11, would ordinarily be pronounced by musicians as respectably chosen.

It is also true that Conductor Nikisch could not have been otherwise than artistically well disposed in ranging a programme that would have inevitably encountered popular failure but for the appearance so interesting a soloist as Mrs. Fanny Bloomfield-Zeisler with Rubinstein's fourth concerto in D minor. Furthermore there was lively melody and abundance of it in the overture "Le Carnaval Romain," Berlioz, and it brightened the audience into a humor that is seldom experienced from that composer. Following the overture and concerto came the Siegfried Idyl by Wagner and the symphony, No. 3, in E flat major, by Schumann. Neither of these two works owing to the peculiar arrangement of the programme, could have been heard at its fairest advantage, and the logical result of any such arrangement was to impose a sense of weariness which was artistically prejudicial not only in its effect upon the selections themselves, but in prolonging the concert until an all too late hour.

The pianist Rubinstein has composed at least a dozen piano-forte concertos—possibly one or two more. In the concerto in D minor the genius of the solo instrument seems to have been studied above any other consideration. The Nestor of contemporaneous musicians, as has been stated, is here at his worthiest, just as was Moscheles when he wrote his now well nigh obsolete concerto in G minor. The work is intensely personal in its relation to the composer. It is musically photographic of the pianist of broad and massive brow, and in the first movement especially it even suggests his swarthy complexion of some ten or fifteen years ago, a complexion that was then more like that of a Tartar or a Turk rather than of a Russian. With the second movement comes a change of mood. The lionine roarings of the opening moderate are indeed followed by a sentimentally pastoral and well nigh lamb-like andante—not a "moderato assai," as announced on the programme. In the finale the concerto loses even such paucity of substance as its earlier movements contained, and simply fritters itself away in a tuneful play of sounds devoid of any deeper meaning. In brief, it fairly seems as though the hand of the pianist and not the genius of a composer had incited this truly Rubinsteinish concert piece, and it is difficult of belief that anyone can derive other enjoyment from the work than that which may be derived by the numerous yet not over scrupulous devotees to piano-forte playing as an end per se and not as an art.

The performance by Mme. Zeisler was overflown with subjectiveness of the most intense kind. It was appealingly sympathetic in its quieter moods, yet without an affection and sentimentality that oft had a very obscuring affect upon the real music of the concerto. Technically considered, the wealth of exacting arpeggios, broken chords, scale passages and all the essentials of true piano-forte bravura with which the concerto is permeated, was easily at the artist's fingertips, and, notably in the first and last movements, despite the fact that Mrs. Zeisler was quite fortunately unsuccessful in her apparent attempt to break all the strings in the piano, she excellently responded to the virtuosic requirement of the composer. Perhaps, on the whole, Mrs. Zeisler's performance had its most characteristic tribute in the very much noise of the applause she received.

ing of the first movement was admirable indeed. Of all pianists we can remember, she plays the second movement best. Exactly wherein her superiority lies were hard to specify; may be that just that feminine delicacy of feeling, which we found out of place in the second theme of the first movement, helps her here to veil the rather cheap, *bänkelsängerisch* sentimentality of the theme and give it a certain semblance of artistic refinement. Certainly we have never heard it sound less obnoxious than in her hands. In the finale she was brilliancy itself, and showed forth the whole magic of some of those sudden piano effects in unexpected keys. Comparing her performance with her playing of other things in previous seasons, one finds that she has made a vast stride towards artistic mastery. She was most enthusiastically recalled after the concerto.

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The rollicking salterello was played with fine contrasts of rhythm and dynamic force, the strings singing their charming dance music with beautiful effect.

The Schumann "Rhenish" symphony, which closed the programme, was very satisfactorily played.

The programme for next week's rehearsal and concert, March 24 and 25, will be as follows: Paul Gilson's symphonic sketches for orchestra, "The Sea," "Le Fée d'Amour," for violin and orchestra by Raff, and Goldmark's symphony, "A Rustic Wedding."

MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Symphony Concert.

The programme of Saturday was slightly longer than usual, but was made up of interesting material from first to last. Berlioz's "Carnaval Romain" overture began the concert. It was given a vigorous reading, and spite of the capricious effects, the orchestra was kept well in hand. The English horn solo at the beginning of the work was especially well played, and so were the viola passages which followed it. These passages breathe a tender melancholy that is peculiarly suited to the character of the instruments employed. There is contrast here, even in similarity, for the English horn pictures a dreamy sadness, as the viola does, but the change from wind to string tone prevents anything like sameness. After the serenade the revelry seems to burst forth in wildest fashion. It takes considerable technique to give the chromatic runs which usher in this hurly-burly without blurring, yet this passage was clearly played on this occasion. But the work is as spasmodic as its composer was, and, spite of its gaudy colors, it remains a thing of shreds and patches.

This is one great point of difference between Berlioz and Wagner in orchestral treatment: when the former attains even the greatest effects one feels the effort behind them, all is spasmodic and artificial, while the ability to sustain a high level is one of the characteristics of the German composer. Had Berlioz composed 1000 years he could not have attained the equality (to say nothing of the power) of the first act of "Die Walküre" or the last of "Die Meistersinger."

Yet Wagner was presented on the programme of this concert at a disadvantage; the "Siegfried Idylle" was a most charming birthday surprise for Mme. Wagner. Nothing more charming than the secret composition, the smuggling of the orchestra into the house, the placing the musicians along the stairway leading to the chamber, and the presentation of the poem explaining the purport of the music, can be imagined; but the very exigencies of the case militated against the conditions of the concert room: the orchestra was of necessity a small one, the scoring light, the themes (chiefly the "Melody of Peace" and "Siegfried, the World's Treasure") require explanation, and the entire work can appeal powerfully only to the initiated Wagnerian. The Swiss musicians who participated in the performance playfully called the work "Treppen-musik" (stairway music), and, truth to tell, its fullest power lay in the circumstances and surroundings of that first performance. Yet there are beautiful touches in it, even though the effect of the same themes in their place in the operas is not attained. It was a poetic thought to intertwine the melody of Peace with that of Siegfried (in augmentation) as a final phrase, for these two themes taken from the operas of "Siegfried" and "Goetterdaemmerung," here typify Wagner's happiness in his Brunnhilde (Cosima Wagner) and his only child, Siegfried, and the lines in the poem which originally accompanied the music:—

And in the cadence I have held united Siegfried, our dearly-cherished son, and thee, make the intention very clear. But all of this was lost on the auditor who listened to the work as pure music, and while the figure treatment is very ingenious and the performance was very good, the composition did not do full justice to the great composer. There were some startling liberties taken with the first phrases, a very bold and extended *ritenuto* being introduced.

If Wagner's compositions are sometimes autobiographical, Schumann's almost invariably are, and if the B flat symphony speaks of the sunburst of happiness in the life of the composer, the one in E flat, which was performed on this occasion, tells us no less certainly of the last flickerings of that happiness, when the musician came to feel the charm of the Rhine-life, and was excited by the hearty ways of the dwellers in Dusseldorf and Cologne. Yet Schumann was never able to enter heartily into rollicking humor or joviality; even in this work the scherzo has the form but not the spirit of such a movement. There is mystery, tenderness, sweetness here, but not a trace of that playful abandon which Mendelssohn was able to portray so successfully, or of the grotesqueness in which Beethoven so frequently indulged. To the writer the two last movements seem the most striking, partly no doubt because of their graphic contrast. The effect of the trombone passages in the cathedral scene (the fourth movement) is that of a mighty organ in some old Catholic theme, and the chatter and vivacity of the finale (a nearer approach to the spirit of the scherzo is found in this than in the second movement) has been well compared to the holiday spirit which is apparent in the streets of Cologne when the crowd pours forth from the grand old edifice. The work was given in proper spirit and would have made a greater effect had not the audience been somewhat wearied with an exceptionally long programme. As it was, the organ theme seemed to be accepted as a sort of closing voluntary or postlude, to cover the footsteps of the departing congregation.

It remains to speak of an excellent soloist. Mme. Bloomfield-Zeisler was the pianist, and she played Rubinstein's D minor concerto in a manner calling only for commendation. A few mannerisms, such as the throwing about of the hands in an unnecessary fashion (and this might have been copied from Rubinstein himself) or an occasional excess of power, might be commented on, but the work as a whole, was played in a manner that places the artist in the front rank of female pianists. The ensemble was undisturbed throughout, and the shading of the second movement was especially commendable. Best of all was the fact that while there was abundant display of technique, it was made only the means to an end, the pianist entering into the spirit of the work in a manner that caused one to forget technicalities. She was recalled many times at the close of the concerto. There is one point in the instrumentation of the third movement of this concerto that shows that Rubinstein has taken a lesson of Berlioz. In the "Child Harold" symphony Berlioz imi-

tates the tone of heavy and light bells by twangs of the harp, followed first by tones of the horn, and then by higher notes on clarinette and flute. Nothing closer to the reverberations of bells can be imagined. In this concerto Rubinstein produces a similar effect, but the impact of the bell-hammer is now given by violin *pizzicati* instead of by harp. But as St. Saens struck 12 o'clock on the harp in the *Danse Macabre*, and as composers need bell effects once in a while, perhaps the combination falls short of plagiarism.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

THE SYMPHONY.

A programme that represented Berlioz, Rubinstein Wagner and Schumann at their worthiest, as did the programme for the eighteenth symphony concert, Music Hall, Saturday evening, March 11, would ordinarily be pronounced by musicians as respectably chosen.

It is also true that Conductor Nikisch could not have been otherwise than artistically well disposed in arranging a programme that would have inevitably encountered popular failure but for the appearance so interesting a soloist as Mrs. Fanny Bloomfield Zeisler with Rubinstein's fourth concerto in D minor. Furthermore there was lively melody and abundance of it in the overture "Le Carnaval Romain," Berlioz, and it brightened the audience into a humor that is seldom experienced from that composer. Following the overture and concerto came the Siegfried Idyl by Wagner and the symphony, No. 3, in E flat major, by Schumann. Neither of these two works owing to the peculiar arrangement of the programme, could have been heard at its fairest advantage, and the logical result of any such arrangement was to impose a sense of weariness which was artistically prejudicial not only in its effect upon the selections themselves, but in prolonging the concert until an all too late hour.

The pianist Rubinstein has composed at least a pianoforte concertos—possibly one or two more. In the concerto in D minor the genius of the solo instrument seems to have been studied above any other consideration. The Nestor of contemporaneous musicians, as has been stated, is here at his worthiest, just as was Moscheles when he wrote his now well nigh obsolete concerto in G minor. The work is intensely personal in its relation to the composer. It is musically photographic of the pianist of broad and massive brow, and in the first movement especially it even suggests his swarthy complexion of some ten or fifteen years ago, a complexion that was then more like that of a Tartar or a Turk rather than of a Russian. With the second movement comes a change of mood. The lionine roarings of the opening moderate are indeed followed by a sentimentally pastoral and well nigh lamb-like andante—not a "moderato assai," as announced on the programme. In the finale the concerto loses even such paucity of substance as its earlier movements contained, and simply fritters itself away in a tuneful play of sounds devoid of any deeper meaning. In brief, it fairly seems as though the hand of pianist and not the genius of a composer had incited this truly Rubinsteinish concert piece, and it is difficult of belief that anyone can derive other enjoyment from the work than that which may be derived by the numerous yet not over scrupulous devotees to pianoforte playing as an end per se and not as an art.

The performance by Mme. Zeisler was overflown with subjectiveness of the most intense kind. It was appealingly sympathetic in its quieter moods, yet no without an affection and sentimentality that oft had a very obscuring affect upon the real music of the concerto. Technically considered, the wealth of exacting arpeggios, broken chords, scale passages and all the essentials of true piano-forte bravura with which the concerto is permeated, was easily at the artist's fingertips, and, notably in the first and last movements, despite the fact that Mrs. Zeisler was quite fortunately unsuccessful in her apparent attempt to break all the strings in the piano, she excellently responded to the virtuosic requirement of the composer. Perhaps, on the whole, Mrs. Zeisler's performance had its most characteristic tribute in the very much noise of the applause she received.

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Amelie Nikisch, wife of the noted conductor, was born in Brussels, where her father was a printer and publisher for many years. She was educated there for some years, having studied music at an early age and always having been associated with the best musical people. Her father met with reverses in his business and removed to London, where he died soon after, leaving Amelie at the age of 17 to find some means of supporting her mother. This she did for some years by teaching music, going back to Germany and keeping up her studies at the same time as well as she could. She was a pupil at the Leipzig Conservatory for a time, always working hard with both the present and the future in view.

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The soloist was Mrs. Fanny Bloomfield-Zeisler, a pianist whose earlier appearances here have won her a well recognized prominence, and her playing of the familiar concerto again displayed her splendid gifts as a thoroughly well equipped pianist. The grand, broad fashion in which she read the opening movement showed her abilities to fine advantage, and in the later movements her success was equally gratifying. She was listened to with great attention, and won a hearty recognition of her artistic worth, repeated recalls following the completion of her task.

The orchestra was in excellent form, and gave a particularly brilliant performance of the Berlioz overture, as well as a very pleasing interpretation of the evening's symphony.

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Mrs. Fanny Bloomfield Zeisler was the pianist.

According to the programme-book, Rubinstein was born Nov. 30, 1830. The same date is given in certain music lexicons. But Rubinstein in his Autobiography declares that he was born in 1829, and the birthday was the 28th of November. Eugen Zabel, the latest biographer of the composer-pianist, confirms Rubinstein's impression. The translator of the Autobiography into English did not make allowance for the Russian reckoning, and so it is stated in the translation that the birthday was the 16th. The right date is undoubtedly Nov. 28, 1829.

The feature of the concert was the performance of the familiar concerto of Rubinstein by Mrs. Zeisler. Mrs. Zeisler played like a man; not like a little man, but like a robust and bearded creature rejoicing in his strength. Her technique was above reproach, and there is no need of looking at her from the strictly pedagogical point of view. From the æsthetic standpoint her performance was one of remarkable passion. The pianoforte and the fingers of the player were simply servants of a hot and consuming temperament.

Now, this temperament possessed so thoroughly the woman that there was no need of superficial and annoying manifestations of it. Yet there were tossings of arms aloft; there was facial italicizing of deep-seated emotions. All this was unnecessary. The volcano that sweeps away a village does not cry out to the dismayed inhabitants, "come here and feel my pulse. Is this not enough for you?"

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According to the programme-book, Rubinstein was born Nov. 30, 1830. The same date is given in certain music lexicons. But Rubinstein in his Autobiography declares that he was born in 1829, and the birthday was the 28th of November. Eugen Zabel, the latest biographer of the composer-pianist, confirms Rubinstein's impression. The translator of the Autobiography into English did not make allowance for the Russian reckoning, and so it is stated in the translation that the birthday was the 16th. The right date is undoubtedly Nov. 28, 1829.

The feature of the concert was the performance of the familiar concerto of Rubinstein by Mrs. Zeisler. Mrs. Zeisler played like a man; not like a little man, but like a robust and bearded creature rejoicing in his strength. Her technique was above reproach, and there is no need of looking at her from the strictly pedagogical point of view. From the æsthetic standpoint her performance was one of remarkable passion. The pianoforte and the fingers of the player were simply servants of a hot and consuming temperament.

Now, this temperament possessed so thoroughly the woman that there was no need of superficial and annoying manifestations of it. Yet there were tossings of arms aloft; there was facial italicizing of deep-seated emotions. All this was unnecessary. The volcano that sweeps away a village does not cry out to the dismayed inhabitants, "come here and feel my pulse. Is this not enough for you?"

In spite of strength that occasionally dege-

nerated into mere force, in spite of passion that at times was hysteria, the performance was one of power and beauty. It combined virility and feminine delicacy. And there were supreme moments, native moments, when a mighty individuality found full expression in the fiery delivery of fiery thoughts and fiery aspirations.

The performance of the orchestral numbers was of uneven merit. The "Siegfried Idyl" was read with intelligence and played with discretion. The overture was given with spirit, which, however, did not atone for untunefulness and lack of precision.

The performance of the Symphony may be best characterized by the word boisterous. Some time ago—I regret that I cannot recall the exact date—the discovery was made in New York that Mr. Nikisch is the greatest living interpreter of the orchestral compositions of Schumann. This utterance of a foreign oracle was, it is true, unaccompanied by any violent perturbation of Nature, such as thunder in a clear sky, or a disappearance of the sun at high noon. The compliment paid to the leader of our orchestra brought in its train a grave responsibility—the necessity of living up to the reputation.

Now Mr. Nikisch is a man of undoubted musical talent. His nature is emotional, dramatic. His training was in the theatre, not in the concert hall. His talent, his nature, his training all lead him one way in the treatment of a symphony by Schumann. The romanticism and the intensity of Schumann appeal to him strongly; he finds that they lend themselves easily to theatrical effect and theatrical exaggeration. If he can gain these effects he is willing to sacrifice the beauty of detail.

It is not to be denied that in this manner he occasionally gains a great effect; but this constant straining after effect, and an utter contempt for dynamic values, soon bring fatigue. If a conductor constantly calls piano, forte and forte, fortissimo, there is nothing left when he arrives at a fortissimo of the composer but screaming and impotent musical frenzy.

If he frets, after the first measure, the calm and serene melody of the composer, the ear of the hearer will be dull to the cry of passion. Regularly recurring hastening and slackening of the pace, at stated intervals and without excuse or meaning, is like unto a see-saw that soon tires even those who ride at first with delight.

Saturday evening the theatrical nature of Mr. Nikisch was clearly revealed in the performance of the Symphony.

The work of Schumann was apparently played in the royal concert hall of Lorbrulgrud, the metropolis of Brobdingnag. The musical fury that would have stunned Gulliver, would undoubtedly have soothed and comforted the King and his attendants. But the music of Schumann was written for men and women of the size of Lemuel Gulliver.

It is true that Schumann was the rough and vehement Florestan; he was also the gentle, the dreamy, the poetic Eusebius, and Eusebius should be heard, even if his voice is soft and low.

There will be no concert next week. The programme of the 19th concert the 25th inst. will be as follows: "The Sea," symphonic sketches for orchestra, Paul Gilson (first time in Boston); "The Fairy of Love," for violin and orchestra, Raff; symphony, "Rustic Wedding," Goldmark.

PHILIP HALE

MARCH 13, 1893.

MUSICAL MENTION.

The Symphony Concert.

The 18th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place at Music Hall Saturday evening, with the following programme: Overture, "Le Carnaval Romain," Berlioz; pianoforte concerto No. 4, in D minor, Rubinstein; "Siegfried Idyl," Wagner; and symphony No. 3, in E flat ("Rhenish"), Schumann. Mrs. Fanny Bloomfield-Zeisler was the soloist.

If there had been less roughness and more precision in the orchestra as a whole, and more tunefulness in the wood-wind, the playing of the Berlioz overture would not have been a bad performance on the part of the band. Compared with the usual style of the orchestra there was much to be praised in the rendering. Also had the "Siegfried Idyl" been given a lighter touch, much more effect would have been gained. There is a sort of a stereotyped pattern that goes with all the expression attempted by the present incumbent of the conductor's position.

If a scale ascends it must increase in power. If a crescendo is indicated the maximum of force must mark the climax. If a mark be *f*, *ff*, *fff*, or more, the degree of power is the same. The points of climax in composition after composition are inevitably lost because of a constantly recurring anticlimax, and thus the effect is left barren as regards the intention of the author.

Such effects as *sempre pianissimo* are almost unknown. The consequence is there is a lack of repose in about everything that is played. Such half tints of shading as the swelling from *pp* to *p* and back to *pp*, are never experienced. To begin with there is no pianissimo, what the orchestra produce for pianissimo is nearer the mezzo-forte of Gericke and Thomas, than the latter's piano even. This gives a coarseness to the playing that soon clogs on the listener. Take for instance the passage in E flat about half way through the "Siegfried Idyl," the violins and violas are in arpeggio, with pizzicato in the 'celli, all marked piano, the contra basses are silent, while the chords held in the wood and brass wind are marked pianissimo (except flute and oboe which are piano) with a swell indicated. Instead of a slight undulation of tone the listener experiences an exaggeration of tone that entirely submerges the string figure.

This is but one of innumerable effects that are perverted or wholly destroyed,

the matter of any refinement in expression being the exception, while exaggeration and a consequent coarseness of rendering is the rule. This state of affairs has been so persistently in evidence for the past four seasons that it must be accepted as the intention of the conductor. If grace, delicacy, contrast, precision, healthy sentiment and discretion in power are elements that are of value in music, then the art has been pretty roughly handled, if not violently abused by the Symphony Orchestra under its present administration. It is unfortunate for the present incumbent that he followed the occupation of the conductor's position by Mr. Gericke, under whose training and masterly grasp the playing of the orchestra was unrivalled at home or abroad. Such a model of perfection as Mr. Gericke erected and maintained has made all the more unbearable the present degenerate standard of performance that began immediately upon Mr. Gericke's departure.

There is nothing new to say of the performance of the Schumann symphony on Saturday evening. It was uneven in tempi, over-emphasized and noisy in the performance. Schumann has to catch it nowadays; a sort of a Rugby game with his music, so to speak. If he was about here he might be induced to try suicide in the Charles as a penance for creating such a disturbance musically. Perhaps some of the listeners Saturday night may not believe it, but Schumann was a musician of the most sensitive and delicate nature. Hungarian rhapsodies were not in his line of composition. The normal limit of expression and power was sufficient for his desires.

The Rubinstein concerts in D minor has been played by about every pianist that has visited Boston but never, everything considered, better than by Alfred Gruenfeld with our orchestra a season ago. Mrs. Zeisler showed an ample technique and an earnest and spirited style. That there was much feeling exhibited in the second movement can hardly be claimed. There was also an unsteadiness in the time and lack of definition in the first and last movement in places, but on the whole it was a performance that should be praised. She was recalled twice.

The concert did not begin Saturday evening until 8.10 and it lasted until nearly 10 o'clock. This fact, taken in conjunction with the uninteresting programme and the boisterousness of the last number, made a wearisome evening. There were many empty seats and no enthusiasm, except in recognition of the soloist. There is an apparent lack of

enthusiasm nowadays at these concerts, but of that we will speak another time. There will be no concert next Saturday evening, March 25 being the date of the 19th concert, when the programme will be: "The Sea," symphonic sketches by Paul Gilson; "The Fairy of Love," for violin, Raff, and Goldmark's "Rustic Wedding," symphony. Mr. Otto Roth will be the soloist.

WARREN DAVENPORT.

THE MUSICAL CIRCLES of Boston have been startled by the announcement of the early withdrawal of Mr. Arthur Nikisch from the post of director of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. As stated in a despatch, printed in this paper, the matter is not definitely settled, but the chances seem to be that with the close of this season Mr. Nikisch will go to Europe to take charge of the Royal Opera at Buda-Pesth in Hungary. Here he will be not only on his native heath, but in an atmosphere that is peculiarly to his liking. It was as an opera conductor at Leipzig that Mr. Nikisch won the reputation that brought him the offer for Boston. Furthermore, if some of the newspaper critics speak truth, his conducting here—or his readings, if you please—of the classic symphonies have often been charged with a theatric element. It is probably an open secret that after two or three seasons longer, at the outside, there would have been no renewal of his contract with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, it being the avowed purpose of the backer of the concerts to make a change in the directorship of the board every five years or so, for the sake of freshness and to prevent the growth of hampering tradition. The offer from the Hungarian capital to Mr. Nikisch was made weeks, if not months, ago, and has been known to those who had the right to know it. One reason given by Mr. Nikisch for thinking favorably of the offer from abroad is that the fatigue which the duties of the position bring is too severe and wearing. In seven months he has conducted 124 concerts and rehearsals and has travelled many miles over the country. It may be remembered that Mr. Gericke made similar complaint. Naturally Mr. Nikisch's work here has not suited everybody, and there never will come a conductor who shall not excite adverse criticism from some quarters. Nevertheless, there will be many to regret his departure, and there will be none who will not wish him every success and good fortune possible in the world.

will be held on Thursday Afternoon, to Handel and Haydn Society's Concert, on

NIKISCH TO RESIGN HIS PLACE.

He Will Cease to Be Leader of the Symphony Orchestra.



Arthur Nikisch intends to resign his place as leader of the Symphony Orchestra. He will leave Boston at the end of the present musical season.

This is the news that will be the sensation of the musical, fashionable and artistic world of Boston this evening.

It is published exclusively in this afternoon's Record. It is known to less than half a dozen persons in the city.

But Mr. Nikisch's mind is said to be fully made up. He has communicated his intention only to a few of his closest friends.

He dislikes to go, but he has had the offer of a splendid musical position abroad. He enjoys his work in Boston and is fond of the place and his friends. But since his arrival here he has been unable to get over his longing once more to dwell in his native land.

Mr. Higginson, the generous patron of the famous orchestra, will undoubtedly continue his efforts to retain the man whose musical work here has excited so much enthusiasm and talk. He invited him for the whole summer to his place on the North

Shore last year. He would instantly repeat this if he thought that would be effective.

Longs for a European Reputation.

The die is probably cast. Arthur Nikisch, proud as he is of his successes in America, looks forward, as the one great possible success of his career, to a notable European reputation. That is what he hopes to accomplish before he puts down his baton. Who will say that he has not already passed many mile-stones on his road toward it?

Life of Mr. Nikisch

Arthur Nikisch was born at Raab, near Presburg, Oct. 12, 1855. His father being in well-to-do circumstances, young Nikisch was given an excellent education and then sent to the Conservatory of Music at Vienna. He did not study to be a pianist, or a violinist, or cornetist, or performer on any instrument in particular, but to be a musical director. All his training had this end in view. After finishing a course at the conservatory Herr Nikisch received an engagement as violinist in the

orchestra of the Hof-Theater at Vienna, and from there was called to Leipzig, about 12 years ago. His rare talents secured him recognition here, and he was soon made Anton Seidl's assistant in the leadership of the orchestra of the Leipziger Stadt-Theater, which by many musical critics is considered the greatest musical organization in the world.

In 1889 his services were secured for the Boston Symphony Orchestra. He has fully maintained the high artistic standard which had been set by Gericke. For several years, while in Leipzig, Mr. Nikisch was the director of the Lisztverein of Leipzig, a society formed as a protest against the invincible conservatism of the Gewandhaus. In this capacity, in planning as well as in conducting its concerts, he has done much to infuse a healthy and vigorous spirit into the musical activity of the city.

Nikisch is a Hard Student.

In everything that pertains to his art, Nikisch is a hard student. He conducts in concert invariably without the score; his readings not only show the mastery of a thorough scholar, a clear insight and a genuinely musical conception, but they are touched as well with the fire of genius that gives to interpretation something of the dignity of creation. It is much to say, but in this respect some of his performances can be compared only with those of Richter and Bulow.

Mrs. Nikisch.

Amelie Nikisch, wife of the noted conductor, was born in Brussels, where her father was a printer and publisher for many years. She was educated there for some years, having studied music at an early age and always having been associated with the best musical people. Her father met with reverses in his business and removed to London, where he died soon after, leaving Amelie at the age of 17 to find some means of supporting her mother. This she did for some years by teaching music, going back to Germany and keeping up her studies at the same time as well as she could. She was a pupil at the Leipzig Conservatory for a time, always working hard with both the present and the future in view.

After a few years of music teaching, singing and studying, a lady who was deeply interested in the dramatic profession obtained a position for her in light opera, and she went on the stage. From that time her life was easier. It was not long before she met Herr Nikisch, and after a short courtship they were married, when she retired from the stage to assume the domestic duties for which she is so well fitted.

ARTHUR NIKISCH.

The Conductor of the Symphony Orchestra Resigns His Position.

It is rumored, and the rumor seems to be a fact, that Mr. Arthur Nikisch, the present conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, has resigned his position.

The resignation will take effect at the end of the twelfth season of the organization.

Mr. Nikisch will, in all probability, go to Budapest, where he will have full charge of

the orchestra of the opera and concert hall of that city.

Mr. Nikisch is a Hungarian by birth, for he was born at Szent Miklos Oct. 12, 1855. His father was head accountant in the service of Prince Liechtenstein. Mr. Nikisch was educated in the Vienna Conservatory, where he studied composition under Dessoff and the violin under Hellmesberger. He left the Conservatory in 1874, with prizes in composition (sextet for strings) and violin playing. In 1878 he was engaged by Neumann as second conductor of the Stadt Theatre in Leipzig, and he then left Vienna, where he was busy as violinist in the Imperial Orchestra. In 1882 he was appointed first chapelmaster at Leipzig. Mr. Nikisch was called in 1889 to take the position of conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, a position that was vacated by Mr. William Gericke. Mr. Nikisch's first appearance here at a Saturday evening concert was Oct. 12, 1889. During his stay in this city he has made many friends who will learn with regret of his resignation.

There are rumors already of other directors. First of all comes the name of Mr. Gericke, who gave to the orchestra the reputation that it so richly deserved. He is now in Vienna, and it is doubtful whether he could be persuaded to leave his home. If he should appear again as conductor of our orchestra his first appearance would be a memorable scene, for few are held in such respect by musicians and laymen as the modest and thoroughly capable Gericke.

There is talk of Hans Richter. Richter was born in Raab, Hungary, April 4, 1843. He studied in Vienna the horn, pianoforte and composition. In 1866-67 he was with Wagner in Luzerne. Richter was chorus director in Munich in 1868-69. In 1870 he directed the first performance of "Lohengrin" in Brussels. From 1871 to 1875 he was conductor at the National Theatre at Budapest. In 1875 he was appointed conductor of the opera and the Philharmonic concerts at Vienna. In 1876 he directed at Baireuth. For some time he has been busied with concerts in London.

Edouard Colonne of Paris is also mentioned. He was born at Bordeaux, July 23, 1838, and was a pupil of the Paris Conservatory, where he took, in 1863, the first prize for violin playing. He was then first violin of the Paris Opera, until in 1871 he founded a concert organization, the performances of which were given during the winter, first at the Odeon, afterward at the Chatelet. He is now also first conductor at the Opera. He is known throughout Europe as a conductor of the very first rank.

Felix Mottl is also mentioned. He was born Aug. 29, 1856, at Unter-St. Veit, near Vienna. He was a pupil of the Vienna Conservatory; in 1881 he was called to Carlsruhe to take charge of the opera orchestra. In 1886 he refused a call to Berlin. In the same year he directed at Baireuth with great success. Of late his health has been poor, and he has directed at rare intervals in different German cities. Mottl has written an opera "Agnes Bernauer," performed at Weimar 1880.

It is a singular and humiliating fact that no American has been mentioned or apparently thought of as successor to Mr. Nikisch.

INTERVIEW WITH MR. NIKISCH.

Special Dispatch to the Boston Journal, PHILADELPHIA, March 18. Arthur Nikisch, leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was seen this evening at the Academy of Music in this city, where the orchestra was playing. Concerning his intended resignation, he said:

"It is true that I intend to resign. This work is too hard for me, and I am not in the best of health. I could not stand it much longer, for I have to give so many concerts and do so much traveling. During the past seven months I have conducted 124 great symphony concerts, besides doing an immense amount of traveling."

"My chief inducement for quitting the orchestra, however, is that I have been offered the position of director general of the Royal Opera at Buda-Pesth. I cannot state now the

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 He offered a musician, and the position is one of the greatest honor in the profession. Hans Richter had the post before he left for Vienna, and the latest musician who held it was Count Zichy.

I have not completed all my arrangements yet, as the negotiations require some time to be approved by the Reichstag and the Ministry, it being a royal affair; but I expect to sail by June 1. I shall probably keep my position with the orchestra until Mr. Hinginson can make arrangements for my successor. I am very likely to remain with it until the end of the season. We are booked to play at the World's Fair in May, and have other engagements in the West, after which I suppose my work in America will come to an end.

As I am a Hungarian, I will be glad to return to my fatherland; but I shall also be sorry to leave the orchestra, for my relations here have been of the pleasantest. Before taking this position four years ago I was chief conductor at the Stadt Theatre in Leipzig.

MR. NIKISCH'S RESIGNATION.

He Will Go to Buda-Pesth—Gericke May Return.

Mr. Arthur Nikisch has resigned the position of conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and will go to Buda-Pesth, to be director-general of the Royal Opera in that Hungarian city. Mr. Nikisch has been connected with the Boston Symphony Orchestra since Oct. 12, 1889. It is rumored that Mr. Wilhelm Gericke, the eminent conductor who made the orchestra famous and unrivalled, will return to his former position as director.

Rumor also says that Edouard Colonne of Paris may be the successor of Mr. Nikisch. Felix Mott of Bayreuth fame is also mentioned, as well as Hans Richter, the eminent Viennese conductor. There is little possibility of the latter coming, for his position in Vienna is such that he probably would not exchange it for any other in the world. It is to be hoped that Mr. Gericke is the man. Mr. Nikisch's relations with the orchestra cease with this season's concerts.

NIKISCH'S STATEMENT.

Considering an Offer from Europe.

May Leave Boston at the End of This Season.

[SPECIAL DESPATCH TO THE TRANSCRIPT.]

NEW YORK, March 14. In an interview last night in Philadelphia, after the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Nikisch made this statement as to the report of his return to Europe at the end of the current season:

"My leaving the Boston Orchestra is probable, but not certain. I have a splendid offer from Europe which I am considering. The whole matter is pending. My contract expires at the end of this season. If I leave it will not be because I want a European reputation. That is nonsense. I had that before I came here."

H. T. P.

Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1892-93.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. ARTHUR NIKISCH, Conductor.

XIX. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, MARCH 25, AT 8 P. M.

PROGRAMME.

- | | |
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| RICHARD WAGNER. | OVERTURE. "Tannhaeuser." |
| JOACHIM RAFF. | "LA FEE D'AMOUR." Characteristic Concert Piece for Violin and Orchestra. op. 67.
(First time at these Concerts.) |
| PAUL GILSON. | "LA MER" Symphonic Sketches.
I. Lever de Soleil: Allegretto. F major.
II. Chants et Danses de Matelots: Allegro. A major.
III. Crepuscule: Allegro moderato, poco a poco piu moderato. D flat major.
(First time in Boston.) |
| KARL GOLDMARK. | SYMPHONY. "Laendliche Hochzeit." op. 23.
I. Hochzeitsmarsch: Moderato molto. E flat major.
II. Brautlied: Allegretto. B flat major.
III. Im Garten: Andante. G minor and G flat major.
IV. Tanz: Allegro molto. E flat major. |

SOLOIST:

MR. OTTO ROTH.

NOTE. Next week's Public Rehearsal will be held on Thursday Afternoon, to allow time to arrange the stage for the Handel and Haydn Society's Concert, on Good Friday Evening.

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THEATRES AND CONCERTS.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the nineteenth symphony concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Wagner: Overture to "Tannhäuser."
Raff: "La Fée d'Amour." Characteristic concert piece for violin and orchestra, op. 67.
Gilson: "La Mer." Symphonic sketches.
Goldmark: "Ländliche Hochzeit." Symphony, op. 23.

Mr. Otto Roth was the violinist.

The "Tannhäuser" overture came in for one of the most superb performances we have ever heard; Mr. Nikisch was at his very best. The performance was a succession of splendid strokes; and yet each stroke was so felicitous, so well-timed and in harmony with the spirit of the passage in hand, that the unity of the general impression produced was only enhanced thereby. In the peroration, at the last return of the pilgrims' chant in the six brass instruments in unison, Mr. Nikisch once more brought out that tremendous effect, the novelty and impressiveness of which were so striking in his first performance of the overture here. In the third phrase of the chant, as that flaming dominant - seventh chord (D-sharp, F - double-sharp, A - sharp, C - sharp) draws near, he whips up the horns to almost superhuman exertions, so that, when the chord comes, the D-sharp and F-double-sharp in the horns sound almost as strong as the C-sharp in the trumpets and trombones and, instead of the passage sounding like a brass solo against a hardly audible accompaniment, you actually hear it in full harmony. The effect is overwhelming! From this chord onward, the peroration reminded us of an anecdote told by Wagner of Schnorr von Carolsfeld at the preliminary rehearsals of "Tristan." Schnorr complained that the great "Love-Curse" in the third act was physically impossible, unless Wagner allowed him to take it at a more rapid tempo; that to sing this terrible passage as slow as he had just been trying to do was more than human lungs and breath could stand. Wagner replied that, so far from singing it too slow, he had not sung it half slow enough, and then sang it to him himself in the way he wished it to go. A light seemed to dawn upon Schnorr, and he immediately sang the passage much slower than before, with a far greater expenditure of vocal means, but without any sign of exhaustion. Of this Wagner said that, as soon as Schnorr had really understood the passage, he could sing it, and the enormous physical exertion required vanished from his consciousness in the passionate fervor of the moment. So in this peroration to the overture of "Tannhäuser" last Saturday evening; after that tremendous chord it seemed as if flesh and blood could do no more; and yet Mr. Nikisch, by some magic, pushed his forces on, *crescendo e semper più crescendo*, up to the end. Nothing more stupendous in its effect could be imagined! Yet this stroke was but one among many; the holding back the orchestra at each entrance of that passionate motive on the higher strings against ascending chromatic scale—passages in the 'celli, and then gradually quickening the beat, faster and faster, until the

strings launch themselves upon Tannhäuser's Song to Venus in a perfect tiger-spring was another. The playing of the magical episode where the clarinet comes in with Venus's "*Geliebter, komm! Sieh' dort die Grotte.*" pleased us less; the clarinet played the phrase too loud and passionately; it should be played more whisperingly, sweetly, seductively. But, with this exception, the overture was played magnificently, and the audience showed plainly that they appreciated it, too, for they recalled Mr. Nikisch twice when it was over.

The new suite, "La Mer," by Paul Gilson (of which only the first three movements were given, the fourth, "Tempest," being omitted) contains a good deal that is interesting and some things that are beautiful. As a piece of instrumentation, it may be regarded as the last word, so far, of orchestral epicureanism. After looking through the score, one stands aghast at the elaborate, hair-splitting pains the young composer has been at to mix the colors on his orchestral palette. Few things in Wagner's "Nibelungen" approach this score for minuteness of orchestral detail-work. Whether the same results could have been obtained by simpler means, or not, we will not try to determine; but certainly the results are exceedingly beautiful in their way. An enormous volume and brilliancy of tone is obtained without noisiness, and many of the softer effects are positively entrancing. It is modern French orchestration of the very finest sort. As for the intrinsically musical contents of the work, that is another matter. Of the three movements given (I. "Sunrise;" II. "Sailors' Songs and Dances;" III. "Twilight") we like the third unspeakably the best. The first is a glowing bit of color, but does not show much invention. In the second Mr. Gilson has the not uncommon French failing of mistaking a magnifying glass for idealization; his sailors seem to stand twenty feet in their stockings, and do not seem to be much better fellows for it. There is something monstrous and antediluvian about the whole conception. But the "Twilight" movement does seem genuinely and beautifully poetic. That mournful little dialogue between the flute and English-horn, in 5-4 time, shows something that one is almost tempted to call genius. Upon the whole, the suite is one of the most interesting, and least repelling, French (or Belgian) things we have heard for some time. The composer is a young man who recently graduated with high honors from the Brussels Conservatoire—so we have been given to understand—and this suite of his has already won him distinguished fame in Belgium and elsewhere. Our orchestra had evidently spent great pains upon rehearsing the work, for it was most admirably played.

We are heartily tired of Goldmark's "Rustic Wedding!" What did the man mean by calling it a symphony? He, an Austrian, of all things in the world! If anything in the form of variations can be found that is more tedious than the first movement, we, for one, should not like to hear it. The "Scene in the Garden" contains much that is lovely; the opening clarinet theme may even pass muster as very beautiful; but the rest is trivial at best.

Raff's "Love Fairy" left no impression upon us whatever when Sarasate played it here with

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NIKISCH'S SUCCESSOR.

It was reported this morning that in all probability Herr Richter, a noted orchestral leader in London, would succeed to the position of conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, held by Arthur Nikisch, who has resigned.

Col. Henry L. Higginson, who manages the concerts, said this morning that there was no truth in the report that Herr Richter was to be angared or has been tendered the position. Furthermore, he said, he had not decided upon any one yet as Mr. Nikisch's successor.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

**The Symphony Concert, Soloist
Mr. Otto Roth.**

The programme began with the "Tannhäuser" overture, and no one who heard this performance of the famous old composition will be inclined to dispute the statement that it has never had a better interpretation. There was a splendid virility in the work of the men throughout, and the grand climax was worked up in a magnificent fashion, the brasses giving out a solidity of tone which created the audience in almost a frenzy of excitement, and called out a spontaneous outburst of the most enthusiastic applause after the finale.

This novelty was followed by a second composition which was given its first performance in this city. "La Mer," a series of three symphonic sketches by Paul Gilson, is based upon a poem of the same title by Eddy Levis. It had its first hearing at the Concerts Populaire in Brussels recently, where its composer had just graduated from the Conservatoire. Each of the designations being "Sunrise," "Sailors' Songs and Dances," and "Twilight." The first and last movements are decidedly romantic in their characteristics, and show evidences of mechanical training rather than inspiration on the part of the composer. In the second movement the composer has written some very jolly dance music, and the songs are melodious and interesting. As a whole these sketches appeal with little force to an audience having no personal interest in the composer.

The programme was ended with a splendid performance of Karl Goldmark's Rustic Wedding symphony, which was given a thoroughly interesting interpretation, and left a very pleasing impression of the evening's concert.

The 20th concert will have for its programme Tschaiowsky's overture fantasia, "Romeo and Juliet"; Liszt's concerto for pianoforte in A major, No. 2; Dvorak's scherzo capriccioso, Op. 66, and Beethoven's symphony in B flat, No. 4, the soloist being Mr. Ferruccio B. Busoni.

MUSIC.

**The Nineteenth Concert of the Sym-
phony Orchestra.**

Overture, "Tannhaeuser".....Wagner
 "The Love Fay," for violin and orchestra, op. 67.....Kaff
 "The Sea".....Gilson
 "Eustic Wedding" Symphony.....Goldmark
 "The Sea," by Paul Gilson, was played for
 the first time in this town.

The original is a set of four "symphonic sketches": "Sunrise," "Sailors' Songs and Dances," "Twilight," "Storm." These scenes are poetically and musically connected in the verse of Eddy Lewis and in the music of Gilson, the illustrator of the poem. There was no explanation in the programme book of the intention of the composer; there were no extracts from the poem. Gilson's music is professedly programme-music; but the hearer was left in the dark. Viewed as absolute music, "The Sea," as announced in three scenes, appeared ill-balanced and without a climax.

And, first, who is Gilson? The name is not foreign to us. But we must cross the Atlantic in search of the composer of "La Mer."

"The Sea" was performed in Paris at a Colonne concert Jan. 15 of this year. The poem was then declaimed by the author. Barbadelette wrote this acid note concerning the composition: "The poet is a Belgian, the music is also Belgian, and so a French audience did not grasp its full purport and its characteristics."

Gilson's work was performed in New York at
 a concert of the Philharmonic Society in De-
 cember. The fourth scene was then given in
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The composer and the poet of "The Sea" are realists. Let us inquire into the nature of their work. The first scene represents sunrise at sea; it contains one chief melodic subject, which, by the way, is the foundation motive of the whole work. The second scene introduces lusty dances, one of which is "La Ronde du Gabrier." Now, "gabrier" is a sort of quartermaster, or it

To attempt to pass judgment on the work as it was given Saturday—or, rather, as it was not given—would be unfair, even if it were possible. Yet it may be said that "The Sea" is the most important of the novelties presented thus far during the present season of these concerts. It is important on account of its realistic strength, its wild imagination, its workmanship; it shows the tendency of the modern school toward realism. Whether there is such a thing as realism in music; whether such a thing is desirable if it exists—these are questions that do not now require examination. One thing is certain. The

Mr. Roth gave a smooth and pleasing performance of Raff's "characteristic piece." The piece itself is of little worth. There is pretty instrumentation that does not atone for poverty of thought.

The programme of the concert of next Saturday will be as follows: Overture fantasie, "Romeo and Juliet," Tchaikowsky; concerto for pianoforte, A major, No. 2, Liszt; Scherzo capriccioso, op. 68, Dvorak; symphony B flat, No. 4, Beethoven.

PHILIP HALE

The Symphony Concert.

The programme for last night's concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in Music Hall, was: Overture, "Tannhauser," Wagner; "La Mer" Symphonic Sketches for orchestra, Paul Gilson (first time), "La Fée d'Amour," for violin and orchestra, Raff; Symphony, "A Rustic Wedding," Goldmark. The heartiest applause of the evening was accorded the Wagner overture, which was most brilliantly and finely played. The Raff work for the violin is not particularly interesting, or if it be, Mr. Roth, who was the soloist of the occasion, did not make it appear so. He played it tastefully and with excellent technique, but it seems to be a work that requires a Marteau to do it full justice. The selections from the symphonic sketches by Paul Gilson are cleverly and effectively scored, but they are programme music pure and simple, and are more ambitious than edifying. The concert was somewhat dull, not to say dreary. We have omitted to state that Mr. Roth was vigorously applauded, and twice recalled. The programme for the next concert is: "Romeo and Juliet," Tschalkowsky; Concerto in A-major, Liszt; Scherzo Capriccioso, Dvorak, and Symphony No. 4, Beethoven. The soloist is Mr. F. B. Busoni.

planoforte accompaniment some time ago. We had hoped that Raff's clever orchestration might put a different face upon the work. But no! The thing still seems aimless, devoid of inspiration, and terribly spun-out. The cantabile love passage in the middle, from which we had hoped something on reading the score, turns out to be very like Wagner at his feeblest, without his effectiveness. It may express love, for all we know, but it surely does not express it musically. Neither does the instrumentation show us Raff at his best; it is not particularly effective. Then, too, the work even goes beyond other modern things for violin and orchestra we have heard of late, in the persistency with which it keeps the solo instrument hard at work saying nothing at all; with few exceptions, what is not mere preluding reduces itself to accompanying the orchestra with apparently hap-hazard figures of no interest in themselves, and without any striking effectiveness in the way of coloring. Nothing but the dire poverty of the literature of the violin in compositions in this form could save such a work from prompt oblivion. Violinists cannot keep playing the Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Bruch and Brahms concertos over and over again forever! The public worn has already begun to turn at revivals of "virtuoso" concertos, by Paganini, Vieuxtemps, et al. tal. What are violinists to do? Mr. Roth performed his task (we can call it nothing else!) with artistic security, accuracy and grace. In a word, he played admirably. We have heard his tone sound larger before, but the orchestral part here is almost constantly pretty hard on the solo instrument, and a violin finds difficulty in sounding very big against several wooden wind instruments capering about in running passages. But his tone was sweet and pure, and he played throughout with rare elegance of style. As for compositions of this calibre being so often taken from the shelves where they are trying to repose in peace, may it not partly be accounted for on the same ground as the persistency with which pianists play Liszt Hungarian Rhapsodies, "Venezia e Napoli" and the like?—on the ground of their being, for some technical reasons, uncommonly good fun to play?

The next programme is: Tchaikowski, overture fantasy, "Romeo and Juliet"; Liszt, pianoforte concerto No. 2, in A major; Dvorak, scherzo capriccioso, opus 66; Beethoven, symphony No. 4, in B flat major, opus 60. Mr. Ferruccio B. Busoni will be the pianist.

NIKISCH'S SUCCESSOR.

Mr. Higginson Denies that Herr Richter Has Been Engaged.

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MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Symphony Concert, Soloist Mr. Otto Roth.

It may be said of last evening's Symphony concert, the 19th of the present season's series, under Mr. Nikisch's direction, that what was new was not interesting and what was interesting was not new.

The programme began with the "Tannhauser" overture, and no one who heard this performance of the famous old composition will be inclined to dispute the statement that it has never had a better interpretation. There was a splendid virility in the work of the men throughout, and the grand climax was worked up in a magnificent fashion, the brasses giving out a solidity of tone which created the audience in almost a frenzy of excitement, and called out a spontaneous outburst of the most enthusiastic applause after the finale.

Raff's concert piece, "La Fée d'Amour," which was played here by Sarasate during his last visit with pianoforte accompaniment, made the second number on the programme, the violin part being played by Mr. Otto Roth. It is a composition better suited to display the technical attainments of the soloist than to interest a general audience. Mr. Roth is to be commended for a very careful, refined and intelligent treatment of the solo part, and he was listened to with marked attention by the audience and heartily applauded as he concluded his task. The orchestration adds little to the interest of the work, and its choice by Mr. Roth for his annual appearance is a little difficult to explain.

This novelty was followed by a second composition which was given its first performance in this city. "La Mer," a series of three symphonic sketches by Paul Gilson, is based upon a poem of the same title by Eddy Levis. It had its first hearing at the Concerts Populaires in Brussels recently, where its composer had just graduated from the Conservatoire. Each of the movements is complete in itself, the designations being "Sunrise," "Sailors' Songs and Dances" and "Twilight." The first and last movements are decidedly romantic in their characteristics, and show evidence of mechanical training rather than of inspirations of the part of the composer. In the second movement the composer has written some very jolly dance music, and the songs are melodious and interesting. As a whole these sketches appeal with little force to an audience having no personal interest in the composer.

The programme was ended with a splendid performance of Karl Goldmark's Rustic Wedding symphony, which was given a thoroughly interesting interpretation, and left a very pleasing impression of the evening's concert.

The 20th concert will have for its programme Tchaikowski's overture fantasy, "Romeo and Juliet"; Liszt's concerto for pianoforte in A major, No. 2; Dvorak's scherzo capriccioso, Op. 66, and Beethoven's symphony in B flat, No. 4, the soloist being Mr. Ferruccio B. Busoni.

MUSIC.

The Nineteenth Concert of the Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the nineteenth Symphony concert was as follows:

Overture, "Tannhauser".....Wagner
"The Love Fay," for violin and orchestra, op. 67.....Raff
"The Sea".....Gilson
"Rustic Wedding" Symphony.....Goldmark
"The Sea," by Paul Gilson, was played for the first time in this town.

The work was presented in a mutilated condition.

The original is a set of four "symphonic sketches": "Sunrise," "Sailors' Songs and Dances," "Twilight," "Storm." These scenes are poetically and musically connected in the verse of Eddy Levis and in the music of Gilson, the illustrator of the poem. There was no explanation in the programme book of the intention of the composer; there were no extracts from the poem. Gilson's music is professedly programme-music; but the hearer was left in the dark. Viewed as absolute music, "The Sea," as announced in three scenes, appeared ill-balanced and without a climax.

A double injustice was perpetrated by the cutting—against the composer, for surely his work should have been played according to his intention; against the hearer, who was deprived of the means of intelligent enjoyment.

And, first, who is Gilson? The name is not foreign to us. But we must cross the Atlantic in search of the composer of "La Mer."

Paul Gilson was born in Brussels, June 15, 1865. It is said that he studied harmony under Duyck in the Conservatory at Brussels, and then took lessons of the learned Gevaert. The season of 1888-89 was distinguished by the marked success of three Belgian composers, Blockx, Mathieu and Tinel; it was also in 1889 that Gilson gained the "Prix de Rome" by a cantata, "Sinai." Gilson has written "The Demon," a lyric drama; "The Suppliants"; "Daphne," for solos, chorus and orchestra; "David," an oratorio; incidental music for Maeterlinck's "Princess Matrine," etc. "The Sea" was first played, and with great success, at a concert in Brussels, March 20, 1892, under the direction of Joseph Dupont, to whom the work is dedicated. The poem was declaimed by Le Bargy; each musical tableau was preceded by the explanatory verse. There was a second performance, equally successful, May 7.

"The Sea" was performed in Paris at a Colonne concert Jan. 15 of this year. The poem was then declaimed by the author. Barbade wrote this acid note concerning the composition: "The poet is a Belgian, the music is also Belgian, and so a French audience did not grasp its full purport and its characteristics."

Gilson's work was performed in New York at a concert of the Philharmonic Society in December. The fourth scene was then given in full, and it made a most profound impression.

The composer and the poet of "The Sea" are realists. Let us inquire into the nature of their work. The first scene represents sunrise at sea; it contains one chief melodic subject, which, by the way, is the foundation motive of the whole work. The second scene introduces lusty dances, one of which is "La Ronde du Gabier," now, "gabier" is a sort of quartermaster, or it

may be a topman. One of these dances is a variation of the first theme. In the third scene the motives are supposed to give a twilight effect, while a duet between English horn and flute sets to music the love making of a sailor and his betrothed and the subsequent separation described by the poet. The fourth scene is a storm in which the ship is lost; the storm dies, and there is a return to the gentle music of the first scene. At the height of the storm Gilson introduces reminiscences of the sailors' songs and dances, as though in mockery. This effect is said to be terrible, yes, ghastly beyond description.

To attempt to pass judgment on the work as it was given Saturday—or, rather, as it was not given—would be unfair, even if it were possible. Yet it may be said that "The Sea" is the most important of the novelties presented thus far during the present season of these concerts. It is important on account of its realistic strength, its wild imagination, its workmanship; it shows the tendency of the modern school toward realism. Whether there is such a thing as realism in music; whether such a thing is desirable if it exists—these are questions that do not now require examination.

One thing is certain. The work should be given as a whole. Enough was heard, however, to convince the hearer that the composer is a colorist rather than a melodist; that he is a master of instrumentation; that, above all, he has something to say, and that in the expression of thought he uses his own voice.

Mr. Roth gave a smooth and pleasing performance of Raff's "characteristic piece." The piece itself is of little worth. There is pretty instrumentation that does not atone for poverty of thought.

The overture was played superbly, with a spirit that was contagious, and with a wealth of tonal color. It was a performance long to be remembered, and it is not surprising that the audience was enthusiastic. The symphony also gave pleasure.

The programme of the concert of next Saturday will be as follows: Overture fantasy, "Romeo and Juliet," Tchaikowsky; concerto for pianoforte, A major, No. 2, Liszt; Scherzo capriccioso, op. 66, Dvorak; symphony B flat, No. 4, Beethoven.

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MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Symphony Concert.

The first number of the programme was by far the best of the programme of last Saturday, both in its contents and in its performance. Not that the "Tannhaeuser" overture has not received a clearer interpretation in Boston ere this, but it had a virility and power that most thoroughly reflected the spirit of the composer, and an occasional unclarity in chromatics and in the great violin figure which accompanies the Pilgrim's Chorus at its last appearance could readily be condoned because of the brilliancy of the general effect. The treatment of the Pilgrim's Chorus alluded to is the real climax of the overture, and nothing can show Wagner's loyalty to his opinions better than the fact that he deliberately cut out this powerful part, in rewriting the work for the Paris representations, because a "prelude" rather than an "overture" was demanded by his theories. A greater contrast than that between this work and the one which followed it can scarcely be imagined. Raff's "Fee d'Amour" is musical *Eau Sucrée* with a vengeance. It is a long fantasia, spasmodic to a degree, but seldom rising above sweetness in its effects. It is modern in its scoring, and occasionally reminds one of a greatly diluted and sweetened Wagner. Mr. Roth was the soloist in this, and although his tone seemed shallow and feeble, his technique was admirable. His intonation was always sure, and the cadenza introduced some excellent double-stopping and artificial harmonics. The soloist was recalled with much warmth, and evidently made a good impression on the general public.

It was decidedly bad programme making to follow such a free fantasia with a series of other orchestral fantasies, for that is what the symphonic sketches of Paul Gilson amounted to. These sketches are entitled "The Sea," as if to accentuate their being much weaker than Rubinstein's setting of the same subject in symphonic form. There is, I am told, a storm movement in the work, but this was not given, and there were cuts made in at least one of the three movements that were presented. The first movement represented "sunrise at sea," and was most modern in the ecstatic chords in high position, which seemed but a reflection of a Wagnerian idea. There was a fair amount of thematic treatment, although many a long-winded passage seemed little more than an apotheosis of the scales.

The second movement gave a presentation of the sailors at play, and introduced some not very characteristic songs and dances. The spirit of the true "Chanty" was not in them, although a well-marked horn-pipe rhythm appeared at one time. "Twilight at Sea" ended the proceedings. This had some strange, but not always successful effects.

A figure, introduced at the beginning, was gradually shortened at each successive reappearance, in a manner that recalled the way in which children sometimes sing "John Brown's Body," lopping off a syllable at each repetition. Muted horns gave their repulsive tones (it may be remembered that Rubinstein uses the same tone-color in a

few passages of the "Ocean Symphony") possibly to hint at the sorrows of *Mal de Mer*. But in this movement at least the auditor was able to find actual melody; the theme on the English horn (beautifully played by Mr. Mueller) presented something of true romance, and flute and clarinette were also given charming themes which were excellently played. But as a whole one could not find anything entirely satisfying in the work; it was too cloying, and at the best only portrayed "A painted ship upon a painted ocean."

It was scarcely credible that after so much of sweetness, yet more musical sugar should have been added, yet such was the case. Goldmark's "Rustic Wedding" symphony is not a symphony but a suite, and it deals in romantic ecstasy in a great degree. Again the woodwind instruments come into the foreground, and once more the violins climb into Alpine positions. The variations which begin the work at least served to display the various departments of the orchestra to good advantage, and they were read with some degree of power. Especially commendable was the oboe work here and the rapid elaboration of the theme on the violins. The clarinette work in the third movement was perfectly executed; indeed to each and all of the woodwind instruments must praise be given, for the concert gave more than usual opportunities to these instruments, and these were taken advantage of to the utmost. But the programme, as already intimated, was most ill assorted. The "Tannhaeuser" overture was the gem of it all, but its breadth emphasized the weaker character of all that followed. Nevertheless, as regards performance, there was little that could be adversely criticised, and, judging by the applause, the audience was entirely contented.

WHO WILL LEAD

The Boston Symphony Orchestra

Now That Nikisch is to Go Back to Europe?

Other Musical Matters of Interest.

Now that Mr. Nikisch's departure is assured, there is an impatient desire on the part of the musical public to know who will succeed to the position of conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. There is no means, however, of satisfying this desire, for, if there is a man in the world able to keep his own counsel, that man is Mr. Henry L. Higginson.

I often wonder if the musical public really appreciates the privileges it enjoys nowadays, and correspondingly realizes that this enjoyment arises largely through the generosity and nobility of purpose on Mr. Higginson's part, and that, in the organizing and supporting of the now famous Boston Symphony Orchestra, it owes a debt of gratitude for the opportunities his munificence has offered.

Apropos of this liberality upon Mr. Higginson's part let me remark that the opinion, generally, of the public interested, is that the orchestra, which at first was a matter of outgo and the cause of a handsome loss each season, is now a paying institution. This opinion rests upon the impression that the large premiums paid at the auction sales of the Boston series render a handsome profit over the expense incurred in carrying through the 24 rehearsals and concerts. But these Boston concerts are only a part of the work of the orchestra, which performs in many other cities at intervals throughout the season, and goes on an extended tour through the West each spring, at the close of the Boston series of concerts.

The question naturally arises "Why does Mr. Higginson send his orchestra abroad if it is done at a loss?" There are two reasons: first, Mr. Higginson desires that other communities shall have the benefit of his beneficence; and secondly, if this great body of players is to be kept together, it must be employed.

In order that the musicians shall realize a suitable income the season is still further prolonged in their behalf in the giving of the Promenade concerts or "Pops" at the Music Hall during June and a part of July, when, regardless of the refreshments sold, there is still a loss of no small amount. When the generous spirit of Mr. Higginson's enterprise is considered one heartily wishes that this opinion entertained by the public were true, and it would be gratifying to know that the orchestra is now self-supporting. But when one looks the facts in the face and carefully counts the cost, it is easy to find that each season a sum of not less than \$ 0,000 is required over and above all receipts to pay the loss incurred. I should say that it would be more, rather than less, that amount. In the earlier seasons the loss must have been double the above amount each year. Now these concerts have been in existence nine seasons at the completion of the present one, and it is the writer's opinion that during this time the loss complete will figure up

to nearly \$250,000, a large expense for one individual to assume. If it is taken into consideration that with each succeeding season there must always exist a loss of \$10,000 or more, the reader will then realize the liberality of Mr. Higginson's generous and courageous impulses, and must regard him as a noble benefactor to the musical public and the cause of art, for his undertaking has no parallel in the world, it being always remembered that it is not a government, a rich institution, a syndicate of wealthy gentlemen, but on the contrary the generosity of one individual that assumes this great and expensive responsibility. When the above facts are realized the inquiry naturally arises, "Will Mr. Higginson continue to carry this burden?"

Without possessing any knowledge of Mr. Higginson's future intentions, but by drawing conclusions from what he has already shown in this direction, we unhesitatingly answer, "Yes, he will continue to bear the loss, and with a noble and generous spirit, also, for he did not put his hand to the plough to look back." A man of Mr. Higginson's large business capacity can approximate the cost of such an undertaking as these concerts, and quite closely, also; he decides that he can afford to indulge his generosity to this extent, and he resolutely carries out his intentions. There will be no wavering, either, upon his part, and should the hand of fate remove him from an earthly existence (long may he live to enjoy his means), it would probably be found that sufficient provision has been made in his will for a perpetual existence of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. I base my opinion wholly on my faith in the nobleness of Mr. Higginson's purpose, the integrity of his intention and his financial ability to sustain his magnanimous impulses.

Concerning the successor of Mr. Nikisch we repeat that as yet no one has been able to ascertain who has been selected. Undoubtedly some one has been approached to accept the position. It is generally understood that Mr. Nikisch's intention to resign was of comparatively recent date, and coming upon Mr. Higginson suddenly he has been left somewhat in the lurch, so to speak, especially if, as the impression prevails, that Mr. Nikisch's term of contract would not expire until the end of next season. It has also been rumored that Mr. Nikisch wished to be re-engaged for a term of five years, but that Mr. Higginson would not entertain the proposition, so Seidl having refused the offer from Buda-Pesth and the position being then tendered Nikisch, the

latter accepted it at once and resigned his position in Boston. It is also rumored that Nikisch will go immediately the Boston concerts are finished, and not remain to complete the season by going on the Western tour with the orchestra.

Of course we know nothing of the truth of these rumors, but if the latter one is true, it would seem at first thought to be hardly fair towards his employer. Upon second thought, however, it would matter little, for it is the orchestra, and not the conductor, that has gained precedence in the West. Mr. Gericke established the reputation of the orchestra years ago. Now, if necessary, Mr. Kneisel can assume the baton at a moment's notice and, in my opinion, show better results at once than have been gained during Nikisch's connection with the orchestra. So, should Nikisch deem it advisable to go abroad before the season is over, the reputation of the orchestra will not suffer in the least thereby, but on the contrary something in artistic excellence would be gained under Kneisel's conducting.

But the question is, who is coming next season? Well, when Mr. Higginson has settled the matter he will frankly give the public the desired information, and not until then. Let us hope that it will be Wilhelm Gericke. In such a case it will not be an experimental conductor that will preside over the affairs of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. WARREN DAVENPORT.

Nikisch's Successor.

BOSTON, Mass., April 4.—Special Telegram—The stories that were given to the public in Boston and New York yesterday, that Hans Richter, director of the opera at Vienna, had been engaged to succeed Arthur Nikisch as leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra are stamped by Colonel Higginson as false. He says that no contract has yet been entered into with any one. There is only one man who has anything to do with procuring a leader for this orchestra, and that is Colonel Higginson, and when he has found the right man for the place, and the agreements are signed then the name of the new leader will be announced.

In the meantime the Boston public may rest assured that Mr. Nikisch's successor will be an able man whoever he may be. It is argued that inasmuch as Mr. Richter has recently refused an offer for a tour in this city with a guarantee of \$1,000 a night, he is not likely to accept any position commanding a salary of from \$5,000 to \$8,000 per annum. Then, again, the hard-and-fast rules of the Vienna opera would only allow Mr. Richter four weeks to fill his engagement at the Chicago Exposition and return to his duties in Austria. Should he retire from the opera now he would lose

his pension to which two more years of service would entitle him, so it is hardly probable that Mr. Richter will be the man to lead the symphonies next season.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

The Symphony Concert—Notes and Comments.

The nineteenth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place at Music Hall Saturday evening. The following was the programme: Overture "Tannhäuser," Wagner; "The Fairy of Love," characteristic concert piece for violin and orchestra, op. 67, Raff; "The Sea," symphonic sketches, Paul Gilson; and "Rustic Wedding" Symphony, Goldmark. Mr. Otto Roth was the soloist.

A good performance of the Wagner overture called forth more applause than has been gained by the playing of any orchestral piece at these concerts for a long time. It is many moons, 20 or more, perhaps, since much enthusiasm has been excited by any selection that I can recall other than some solo number.

During Mr. Gericke's reign it was a common occurrence for him to be called out a number of times, after the performance of a symphony even, to say nothing of the enthusiastic applause that always followed wonderful renderings of the overtures of Beethoven, Weber, Wagner and others, the "Invitation to the Dance" of Weber, the poems of Saint Saens, the "Preludes" of Liszt, etc. Ah, those were the days of the glory of the orchestra when it had a master, a conductor who held the players with an iron grip and secured a unit of movement from their efforts. We wonder if the superb results of those days will ever again be realized in the efforts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra? We shall see.

Mr. Gilson's symphonic sketches, incompletely presented however, showed the ardent student of Wagner's orchestral resources and a clever hand at an imitation thereof. And yet there was a certain degree of originality existing in this work that is in the form of invention, however, there being little of spontaneity and healthy musical form. The hand of a good workman was evident. We should like to hear the work again in its entirety; it should have been given so, or else let alone altogether.

Raff's composition, which is new to our audience, did not serve well in its profuse sweetness in displaying the powers of Mr. Roth, whom we all know to be a most excellent artist. He was

recalled several times after his performance.

The performance of the delightful Goldmark symphony was a most agreeable surprise, the orchestra seldom playing nowadays with so much discretion, delicacy and precision.

The public rehearsal this week will take place on Thursday afternoon instead of Friday afternoon. Mr. Busoni will be the soloist, and will play the A major concerto of Liszt. The rest of the programme will embrace Tchaikowsky's overture fantasia, "Romeo and Juliet"; "Scherzo Capriccioso," op. 68, Dvorak, and Beethoven's Symphony, No. 4, in B flat.

WARREN DAVENPORT.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

Echoes from Yesterday's Symphony Concert.

Conductor Nikisch introduced two novelties at the Symphony concert, the principal one being Paul Gilson's symphonic sketches, entitled, "The Sea," a descriptive number based upon a poem of the same title, by Eddy Levis, and first produced in Brussels a few months ago. The other piece was Raff's "Love Fairy," for violin and orchestra, given for the first time at these concerts, Mr. Roth playing the solo violin part.

Mr. Gilson is a young German composer, a recent graduate of the Brussels Conservatory, and, to judge from his work, an admirer of the Wagner class of music, for the orchestration in frequent instances plainly shows the influence of the great composer. The numbers of "The Sea" represent sunrise, sailors' songs and dances, twilight and tempest, and the various parts are very effectively scored, although the storm movement but faintly suggests the turbulence of a storm at sea, the composer not calling into use the full resources of a grand orchestra in illustrating this episode.

There is a great deal of dainty descriptive work in the "Sunrise and Twilight" movements, and here perhaps Mr. Gilson is heard at his best. The sailors' songs and dances have a breezy and buoyant rhythm and swing, and appeal successfully to the emotions of the average concert-goers. These numbers may be ranked as possessing the element of popularity which is lacking in the more quiet and poetic parts of the work, wherein is shown his skillful knowledge and use of instruments typifying the emotional and gentle tone pictures.

Mr. Gilson's abilities are of a high grade, and he possesses an originality combined with simplicity of expression which argues well for his early attainment of a commanding position in the ranks of composers.

It is difficult to judge of the orchestral work at a single hearing, but praise is due the band for the sympathetic manner in which the melodic themes of the descriptive parts were interpreted. The storm scene doubtless would have been more thrilling had the composer deemed advisable to score it differently.

Raff's "Love Fairy" is merely a light and tripping concert piece without any depth or broad effects, and serves to show a violinist's facility of execution and little else. The admirable artist, Mr. Otto Roth, played the fanciful number gracefully and dexterously. His legato runs were clear and true, and throughout the piece he played with a confidence of his powers which made his many friends regret that he was not afforded a better medium for showing his abilities as a violinist.

Wagner's "Tannhäuser" overture, as originally written, was the opening number, and the familiar piece was given with telling effect, the various effects of light and shade being nicely observed. The pilgrims' song and jubilation at the close was grand, and roused the audience to the usual pitch of enthusiasm.

The programme closed with Carl Goldmark's "Rustic Wedding." The peculiar first part, with its 13 variations on one theme, and the odd beginning and finale by the cellos and double basses was more heartily appreciated than the remaining three movements. As a whole, Goldmark's number was the best interpreted of all.

The public rehearsal this week will be held on Thursday afternoon, March 30, to allow time to arrange the stage for the Handel and Haydn concert on Good Friday evening. The programme for the rehearsal and concert will be as follows: Overture fantasia, "Romeo and Juliet," Tchaikowsky; Liszt's concerto for pianoforte, A major, No. 2; Busoni's scherzo capriccioso, op. 68, Dvorak; symphony, B flat, No. 4, Beethoven. Mr. Busoni will be the pianist.

HANS RICHTER FOR THE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA?

A gratifying piece of news is printed in the morning papers—or, rather, it would be gratifying if all that it implies were truth, which, unfortunately, is not the case as yet. As stated in effect in the despatch from Vienna, Hans Richter has sent in his resignation of the post of conductor at the Opéra and also the position of conductor at the Imperial Chapel, his reason for this course being his acceptance of the conductorship of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. But the Austrian Government is not of the hustling order, and we must wait, with Richter, a good two weeks or more to learn the result of the deliberations of Franz Josef's representatives. If they shall accept the great conductor's resignation it will be an act of real generosity, for besides, as is likely, giving to him a post with less work and more pay, they will deprive themselves of the services of the most distinguished conductor now living and one to whom the great theatre where he has been in charge largely owes its leading importance in the art world of Europe. Indeed, reflecting on his value and considering the practical impossibility of finding a fully equipped successor, there arises a feeling of apprehension that the kaiser's advisers in these matters will say "no." Even then, however, the incident will stand as another illustration of Colonel Higginson's constant purpose to provide the Boston Symphony Orchestra with the best men at all points, with never a thought of the question of cost.

RICHTER SUCCEEDS NIKISCH.

The Celebrated Conductor to Lead the Symphony Orchestra.

VIENNA, April 14.—Hans Richter, the celebrated conductor of orchestral concerts, has resigned his position as director of the Court Opera Theatre in Vienna, and

fair copy. Richter's room was exactly over that in which Wagner worked at the "Meistersinger," and it is interesting to learn, on the authority of the former, that during the entire 13 months of his stay under Wagner's roof he never once heard him strike a note on the piano in his room.

Before Richter came to Wagner he had fulfilled an engagement as a horn player in the orchestra of the Karthnerthor Opera House in Vienna, and had also obtained a practical mastery over most of the orchestral instruments, but it seems that



has accepted an offer to take charge of the orchestral performances in Boston.

The coming of Richter will undoubtedly cause a commotion in the American musical world. His reputation rests on his connection with Wagner in the many musical festivals at Bayreuth, and in later years for his annual symphony and Wagnerian concerts in London. His connection with Wagner began in the early sixties.

Wagner took him to Lucerne, and he was the one who made the first fair copy of the score of "Die Meistersinger."

When Richter was a man of 23 he was recommended by Esser to Wagner, then living at Triebchen near Lucerne, and in need of an expert copyist, and spent more than a year under the same roof with the great composer, and the score of whose "Meistersinger" he made the first complete

Wagner only once availed himself of the copyist's expert knowledge.

OUR NEW CONDUCTOR.

It is to be Hans Richter, and Boston and America are to be congratulated. Richter is probably the greatest of living conductors, and there is every probability that under his leadership, our band will become the greatest of orchestras. Hans Richter is not only a great drillmaster, but a most poetic interpreter of the classical repertoire. His tastes are broad and catholic, so that Beethoven, Brahms and Wagner are all familiar to him, and he does not allow one school to obliterate another. His successes in Bayreuth have been phenomenal, and his London concerts have been a great feature in the past musical seasons of that metropolis.

HANS RICHTER

May Become Director of Boston Symphony.

Resigns From the Vienna Imperial Orchestra.

Prospective Good Fortune for Musical Boston.

Sketch, and Other Facts of Personal Nature.

Dr. Hans Richter, at present the head Director of the Vienna Imperial Orchestra at the Court Opera House in Vienna, has been asked to succeed Mr. Nikisch as Director of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. He has resigned his position in Vienna at the present time, it is said, in order to go to Chicago, but after that it is supposed he will come to Boston.

Mr. Henry L. Higginson, to whose munificence the original existence of the Symphony Orchestra is due, was not inclined to talk about the matter of the leadership of the orchestra when the Journal reporter called at his office, asking him to either confirm or deny the report that Dr. Richter was to succeed Mr. Nikisch. Mr.

Hans Richter

Der gelehrte

Dr. Richter

Richter.

Higginson sent out word that he was very busy and had nothing to say about the case.

But from other sources it is learned by the Journal that the proffer has actually been made to Dr. Richter, and that it is confidently expected he will accept. There is one point to be cleared away, but that, it is hoped, will be soon accomplished.

There has recently been a conference in Washington to decide whether Dr. Richter has a right to come or not, for it was feared he would not be allowed to land in this country on account of the alien contract law, which forbids the landing of foreigners under contract. The question to be decided was whether Dr. Richter, in his position as an artist, was to be considered a musician under contract. All difficulty in this direction has been removed.

"GREATEST IN THE WORLD."

Thus Speaks Conductor Nikisch—He Says That Boston Is to Be Congratulated.

The present leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Arthur Nikisch, speaks of his successor in words which, coming from another, would be thought extravagantly praiseful. A Journal reporter talked with Mr. Nikisch after yesterday's rehearsal, and was the first one to definitely inform him of the resignation of Herr Richter.

"If it is really so," said Mr. Nikisch, "Boston is to be congratulated. Richter is the greatest conductor in the world. Everyone will say so of him. He is a great man."

"You know he is a man of long training. He was formerly a horn player, and then became conductor of the opera at Buda Pesth."

"Personally, he is such a man that his characteristics are of no interest to newspaper readers. I have known him for years, and can say that he is superior to all conductors living."

ANECDOTES OF RICHTER.

His Personal Characteristics, His Appearance and His Methods.

"Richter coming? Oh, it's too good to be true!" exclaim his enthusiastic admirers.

"But are you sure it is so? Is it not merely a rumor?" said Miss Lena Little of this city to the Journal representative yesterday. "I can hardly believe it. I knew he was coming to the World's Fair, for I received letters only the other day from friends in London telling me about it. But I never dreamed that he was going to stay. Oh, I can hardly believe it!"

"I was well acquainted with him and with Mrs. Richter in London."

"But has he resigned his position at the Court Opera House in Vienna? I can hardly understand that. His work was so pleasant there, and so much easier than what he will have to do here. There are three or four directors at the Court Theatre beside himself, and he had very little traveling to do. But the Symphony Orchestra does a great deal of traveling, which is one reason why Mr. Nikisch has disliked the work, and of all things Richter detests traveling. He has led the Philharmonic Orchestra of London, but that was only once a week and was not difficult work for him."

"The members of the Symphony Orchestra here can hardly appreciate now greatly they will be blessed if they should be so fortunate as to have Richter for their next leader."

"His bearing and appearance are typically German, although he is Austrian by birth. He is a large man, and has the true Saxon com-

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plexion. He has a very mild blue eye, and is jolly and good-natured.

"He not only knows how to direct an orchestra, but how to train his musicians, and how to get from them the best possible effects. He is able to do with his orchestra just what he desires, and can readily obtain the required effects from the musicians, because they understand at once just what he wants. For this reason he is not obliged to rehearse his orchestra nearly as much as most leaders. For this reason some have said that he was lazy; not because he did not produce the best effects with his orchestra, but simply because they knew that he did not do much rehearsing.

"I think one can hardly call him 'very catholic and broad' in his tastes, because there is so much music that he does not like at all. He likes most of the German music, I believe, but he indorses very little French music. His wife is very pleasant."

Mrs. Richter is not at all musical except by taste and associations. Of course she moves in musical circles on account of her husband's profession and position, but she neither sings nor plays.

"Dr. Richter has five beautiful children, the oldest being a daughter about fifteen years of age," continued Miss Little in conversation with the Journal caller.

"Many people seem to think Dr. Richter is growing old. But although he has been well known in musical circles for so many years, he is only about 50 years of age. His degree of Doctor of Music was received from Oxford."

Dr. Richter met with some very amusing experiences when he first went to England, for he was much troubled to learn the English language.

At one time he was conducting a rehearsal with his orchestra when he was suddenly seen to frown severely at the violinists. His keen eye at once detected the guilty one who was holding his bow with the ends or fleshy parts of his fingers. Dr. Richter shook his head, rapped swiftly on the music rack with his baton to emphasize each word as he said vehemently:

"You must not bow with the meat of your fingers!" the word "meat" being the translation given in the dictionary for the German word "fleisch," which may also mean "flesh."

ABOUT HANS RICHTER.

Facts and Gossip Concerning the Celebrated Orchestra Conductor.

Boston may well plume herself if Hans Richter accepts the offer made to him and comes to us as the leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. His reputation was long ago established, and the years have only proved his natural gifts, his musical intuition, his catholic tastes, his mastery over players and his worth as a man as well as a musician.

Richter was born April 4, 1843, at Raab, Hungary. His father was a director of church music in the town, and when his father died (1853) Hans entered into the Hofkapelle of Vienna as a choir boy. From 1860 to 1865 he studied in the Viennese Conservatory of Friends of Music. He studied the horn under Kleinecke, and composition under Sechter and Hellmesberger. He also studied the pianoforte. He was engaged as horn player in the Imperial Opera Orchestra of Vienna.

Esser called the attention of Wagner to Richter, and in 1866 and 1867 Richter dwelt with Wagner in Lucerne and copied the score of "The Mastersingers" for publication. With the assistance of Wagner, Richter was chosen chorus director at the court opera in Munich, 1868. He afterward was director of the royal music. In 1869 Richter went to Paris to study there the state and conditions of music, but he was called to Brussels, where he directed the

rehearsals of "Lohengrin," which was performed for the first time in that city March 22, 1870, at the Theatre de la Monnaie. The opera was given chiefly through the earnest efforts of Brassin, the late eminent pianist. Richter had amusing difficulties in his dealings with Vachot, the director of the theatre, while Singelee was the first of the orchestral conductors. Léon Dommartin gives the following account:

"A good fellow, this Richter, and an excellent musician. You should have seen him with Daddy Vachot, whom he called in his broken French, 'Mosié Fajoite,' with the air of a savage beast that whets his teeth. For Richter, sweet as a lamb on ordinary occasions, was ferocious when hands were laid on his idol. Vachot was crazy to arrange everything; he wished to cut right and left. Richter howled in agony, and called to witness gods and men, singers, orchestra, stage carpenters and firemen; he went about groaning and gesturing wildly: 'He wishes to cut everything.' The triumphal idea of Vachot was to introduce a ballet in the second act, under the pretext that the act needed enlivening. That day Richter, strangled by indignation, thought he would die. Vachot, too, was near death, for Richter spoke seriously of choking him."

However, the performance was a great success.

Richter went to Vienna and then returned to Wagner and assisted him in the preparation of the "Nibelungen Ring" for press. In the spring of 1871 he was chosen conductor at the National Theatre, Pesth, and he stayed there until 1875. In that year he directed an orchestral concert in Vienna with overwhelming success, and he was called to Vienna as the successor of Dessoff as conductor of the Imperial Opera and as conductor of the Philharmonic concerts, which positions he has since held with a few intermissions. In 1878 Richter was named Second Chapel Master of the Hofkapelle. In 1876 he directed the Wagner performances at Baireuth, and in 1877 he laid in London the foundations of his great renown in England.

Hanslick in his "Musikalisches Skizzenbuch" tells the story of Richter's first appearance in London.

It was in 1877 that Wagner was to direct in Albert Hall a festival, the programmes of which were selected from his works. Before his arrival, two conductors of London tried to lead the rehearsals—but in vain; conductors and players were utterly at sea. Richter grasped the stick and showed them the meaning of the music. The musicians were exceeding glad. At the festival Wagner was tired out and nervous; he only conducted the lighter pieces from "Tannhauser" and "Lohengrin." Richter conducted the other selections, and such was his success that he was called on to lead a performance of symphonies of Beethoven. Richter's friend Franke bestirred himself and arranged for three Richter concerts in 1880.

His orchestra in London numbers 100, and in Wagner concerts the number is increased. He insists on strict rehearsals, to which hearers are not admitted.

It is estimated that each of these London concerts, one rehearsal included, costs about \$2000. A full house brings in about \$3000.

It is difficult to choose from the many and glowing eulogiums pronounced by experts on Richter's abilities.

Otto Lessmann of Berlin, a hyper-modern, praises the sincerity of the musician, and commends his leading for its freedom from conceit, personal originality, and all extravagance. But he that wishes to study in advance the methods of Richter should read carefully Maurice Kufferath's "L'Art de Diriger l'Orchestre," Paris, 1890; for in this pamphlet of 100 pages are many interesting details concerning Richter, the conductor.



HANS RICHTER,
Doctor of Music (Oxford), from the life-size picture by Georg Papperitz (Munich).

Richter is, for instance, scrupulous in the matter of the nuances. What Kufferath says concerning the famous orchestra of Brussels may be applied to our own organization: "These excellent violinists are, I think, too often merely virtuosos, and they play as such, with the bow on the string, giving constantly vibration to the tone." But Richter constantly insisted in rehearsals on piano, and was rigid in the observance of pianissimo. He was equally difficult to please in sustained forte.

He is a musician to the bone. His memory is remarkable, and he is fond of directing without the score. It is his habit after the final rehearsal to carefully go over the score to fix in his mind the intentions of the composer. His beat is imperious but simple. The rhythm is indicated with remarkable energy. At the same time he does not annihilate spontaneity; he does not reduce the orchestra to a machine. He is master because without imposing himself upon the players he does not abandon them. He vibrates with the players and they with him.

Above all, he does not direct, says Kufferath, for the audience; he is there simply for the orchestra; he regards nothing but the orchestra.

Let us hope that all these words are true. Let us also hope that he is not narrow, as has been suggested, but that he is a reasonable man who does not think that music is necessarily a thing of German invention, fostered by Germans alone.

"AN AUTOCRAT OF THE FIRST ORDER."

Mr. E. J. Lang Declares Herr Richter to Be—His Characteristics.

The director of two of Boston's choral so-

cieties, Mr. E. J. Lang, is not only acquainted with Hans Richter and with his personal habits, but knows him as a friend. Mr. Lang's talk with a Journal reporter Friday, consequently, is not only interesting but also illustrates Richter's characteristics.

"In the first place," said Mr. Lang, "Richter is a Hungarian, and, therefore, is not to be mistaken for a Bohemian, an Austrian or a German. He is a man of mature years. He was associated very much with Wagner and was always with him. Together they looked over the scores of a few of Wagner's operas, and Richter helped him in other things."

This friendship led to his being director of the first few seasons' festivals of the German master's music at Bayreuth.

As is known, he is a man of great experience. For years he has conducted at Vienna and every three years goes to Birmingham, England, and conducts the festivals there. Every summer he gives a series of concerts in London, not with his own orchestra but with one of picked players.

"Physically Richter is a man of great stature, with a commanding presence. He is not a picturesque character—not a man for the girls to rave over. They won't ask for locks of his hair," said the musician, smilingly.

"Professionally he is an autocrat of the first order, and I should think he was a mixture of—well, I can't say for the moment."

"It's hard to think of a personal anecdote at this moment." But after ruminating for half a minute or so, Mr. Lang continued, the smile of reminiscence deepening as he spoke: "You know, in Bayreuth the orchestra is under the stage and is quite concealed, the conductor

being the only one who can see it and the stage. Well, one night I thought I'd like to experience what the effect was down there, and I took a seat among the players. Later on, unwittingly, I stood up. In a few moments I became aware that the men about me were all looking at one spot very closely. Then a violin bow tapped my leg, and I, looking with the others, saw Richter glaring at me as if he would kill me. I sat down immediately. Of course, I should not have stood up; besides, I was obstructing the view of a violinist. But if ever I thought a friend could kill me with a look it was then."

"HE'S A SPLENDID MAN."

Mr. W. J. Winch, Who Sang Many Times Under His Direction, Speaks With Praise.

Among those who consider themselves fortunate in the possession of Hans Richter's friendship is Mr. W. J. Winch, the tenor.

A Journal reporter, with whom Mr. Winch conversed during a passage down stairs yesterday, got the following interesting facts: "Richter is a man of charming personality, and," continued the speaker, "I am glad they've got him. I knew him well in London, and was in his company a great deal. We often lunched together, as he and I belonged to the same club. He is, indeed, a very fine man.

"His memory is wonderful. I remember once when we were rehearsing the Ninth Symphony we had occasion to go back some measures, and he, without reference, struck the exact chord. Of course, that is only a little incident."

Mr. Carl Zerrahn, the director of the Handel and Haydn Society, also expressed his pleasure at the news. To a Journal reporter he said: "I have no personal acquaintance with Mr. Richter, but I know that he's a very fine man."

DR. HANS RICHTER

COMING TO BOSTON TO SUCCEED NIKISCH.

HE CABLES HIS ACCEPTANCE OF THE SYMPHONY LEADERSHIP.

The Announcement Will Cause a Sensation in the American Musical World—His Reputation as a Musician and Conductor World-Wide—His Connection With the Great Wagnerian Festivals—Mr. Elson's Opinion.

VIENNA, April 13.—Hans Richter, the celebrated conductor of orchestral concerts, has resigned his position as director of the Court Opera Theatre in Vienna, and has accepted an offer to take charge of the orchestral performances in Boston.

The coming of Richter will undoubtedly cause a commotion in the American musical world. His reputation rests on his connection with Wagner in the many musical festivals at Bayreuth, and in later years for his annual symphony and Wagnerian concerts in London. His connection with Wagner began in the early sixties.

Wagner took him to Lucerne, and he was the one who made the first fair copy of the

score of "Die Meister singer."

In 1871 he was principal conductor of the National Opera at Pesth. On the retirement of Herbech he became first conductor at the Vienna Opera House. In 1876 he conducted the rehearsals and all performances of the "Ring of the Niebelung." At Bayreuth achieving thereby a worldwide fame. At the close of the third series of performances there he received the order of Maximilian from King Ludwig of Bavaria, and that of the falcon from the grand duke of Weimar. In 1885 he was chosen director of the Birmingham festival.

When Richter was a man of 23 he was recommended by Esser to Wagner, then living at Triebchen near Lucerne, and in need of an expert copyist, and spent more than a year under the same roof with the great composer, and the score of whose "Meistersinger" he made the first complete fair copy. Richter's room was exactly over that in which Wagner worked at the "Meistersinger," and it is interesting to learn, on the authority of the former, that during the entire 13 months of his stay under Wagner's roof he never once heard him strike a note on the piano in his room.

Before Richter came to Wagner he had fulfilled an engagement as a horn player in the orchestra of the Karnthnerthor Opera House in Vienna, and had also obtained a practical mastery over most of the orchestral instruments, but it seems that Wagner only once availed himself of the copyist's expert knowledge.

One day he brought up a page of the score with the ink still wet, and pointing to a passage asked Richter, "Do you think this passage can be played on the horn at the tempo I have indicated? Isn't it too difficult?" the passage in question was the "Finale" of act ii. of the "Meistersinger," where the horn repeats the theme of Beckmesser's serenade. Richter looked at the passage and reassured him, "Yes, it can be played; but it will sound rather queer; the tone will be decidedly nasal."

"Capital," rejoined Wagner, "that is exactly the comic effect I wanted." Richter then played the passage over on the horn. "Again! again! quicker! quicker!" cried the master delighted to find that his instinct had been so accurate.

It was his practice in the summer to row out on the lake to a little islet opposite the villa and there, ensconced in the long grass, to blow to his hearts content. The curiosity of the neighborhood was soon aroused by this mysterious music, but Richter for some time eluded detection, until at last some time an English tourist surprised him in his hiding place.

"At last," he cried, "I have found you out. It was you, then, who has been making this enchanting music. Let me thank you, sir, for the pleasure you have given me on so many evenings."

Fifteen years later Dr. Richter was given an honorary degree at Oxford. After the ceremony one of the professors of the University came up to salute and congratulate him. It was none other than the enterprising tourist. He had not forgotten the circumstances of their meeting.

Our New Conductor.

It is to be Hans Richter, and Boston and America are to be congratulated. Richter is probably the greatest of living conductors, and there is every probability that under his leadership, our band will become the greatest of orchestras. Hans Richter is not only a great drillmaster, but a most poetic interpreter of the classical repertoire. His tastes are broad and catholic, so that Beethoven, Brahms and Wagner are all familiar to him, and he does not allow one school to obliterate another. His successes in Bayreuth have been phenomenal, and his London concerts have been a great feature in the past musical seasons of that metropolis.

No man can get better work from an orchestra, yet there is nothing of the martinet or severe taskmaster in him; a thorough musician himself, he demands thorough musicianship on the part of his co-workers. He is of middle age (only 50), decidedly German in appearance and manner, and is a veritable personification of Hans Sachs in sturdiness and *bonhomie*. He will be a factor not only in Boston's music, but will wield an influence throughout America.

It is something to be glad that our orchestra again falls into German hands. Its traditions are German, its *personnel* is largely German, and its repertoire must, of course, be drawn largely from German sources; a Frenchman, no matter what his musical abilities, could not have been in full sympathy with the men, and would have found the position an especially arduous one. The coming of Richter will ease the minds of more than one member of the orchestra. Had Mr. Nikisch had a Gallic successor, it is likely that there would have been changes made in the list of the musicians, as it is no capable artist need fear a sudden discharge.

This element of fixity means much to an orchestra; the men will play with far more heart and devotion to their task because they know that everything will be judged on its merits. The very announcement of the news of this engagement will make a difference in the playing of the more anxious ones; and it may be permitted, in this connection, to plead for something more of permanency in the positions of the men; when they know that they possess life positions like their European *confreres* they will give more enthusiasm to their task.

Dr. Richter (he has a Cambridge degree) is a practical musician being a horn-player as well as a director. Although I have spoken of him as a German, he is by birth a Hungarian, but his long service in Austria and Germany has so Teutonized him that he may readily be classed with the army of the great German musicians of the present. We may hope for noble music, nobly performed, in the near future.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

Dr. Hans Richter Coming to Lead the Symphonies—Greatest Conductor of the Age—He was a Friend of Wagner. Boston music lovers are delighted to learn that Hans Richter, the celebrated conductor

of orchestral concerts, is to be the successor of Mr. Arthur Nikisch as leader of the symphonies.

Mr. Richter has resigned as director of the Court Opera House at Vienna, and is soon to sail for this country. Congressman Hoar has secured a special permit from the Treasury Department for him to land, and thus he will have no trouble in connection with the alien contract law.



DR. HANS RICHTER OF VIENNA.

Richter is probably the greatest of the conductors of today, wonderful as a drillmaster, and a most poetic interpreter of the classical repertoire. Beethoven, Brahms and Wagner are all familiar to him, so broad are his tastes, and he does not allow one school to obliterate another.

He is a Hungarian by birth, but his long service in Austria and Germany has so Teutonized him that he may be classed with the army of German musicians.

His reputation rests on his connection with Wagner in the many musical festivals at Bayreuth, and in later years for his annual symphony and Wagnerian concerts in London.

In his youth he had an engagement as a horn player in the orchestra of the Karnthnerthor Opera House in Vienna, and also obtained a practical mastery over most of the orchestral instruments.

When Richter was 23 he was recommended by Esser to Wagner, then living at Triebchen, near Lucerne, and in need of an expert copyist, and spent more than a year under the same roof with the great composer, and of the score of whose "Meistersinger" he made the first complete fair copy. Richter's room was exactly over that in which Wagner worked at the "Meistersinger," and it is interesting to learn, on the authority of the former, that during the entire 13 months of his stay under Wagner's roof he never once heard him strike a note on the piano in his room.

In 1871 he was principal conductor of the National Opera at Pesth. On the retirement of Herbech he became first conductor at the Vienna Opera House.

In 1876 he conducted the rehearsals and all performances of the "Ring of the Niebelung," at Bayreuth, achieving thereby a world-wide fame. At the close of the third series of performances there he received the order of Maximilian from King Ludwig of Bavaria, and that of the falcon from the grand duke of Weimar.

In 1885 he was chosen director of the Birmingham festival.

He has an honorary degree from Oxford, and as Dr. Richter will be known to Bostonians.

RICHTER AT HOME.

A Herald Correspondent Interviews Him.

The Director's Intense Desire to Come to America—A Vienna Ovation to the Great Musician—Mounds of Flowers and Laurels Laid at His Feet—He Makes a Touching Speech—His Charming Home and Family.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

VIENNA, April 20, 1893. Hans Richter is not a man of easy access, and if I had not presented myself as a BOSTON HERALD correspondent I do not think that I should have found him "at home." He has certainly refused to see a single Vienna journalist, and is proudly indifferent to all the contradictory statements that are published about him and his plans. But the fact that Boston is eager to hear about him, which looks like a welcome ready to be given, impressed him very much, and he gave the information asked when the questioning came from that quarter.

I wish I could show exactly the indomitable energy that is in the man. I had gone to see him with the clear impression, gained from newspaper and private talk in Vienna, that the Emperor would not let him go, that he would have to fulfil the conditions of his contract, which bind him to the opera of Vienna for four more years. A few words from him dispelled the impression at once and forever. "There is nothing in the world can prevent me, when I want to do a thing, and I am going."

His children and his relatives had told me that he was determined to go to America, and they were wondering how long he had entertained the plan. The announcement of his intentions came as a surprise to the whole family, and at first they still hoped that they might dissuade him; that is, the wife and daughters and other female relatives did, for his boys were burning to go from the first, under a mistaken impression that there will be fewer lessons and more fun in America than in Austria.

All Richter's most intimate friends have tried to make him think twice before deciding to settle in a new country at the age of 50, and with a family that has grown up in Vienna and is unmistakably Viennese. He invariably answers: "We shall all be Americans before we are two years older, and we shall be happier in the new country." So resistance has been given up, and indeed, a very few words with Hans Richter show us at once how hopeless all opposition to his wishes must be.

Richter's Home and Family.

But mind, the rough, sturdy man with the musical soul, has the tenderest heart for his wife and children, and it is the wish to be able to devote himself more to them, and to serve them more effectively, that first made him listen to American propositions. The very house in which he lives is a proof of his excellent qualities as a family man. The remotest cottage in a suburb of remote cottages is the dwelling place he selected for himself and the family he dotes upon. It is too far from the centre of Vienna for social intercourse, and when he returns from his work, from the church choir, concerts, rehearsals and operas he is certain to spend his time undisturbed in the circle of his charming children, four girls and two boys. The two eldest girls appeal particularly to the heart of the father. They are both musical. The eldest, Richarda, is just 17, and is called after her godfather Richard Wagner. Ludovica is 15, and is the goddaughter of the great churchman of Hungary, Cardinal Haynald.



TWO VIEWS OF HERR RICHTER'S RESIDENCE IN VIENNA.

The Great Musician's Career.

Richter, though he is a fine type of a German, with blue eyes and almost golden hair, is a Hungarian himself. Born in Raab on the 4th of April, 1843, he came to Vienna 10 years old as a chorister in the imperial chapel. He was taught the piano and other instruments, as well as composition between 1860 and 1865. He then made Richard Wagner's acquaintance and spent a year with him in Switzerland, which settled his musical inclinations for life. In 1868 Wagner got him appointed director of the chorus in the opera at Munich. In 1870 he directed the first performance of "Lohengrin" in Brussels, and was then made director of the orchestra in the National Theatre of Buda-Pesth. Having directed a grand orchestra concert in Vienna with extraordinary success, he was appointed director of the imperial opera orchestra—in fact, successor to Dessoff—and at the same time undertook to direct the philharmonic concerts. In 1878 he also became director of the Emperor's church orchestra. In 1876 he directed all the performances of the Nibelungen in Bayreuth, and in 1877 the Wagner concerts in London, alternating with Wagner himself.

A Vienna Ovation.

Success does not spoil him, indeed it scarcely touches him. On the day I saw him he had just returned from the rehearsal of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony with the Philharmonic Society, which had been public, and he merely mentioned the fact of having been there. Afterward I learned that he had been given such a reception by the performers and the public that the scene will never be forgotten by any who were present. He directed Beethoven's wonderful composition entirely by heart, with perfect composure and a happy inspiration that made all its beauties apparent to the dullest. After every part he was enthusiastically applauded, and loud regrets were heard that such a perfect director should be lost to the music-loving public of Vienna. Yesterday (Sunday), during the real concert, the ovations were intensified. Archduchess Marie Therese remained from beginning to end, and applauded heartily, and at last Hans Richter felt bound to speak some words of thanks.

A Speech, Flowers and Laurels.

His voice was husky, and he seemed much moved. The whole group of 200 performers rose as he spoke, making the scene very solemn. He said that he left Vienna with a heavy heart, and that he hoped he would be believed when he gave the assurance that it was not sordid gain that attracted him, but the care for a large family which made it imperative that he should obey a call which was as honorable as it was urgent. His work at the opera had worn him out, and he found it impossible to maintain the



HERR HANS RICHTER.

ideals of art when so much work was asked of him. The Vienna public, which is not usually demonstrative, was deafening in its cheers, and before Richter could withdraw a mound of flowers and laurels was laid at his feet.

Mrs. Richter's Poor Health.

Of his family, only the daughters were present at this moving scene, the wife being still too ailing to trust herself in such a case. She has been ill all the winter—eight months in bed, and has only been nursed back to life this spring by the physicians' art and the untiring care of two religiouses. To her the idea of leaving her home, her friends, all that is dear, is full of vague terrors, but Richter is hopeful that by September she will be healthy and in the right frame of mind to follow him into the new world.

Will Sail for America in June.

Hans Richter particularly feels the honor done to him by the government of the United States, when he was invited to direct the concerts in the great Music Hall of the Chicago exhibition, and he is prepared to leave Vienna in June. He has not a rival in the world; for putting life and soul into an orchestra, and making it go like clockwork besides, he is famous, and among his peculiarities is a dislike for long and frequent rehearsals. "It will go all right at the performance," is one of his firm beliefs, always confirmed. Many times he took upon himself the work of a friend taken suddenly ill, and succeeded in directing whole operas that he had never seen the music of.

An Enthusiastic Wagnerian.

Herr Richter quite disapproves the craze for Mascagni and Massenet, and never directed their operas with pleasure or inter-

est. All the enthusiasm, the fire of his musical soul, was reserved for Wagner's music.

Skilful as an Orchestra Director.

It is certain that Richter's true calling is not that of an opera director, but that his talents and acquirements all point to his being the independent director of a large orchestra, with no stage performance to interfere between him and his musicians. When he was under Wagner's guidance, he obeyed, above all things, his law that the director of an orchestra must be an independent musician, not music's slave. No doubts were ever entertained that of the two Hans Richter was the better director, for he possesses the qualities necessary for commanding an orchestra—self possession, energy and intellectual superiority—in a much higher degree than Richard Wagner ever possessed them. Richter's superiority consists in the fact that he gave the whole orchestra repertory from Bach and Handel to Beethoven and Schumann, to which our ears were deadened, new life, so that those who hear these compositions directed by him imagine they have heard something beautifully new altogether, which Richter had succeeded in drawing from the orchestra.

It is thus that he gained the respect and love of the musicians, who feel exactly that the man with the director's baton in his hand is able to command more than what lies in their instruments. By this means he refreshed "Don Juan" and "Fidelio" in the opera house so that they are listened to with the interest felt for perfectly new compositions. Beethoven's symphonies have never attained to such perfect beauty and expression as they do under Hans Richter's direction.

Richter's Individuality.

Richter and Bulow are the two grand and original directors Europe calls its own. But Bulow is worn out and ill and tired, whereas Richter is in the full force of life, and, if his powers are reserved for the concert room, has still a long career before him.

FELIX.

BOSTON, APRIL 16

HANS RICHTER.

A Vienna Correspondent Chats with Him.

He Talks Freely for Herald Readers—

His Motives for Accepting the Boston

Engagement—His Popularity with

the Vienna Public—Some Local Im-

pressions Given in Interviews.

[BY CABLE TO THE SUNDAY HERALD.]

VIENNA, April 15, 1893. When I received cable instructions from Boston today to call upon Hans Richter and have a chat with him about his plans for going to America, I mentally congratulated myself upon being associated with his favorite paper here, and felt that the request made could be easily complied with.

I called at his pleasant residence this afternoon at the hour he is usually to be found at home, and confidently sent in my card with my journalistic position here duly inscribed upon it. To my surprise it was returned with a message of regret that a previous engagement would prevent my reception. My Viennese pride was touched, but my early American training came to my rescue, and pencilling under my Vienna address, "Correspondent BOSTON HERALD," I requested its return to the great conductor.

It Proved an Inspiration.

for presently the servant returned with a smiling face, and assured me that if I would



HERR HANS RICHTER.

wait a moment I would be most heartily welcome to any service I desired.

My entrance to Richter's room was accompanied by a most hearty greeting, and it was evident to me that the HERALD of Boston was well known to Richter. I quickly found that he had been besieged by my associates of the Vienna press, and had been compelled to be courteously reticent toward all callers. He, however, expressed himself as entirely willing to speak to me for publication in America.

He is well-known for his immense energy in all that he undertakes, and when once he has decided upon a given course he is quite as apt to accomplish it as the typical American. The knowledge of this peculiarity has set all Vienna talking about Richter's plan of going to America since it has been known that he signed his contract with Mr. Higginson on Thursday, and his duties to the opera and the government have been widely discussed in all art circles here. I called his attention to the publication in today's paper of a statement

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that his contract with the opera house has four more years to run, and that he cannot retire until its expiration.

This did not appear to affect him in any way, and he simply reiterated his statement that he should fulfil his contract with Mr. Higginson to the letter.

He told me that

His Boston Contract
calls for his direction of two concerts each week, beginning in the early part of next October, and his duties under his new contract will, he thinks, be a great relief after those he has been subjected to here.

The two reasons which have led him to accept Mr. Higginson's contract are, first, a feeling that it will give him a relief from the overwork now imposed upon him here, which he feels the need of; and, second, what I am satisfied is a thorough and sincere admiration for and sympathy with the American people and American ideas.

Financially he is so situated that whatever money inducement has been held out by Mr. Higginson would have little or no influence upon his action in the matter.

When I ventured to suggest that he might find obstacles to carrying out his plans from his official associations he scowled in the way all who have ever played under him will readily remember, and said that he should carry out his contract with Mr. Higginson at any cost. He added, with a smile, that when once in America he expected he should quickly become thoroughly identified with its people, manners and ideas. For a resident of Vienna this is an approach to heresy, for Vienna is the world in the popular belief here. Richter told me that his plans had not been changed regarding his Chicago concerts as a part of the series associated with the exposition there. He will leave here early in June, and return immediately after his short stay in Chicago, to prepare to take his wife and family to Boston, in which city he expects to be established permanently by the middle of next September.

It is difficult for me to convey to the HERALD readers the

Consternation in Art Circles
here over this intended departure of Richter. It will be apparent from the facts that he directs the choral church service at the Imperial Chapel, is first director at the Grand Opera and conductor of the Philharmonic Society that he is thoroughly identified with Vienna art life. It does not appear to be realized here that all these duties make demands upon such a man that even his great energy is not at all times sufficient to carry him through them all.

From a pecuniary standpoint, although I am not at liberty to quote figures, I can say that the two concerts each week will give a much better return to Richter than all his engagements here.

Tomorrow Richter directs for the last time here the ninth symphony, and the excitement over the event is widespread. A grand ovation awaits him upon his appearance at the conductor's desk, and he will be made to realize once more how large a place he holds in the hearts of the Vienna musical public.

I am satisfied that Wilhelm Gericke, the former director of the Boston orchestra, has had not a little to do with the decision of Richter in regard to Mr. Higginson's contract, and I should not be surprised if it was largely due to his influence that Boston is to have the services of the greatest orchestral conductor now in Europe.

SOME LOCAL CHATS.

It is to be assumed that intelligent Bostonians know who Hans Richter is and what he has done. Certainly there can be few who are at all interested in the line of effort in the art world with which he is so prominently identified who do not know of his man and his life work.

Well knowing the almost unreasonable reticence of Mr. H. L. Higginson in regard to his association with the Symphony orchestra, it appeared useless to trouble him by asking further questions as to the coming of Hans Richter.

The HERALD was duly notified of negotiations pending for a successor to Mr. Nikisch, and assured that so soon as an engagement was definitely made the fact should be made public officially. It was not until yesterday morning that Mr. Higginson had any certainty that he had a contract with Mr. Richter, despite the fact that the press at large had settled the matter definitely. Courtesy to Mr. Higginson appeared to demand delayed action in giving publicity to his own private business, especially as the city at large is, and has been, his debtor for years for the possession of the best orchestra in America.

In chatting with members of the Boston orchestra who have played under the baton of Mr. Richter in Europe, some facts were gained which will be of interest at the present time. It may be said at once that he has the profound respect of all with whom he came in contact, and that he is a polished gentleman, and one whose acquaintance or friendship is eagerly sought.

His masterly skill is spoken of with almost reverence by the men he has directed, and he is admitted to be the most successful organizer of orchestras now before the public in Europe. This is the universal comment of the musicians of the Boston orchestra who have played under Hans Richter.

Mr. Charles R. Adams, the tenor singer, has had peculiarly good opportunities to know Hans Richter personally and to form an estimate of his abilities both as an operatic and concert conductor. He confirms all that the men of the Boston orchestra say of their former leader, and says that his reputation as the first conductor of Europe is well deserved. In regard to his tastes, Mr. Adams thinks we will be found to be quite as classical as Mr. Gericke, if not even having a stronger bearing toward the severer classes of orchestral works. Mr. Adams speaks in the highest terms of Richter personally, and says he will be found a delightful man by all with whom he is brought in contact.

Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1892-93.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. ARTHUR NIKISCH, Conductor.

XX. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 1, AT 8 P. M.

PROGRAMME.

PETER ILYITCH TSCHAIKOWSKY. OVERTURE-FANTASY.
"Romeo and Juliet."

FRANZ LISZT. CONCERTO for PIANOFORTE, No. 2, in A major.

BACH. PRÆLUDIUM, ADAGIO AND GAVOTTE, for
STRING ORCHESTRA.
(Arranged by Bachrich.)

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN. SYMPHONY No. 4, in B flat major, op. 60.

- I. Adagio. B flat major.
- Allegro vivace. B flat major.
- II. Adagio. E flat major.
- III. Allegro vivace. B flat major.
- Trio: Un poco meno allegro. B flat major.
- IV. Allegro ma non troppo. B flat major.

SOLOIST:

MR. FERRUCCIO B. BUSONI.

The Piano used is a Steinway.

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The Symphony Concert.

Blessings brighten as they take their flight; some of the recent overture readings in our symphony concerts have been remarkable, and Tschaiakowsky's "Romeo and Juliet" overture was a most brilliant piece of work from beginning to end. Among the many musical thoughts that Shakespeare's play has inspired, ranging all the way from operas to symphonies, this great overture may be accorded a prominent place. It deals more with the feud of Montagues and Capulets than with the young pair, but Romeo is present on the English horn, and Juliet on the muted violins. To these instruments and to the pizzicati of the contrabasses and the fiery trumpet passages the chief praise must be given, but every part was well sustained and the performance was a pronounced success in the modern style.

Upon the heels of this came more spice in the shape of Liszt's piano concerto in A major. Liszt's concertos are not concertos in the sense in which Beethoven and Brahms have employed the term, and they depart altogether from the form which Mozart founded; they are free rhapsodies for the piano combined with orchestra and present, instead of any symmetrical shape, continuity and development. The concerto in E flat will ever be the more popular work of the two, but for all that this one in A major is immensely the greater music. *De l'Audace, de l'Audace, et toujours de l'Audace* might well be the motto of the work; but it has an audacity which compels admiration. It is not according to rule; then so much the worse for the rules. Never has the work had so perfect a presentation in Boston; the pianist, Ferruccio Busoni, won a triumph which is all the more remarkable as coming from a Pakerewski-saturated public. The work seems to touch the boundaries of technique on every side, and the utmost lightness and rapidity in *passagen* and runs is there as well as the heaviest chord passages and the most dangerous skips. It may be sweepingly stated that the pianist met every exaction with absolute surety and entirely mastered every difficulty, so that technique properly became a means and not an end; one thought of the poetry of the work and not of its difficulty. The orchestra was inspired by the exaltation of the soloist and played with a perfect ensemble in the midst of most elastic caprice. After the finale it seemed as if the applause would never cease. At last the prophet received honor in his own country. And now, suddenly, the orchestra renounced the world, the flesh, and the piccolo, and turned from modern agony to classic purity, from Tschaiakowsky and Liszt to Bach and Beethoven. The change was perhaps a trifle too abrupt and neither the audience nor the musicians could at once adapt themselves to the new condition of things; the playing was not so perfect as in the preceding works. The Bach prelude seemed taken at too quick a pace, an impossible speed for the contrabasses, but the adagio was finely rendered on the first violins, and the gavotte was crisply and clearly given. If only our modern gavotte composers would study the shape which Bach always uses in this dance the musical repertoire would be the

gainer; always beginning the quadruple rhythm on the third beat, he gains that light syncopation which is one of the charms of the form; the skipping style is always present in his chief theme, and if there be a musette as trio (here there was none) the flowing style is introduced as contrast. Short and incisive phrases, too, are always in order. How few of the modern Gavottes follow the above model!

It was delightful to find Bach applauded with as much heartiness as Tschaiakowsky. The set of Bach pieces had been arranged for string orchestra by Bachrich, but not modernized or tampered with to any degree.

With Beethoven's fourth symphony the concert ended. While praising the reading of the second movement, the reviewer can take exception to the speed of the finale and its extreme caprice. This symphony bears a hornet sting in its tail, for the coda has a passage for the contrabasses that would be difficult even for violins; at the pace at which it was given it was bound to be blurred. Beethoven's fourth symphony bears capricious treatment better than any of the others of the nine, but one does not like to see too much individuality in a Beethoven performance in any case.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

Twentieth Symphony Programme.

Mr. Ferruccio Busoni was the soloist at the Symphony concert last evening, playing Liszt's concerto No. 2 in A major. The reception accorded the artist indicated the appreciation which concert patrons feel for this cultivated exponent of the divine art, who during the winter season has firmly established himself in the ranks of our foremost musicians.

The concerto has no title, and is probably a characteristic piece of brilliant composition by Liszt in which melody runs riot in ever-changing harmonies and instrumental variations. Mr. Busoni played superbly and without an attempt at theatric effects. His modesty of demeanor impresses his audience with the idea that the artist is thoroughly in love with his art for art's sake alone, and that he interprets the author conscientiously, honestly and with true artistic feeling.

Mr. Busoni's touch is musical and correct. His use of the pedals is judicious, and he preserves the balance of power without undue contrasts of light and shade. His execution is brilliant and very rapid, and the whimsical and fantastic concerto was given with a spirit and dash which aroused great enthusiasm. The performer was recalled at the close of the piece half a dozen times.

The orchestral numbers were Tschaiakowsky's overture, "Romeo and Juliet," Bach's three movements for violin, arranged for string orchestra by Bachrich, and Beethoven's beautiful fourth symphony.

The love theme in the Tschaiakowsky number was wonderfully well played, and the performance by the strings in Bach's composition was also a notable example of fine ensemble work by that contingent. Beethoven's symphony calls for high praise, the orchestra as a whole scoring the best results in the grand composition.

This week the programme for the rehearsal and concert will be solos by Mr. Max Heinrich, a dramatic overture for the first time by Margaret Ruthven Lang, Haydn's symphony in C minor, No. 9, and a scherzo by Antonin Dvorak.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Symphony Concert—Handel's "Samson"—Notes.

The 10th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place at the Music Hall last evening. The following was the programme: Overture—fantasy, "Romeo and Juliet," Tchaikowsky; Concerto No. 2 in A major, Liszt; Prelude, Adagio and Gavotte, Bach; and Symphony No. 4, Beethoven. Mr. Ferruccio B. Busoni was the soloist.

The playing of the orchestra throughout the evening, with one or two exceptions, calls for high praise. Delicacy, precision and discreet power were happily present. Never under the present regime has the work of the orchestra been so gratifying. Had the accompaniment to the piano concerto been less boisterous, and the fortes of the Bach "Gavotte" less exaggerated, the playing would have been admirable in every respect. The need of a conductor with better judgment and more vigilant attention was unfortunately evident in the accompaniment to Mr. Busoni's solo; one with delicacy and discretion sufficient to restrain the overloud manner of the band. Objection might be raised to the tempi of the Symphony No. 4 of Beethoven, but so far as the rendering is concerned, the playing of the orchestra commands high praise. Had the orchestra during the past four seasons played always in the manner it did on Saturday evening there would have been little necessity for the frequent severe criticisms to which its efforts have been subjected at the hands of the majority of the critics of this city. It must be mentioned that the "Romeo and Juliet" Fantasie was played with splendid effect. All of these orchestral works were warmly applauded by the audience.

Mr. Busoni gave a superb rendering of the Liszt concerto. A more masterly effort is seldom heard in our concert halls. The ease and brilliancy that marked his playing were simply wonderful. Delicacy and beauty of touch, rhythmic excellence and a powerful grasp of technical facility in the broader parts of the work in conjunction with many other excellences served to display the extraordinary ability of this remarkably proficient artist. The audience recognized his superb performance, and in the most enthusiastic manner recalled him several times. Mr. Busoni was the recipient also of a mammoth laurel wreath. Here is an artist whose career will be watched with the greatest interest by the critical listeners of this city. Paderewski, the warm-hearted, generous,

noble and handsome, sat at the entrance to the ante-room during the playing of Mr. Busoni and applauded his brother artist warmly. Next Saturday the programme will embrace a "dramatic overture by Miss Margaret Ruthven Lang (from manuscript); "Scherzo Capriccioso," Dvorak; Symphony in C minor, Haydn; and some vocal numbers by Mr. Max Heinrich.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The programme of the twentieth Symphony concert was as follows:

Overture—fantasy, "Romeo and Juliet," Tchaikowsky
Concerto for pianoforte, No. 2, A major, Liszt
Praeludium, adagio and gavotte, for string orchestra (arranged by Bachrich), Beethoven
Symphony No. 4, Beethoven

Mr. Busoni was the pianist, and he gave a remarkable performance of the fantastic concerto of Liszt. He appeared not only as a virtuoso of supreme excellence; he displayed refined taste and rare self-control. There was an ever-present appreciation of values; there was the keenest sense of the relation of the solo instrument to the orchestra. Conventional words of praise are here a mockery. Such a performance is an event in these days of musical sentimentalism, affectation, eccentricity and worship of personality; it puts the player in the very front rank of pianists.

The noble, passionate overture of Tchaikowsky gains in effect with each hearing. The objection has been urged against it that there is too much shock of warring factions; but does not the prologue of the play itself lay stress on the ancient grudge, the new mutiny, civil blood making civil hands unclean? With-out the riots in the streets of Verona, Romeo, having wedded his second sweetheart, would have grown old and fat and bald. There is hot love enough in this overture; for nothing can surpass the noble sensuousness of the chant of love, the chant of despairing, triumphant passion.

The other numbers are familiar to our concert-goers and do not call for comment. The programme of the concert of next Saturday will be as follows: Dramatic overture (MSS.), Miss Lang; Scherzo capriccioso, op. 66, Dvorak; symphony, C minor, No. 9 (B. and H.), Haydn. Mr. Max Heinrich will sing.

PHILIP HALE.

It has been suggested to the Listener that a subscription be started to purchase felt shoes for the ushers at Music Hall. To have a delicate instrumental passage interrupted by the creaking of an usher's shoes, as actually happened the other evening, is barbarous. Why should not ushers and other assistants in public places, where perfect silence is required, wear felt shoes, anyway, as nurses do in sick chambers? These shoes are sufficiently warm, perfectly sightly, and noiseless. There are probably no leather shoes, however carefully made and however pumice-stoned between the soles, that can be regarded as creak-proof on all occasions. They may behave perfectly well for weeks and months, and then squeak abominably when it is most necessary that they shall be silent. Slippers are out of the question, because, though they do not squeak, they generally make a disagreeable squashing sound. Ushers' shoes are among the things that should be felt and not heard.

MUSIC.

TWENTIETH SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The composers chosen for the twentieth symphony concert in Music Hall last evening were Tchaikowsky, Liszt, Dvorak and Beethoven. The concert had as its chief attraction the performance of the concerto in A major, No. 2, by Franz Liszt. The soloist was Mr. Ferruccio Busoni. The concerto is the product of Liszt's best period. In it the old established concerto form is conspicuous by its absence. It thus antagonizes the musical conservator, but as an interesting type of Liszt's individuality and of that school of pianoforte music of which he was the pioneer, the concerto will always remain a masterpiece. The orchestral score of the work is richly endowed; the themes are impressively rhythmical as well as poetic and they are linked together with masterly power into a homogeneous whole of the profoundest interest. Mr. Busoni's performance of it was extraordinary. It was photographically clear and accurate in its loyalty to the concerto, while the depth of perception and truth of delineation that constantly attended it could not have a more perfect medium for their natural expression than the artist's eminently well-rounded and unerring technique. The huge and fantastic outlines of the work, the bold modulations and quaintly marked rhythms, the subtle melodic turns and exuberant ornamentation were one and all presented with the strictest attention to detail, and yet with the utmost refinement and ease.

In brief Mr. Busoni was a virtuoso par excellence with the work. Its herculean difficulties were easily at his command. He played it not simply as a pianist with superbly trained fingers, but also as a musician of the highest endowments. At the conclusion of his performance he was honored with the most prolonged ovation that has been bestowed upon any artist at the Symphony concerts this season. The "Romeo and Juliet" overture by Tchaikowsky more nearly approximates the symphonic poem than any other instrumental form. The composer offers no exposition of its poetic basis, and all one can glean from it is the reference on the title page, "After Shakespeare." The music, however, is replete with evidence that it was the great love-drama of the poet that inspired the composer, who has not been especially influenced, however, by its love episodes. Hence the work has more power than sentiment. One need not question long before deciding that two scenes of Shakespeare's drama are unmistakably embodied in the music, — namely, the combat between the Montagues and Capulets, and the fete at Juliet's father's house.

The temperamental affinity to the exciting and dramatic spirit of the work which characterized Mr. Nikisch's reading was very noticeable in its effect upon the orchestral performance. The fortes, pianos, crescendos, diminuendos and the wide variety of nuances with which the score abounds were one and all excellently observed. The Praeludium, adagio and gavotte by Bach, arranged for orchestra by S. Bachrich from the composer's violin sonatas received the refined, scholarly and interesting treatment of a thoroughly loyal reading. The fourth symphony of Beethoven was finished in 1806. It lies between two greater ones, an expression of absolute sunshine and joviality, which came so rarely in the composer's life. It followed the "Ervica" after two years, and antedated the symphony in C minor, No. 5, two years. The symphony stands in great contrast to those that preceded it, not alone because its theme is less mighty than the "Ervica," but because of the new manner and constant surprises in style of its opus. Beethoven's versatility was extraordinary, scarcely ever does he repeat himself. Each of the nine symphonies differs from the other, and each introduction, allegro, andante, scherzo and finale is quite distinct from each corresponding movement of the other eight.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the twentieth symphony concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Tchaikowsky: Overture—Fantasy, "Romeo and Juliet."

Liszt: Pianoforte Concerto No. 2, in A major.
Bach: Praeludium, Adagio and Gavotte, from the violin sonatas, arranged for string orchestra by Bachrich.

Beethoven: Symphony No. 4, in B-flat major, opus 60.
Mr. Ferruccio B. Busoni was the pianist.

Tchaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet" grows in favor with every hearing. We have heard some musicians pronounce it, not only Tchaikowsky's greatest work, but one of the greatest compositions of modern times. There must be something wrong about us, for we fail to see it. Even among Tchaikowsky's own works, we should hesitate to rank it higher than the B-flat minor pianoforte concerto. It is a brilliant, dramatic composition, the rapid parts of which have at times a strong smack of Meyerbeer, and in other parts of which there is no little depth of real feeling shown. But we can see nothing in it that entitles it to be called really great; the famous second theme, about which so much talk is made, seems to us emotionally rather than purely melodically beautiful; and this very theme is so marred in our ears by that obstinately and tiresomely persistent accompanying counter-figure on the horns, that it is exceedingly hard for us to feel its full beauty. The work was splendidly played, and rapturously received. It is always a source of pleasure to hear anything by Bach; even transcriptions cannot lose all their charm. The three movements chosen by Bachrich for arrangement for string orchestra are fine examples of his style. But, in transferring them from violin solo to all the strings, the transcriber has not always done his work in the most effective way, and some of the passages where he has distributed the original violin part among two or three orchestral parts do not sound quite so well as they look on paper. Beethoven's ever-beautiful fourth symphony was excellently played, the orchestra doing especially fine work in the Adagio. We were glad, too, to find Mr. Nikisch take the Finale at somewhat less of a break-neck pace than some conductors do.

Mr. Busoni made an absolutely superb impression in the Liszt concerto. The work itself has always seemed to us exceedingly brilliant, with a sort of kaleidoscopic magic in its effectiveness. To this side of it Mr. Busoni did the fullest justice; but he also did much more and better; he is the first pianist we have yet heard play the work who has shown it to us as a coherently written and artistically balanced composition; he really makes musical sense out of it. How much musical brain power this task requires can best be appreciated by those who have attempted it themselves; still, those who can compare Mr. Busoni's triumphant success in performing it with the comparative failures of other pianists who have tried it here, can form at least some idea of it. Mr. Busoni's playing was marked by every fine quality; in a word, it was completely masterly. The audience showed that they knew a good thing when they heard it by the rapturous way in which they recalled the pianist again and again when his performance was over.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Symphony Concert—Handel's "Samson"—Notes.

The 50th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place at the Music Hall last evening. The following was the programme: Overture fantasy, "Romeo and Juliet," Tchaikowsky; Concerto No. 2 in A major, Liszt; Prelude, Adagio and Gavotte, Bach; and Symphony No. 4, Beethoven. Mr. Ferruccio B. Busoni was the soloist.

The playing of the orchestra throughout the evening, with one or two exceptions, calls for high praise. Delicacy, precision and discreet power were happily present. Never under the present regime has the work of the orchestra been so gratifying. Had the accompaniment to the piano concerto been less boisterous, and the fortes of the Bach "Gavotte" less exaggerated, the playing would have been admirable in every respect. The need of a conductor with better judgment and more vigilant attention was unfortunately evident in the accompaniment to Mr. Busoni's solo; one with delicacy and discretion sufficient to restrain the overloud manner of the band. Objection might be raised to the tempi of the Symphony No. 4 of Beethoven, but so far as the rendering is concerned, the playing of the orchestra commands high praise. Had the orchestra during the past four seasons played always in the manner it did on Saturday evening there would have been little necessity for the frequent severe criticisms to which its efforts have been subjected at the hands of the majority of the critics of this city. It must be mentioned that the "Romeo and Juliet" Fantasia was played with splendid effect. All of these orchestral works were warmly applauded by the audience.

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THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The programme of the twentieth Symphony concert was as follows:

Overture fantasy, "Romeo and Juliet," Tchaikowsky
Concerto for pianoforte, No. 2, A major, Liszt
Praeludium, adagio and gavotte, for string orchestra (arranged by Bachrich)..... Bach
Symphony No. 4..... Beethoven

Mr. Busoni was the pianist, and he gave a remarkable performance of the fantastic concerto of Liszt. He appeared not only as a virtuoso of supreme excellence; he displayed refined taste and rare self-control. There was an ever-present appreciation of values; there was the keenest sense of the relation of the solo instrument to the orchestra. Conventional words of praise are here a mockery. Such a performance is an event in these days of musical sentimentalism, affectation, eccentricity and worship of personality; it puts the player in the very front rank of pianists.

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MUSIC.

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Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

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Tchaikowsky: Overture—Fantasy, "Romeo and Juliet."
Liszt: Pianoforte Concerto No. 2, in A major.
Bach: Praeludium, Adagio and Gavotte, from the violin sonatas, arranged for string orchestra by Bachrich.
Beethoven: Symphony No. 4, in B-flat major, opus 60. Mr. Ferruccio B. Busoni was the pianist.

Tchaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet" grows in favor with every hearing. We have heard some musicians pronounce it, not only Tchaikowsky's greatest work, but one of the greatest compositions of modern times. There must be something wrong about us, for we fail to see it. Even among Tchaikowsky's own works, we should hesitate to rank it higher than the B-flat minor pianoforte concerto. It is a brilliant, dramatic composition, the rapid parts of which have at times a strong smack of Meyerbeer, and in other parts of which there is no little depth of real feeling shown. But we can see nothing in it that entitles it to be called really great; the famous second theme, about which so much talk is made, seems to us emotionally rather than purely melodically beautiful; and this very theme is so marred in our ears by that obstinately and tiresomely persistent accompanying counter-figure on the horns, that it is exceedingly hard for us to feel its full beauty. The work was splendidly played, and rapturously received. It is always a source of pleasure to hear anything by Bach; even transcriptions cannot lose all their charm. The three movements chosen by Bachrich for arrangement for string orchestra are fine examples of his style. But, in transferring them from violin solo to all the strings, the transcriber has not always done his work in the most effective way, and some of the passages where he has distributed the original violin part among two or three orchestral parts do not sound quite so well as they look on paper. Beethoven's ever-beautiful fourth symphony was excellently played, the orchestra doing especially fine work in the Adagio. We were glad, too, to find Mr. Nikisch take the Finale at somewhat less of a break-neck pace than some conductors do.

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MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Symphony Concert, Soloist Mr. Busoni.

"The Mountebanks," with Lillian Russell—"The Isle of Champagne" Relocated—Paderewski's Ovation Yesterday—Columbian Festival—The Hinrich Opera Company's Season.

At the concert by the Boston Symphony orchestra in Music Hall, last evening, the soloist was Mr. Ferruccio B. Busoni, the pianist whose recent series of recitals attracted so much attention.

Mr. Busoni chose for his appearance the concerto No. 2 in A major, by Liszt, which proved an excellent selection for the display of his abilities as a brilliant concert artist.

His masterly work throughout the concerto, his remarkably clear touch, technical proficiency and faultless accuracy, all combined to give the best results, and he held his own against the occasionally overwhelming volume of the orchestra with splendid effect.

He was made the object of quite an ovation as he concluded the concerto, and was repeatedly recalled to acknowledge the applause of the audience.

Director Nikisch took occasion to show the string players in the Bachrich arrangement of Bach's "Prelude, adagio and gavotte," and the men of this section of the band did some notably good work in their playing in this number of the programme, the final movement creating a marked impression upon the audience and winning a well merited recognition of the excellence of the string players.

The admirable "overture fantasy" by Tchaikowsky, "Romeo and Juliet," was given a most satisfactory interpretation at the beginning of the evening, and the fourth of the "Immortal nine" symphonies brought the concert to an end, the recital of the several movements of Beethoven's work gaining Director Nikisch unstinted applause.

Mr. Max Heinrich will be the soloist next week, and the orchestra will play a new "dramatic overture" by Margaret Ruthven Lang, the scherzo capriccioso by Dvorak, and Haydn's symphony in C minor, No. 9 (B. & H.).

UNIQUE NIKISCH.

Some of His Strong Points and His Weak Ones,

And Why He Has Decided to Leave Boston.

Arthur Nikisch is unique.

I can easily imagine him as saying: "Let the critics fire away and do their worst. I have my own ideas how these pieces should be played, and I am in the position to have them played as I wish."

He rarely reads the comments of the press on his work. He hasn't time, and what is more, he hasn't the inclination.

I have been more and more surprised that Mr. Nikisch should think of leaving Boston. He has legions of friends here, and is making money fast.

During his two years' sojourn here he received five or six splendid offers to direct orchestras in Germany. But he always declined. The offer from Frankfurt he threw into the waste basket.

Of course the only reason why he is going to leave us in the lurch is that he can do better at Pesth. There he will have several assistant directors under him.

This is his own reason, as he gives it, and that of his friends.

Full of Vim.

I called upon a well-known lady in the Back Bay yesterday to see if she wouldn't talk about Mr. Nikisch. "Ah," she said, "Mr. Nikisch is such a man, so full of strong emotion and vim! He stands before his men and seems to electrify them by his enthusiasm. They become as sensitive to his baton as a needle to a lodestone."

"How thoroughly he enters into the soul of the pieces he directs! Every note has its significance to him, and he feels the sentiment suggested through and through. Then he begins to lead the music and his crescendos and diminuendos, his retards and piu mossoes, often metamorphose the very character of the piece."

"I am grieved that we are to lose the director—our great director, I should say—whose originality is so extraordinary and brilliant."

Not Complimentary.

There are several well-known musical critics in Boston who never did like Mr. Nikisch, and one of them thus spoke of the symphony director:—

"In plain English, Nikisch is a 'faker' and allows his eccentricity to run away with him. John Mullahy is 10 times a better and more substantial director than he. Why, Nikisch came here with scarcely any experience in symphonic music, and the first time he stood up before the orchestra he gave himself all away. The men in the orchestra saw what he was in a minute."

"He was lax in authority. I told members of the orchestra at the time that they had a different man from Gericke, and they knew it. To lead the Symphony Orchestra a man must have an inflexible command, as Gericke did, and as Nikisch has not."

He is too explosive, too fiery, to please anybody but enthusiasts. What we want is a man of iron like Gericke."

His Individuality.

Prof. J. R. Felton of the New England Conservatory gave me the following crisp interview about Mr. Nikisch and his work:—

"I have always enjoyed Mr. Nikisch's productions exceedingly. They abound in individuality and originality. Of course his ideas may not please everybody. As many heads, so many opinions,—*tantis fests, quanti cervelli*."

"He is spontaneous and shows us pieces in a new light. Hungarian is a fiery blood and makes fiery music. Have you not noticed that his renderings of a piece are always different? Once played, that ends it. The next time there is a brand-new edition."

An Inspired Magician.

"Take an accomplished singer and under the inspiration of the moment he will vary his music. So with Mr. Nikisch; there he stands, an inspired magician, unfettered by rules that are generally immutable by directors. And, by the way, let his orchestra accompany a vocalist and his sympathetic leading follows the singer with extraordinary facility, even in the most sudden departure from the accustomed rendering. He is as quick as a flash and as brilliant! While others ponder and reflect he does the thing off-hand, a genius of the moment, a meteor in the sky."

"He was not a leader of the symphony before he came to America, but here he has acclimatized himself rapidly to his new conditions and grasped the idea quickly. The first year he memorized all his scores and so conducted all the symphonies. Berlioz's music could not be played better than he has it played, and Berlioz is one of the most difficult composers to conduct. He is thoroughly a master hand with Haydn and conducts his pieces with wonderful skill and ingenuity."

Will Always Be Popular.

Prof. Elson answered my questions as follows:—

"As director of the Symphony Orchestra has Mr. Nikisch been a success?"

"I deem Mr. Nikisch emphatically a musician, and he is always likely to be popular. But while he has shown himself to be great in certain directions, I by no means consider him great in all. He is scarcely of the symphonic temperament."

"In what line is he specially gifted?"

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Conductor Nikisch was known, for one thing, as the most severe disciplinarian who has been in charge of the orchestra for a long time. The men under him were in a way like little boys at school, in the way in which they were required to be at rehearsal.

This is one thing which has aroused adverse comment upon him. Men grown are apt to be restive of such treatment.

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Mrs. Nikisch, too, is uncomfortable in the United States, people obstinately refusing to acclaim her as a great songstress. There are plenty of good men in Germany to replace Mr. Nikisch. On the roster of conductors his name stands far below those of Richter, Mottl, Levy, Mahler and Gericke; and, in spite of his assertion that his reputation was made in Europe before he came hither, he is only known abroad as a first-rate conductor of operatic performances in Leipzig.

What is the use of mincing matters and refraining to tell Mr. Otto Floersheim—or the person who writes to the *Musical Courier* over his initials—that he does not speak the truth, and that the falsehood he writes about Boston inclines one to believe him capable of claiming the credit for work done by somebody else. He has certainly been charged in print with getting another person to prepare the orchestral score for a certain triviality which was allowed a place on a Boston Symphony programme, and he has never refuted the charge, so far as is known here. He writes from Berlin to his paper thus:—

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MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Symphony Concert, Soloist Mr. Busoni.

"The Mountebanks," with Lillian Russell—"The Isle of Champagne"—Relocated—Paderewski's Ovation Yesterday—Columbian Festival—The Hinrich Opera Company's Season.

At the concert by the Boston Symphony orchestra in Music Hall, last evening, the soloist was Mr. Ferruccio B. Busoni, the pianist whose recent series of recitals attracted so much attention.

Mr. Busoni chose for his appearance the concerto No. 2 in A major, by Liszt, which proved an excellent selection for the display of his abilities as a brilliant concert artist.

His masterly work throughout the concerto, his remarkably clear touch, technical proficiency and faultless accuracy, all combined to give the best results, and he held his own against the occasionally overwhelming volume of the orchestra with splendid effect.

He was made the object of quite an ovation as he concluded the concerto, and was repeatedly recalled to acknowledge the applause of the audience.

Director Nikisch took occasion to show the string players in the Bachrich arrangement of Bach's "Prelude, adagio and gavotte," and the men of this section of the band did some notably good work in their playing in this number of the programme, the final movement creating a marked impression upon the audience and winning a well merited recognition of the excellence of the string players.

The admirable "overture fantasy" by Tschalkowsky, "Romeo and Juliet," was given a most satisfactory interpretation at the beginning of the evening, and the fourth of the "immortal nine" symphonies brought the concert to an end, the reading of the several movements of Beethoven's work gaining Director Nikisch unstinted applause.

Mr. Max Heinrich will be the soloist next week, and the orchestra will play a new "dramatic overture" by Margaret Ruthven Lang, the scherzo capriccioso by Dvorak, and Haydn's symphony in C minor, No. 9 (B. & H.).

UNIQUE NIKISCH.

Some of His Strong Points and His Weak Ones,

And Why He Has Decided to Leave Boston.

Arther Nikisch is unique.

I can easily imagine him as saying: "Let the critics fire away and do their worst. I have my own ideas how these pieces should be played, and I am in the position to have them played as I wish."

He rarely reads the comments of the press on his work. He hasn't time, and what is more, he hasn't the inclination.

I have been more and more surprised that Mr. Nikisch should think of leaving Boston. He has legions of friends here, and is making money fast.

During his two years' sojourn here he received five or six splendid offers to direct orchestras in Germany. But he always declined. The offer from Frankfurt he threw into the waste basket.

Of course the only reason why he is going to leave us in the lurch is that he can do better at Pesth. There he will have several assistant directors under him.

This is his own reason, as he gives it, and that of his friends.

Full of Vim.

I called upon a well-known lady in the Back Bay yesterday to see if she wouldn't talk about Mr. Nikisch. "Ah," she said, "Mr. Nikisch is such a man, so full of strong emotion and vim! He stands before his men and seems to electrify them by his enthusiasm. They become as sensitive to his baton as a needle to a lodestone."

"How thoroughly he enters into the soul of the pieces he directs! Every note has its significance to him, and he feels the sentiment suggested through and through. Then he begins to lead the music and his crescendos and diminuendoes, his retards and piu mossoes, often metamorphose the very character of the piece."

"I am grieved that we are to lose the director—our great director, I should say—whose originality is so extraordinary and brilliant."

Not Complimentary.

There are several well-known musical critics in Boston who never did like Mr. Nikisch, and one of them thus spoke of the symphony director:—

"In plain English, Nikisch is a 'faker' and allows his eccentricity to run away with him. John Mullahy is 10 times a better and more substantial director than he. Why, Nikisch came here with scarcely any experience in symphonic music, and the first time he stood up before the orchestra he gave himself all away. The men in the orchestra saw what he was in a minute."

"He was lax in authority. I told members of the orchestra at the time that they had a different man from Gericke, and they knew it. To lead the Symphony Orchestra a man must have an inflexible command, as Gericke did, and as Nikisch has not."

He is too explosive, too fiery, to please anybody but enthusiasts. What we want is a man of iron like Gericke."

His Individuality.

Prof. J. R. Felton of the New England Conservatory gave me the following crisp interview about Mr. Nikisch and his work:—

"I have always enjoyed Mr. Nikisch's productions exceedingly. They abound in individuality and originality. Of course his ideas may not please everybody. As many heads, so many opinions,—*tante teste, quanti cervelli*."

"He is spontaneous and shows us pieces in a new light. Hungarian is a fiery blood and makes fiery music. Have you not noticed that his renderings of a piece are always different? Once played, that ends it. The next time there is a brand-new edition."

An Inspired Magician.

"Take an accomplished singer and under the inspiration of the moment he will vary his music. So with Mr. Nikisch; there he stands, an inspired magician, unfettered by rules that are generally immutable by directors. And, by the way, let his orchestra accompany a vocalist and his sympathetic leading follows the singer with extraordinary facility, even in the most sudden departure from the accustomed rendering. He is as quick as a flash and as brilliant! While others ponder and reflect he does the thing off-hand, a genius of the moment, a meteor in the sky."

"He was not a leader of the symphony before he came to America, but here he has acclimatized himself rapidly to his new conditions and grasped the idea quickly. The first year he memorized all his scores and so conducted all the symphonies. Berlioz's music could not be played better than he has it played, and Berlioz is one of the most difficult composers to conduct. He is thoroughly a master hand with Haydn and conducts his pieces with wonderful skill and ingenuity."

Will Always Be Popular.

Prof. Elson answered my questions as follows:—

"As director of the Symphony Orchestra has Mr. Nikisch been a success?"

"I deem Mr. Nikisch emphatically a musician, and he is always likely to be popular. But while he has shown himself to be great in certain directions, I by no means consider him great in all. He is scarcely of the symphonic temperament."

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There are rumors concerning the probable successor to Mr. Nikisch, who will leave us at the end of the season to indulge himself in the more congenial task of conducting opera in Buda Pesth, a town of Hungarian enjoyment and Hungarian appreciation. Speculation concerning the successor is undoubtedly vain.

The next conductor will not be named by a show of hands.

Nor is it likely that the musicians, the amateurs, or the careless frequenters of the Symphony concerts will be invited to avail themselves of the Australian ballot.

No. The announcement will be proclaimed. There should be formality, however, in the proclamation of the decision.

There are historic precedents worthy of imitation.

When Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, set up the image of gold in the plain of Bura, in the province of Babylon, he sent to gather together the Princes, the Governors and the Captains, the Judges, the Treasurers, the Counsellors, the Sheriffs and all the rulers of the provinces to come to the dedication.

Then a herald cried aloud, To you, it is commended, Oh, people, nations and languages, that at what time ye hear the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer and all kinds of music ye fall down and worship the golden image.

As the announcement will probably be made in balmy weather, the Common would be a fitting place for the ceremony. The heavily veiled unknown should stand with the orches-

tra, the master musicians, the Governor, the Mayor and the Board of Aldermen upon a platform raised high in the air. The Cadets and the Naval Battalion in full uniform would lend brilliancy and pomp. At a given signal and with a flourish of trumpets the veil should fall, as at the inauguration of a statue. The successor would then address the throng in German, but a translator would follow him in explanation.

No sale of liquors should be allowed until the exercises are over. A balloon ascension or a display of fireworks might please the visitors from adjacent towns, but even without such an attraction the scene would be a suitable inauguration of the next series of twenty-four functions.

If there were any doubters, any cavillers, any modern Shadrachs, Meshacks and Abednegos, the Frog Pond would not be far from the platform, and water would take the place of the burning, fiery furnace.

Many were in hopes that there might be opera in this city during the reign of Mr. Nikisch, for he has had experience in the conducting of opera, and he has natural qualifications for such a position. There are enough opera singers of a position. Suppose that a company respectable company. Suppose that a company formed out of this material with Mr. Nikisch, and members of the Symphony Orchestra were engaged for a short season at the Boston Theatre, the natural and fitting home of grand opera, would the manager lose or gain?

Some one may say rashly that such an employment of the orchestra would be unworthy of the purpose for which it was organized.

The beauty of the orchestral concerts in Dresden, Munich and other European towns is surely not impaired by the fact that the players and the conductors are seen at work in the opera houses.

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Mr. Gericke, a man of iron will, found that he suffered in health on account of the long journeys and many concerts. The experience of Mr. Nikisch is the same. Nor is it unlikely that the members of the orchestra are affected at the end of the season so that they with difficulty display accuracy and enthusiasm in the final concerts.

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XXI. CONCERT.

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Maestoso. E minor.
(First time.)

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THEATRES AND CONCERTS.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the twenty-first symphony concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening was as follows:

Margaret Ruthven Lang: Dramatic Overture No. 2, in E-minor, Opus 12.
 Spohr: Recitative, "Der Hölle selbst will ich Segen entgegen," and Aria, *Liebe ist die zarte Blüte*, from "Faust," Act I, scene 2.
 Haydn: Symphony in C-minor, No. 9 (Breitkopf & Härtel Ed.)
 Songs with pianoforte:
 Schubert: Gruppe aus dem Tartarus.—Die Allmacht.
 Moszkowski: Two Movements from Suite No. 1, in F major, Opus 39.
 Dvorák: Scherzo Capriccioso, Opus 66.
 Mr. Max Heinrich was the singer.

This is, we believe, the first time that an orchestral composition by a woman has been played at one of our symphony concerts. It is rather odd how exceedingly little women have done in music—save in the way of singing and playing. In the creative part of the art they have done next to nothing of importance. They have done far more in painting, sculpture, or poetry. Fanny Hensel (Mendelssohn's sister) seems to stand rather at the head of female composers, and her baggage is neither large nor very important; Augusta Holmès seems to hold the first place today, but we have as yet seen nothing bearable of her composition. Louise Bertin wrote an opera, "Esmeralda,"—at least, Berlioz swore that he did not write a note of it—which was brought out at the Paris Opéra, and made fiasco. Upon the whole, the record is not brilliant. Miss Lang now comes forward with a work which must certainly stand very high indeed among compositions by women; indeed there is no special need of bringing her sex into the question at all, for this overture of hers does not need to be ranked in a special class in order to have good said of it. The beginning is particularly impressive—a grim phrase is given out by the trumpets and trombones in octaves, interrupted by syncopated thuds on the kettle-drums, and is followed by a most effective piece of harmony in the strings—a chord of C-major is struck, and then merges into a passing harmony which you expect to lead, by a half cadence, directly to the dominant chord of B-major; but no! instead of leading to the dominant, it leads directly to the tonic chord of E-minor. The effect of this sudden appearance of the chord of E-minor is startling, the chord seems to come from a hundred miles away, the effect is as unearthly as that of the famous C-sharp minor chord on "et lux" in Verdi's "Manzoni" Requiem. If there is perhaps no other stroke in the overture that equals this in originality and force, what follows it has none the less conspicuous merit of its own. The thematic material is natural and unforced, the treatment coherent, often strikingly ingenious. Only once toward the latter part of the overture does the composer seem to lose her way for a moment in the maze of working-out; but she soon finds it again and pushes on to the end with very sure step. The general character of the work is passionate, with a warmth that seems wholly genuine and unsought-for, and now and then with more idyllic moments of much beauty. The in-

strumentation is brilliant, always skillfully managed, if not precisely what one would call masterly; one now and then feels the lack of a certain something which is to be found in the scoring of the great masters of orchestration, from Mozart to Wagner; a certain way of using orchestral color to add to the formal coherence of the writing. Miss Lang's varied play of color seems at moments more fitful and fantastic than her musical form and thematic development. Yet, in one respect, her scoring shows a very fine instinct; unlike most young composers, she is singularly thrifty in her use of orchestral material and does not waste her heavy artillery on effects of sheer dynamic force where it can be more wisely spent on effects of contrast. Upon the whole, she in no wise lays herself open to the criticism once passed on Augusta Holmès by a Paris musician: that, "like most women, she tries to prove her own virility by making a tremendous noise!" The overture was admirably played and most enthusiastically received, Mr. Nikisch being called out three times after it.

The Haydn symphony is one not often played; it is one of the shortest of symphonies, but none the less great for that. The work is strong as steel, every part of it is welded to its adjacent parts so firmly that the whole shows not a single flaw. In listening to and studying such a work as this, one is reminded of what the late Otto Dressel once said, "I find much that is admirable, much that shows genuine talent, perhaps even genius, in the works of the modern composers you all admire so unreservedly; what I do not find is that complete mastery that marks the great classic writers." Now in this symphony by Haydn one does find the most complete mastery; a way of doing things that admits of no doubt, but carries immediate conviction with it; there is no indecision, not a moment of weakness, every phrase stands there as by a divine right of fitness. The symphony was admirably played.

The Theme and Variations and the *Perpetuum mobile* from Moszkowski's first suite are pretty playthings in the *salon* vein; more than this can hardly be said of them. They are brilliant and show off a virtuoso orchestra to fine advantage; they were played with immense effectiveness. The Dvorák Scherzo is on a somewhat higher plane; it has moments of no little charm, and is conspicuous for its brilliancy of orchestral coloring. There is not much nutrition in it, but it is good fun to listen to for once in a while. It was exceedingly brilliantly played.

Mr. Heinrich sang the aria from Spohr's "Faust" which he sang here some years ago with wonderful beauty of expression. The music begins to show the wrinkles of age a little, its beauty is not based on very conspicuous strength, but that it is beautiful is not to be denied. In the two Schubert songs, especially in "Die Allmacht," Mr. Heinrich carried everything before him; it was really great singing, and fully appreciated by the audience.

The next programme is—Schumann, overture to "Manfred;" Brahms, violin concerto in D; Busoni, symphonic tone-poem (MS.); Weber, overture to "Oberon." Mr. Franz Kneisel will be the violinist.

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is not gratifying to be compelled to write thus discouragingly of the work of a young composer, but no good is to be accomplished by glossing over the truth, and we are sure that it is wiser and kinder to point out the shortcomings of the composition than to indulge in insincerity and to damn it with faint praise. The audience received it in a very kind spirit, and applauded heartily. An effort was made to call the composer forward, but it was unsuccessful. Mr. Heinrich sang the archaic Spohr aria in a wholly artistic manner. He was not wholly happy in rendering its more ornate passages, but he was evidently under a cloud, and was not at his best. His fine artistic intelligence and his musicianship, however were always apparent, and he fairly won the two cordial recalls that rewarded his efforts. In the Schubert songs he was wholly successful and sang them magnificently and with noble dramatic effect; again winning two recalls. The Haydn Symphony was well read and sympathetically played. The programme for the next concert is: Overture, "Manfred," Schumann; Concerto for violin, D-minor, Brahms; Symphonic Tone Poem, Busoni, (first time); Overture "Oberon," Weber. The soloist will be Mr. Franz Kneisel.

MUSIC.

THE SYMPHONY.

At the Symphony concert last evening the first selection, entitled a "Dramatic Overture," was composed by Margaret Ruthven Lang. The composer is well known in this city as the daughter of Mr. B. J. Lang, the esteemed director of the Apollo and Cecilia Clubs, and a musician who for many years has been prominently identified with the musical growth of our city. Miss Lang was born in Boston, Nov. 27, 1867. At an early age she displayed a decided talent for musical composition, yet her serious study of this important branch of her art was later on in life under the direction of Gluth in Munich. Her earliest study of music began with the pianoforte under the instruction of one of her father's pupils. Miss Lang afterwards received personal instruction from her father, and later began the study of the violin under Schmidt. Her subsequent instructors were Drechsler, Abel and Gluth in Munich and recently Mr. E. A. MacDowell, of Boston.

The overture while evidently the work of a skillful, and refined musician is nevertheless a very characteristic sample of kapelmestermusik. There is a certain benign composure and nobility of intant in the writing of it, that is all too conspicuous, but the work appears to contain but a single well defined theme which is very reminiscent of the oriental music in Verdi's *Aida*. This theme is so tautologically treated and so frequently repeated that the prevailing impression created by it is one of monotony and languor. Perhaps the most praiseworthy feature of the overture is in the orchestral coloring of its harmonic development which is altogether excellent.

Mr. Max Heinrich in his rendering of the aria by Spohr was characteristically successful in making melody what it ought to be, namely, not an exhibition of acquired skill, but a pliant and sympathetic language for the expression of thought and feeling. The enchanting cantabile and an absolutely pure and unaffected style that characterized Mr. Heinrich's vocal delivery were beyond comparison with any singing that has been heard from any vocalist who has appeared in the present series of symphony concerts. Later in the evening Mr. Heinrich sang with exquisite expressiveness two songs by Schubert, "Grüße aus dem Tartarus" and "Die Allmacht." The artist was heartily complimented by the audience and four times recalled after his singing of the songs by Schubert.

The performance of a Haydn symphony (No. 9 Breitkopf and Hartel edition) last evening was a no less rare than welcome variation of the general character of the Boston symphony concert programmes this season. Haydn's symphonies sparkle with an indescribable true, pure and genial sentiment which can be found no where else. Salomon, the English

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in this direction, let him study the models of Haydn."

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perfect ensemble by the entire orchestra. The flute playing of the fourth variation could have been better, as it was rather spasmodic and the breathing was not so well managed as we have come to expect from this player. In the Moto Perpetuo which ended this selection, the first violins proved that they are artists every one; no orchestra in the world could have done this number more perfectly.

The concert ended with Dvorak's scherzo capriccioso, which was as brilliant as anything that has been done in these concerts for years. It seemed to exactly suit Mr. Nikisch's mood, and the sparks flew in the exciting way from one of the wildest compositions that the repertoire contains. Amid all its wildness and caprice the ensemble was not once irregular, which is saying very much for both director and orchestra.

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is not gratifying to be compelled to write thus discouragingly of the work of a young composer, but no good is to be accomplished by glossing over the truth, and we are sure that it is wiser and kinder to point out the shortcomings of the composition than to indulge in insincerity and to damn it with faint praise. The audience received it in a very kind spirit, and applauded heartily. An effort was made to call the composer forward, but it was unsuccessful. Mr. Heinrich sang the archaic Spohr aria in a wholly artistic manner. He was not wholly happy in rendering its more ornate passages, but he was evidently under a cloud, and was not at his best. His fine artistic intelligence and his musicianship, however, were always apparent, and he fairly won the two cordial recalls that rewarded his efforts. In the Schubert songs he was wholly successful and sang them magnificently and with noble dramatic effect; again winning two recalls. The Haydn Symphony was well read and sympathetically played. The programme for the next concert is: Overture, "Manfred," Schumann; Concerto for violin, D-minor, Brahms; Symphonic Tone Poem, Busoni, (first time); Overture "Oberon," Weber. The soloist will be Mr. Franz Kneisel.

MUSIC.

THE SYMPHONY.

At the Symphony concert last evening the first selection, entitled a "Dramatic Overture," was composed by Margaret Ruthven Lang. The composer is well known in this city as the daughter of Mr. B. J. Lang, the esteemed director of the Apollo and Cecilia Clubs, and a musician who for many years has been prominently identified with the musical growth of our city. Miss Lang was born in Boston, Nov. 27, 1867. At an early age she displayed a decided talent for musical composition, yet her serious study of this important branch of her art was later on in life under the direction of Gluth in Munich. Her earliest study of music began with the pianoforte under the instruction of one of her father's pupils. Miss Lang afterwards received personal instruction from her father, and later began the study of the violin under Schmidt. Her subsequent instructors were Drechsler, Abel and Gluth in Munich and recently Mr. E. A. MacDowell, of Boston.

The overture while evidently the work of a skillful, and refined musician is nevertheless a very characteristic sample of kapelmeistermusik. There is a certain benign composure and nobility of intent in the writing of it, that is all too conspicuous, but the work appears to contain but a single well defined theme which is very reminiscent of the oriental music in Verdi's Aida. This theme is so tautologically treated and so frequently repeated that the prevailing impression created by it is one of monotony and languor. Perhaps the most praiseworthy feature of the overture is in the orchestral coloring of its harmonic development which is altogether excellent.

Mr. Max Heinrich in his rendering of the aria by Spohr was characteristically successful in making melody what it ought to be, namely, not an exhibition of acquired skill, but a pliant and sympathetic language for the expression of thought and feeling. The enchanting cantabile and an absolutely pure and unaffected style that characterized Mr. Heinrich's vocal delivery were beyond comparison with any singing that has been heard from any vocalist who has appeared in the present series of symphony concerts. Later in the evening Mr. Heinrich sang with exquisite expressiveness two songs by Schubert, "Grüße ans dem Tartarus" and "Die Allmacht." The artist was heartily complimented by the audience and four times recalled after his singing of the songs by Schubert.

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was perhaps the smallest of the season, but there was considerable applause during the evening.

It would be a pleasant task to speak in praise of Miss Lang's orchestral piece but the results gained would not warrant such a course. Miss Lang has written many pretty songs and has shown talent in the pieces written for male voices and sung by the Apollo Club, but the step from this grade of material to the writing of a dramatic overture of sufficient worth to claim a place upon a Symphony concert programme is quite a long one.

The effort of this "dramatic overture" was a purposeless one, and it could as well be called the "Babes in the Wood," as far as any dramatic significance is concerned. Any capable student can make such music as this who has a little invention at hand, and to write similarly for the orchestra is not so difficult either, with the hundreds of stereotyped formulas that are available in the works of modern composers and student-writers.

The first thing to be considered is what is the musical value of a composition? Has it form; has it a defined purpose?

Miss Lang should not be discouraged because of this failure to compose a dramatic overture. Through the ill advice of her friends and the lack of discrimination upon the part of the person who arranges the programmes for the Symphony concerts, this youthful composer has had her inability to reach certain heights made plain, and the lesson should be a profitable one. It should not dampen her ambition, however. Her case is not an isolated one. The audience applauded the playing loudly.

Mr. Max Heinrich is an artist of rare musical qualities. It is seldom that such broad, comprehensive singing as Mr. Heinrich presented upon this occasion is heard upon our concert stage. His intonation was not immaculate by any means, neither were some of his processes of voice production to be observed as models for emulation, but beyond these discrepancies his singing was masterly. Would that more of our vocal aspirants possessed the cantabile that Mr. Heinrich has at his command.

It is gratifying to record that he was recalled several times after each number.

Mr. Heinrich is a German, to be sure, but he is an English-speaking one, and his performance would have been enhanced by his using our native tongue. Only a few Germans in the audience understood what he was singing about.

Our concert public has been Germanized to death, nearly, for years. It is

time we had a change in this direction. Mr. Arthur Nikisch played the piano accompaniments to the two Schubert songs with skill and fine effect. Mr. Nikisch is quite a master in this difficult art.

Throughout the evening the orchestra played remarkably well, the only drawback to a wholly commendable performance was the overloud and rough manner in which the forte passages in the Haydn Symphony were given. Mr. Leo Schulz played the cello solo in the minuet of the symphony in such an admirable manner he was obliged to bow to the acknowledgment by the audience. The flute solo in the Moskowski piece was not played in Mr. Mole's best manner. Both the Moskowski and the Dvorak numbers were admirably performed by the orchestra.

Next Saturday, Mr. Kneisel will play the concerto for violin in D major by Brahms, and there will be a manuscript symphonic tone poem by Mr. Busoni, played for the first time. Schumann's "Manfred" overture and the overture to Weber's "Oberon" will complete the programme.

WARREN DAVENPORT.

Steb
Symphony Concert.

Miss Margaret Ruthven Lang's new dramatic overture was given for the first time at the Symphony last week, the fine composition by our talented townswoman proving to be of great merit. In the beginning two themes are developed, one sombre and of an antique character, the other passionate and modern in treatment, each played against the other and producing a dramatic effect original but melodious.

The working out is concise and beautifully harmonized, and the return to the first part is gradual and regular, without harsh cadences or Wagnerian style of orchestration.

The young composer has treated the stronger instruments of the orchestra very effectively, utilizing them for special themes in several instances, which gives a marked tonal color and contrast to the gentler fortissimo passages.

The work received a most flattering reception, and Mr. Nikisch's orchestra gave a delightful interpretation of the number.

Mr. Max Heinrich was the solo singer, and his work, as usual, was thoroughly enjoyable. A recitative and aria from Spohr's "Faust" was sung with notable expression and dramatic fire, and in the Schubert numbers, in which Mr. Heinrich played his own accompaniments, the accomplished artist again illustrated his wonderful dual ability as a player and singer.

Haydn's ninth symphony received adequate treatment, the performance of the celloist in the trio being specially noteworthy. The brilliant finale was also extremely well played.

Two movements from Moszkowski's suite No. 1 were capitally given as a whole. The many difficult variations for the different instruments were as a rule smoothly played, and the "perpetual motion" finale seemed to present but few stumbling blocks to the orchestra.

Dvorak's scherzo capriccioso was given with delightful dash and brilliancy.

Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1892-93.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. ARTHUR NIKISCH, Conductor.

XXII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 15, AT 8 P. M.

PROGRAMME.

ROBERT SCHUMANN.

OVERTURE. "Manfred."

JOHANNES BRAHMS.

CONCERTO for VIOLIN, in D major.

I. Allegro non troppo. D major.

II. Adagio. F major.

III. Allegro giocoso, ma non troppo vivace. D major.

FERRUCCIO B. BUSONI.

SYMPHONIC TONE POEM. (Manuscript).
(First time.)

KARL MARIA VON WEBER. OVERTURE. "Oberon."

SOLOIST:

MR. FRANZ KNEISEL.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Symphony Concert.

The overture to Manfred is the most powerful of its school, and as a portrayal of soul-conflict can only be compared with Wagner's "Faust" overture, but is superior to that work in that here we find the feminine element in vivid contrast with the masculine, the tender theme of Astarte being in beautiful contrast with the dark broodings of Manfred, while Wagner has given us the self-torture of Faust, but purposely omitted reference to Marguerite, in his overture.

The performance was a good one but the depth of Manfred is not as apt to be appreciated by the general public as the glitter of a "Carnaval Romaine," or the theatrical touches of a "Freischuetz" overture, and the applause was not as hearty as deserved. One may especially praise the trumpets which have exceptionally difficult and important work to do and did it excellently. Strange warnings of death and disaster, are those weird trumpet tones.

Mr. Franz Kneisel was the soloist, and he received a welcome of which he may be proud. He at once proceeded to justify this by a wonderfully dignified and impressive performance of Brahms' violin concerto.

To compare the last violin solo given in these concerts (a sugary confection by Raff) with this noble work was, if not likening Hyperion to a Satyr, at least to compare a giant with a fop. Yet the strength of the work seems to lie in its first movement, and some of the subsequent matter comes as an anticlimax.

Mr. Kneisel has not the breadth of tone of a Joachim or the abandon and passion of a Sarasate, but he has a surety equal to even these masters. In some of his work refinement replaces ardor, and intellectuality compensates for an occasional lack of fire. It was, all in all, a pure, artistic, and satisfying performance. The climax of technical excellence was attained in the cadenza of the first movement, composed by Mr. Kneisel himself, which presented the acme of double-stopping, almost continuous trilling, and ended with brilliant chromatic work. The second movement charmed by the delicacy with which the principal subject was played, and here one may conjoin the oboe player (M. Sautet) with Mr. Kneisel in speaking of the perfection of the movement; his performance was without flaw. The last movement had no tangible fault, but it scarcely attained the high level of the first one. Mr. Kneisel deserved the great applause which followed the end of the work, and the recalls were many and accompanied with floral tributes.

Now followed a tonal labyrinth by Ferruccio B. Busoni. It was called a Symphonic Tone-poem, and it reminded strongly of the style of the orchestral rhapsodies in which Liszt has indulged. It began with a moan in the deepest woodwind and continued in the atmosphere of agony and conflict to the very end. Yet the writer received the impression that there was some beauty in it, and some coherent ideas somewhere, if he could have had the opportunity to have studied it. The wild boldness of it all made

it comparable to a Turner painting of the latest epoch. Every possible tone-color was there; the Glockenspiel, which has been supposed to be an instrument of sweetness, came in during the most tempestuous passages, and there were military phrases for trumpets and drums; the trombones gave a series of phrases which alternated with ferocious rushes on the strings, and there were spasmodic moments of sweetness that seemed to suggest the apotheosis of something or other. One can only echo the words of Southey's Young Peterkin, "Now tell us what 'twas all about," and rely upon the composer for a solution of the tangle of tones. Such a work, by a man of proved genius, is a strong argument for a return to more definite forms; it would be unfortunate to have the Wagnerian spirit (so glorious when combined with words and portraying a definite idea) attempt to seize upon the symphony. Bruckner led the attack upon the instrumental forms, waving the Wagnerian banner, and one is seldom troubled with his symphonies nowadays; one may remonstrate against Mr. Busoni charging with the same "forlorn hope."

With Weber's "Oberon" overture the concert ended. Mr. Nikisch gives Weber his full due, and is as dramatic and theatrical as any could desire. The introduction, nevertheless, seemed somewhat overdrawn. The rest of the work, however, was of the utmost brilliancy, and its verve and dash call for great commendation.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

MUSIC.

The Twenty-second Concert of the Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the twenty-second concert of the Symphony Orchestra was as follows:

Overture, "Manfred".....Schumann
Concerto for violin, D-major.....Brahms
Symphonic Tone Poem (Manuscript).....Busoni
Overture, Oberon.....Weber

Mr. Kneisel was the violinist.

Mr. Busoni's orchestral poem is dedicated to Mr. Nikisch.

It calls for a modern orchestra that includes harp, double-bassoon, bass-clarinet, English horn, gong, cymbals, xylophone and drums in plenty.

And yet, with all these instruments, Mr. Busoni does not succeed in catching one effect.

He is alert, he is eager; he deliberately makes great preparations, so that the hearer sees him laying trains of gunpowder for the future explosions; or, again, he hopes to catch the hearer napping, and startle him by an unexpected discharge of orchestral artillery.

But try as he may; let him use silence or the xylophone, or let him set everything going at full speed; lo, there is no effect, except that the hearer, however well-disposed, is disturbed and dismayed.

The poem is said to be "purely fanciful," "absolutely free."

The hearer therefore enjoys the privilege of discovering things in the music.

The hearer is first introduced to Snensser's darksome cave, where he finds

"That cursed man, low sitting on the ground,
Musing full sadly in his sullied mind,"

The scene changes and the curtain rises on

the earthquake at Lisbon. There is a funeral march in honor of the engulfed. The mourning is dispelled by the advance of the Chinese army arrayed in all the glorious panoply of war. Again we are in Europe, and the sun rises on the battle of Austerlitz. After the realistic description of the battle, there are groans for the defeated, lamentation for the slain, and cheers for the little Man in Gray. But now the hearer becomes confused; the music is wilder and is thrown from the stage in spasmodic jets. There are suggestions of the blowing up of Hell Gate and an audible aurora borealis. And there is a final return to the cave in the first scene.

Mr. Busoni is a pianist of remarkable ability. No one in this country to-day is in certain respects his superior, and in other certain respects he is superior to his colleagues. He has orchestral technique as well as the technique of the pianist. But when he wrote this orchestral poem he had nothing to say. And so he wrote many notes for many instruments.

A little simplicity would have been more to the purpose. One melody of power or beauty would have been grateful.

A logical sentence firmly knit would have pleased more than this rhapsody, punctuated solely by dashes, exclamation points and points of interrogation.

The feature of the concert was Mr. Kneisel's fine performance of the concerto. There might have been a more marked display of power in the last movement, and nowhere in the performance was there a revelation of temperament. But the playing of Mr. Kneisel was pure, accurate, chaste and full of noble serenity. He deserved the hearty applause that followed each movement; for he is an artist whose chief aim is to glorify the chosen composer, and he devotes himself body and soul to the task.

The overtures were played with dramatic power, and the concert was of reasonable length.

The next concert will be devoted to selections from the works of Wagner. Miss Kaschowska, Mrs. Nikisch, Miss Leimer and Mr. Meyn will sing.

PHILIP HALE.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

The 22d concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place at Music Hall Saturday evening. The programme was as follows:

Schumann... Overture, "Manfred."
Brahms..... Concerto for violin in D major.
F. B. Busoni-Symphonic Tone Poem. (Manuscript). (First time.)

Weber..... Overture, "Oberon."

Mr. Franz Kneisel was the soloist.

The novelty upon the programme, the "Symphonic Tone Poem" of Busoni's, proved to be anything but an agreeable experience. It is without exception the most hideous thing that has been produced during the entire existence of these concerts. It has nothing whatever to say, and is but a mass of sound and noise. The fact that it presents some invention in orchestral effects does not in the least enhance its value, for the interest one might take in such inge-

nulty is strangled by the constant cacophony that exists.

No wonder the programme analyst says: "This composition well-nigh defies technical analysis. It has little in common with ordinary symphonic forms, or indeed with traditional musical forms of any sort." Now this is really a pretty strong condemnation of the work, but as rank as it is, it is drawing it very mild when the absolute worthlessness of the composition as a musical work is considered. If this is a specimen of Mr. Busoni's talent as a composer then he has shown himself rotten before ripe. The *lunga pausa* near the end was the only agreeable moment during its performance. The piece fell flat upon the audience, there being a slight scattering applause.

Mr. Kneisel played the Brahms concerto in that charming, highly artistic manner that always marks his efforts. It is refreshing to listen to the playing of Mr. Kneisel. The wonderful technique that meets the most exacting demands, the faultless intonation, the delicacy, the total absence of any rasping or scraping in the forte passages, the comprehensive grasp of the composer's intentions, in fact all of the attainments that mark the master performer are observable in the playing of Mr. Kneisel.

The enthusiastic and prolonged welcome he received when he stepped forth and the tremendous applause and numerous recalls at the end of his performance showed the high estimation of the public concerning this artist's superb abilities. The accompaniment, although quite discrete upon the part of his associates, who to a man recognize his rare abilities, needed the controlling influence of a competent conductor in securing a more exacting condition of delicacy in order that Mr. Kneisel's refined interpretation of the solo should have been at all times more apparent.

There was much to praise in the manner that the orchestra played the Schumann and Weber overtures. The superb effects that Mr. Gericke always obtained in the playing of these overtures were not realized, but, as a whole, considering how badly the orchestra has played during the present regime, the critical listener must have found much that was gratifying, more particularly in the "Oberon" overture. Next Saturday evening the programme will consist wholly of Wagner excerpts.

WARREN DAVENPORT.

THEATRES AND CONCERTS.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the twenty-second Symphony concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Schumann: Overture to "Manfred," Opus 115.
Brahms: Concerto for violin, in D major, Opus 77.
Busoni: Symphonic Tone Poem (MS.).
Weber: Overture to "Oberon."

Mr. Franz Kneisel was the violinist.

The ever-beautiful "Manfred" overture, with its divine second theme, was admirably played. Mr. Ferruccio B. Busoni's tone-poem is a novelty in more senses than one; it is both new and novel. As a piece of orchestration, of the most astounding and often wondrously beautiful orchestral coloring, it may seek its fellow; even Gilson's "La Mer" does not attain to such a pitch of magical beauty of clang-tint. It seems as if Mr. Busoni had at one fell swoop exhausted the capabilities of the modern orchestra. But when we pass beyond color and get to form, then we must own to being thoroughly baffled by this tone-poem. We have listened to it, we have studied the score, but we must admit that it seems to us more nearly formless than any composition we ever saw. It does not so much give the impression of a work in a new, hitherto untried form as it does of a work that really has no musical form at all. Still it is pleasant to listen to, if you can make up your mind in the beginning to give up all attempts to understand it musically; to us it is a series of physically delightful sounds. The orchestra played it wonderfully well. Weber's "Oberon" overture, coming immediately after it as it did, shone with redoubled brilliancy by its definiteness of musical purpose and clearness of expression. Is there any other single passage in all orchestral music as brilliant as the first phrase in the *Allegro* of this overture? No doubt there may be, but it is hard to believe it. The orchestra covered itself with glory in the performance.

After this, the third, hearing of Brahms's violin concerto here, the work impresses one as distinctly noble, beautiful and full of power. Yet, with all its beauty, it has a rather fateful sound, as of one more voice proclaiming the approaching end of the violin concerto as a current form of musical composition. That writing an extended work for solo violin and orchestra should demand a certain amount of self-abnegation in the composer of the present day is already an ill-boding symptom; that even a composer of Brahms's classical bent should find this self-abnegation more than he is willing to exercise, and should thus transfer a considerable share of it to the solo performer's shoulders is a still graver symptom. Here are three long movements, each one of them in a nowadays exceptionally pure form; and one hardly finds more than three or four passages in the whole work which do not carry the conviction that the composer, in his heart of hearts, would have preferred to have the solo instrument out of the way, so that he could make play with his orchestra. Except when he exercises the most conscientious self-control, his orchestra throws the solo violin into the shade: you can almost hear his sigh of relief at the beginning of a *tutti*, or in places where

he answers a phrase of the violin with this or that orchestral combination. The soul and spirit of the solo instrument is not in him; he finds it not an inspiration, but a shackle. To ask him to give it the commanding prominence it should have in a concerto is asking more than he can find in his heart to do; he does his best, but perfunctorily and joylessly; in doing it he has to keep back much of what is best in him. And the solo player has to bear the rest of the burden, in finding himself almost constantly in the shade, in having to play purely ornamental passages that do not adorn, or in trying to do things on his own poor fours trings that it would really take an orchestra to do well and effectively. In very truth the effective writing of violin concertos is diametrically opposed to the instinctive musical spirit of our day. The concerto for a wind instrument is already dead past the hope of resurrection; the knell of the 'cello concerto is even now sounding; the violin concerto will go next! The pianoforte concerto will doubtless live on longer but its end also will come—it is predestined. One can say to it, as Richelieu said to de Baradas, "Behind thee looms the head-man!"

Mr. Kneisel's playing of the work was simply masterly from beginning to end; in fineness and totality of conception, in quantity of personal force, in perfection of execution, it was admirable at every point. To call it highly effective would, however, be saying too much; we do not believe that the solo violin part in this otherwise admirable concerto possibly can be made effective. Mr. Kneisel played his own cadenza in the first movement; a most effective and musicianly piece of writing, in which certain exceedingly beautiful and novel effects of tone-color are especially to be noted. His performance aroused the utmost enthusiasm, which it thoroughly merited.

The next programme is wholly devoted to excerpts from the works of Richard Wagner, and is as follows—Overture to "Rienzi," introduction and scene 1 from "Das Rheingold," Siegfried's passage through the fire ("Siegfried," act iii., scene 2), Daybreak and Siegfried's Voyage up the Rhine ("Götterdämmerung," prologue); Siegfried's Dead-march ("Götterdämmerung," act iii., scene 2); Brünnhilde's dying speech over Siegfried's body ("Götterdämmerung," act iii., scene 3). Miss Felicia Kaschowska, Mrs. Arthur Nikisch, Miss Louise Leimer, and Mr. Heinrich Meyn will be the singers.

April 15 HANS RICHTER. 1193

The New Symphony Leader an Eminent Conductor.

There is little doubt but that Hans Richter, the eminent conductor, has resigned his position as director of the Court Opera at Vienna, as well as conductor of the Imperial Chapel, and that this resignation is preparatory to accepting the conductorship of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Mr. Higginson refuses to be interviewed upon the subject, so there is no way of confirming the news of Dr. Richter's acceptance of the position believed

to have been tendered him by Mr. Higginson.

At the end of Mr. Henschel's term Mr. Higginson urged Dr. Richter to become the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, but he could not be prevailed upon at that time to accept, and thereby give up the opportunities offered through remaining in Vienna as court conductor.

Dr. Richter consequently recommended Wilhelm Gericke, and upon this recommendation the latter was engaged, and his complete success in the position he was called to is now a matter of history; and had Mr. Gericke desired to have continued his duties here in Boston, he could have remained indefinitely, for Mr. Higginson urged him to renew his contract at the end of his five years' service, and even delayed in engaging a successor for six months beyond the time he otherwise would have consummated such an engagement, hoping all the while that Mr. Gericke would reconsider his decision not to remain longer.

The low state of Mr. Gericke's health, which demanded absolute rest from all excitement, however, obliged him to refuse Mr. Higginson's urgent request that he remain, and so the position he had so completely honored for five years fell into the hands of the present incumbent. If Dr. Richter comes to Boston, we shall possess a conductor eminent in his profession and one of world-wide fame. It remains to be seen, however, what the Emperor of Austria will do as regards accepting Dr. Richter's resignation. One thing is sure, Mr. Higginson must have made Dr. Richter a magnificent offer to have induced him to relinquish his distinguished and profitable post in Vienna.

It is probable, also, that there will be an assistant conductor attached to the Boston Symphony Orchestra, for Dr. Richter will find an excess of duties here that he is unaccustomed to in Vienna, where he has two if not three assistants. Dr. Richter is in the prime of life, being about 50 years of age. He has a wife and five children. His taste is thoroughly classical and his standard is the Viennese one, Beethoven and Brahms being the musical gods. Add to this the opposite swing of the pendulum, Wagner, and an idea of his repertoire is fairly gained. Unless he becomes cosmopolite with his advent here there will be little catholicism experienced in his programmes as regards the presentation of the modern French school of composition or other works in the romantic class. Whatever is done, however, will be well done, for Dr. Richter is a master of the orchestra.

WARREN DAVENPORT.

MUSIC.

TWENTY-SECOND SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The symphony concert last evening had perhaps its most gratifying feature in the performance of Brahms' concerto for violin in D major. To perform a work of such magnitude as this concerto it is absolutely essential to possess just such earnestness, artistic sincerity and technical mastery as are the never falling auxiliaries of Mr. Kneisel's art; and last evening he was not only in his element so far as the distinguishing and all important characteristics of his virtuosal ability were concerned, but he was more than ever successful in individualizing himself with the composer. If anything his performance of the great work was throughout so eminently sincere and refined, that he perhaps excited a less appreciative degree of interest than has frequently attended the performances of men whose general attainments have been below his standard; but, in this connection, it is well to bear in mind that our concertmeister's feeling for his art is conspicuously more like that of a musician than a virtuoso. While far from being deficient in the virtuosity, so essential to the making of a really great player, Mr. Kneisel's ideas of musical interpretation are much too lofty and too sacred to admit of his being rated as a mere performer or a violin gymnast.

His taste is cultivated to the highest excess and his execution is so exquisitely finished, graceful and refined that it sometimes appears to encroach upon the energy of his performance. The quality of bravura which for its inherent allurements is as a sine qua non for other violinists, is by Mr. Kneisel cast into the shade and rendered less perceptibly at his command than it really is, owing to the predominating influence of his ever-scrupulous refinement and unrelenting loyalty.

While this is true there are apparently no technical difficulties that he can not master with the greatest ease, and his success with the concerto that he performed last evening, aside from his making the work itself perfectly clear and intelligible to the auditor without the slightest deviation from its beauty of form and expression, was also characterized by an inherent brilliancy that Mr. Kneisel has seldom equalled here. In brief he executed the exceedingly difficult concerto with such precision, assurance and calmness and at the same time with a self-effacement that enabled him to add to his interpretation of the composer, a sympathetic instinct and poetic appreciation, that he might easily have driven to despair some of the most skilful artists in orchestra who have studied the violin all their lives.

At the conclusion of his performance Mr. Kneisel was heartily eulogized in the prolonged applause of the audience and was made the recipient of several floral tributes including an elegant basket of flowers the very choice offering of his admiring pupils.

Following the concerto was a symphonic poem composed by F. B. Busoni. It would seem disrespectful to a musician, pianist and composer so deservedly esteemed as Mr. Busoni to attempt to pass final judgment after a single hearing of a work so elaborate and so profoundly conceived as this symphonic tone poem.

The orchestration of the poem is apparently its noblest feature, and is marvellously ingenious. The opening bars contain some very clever canonic imitations, but wherein the tone poem as a whole is the logical development of a single poetic idea, it would seem impossible upon a first acquaintance with it to state. Considerable of it indeed would appear to be nothing more or less than an orchestral delirium; and nothing more or less than an orchestral delirium; and seemingly contains much sound and fury signifying nothing more indeed than the possible pain and agony which might have incited the composer to write the work at a time when he would appear to have been a fit subject for a country doctor.

The concert had two overtures, namely "Manfred," by Schumann and "Oberon," by Weber. Few overtures have so powerfully influenced composers as "Oberon." It was the happy remark of one of Weber's biographers that through "Oberon" Weber became the father of all the musical elves, the naiads and the mermaids. Thus also may be have invited Mendelssohn to write his "Midsummer Night's Dream," the "Melusina" and "Hebrides;" and it is more than

possible that "Oberon" may have suggested to Bennett his "Naiads" and to Wagner his "Rhine Daughters." Oberon was literally Weber's Swan Song. After the opera was first performed on the ninth of April, 1826, in London, the composer, who for some time had been in ill health, entertained but the single thought that he must go home and die among his people. "Der Freischütz" was to be performed for Weber's benefit on June 8, but on the second of that month (1826), he wrote his last letter, which ended thus: "God bless and preserve you in health. Would that I were with you"—this to his wife. On the morning of the 6th, writer his son and biographer, "Sir George Smart's servant knocked at his chamber door. No answer came. He knocked again and louder. . . . It was then resolved to force the door. All was still within. The watch which the last movement of the great hand which had written Freischütz Enryanthe and Oberon had wound up, alone ticked with painful distinctness. The bed curtains were torn back. There lay the beloved master, dead." Yes, Oberon was Weber's "Swan Song."

The orchestral playing throughout the concert was fairly if not quite on a par with the orchestra's well known standard.

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The programme for last night's concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in Music Hall, was: Overture, "Manfred," Schumann; Concerto for Violin, in D, Brahms; Symphonic Tone Poem (MS.), F. B. Busoni (first time), and Overture, "Oberon," Weber. The soloist was Mr. Franz Kneisel. The novelty of the evening, Mr. Busoni's work, was the most extraordinary composition that has ever been performed at these concerts. Why it should have been performed baffles understanding; why it should have been written is still more perplexing. It is abundant in ingenious and novel instrumental combinations, some of which are rich and beautiful in effect; but we must frankly confess that we found it impossible to detect what the music meant. If ever a musical work imperatively needed a minute description of its meaning printed on the programme, surely this is the very work. To us it seemed no more than a wild charivari, beginning in nothing particular, going nowhere, and leading to nothing but confusion. It says nothing intelligible and nothing that appears worth the saying. To us this tone poem seemed to depict a full-fledged Dakota cyclone roaring through a wholesale tin-ware establishment, destroying two or three dynamite factories with wildly explosive results, and causing the collapse of a six-story crockery warehouse. In other words it is nothing but noise, and hideous noise for the most part, as well. The audience listened to it in almost amazed astonishment, meekly applauded it when it was over, and then drew a breath of relief. Mr. Kneisel played the Brahms concerto with his familiar parity of taste and finish of style. He was received with prolonged enthusiasm, and, at the end of each movement, was stormily applauded, and twice recalled. The programme for the next concert will be devoted wholly to Wagner, with Miss F. Kaschowska, Mrs. A. Nikisch, Miss L. Leimer and Mr. H. Meyn as soloists.

CYNICISMS.

The announcement that Herr Hans Richter was to be the next conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was received with much excitement here, last week. The papers discussed the subject with great enthusiasm, and in a few hours people knew more about Richter than they had ever known before. Some of the writers for the press almost lost their heads over the matter. One of them took extreme grounds and expressed his delight that "our orchestra again falls into German hands." He told us that "Its traditions are German, its personnel is largely German, and its repertoire must, of course, be drawn largely from German sources." The news regarding its traditions is news indeed. We fancied that it was an American orchestra, founded by an American, and that it was not established for the especial purpose of glorifying everything German, but was conceived in a large and cosmopolitan spirit as far as musical art is concerned. It is true that its personnel is German, but that is a matter of accident and not of design, and we doubt if even the writer of the article in question would attempt to maintain that fully as excellent a body of players could not be selected from other nationalities. When he goes on to say that "a Frenchman, no matter what his musical abilities, could not have been in full sympathy with the men, and would have found the position an especially arduous one," he begs the question. It is not for a conductor to be in sympathy with the men, but it is for the men to be in sympathy with the conductor. It is for the conductor to bring his men around to his way of thinking and not for the men to discipline the conductor into theirs; and men that are not so in sympathy can be readily replaced by those that are. And as for finding the position arduous, it seems to me that men who fail to come into sympathy with a conductor would find the situation far more arduous than would the conductor, for their services would be no longer needed. A Frenchman, such as Lamoureux or Colonne could very soon settle the sympathy business and show on what side of the orchestra the position was likely to be arduous. This propensity to see no other art than German art, and no other musicians than German musicians is to be sternly deprecated. It out-Germans the Germans themselves; at least those Germans who dwell in their native land, and appreciate all good art and all good artists no heed under what flag they had their birth. It may be true, as the writer of the article to which we refer, says, "The coming of Richter will ease the minds of more than one member of the orchestra," but then the peace of mind of these musicians is not of vital importance to the cause of art; and as but little consideration has been hitherto shown to the peace of mind of those players whose native tongue did not happen to be German, the argument of the advocate for the perpetuation of this condition of affairs is somewhat lopsided. He is quite within the bounds of probability when he reflects that, "if Mr. Nikisch had had a Gallic successor, there would have been changes in the list of the musicians." But why not? Why should not a French conductor have that same preference for his fellow countrymen that a German conductor has for his? It surely will not be claimed that there are not as good orchestral players to be found among Frenchmen as there are among Germans. While freely conceding that the ac-

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TIGHT BINDING

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CYNICISMS.

271 The announcement that Herr Hans Richter was to be the next conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was received with much excitement here, last week. The papers discussed the subject with great enthusiasm, and in a few hours people knew more about Richter than they had ever known before. Some of the writers for the press almost lost their heads over the matter. One of them took extreme grounds and expressed his delight that "our orchestra again falls into German hands." He told us that "Its traditions are German, its personnel is largely German, and its repertoire must, of course, be drawn largely from German sources." The news regarding its traditions is news indeed. We fancied that it was an American orchestra, founded by an American, and that it was not established for the especial purpose of glorifying everything German, but was conceived in a large and cosmopolitan spirit as far as musical art is concerned. It is true that its personnel is German, but that is a matter of accident and not of design, and we doubt if even the writer of the article in question would attempt to maintain that fully as excellent a body of players could not be selected from other nationalities. When he goes on to say that "a Frenchman, no matter what his musical abilities, could not have been in full sympathy with the men, and would have found the position an especially arduous one," he begs the question. It is not for a conductor to be in sympathy with the men, but it is for the men to be in sympathy with the conductor. It is for the conductor to bring his men around to his way of thinking and not for the men to discipline the conductor into theirs; and men that are not so in sympathy can be readily replaced by those that are. And as for finding the position arduous, it seems to me that men who fail to come into sympathy with a conductor would find the situation far more arduous than would the conductor, for their services would be no longer needed. A Frenchman, such as Lamoureux or Colonne could very soon settle the sympathy business and show on what side of the orchestra the position was likely to be arduous. This propensity to see no other art than German art, and no other musicians than German musicians is to be sternly deprecated. It out-Germans the Germans themselves; at least those Germans who dwell in their native land, and appreciate all good art and all good artists no heed under what flag they had their birth. It may be true, as the writer of the article to which we refer, says, "The coming of Richter will ease the minds of more than one member of the orchestra," but then the peace of mind of these musicians is not of vital importance to the cause of art; and as but little consideration has been hitherto shown to the peace of mind of those players whose native tongue did not happen to be German, the argument of the advocate for the perpetuation of this condition of affairs is somewhat lopsided. He is quite within the bounds of probability when he reflects that, if Mr. Nikisch had had a Gallic successor, there would have been changes in the list of the musicians." But why not? Why should not a French conductor have that same preference for his fellow countrymen that a German conductor has for his? It surely will not be claimed that there are not as good orchestral players to be found among Frenchmen as there are among Germans. While freely conceding that the ac-

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 quisition of Richter as conductor of the Symphony Concerts is to be earnestly desired, yet it would seem, that after twelve years of German supremacy, in which our musical tastes have been thoroughly Germanized, it would have not been a bad move by any means, to have engaged some eminent and able French conductor to restore the balance. If, as we are told, the traditions of the orchestra are German and Germany dominates it in every way, it is fully time for a broader and more eclectic taste to be stimulated. It is wrong to cramp art progress by making it run in one groove, even to ease the minds of some of the members of the Symphony orchestra. Just the same it will be a great thing if Richter be really coming; but let us hear no more of maintaining one-sidedness in musical art.

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The resignation will take effect at the end of this, the twelfth season of the organization.

Mr. Nikisch will, in all probability, go to Budapest, where he will have full charge of the orchestra of the opera and concert hall of that city.

Mr. Nikisch is a Hungarian by birth, for he was born at Szent Miklos Oct. 12, 1855. His father was head accountant in the service of Prince Liechtenstein. Mr. Nikisch was educated in the Vienna Conservatory, where he studied composition under Dessoff and the violin under Hellmesberger. He left the Conservatory in 1874, with prizes in composition (sextet for strings) and violin playing. In 1878 he was engaged by Neumann as second conductor of the Stadt Theatre in Leipzig, and he then left Vienna, where he was busy as violinist in the Imperial Orchestra. In 1882 he was appointed first chapelmaster at Leipzig. Mr. Nikisch was called in 1889 to take the position of conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, a position that was vacated by Mr. William Gericke. Mr. Nikisch's first appearance here at a Saturday evening concert was Oct. 12, 1889. During his stay in this city he has made many friends who will learn with regret of his resignation.

There are rumors already of other directors. First of all comes the name of Mr. Gericke, who gave to the orchestra the reputation that it so richly deserved. He is now in Vienna, and it is doubtful whether he could be persuaded to leave his home. If he should appear again as conductor of our orchestra his first appearance would be a memorable scene, for few are held in such respect by musicians and laymen as the modest and thoroughly capable Gericke.

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Mr. Busoni will be recalled with much pleasure as the pianist who has made such a favorable record for himself, both in recitals and with the Symphony orchestra the present season, and it is disappointing that he should appear at such a disadvantage in this, his first, contribution in the way of a large work of a symphonic character. Mr. Busoni is evidently a thorough student of the modern orchestra, and in his "Poem" he has not been satisfied with less than a full complement of all the instruments known in the grand orchestra of today.

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MUSIC AND DRAMA.

The Last Nikisch Concert.

To one who observes the signs of the times and the changes in the musical world, the most striking of all phenomena is the growing importance attached to conductors. There was a time when the singer was the absolute tyrant of conductors, librettists, and composers. To-day we are beginning to understand that the singer is only one factor in a musical production, and that if we are to have a really artistic performance he must be subordinated to the composer and to the conductor of the whole. Thirty-five years ago, when Wagner had his "Tristan" ready for performance, he complained that Dr. Hans von Bülow was the only living conductor in whom he had any confidence; he himself had trained Bülow, as he subsequently trained Hans Richter and Anton Seidl. His superb pamphlet "On Conducting" for the first time properly emphasized the importance of the conductor for a satisfactory musical performance, and it is owing to his influence that we have now reached a point where connoisseurs inquire who is going to conduct before they ask who will sing.

In Berlin this increased interest in conductors, and their different methods of interpretation, has been shown this winter by the engagement of several prominent leaders to conduct the Philharmonic concerts in succession. In America, where the best in everything is insisted upon, because we have the money to pay for it, the value of conductors has long been recognized; and in one respect we are beginning to Americanize Europe—namely, in the matter of proper remuneration. Formerly the singers got all the profits of operas and concerts; now that operas are no longer written for singers alone, conductors are beginning to get their proper share. A few months ago Mr. Seidl received an offer of \$10,000 a year from the opera at Budapest—the highest sum ever offered an operatic conductor in Hungary. Fortunately Mr. Seidl has become an American citizen and is unwilling to leave his new country; he has an engagement in Chicago this summer which will bring him \$15,000 in a few months, and next winter he will probably be back at the Metropolitan Opera-house.

Mr. Nikisch, unfortunately for New York, and still more so for Boston, accepted this offer and will go to Budapest at the close of the present season. Nor will any one blame him for this, however much one may regret his departure. Mr. Nikisch is primarily an

operatic conductor, and his Boston engagement, therefore, did not give him opportunity for the display of all his gifts. The position he has occupied for several years is anything but a sinecure. During the last seven months, for instance, he has conducted 124 symphony concerts and spent half his time on railway cars and in hotels. It was this roving life connected with the position of conductor of the Boston Orchestra that made Mr. Gericke glad to return to Vienna.

A large audience was present in Chickering Hall to bid Mr. Nikisch farewell. The programme had to be altered somewhat, owing to the indisposition of Mr. Kneisel. In place of his numbers Mrs. Nikisch sang a few songs. Berlioz's "Roman Carnival" overture, the Forest Voices from "Siegfried," and Tchaikovsky's splendid fifth symphony were the orchestral numbers, and it was fitting that one who so strongly represents the modern romantic spirit in music should make his exit with that glowing Russian work. At the close the audience remained standing and recalled Mr. Nikisch by way of expressing their regrets at his departure. He will leave many friends and admirers behind, and he will also remember the New York press for its cordial recognition of his merits, the absence of carping criticism, and the appreciation of the individuality and unfettered freedom of his interpretations. Mr. Higginson will find it an extremely difficult task to find a successor to Mr. Arthur Nikisch.



ARTHUR NIKISCH,
Leader Symphony Orchestra.

WHO WILL SUCCEED HIM?

The announcement that Mr. NIKISCH, the present conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, had resigned his position came rather unexpectedly and occasioned general regret. Mr. NIKISCH, since he came to the orchestra in 1889, has won ungrudging respect and esteem for the merit which he has shown in his present position. That he is a conductor of no mean merit can be readily admitted. It is said that all who possess Magyar blood are musicians by instinct; but Mr. NIKISCH is a Hungarian who is a musician by training as well as by inclination. He was educated at the Vienna conservatory and left that institution with two prizes. He then became second conductor of the orchestra of the Stadt Theatre, Leipzig, having previously served as a violinist in the imperial orchestra in Vienna.

In 1889 he came to this country to succeed Mr. GERICKE, the former conductor of the "Symphony," which had already attained the leading position among American orchestras. During Mr. NIKISCH's three years in charge of the "Symphony" it has maintained its high rank, at least in virility of execution. The programmes of music rendered by the orchestra have not been above criticism in the past three years; and the work of the orchestra in detail has not been wholly free from fault in that time. Nevertheless the concerts have on the whole been characterized by music of a high order and by an artistic merit that does not need to be recounted to the people of Boston, and that is partially due to Mr. NIKISCH as well as to efforts of the former directors.

It is to be taken for granted that an effort will be made to secure a new director who will be in every way worthy to carry on the task which Mr. NIKISCH has resigned. There is certainly a strong desire that Mr. GERICKE return to the organization which owes so much to his artistic training. The existence of the orchestra in its present high state of efficiency is chiefly owing to the work of Mr. GERICKE. It is doubtful, however, whether that artist can be induced to leave Vienna for Boston. Mr. GERICKE had critics in this city, but he had also many warm friends and champions here, and if he can be persuaded to return there seems to be little doubt that the effort will be made to secure his acceptance of his former leadership. Still another who has been mentioned for the position is HANS RICHTER, who is a Hungarian, and studied in Vienna. RICHTER has been a disciple of WAGNER for more than two decades, and in 1870 directed the first performance of

"Lohengrin" in Brussels. In 1875 he left the national theatre of Budapest to become conductor of the opera and the philharmonic concerts in Vienna, and in the following year he became director at Bayreuth. Among the other names mentioned are those of LAMOUREUX of Paris and FELIX MOTTL, who is a Hungarian by birth, and who in 1886 was a director at Bayreuth.

It is to be noticed that among all the names of those who are or may be considered available for the position which Mr. NIKISCH has left, there is no reference to any American. As a matter of fact there is not and never has been any American who can be ranked among the world's great orchestral directors. This fact is to be explained by the circumstance that the conditions have not been such as to warrant the expectation that such men would appear. Music is an art that is not to be found at its best among a race of hardy pioneers or their immediate successors. The education necessary for an artist who desires to lead an orchestra of high rank is of a kind that has not been within the reach of most Americans. The dearth of great American musicians has been less noticeable than the lack of great American composers. Musical art among the people of this country is no longer in its infancy, but the period of growth has not as yet been continued long enough to produce either a composer or a leader of the highest order. These things are to be accepted with patience until the future brings great American composers or leaders as the past has brought poets and authors of high merit.

HANS RICHTER FOR THE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA?

A gratifying piece of news is printed in the morning papers—or, rather, it would be gratifying if all that it implies were truth, which, unfortunately, is not the case as yet. As stated in effect in the despatch from Vienna, Hans Richter has sent in his resignation of the post of conductor at the Opera and also the position of conductor at the Imperial Chapel, his reason for this course being his acceptance of the conductorship of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. But the Austrian Government is not of the hustling order, and we must wait, with Richter, a good two weeks or more to learn the result of the deliberations of Franz Josef's representatives. If they shall accept the great conductor's resignation it will be an act of real generosity, for besides, as is likely, giving to him a post with less work and more pay, they will deprive themselves of the services of the most distinguished conductor now living and one to whom the great theatre where he has been in charge largely owes its leading importance in

the art world of Europe. Indeed, reflecting on his value and considering the practical impossibility of finding a fully equipped successor, there arises a feeling of apprehension that the kaiser's advisers in these matters will say "no." Even then, however, the incident will stand as another illustration of Colonel Higginson's constant purpose to provide the Boston Symphony Orchestra with the best men at all points, with never a thought of the question of cost.

WILL RICHTER COME?

Dare He Break His Contract With the Imperial Opera?—What May Result if He Does.

A dispatch from Vienna to this morning's Journal said that the Intendant of the Imperial Opera refuses to release Hans Richter from his contract. Now, the contract will not expire for at least two years, and, as the Austrian conductor has accepted the invitation to conduct the Boston Symphony Orchestra, beginning his duties next fall, the situation will become more interesting until he makes a decided move.

To a Journal reporter this morning Mr. Bernard Listomann spoke of the matter as he views it. "Richter," he said, "will probably not be released from his contract. He is, you know, one of the great conductors, and the people of Vienna know this better than any others. They worship him.

"It is a serious thing to break a contract. Lilli Lehman left Berlin against the wishes of the intendant, and for years she was not permitted to sing in Germany. A year or two ago they began to be not so strict, and then she sang in some places, but never did she appear at any of the courts. It really ruined her in Germany.

"Now if Richter is bold enough he can do as she did. Possibly royal clemency may be extended, or perhaps Mr. Higginson has promised to compensate him for the loss during the rest of his life. If anything can do it I should think it were Mr. Higginson's money bags. I think that Richter might better have waited for two years, when his contract would have expired, and then this peculiar situation would be avoided."

THE ENTERPRISING EXPONENTS of modern journalism who made up their minds that Hans Richter will be the next conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra have the opportunity now to reflect on the danger of a too rapid development of previousness. As stated in the Transcript when first the news of the offer of the post to Richter and his acceptance was published, nothing was settled by that, but all depended upon the readiness of his official masters at Vienna to accept his resignation; and the doubts on that point expressed in the Transcript are confirmed by the official report that the directors of the Imperial Opera refuse peremptorily to release Richter from his contract, and decline to accept his resignation. With this comes a despatch that the great conductor says that he will come any-

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ING, APRIL 17, 1893.

RICHTER'S AMERICANISM.

The Coming Conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra is in Thorough Sympathy With Us.

VIENNA, April 16.—Hans Richter, the famous musician, is well known for his immense energy in all that he undertakes, and when once he has decided upon a given course he is quite as apt to accomplish it as the typical American. The knowledge of this peculiarity has set all Vienna talking about Richter's plan of going to America since it has been known that he signed his contract with Mr. Higginson Thursday.

He says that his Boston contract calls for his direction of two concerts each week, beginning in the early part of next October, and his duties under his new contract will, he thinks, be a great relief after those he has been subject to here.

The two reasons which have led him to accept Mr. Higginson's contract are, first, a feeling that it will give him a relief from the overwork now imposed upon him here, which he feels the need of; and, second, a thorough and sincere admiration for and sympathy with the American people and American ideas.

For a resident of Vienna this is an approach to heresy, for Vienna is the world in the popular belief here. Richter's plans have not been changed regarding his Chicago concerts as a part of the series associated with the exposition there. He will leave here early in June, and return immediately after his short stay in Chicago, to prepare to take his wife and family to Boston, in which city he expects to be established permanently by the middle of next September.

The consternation in art circles here over this intended departure of Richter will be apparent from the facts that he directs the choral church service at the Imperial chapel, is first director at the Grand opera and conductor of the Philharmonic Society, that he is thoroughly identified with Vienna art life. It does not appear to be realized here that all these duties make demands upon such a man that even his great energy is not at all times sufficient to carry him through them all.

Today Richter directed for the last time here the ninth symphony, and the excitement over the event was widespread. A grand ovation greeted him upon his appearance at the conductor's desk, and he was made to realize how large a place he holds in the hearts of the Vienna musical public.

Music in Boston.

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I RECEIVED last week an interesting letter from Mr. Feruccio B. Busoni. It was the letter of a musician and a man. I refer to it here for this reason: A paragraph in which he speaks of his extraordinary orchestral poem played at the twenty-second symphony concert is of general interest.

"The fundamental idea," he writes, "and the pessimistic idea (if you allow the phrase) of my composition is found in a poem by Lenau entitled 'Der Indifferentist.' For obvious reasons I did not prefix this title to my composition."

Now what is the motif of Lenau's poems? Paraphrased it is something like this: Whether you are a Socrates, quaffing with a smile the hemlock draught to the health of your country; whether you are a vile child of hell, blaspheming under the headsman's ax; whether you are a great genius or merely serve to fatten the grave worm. All this is of just as much importance as whether the animalcule that swims monotonously in the circle of a drop of water turns to the right or to the left at the beginning of the journey.

Now this is a cheerful subject to put to music.

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Let us waive the question whether the subject *per se* admits of artistic treatment, and let us not discuss whether there are such things as morality and immorality in art.

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"It is said that music is powerless to express mental feelings. But what are these feelings?

"If you mention regret, fear, hope, pride, anger, remorse, &c., feelings that we experience in daily life, I admit that such feelings cannot be expressed in music. Such sentiments are produced under special conditions and the composer cannot reproduce them; just as it is very difficult for him to indicate them by means of imitation or description.

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278 "Let us take for instance the feeling of remorse. I do not see how a composer could make us understand that a fault had been committed. Would he try, then, to give us in musical sensations an equivalent of such a feeling? The problem may thus be propounded: To find sonorous combinations that act on the hearer as the regret for the committed fault acts on the guilty one.

"All that the composer can do in this case is to put us in a state of uneasiness, of moral constraint, which will have some analogy to the feeling of remorse; but how can the hearer recognize fully the anxiety, the dull irritation, the wounding of self esteem, the physical depression, the enervation that accompanies stormy weather? It is true that the hearer will feel something; but unless he knows the precise object to which this feeling is attached it will be impossible for him to determine its nature.

"This difficulty is not found in dramatic music where the nature of the sentiments expressed is indicated in advance by words and situation. In this case the musical expression is perfectly clear and acts on the imagination of the hearer with extraordinary force. In many instances a simple title would put us on the track. Why should they not be given? The subject of a picture is indicated. I said a little while ago that absolute music cannot suggest the sentiment of remorse. But if we knew in advance the intentions of the composer we could meet the suggestion, we could accept the most vague analogy as an equivalent. A composer could write perfectly clear descriptive music to this title: 'The Remorse of Cain.'

"Reason as you will, you will arrive at the same conclusion: absolute music can express only in the most vague manner the exact or vague sentiments of actual life.

"Yet music expresses and suggests determined sentiments. These sentiments are musical sentiments.

"Each one of us will admit that our mental condition is not the same when we hear music and when we do not hear it; that a change from major to minor affects somehow our sensitiveness; that we are differently moved when we hear Schumann's 'réverie' and Bocherini's menuet; that each piece of music has its particular expression, which you cannot define in words, as customary words are made only for the feelings of customary life, and yet this particular expression is none the less special and fixed.

"These sentiments are exclusively musical, because they are produced by listening to music, and we do not find them in any other way. They no more resemble the emotions of real life than a rhythmic or an harmonic accident resembles an incident in the street.

"These musical sentiments are the proper subjects of musical expression. The composer does not try to suggest other feelings to you, and he has not experienced other feelings in composing. Do not be disturbed at that which he wished to say; do not try to recognize in the emotion felt by you emotions previously felt; listen to the composition, or, still better, play it yourself. Sit at the piano or take part in the ensemble, and give yourself up to your

spontaneous impressions! Thus you will become a part of the soul of the composer; he will have given to you all that which he experienced in the moment of inspiration. 279

"When you hear a doleful tune you are tempted to ask: 'But why was the composer so sad? When this tune occurred to him what suffering did he undergo, with what gloomy thoughts was he beset?'

"We are too easily led to believe that the composer dreams of putting his own feelings, joys, sorrows, hopes into his music. Perhaps he turns toward gay or sad music according to the state of his health and the happy or unhappy incidents of his private life. But such influences are only very vague, very general. The composer, as a rule, gives us in his work the feelings which he has experienced in his musical life.

"To enrich the human soul with emotions that are not found elsewhere; to create new feelings, to express them in a language that is perfectly clear and universally intelligible; these are the true functions of expressive music.

"These functions are lofty enough for the composer to be satisfied with them."

* * *

In a word, we must again go back to the definition of Walt Whitman: "All music is what awakes from you when you are reminded by the instruments."

Or, as Baudelaire puts it: "If trees, mountains, water, houses are grouped together and form a landscape, the landscape is beautiful, not of itself, but on account of me, on account of my own favorable impression, on account of the idea or the emotion which I attach to it."

* * *

Philip Houlès

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A PRIVATE dispatch from London confirms the final and pretty authoritative announcement in respect of Herr Richter's decision not to accept the engagement offered him by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. While I am of the opinion still that Herr Richter is not the man for the place, there can be no doubt that his latest determination has caused Mr. Higginson and his employés lively disappointment. Richter's name would have been a great thing to conjure with, and with the renowned Hans as conductor it would have been an easy task to take the band to Europe during the summer months, not with any view of a profit, of course, but *ad majorem gloriam Higginsoni*. The withdrawal of Herr Richter makes matters doubly annoying, for it will be next to impossible to find a first rate conductor in his stead. Weingärtner is bound by a contract to Munich, and I hear that Felix Mottl, whom, at last accounts, Mr. Higginson was after, is also engaged in Germany for a term of years. J. W. M. May 4 '93

MORE distressing, however, than the outlook for the future, is the actual situation. Every year the B. S. O. departs on a Western tour of four weeks, in which the band gives some twenty-five concerts. The tour is now in progress, and, ere it began, Mr. Nikisch laid down his bâton and declined to accompany the orchestra on its wanderings. This, indeed, is serious, for no one is inclined to accept Mr. Kneisel in Mr. Nikisch's place, and the greater man's absence is likely to throw a wet blanket over every performance. Altogether, the situation is a discomforting one, and it suggests a feeling that the best days of the B. S. O. are o'er.

THE story of the rupture of Mr. Nikisch's relations with the B. S. O. has been rehearsed to me as follows. Mr. Nikisch, on receipt of the offer from Buda-Pesth, went straight to Mr. Higginson and asked him whether, at the end of the twelvemonth that was to conclude his actual engagement, he was prepared to renew the contract for a term of five years. Mr. Higginson was reluctant to give an immediate answer, whereupon Mr. Nikisch cabled his acceptance of the Buda-Pesth proposal, and the first news of this step that reached Mr. Higginson came to him through the Boston newspapers. I have good grounds for believing that Mr. Higginson intended to make a change of leader after next season, and that Mr. Nikisch, in some way or other, became aware of his principal's purpose. The conductor has lost ground at a fearful rate in Boston during the last twelve months, and the opinions expressed by the leading critics, several of whom regard him as a better interpreter of operatic than of symphonic music, now pervade a large part of the public. It is to be regretted that, on this head, the critics of the Hub should disagree with the writers on the New York dailies, but inasmuch as Messrs. Woolf, Hale and Apthorp are practical musicians, undesirous of having compositions they do not write interpreted by sycophantic conductors, unconnected in business with leaders or conservatories, and able and willing to devote time and attention to their critical duties, instead of depending upon the housebills to know what is played or sung, most people would rather bow to their judgment than to that of their metropolitan confrères. Mr. Nikisch, moreover, gave forty-eight concerts in Boston *vice* six in New York, so that the Bostonians' opportunities of forming an estimate of his merits were somewhat more numerous than were offered the lecturers and expounders of Gotham. Certain it is that, in an artistic sense, Mr. Nikisch leaves Boston under a cloud.

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Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1892-93.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. ARTHUR NIKISCH, Conductor.

XXIII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 22, AT 8 P. M.

Wagner Programme.

OVERTURE to "Rienzi," in D major.

Molto sostenuto e maestoso. D major.
Allegro energico. D major.

PRELUDE to Act III. DANCE of APPRENTICES. MARCH of the MASTER-SINGERS, and HOMAGE to HANS SACHS, from "The Mastersingers of Nuernberg."

PRELUDE and FIRST SCENE from "Das Rheingold."
(The Rhine-daughters and Alberich.)

WAGNER: Miss Felicia Kaschoska.
WELLGUNDE: Mrs. Arthur Nikisch.
FLOSSHILDE: Miss Louise Leimer.
ALBERICH: Mr. Heinrich Meyn.

SIEGFRIED PASSING THROUGH the FIRE, from "Siegfried," Act III.
Scene 2 and MORNING DAWN, and SIEGFRIED'S VOYAGE up the RHINE, from "Goetterdaemmerung" Prologue.
(Arranged by Hans Richter.)

SIEGFRIED'S FUNERAL MARCH, from "Goetterdaemmerung," Act III.
Scene 2.

BRUENNHILDE'S DYING SPEECH OVER SIEGFRIED'S BODY, from "Goetterdaemmerung," Act III., Scene 3.
BRUENNHILDE: Miss Felicia Kaschoska.

SOLOISTS:

**MISS FELICIA KASCHOSKA,
MRS. ARTHUR NIKISCH,
MISS LOUISE LEIMER,
MR. HEINRICH MEYN.**

ABOUT MUSIC.

Journal

The Twenty-third Concert of the Symphony Orchestra.

The Opinions of Many Sages Concerning German Singers.

A Pleasing Unanimity of a Cloud of Witnesses.

The programme of the 23d Symphony concert was made up of selections from the works of Wagner. It was as follows:

Overture, "Rienzi."
Prelude to Act III., Dance of Apprentices, March of the Master-singers, and Homage to Hans Sachs, from "The Master-singers of Nuremberg."
Prelude and first scene from "Das Rheingold."
(The Rhine-daughters and Alberich.)
Woglinde.....Miss Felicia Kaschoska.
Wellgunde.....Mrs. Arthur Nikisch.
Floßhilde.....Miss Louise Leimer.
Alberich.....Mr. Heinrich Meyn.
Siegfried, Passing through the Fire, from "Siegfried."
Act III., Scene 2, and Morning Dawn, and Siegfried's Voyage up the Rhine, from "Götterdämmerung."
Prologue.
(Arranged by Hans Richter.)
Siegfried's Funeral March, from "Götterdämmerung."
Act III., Scene 2.
Brünnhilde's Dying Speech over Siegfried's Body, from "Götterdämmerung," Act III., Scene 3.
Brünnhilde.....Miss Kaschoska.

These numbers were applauded heartily by a large audience.

The performance of the instrumental numbers was brilliant and the applause was well deserved.

Wagner in his later years rejected "Rienzi." His most devoted disciples do not speak of this "error of youth," or they condemn it as the abomination of desolation mentioned by the Hebrew prophet.

In truth the overture is a vulgar thing. Its pomp smells of sawdust; its glory is the glory of paint and tinsel.

This circus-overture provoked, Saturday evening, a scene of tumultuous joy.

The Wagner of early years was anxious for the proper and peculiar performance of his music-dramas.

The Wagner of later years was anxious for the performance of his works, even on the concert stage, without scenic accessories.

Hence these excerpts for concert use. Hence this wearisome concert arrangement of the prelude and first scene from "Das Rheingold."

In a concert arrangement the famous pedal is without force or meaning.

The Rhine Daughters swim only in the imagination of the hearer; their concert dress is hardly suitable for aquatic frolics.

For they are on the concert stage, not in a stage aquarium.

They shriek out spasmodically "Weia! Wagal! Wallala weia! weia!"
When they are tired of this amusement they refresh themselves by remarking in a loud voice, "Lalaleia! Lalei! Heia! Haha!"
They also exclaim "Heiahahei!"
Thus they bear their part in the exhibition of Wagnerian dramatic truth.

When the operas of Wagner were prepared for performance in Italy Wagner insisted that they should be sung in Italian.

He believed that opera should be sung in the language of the country of the performance.

We are obliged in a symphony concert to listen to the German language.

The German language is the fashionable speech of our concert halls.

The Germans did not invent the sonata or the cantata, the symphony or the madrigal, the opera or the oratorio.

The Netherlands and the Italians rejoiced in musical masterpieces before music was cultivated intelligently in Germany.

It is, however, the popular impression in this city that music was invented by the Germans and will die with that people.

Our own singers, born here and known to us, give pleasure in strange lands to foreign audiences.

We import for our own use German declaimers, who, too often, are known in their own country as "veterans of song."

Now, a veteran of song is not unlike an "old war-horse of Democracy;" he is cheered frantically when he appears on the platform, but no one really listens to him, for he is apt to mumble, by reason of age and dental imperfections.

And what, pray, is the sentence pronounced by many judges of different nations and of different centuries on German singers, even when they are young and fresh, on the German tongue and on German vocal art?

The characteristics of German singing have remained unchanged from the beginning.

Hearken unto Tacitus:

"Amongst them, too, are found that kind of verses, by the recital of which (by them called Barding) they inspire bravery; nay, by such chanting itself they divine the success of the approaching fight."

"Nor does what they utter so much seem to be singing, as the voice and exertion of valor."

"They chiefly study a tone fierce and harsh, with a broken and unequal murmur; and therefore apply their shields to their mouths when the voice may, by rebounding, swell with greater fullness and force."

Centuries ago Johannes Diacorus, the biographer of Gregory, complained of the inability of the Germans to sing the Gregorian song in its purity.

"Their rough voices, roaring like thunder, do not lend themselves to agreeable modulation, because their hoarse throats, accustomed to strong drink, do not allow that suppleness which pleasing melodies require, so that their horror-inspiring voices bring forth tones which sound like the rumbling of a freight wagon going down hill."

Charles V., Emperor and King of Spain, used to say that he would address women in Italian; to men he would speak French; to his horses German; but that if he were to speak to God he would employ the Spanish language.

This monarch smiled when Petrus Royzius, the poet, said to John Langus, as they all sat merrily at meat, "The Germans don't speak, but they thunder; and it is my opinion that God made use of their language when he thundered forth the sentence of condemnation on Adam."

It was James Howell who wrote concerning German: "A full-mouthed Language she is, and pronounc'd with that strength as if one

had Bones in his Tongue instead of Neris."

Frederick the Great, to whom all loyal Germans still point with pride, loved dearly the mellifluous voices of Italians, and exclaimed that he would rather listen to an air whinnied by his horse than have a German prima donna in his opera house.

Weber praised heartily the singers who took part in "Oberon," London, 1823, because they had excellent voices, sang with expression and had been skillfully trained in the Italian school.

Schopenhauer claims that the truly national characteristic of the Germans is "heaviness." "Heaviness is conspicuous in their gait; in their manner of being and acting; in their talk, set speech, literature, fashion of understanding and reflecting; and above all in their style."

Let Karl August Alfred, Freiherr von Wolzogen take the witness stand. He was Intendant of the Court Theatre in Schwerin.

He wrote on musical subjects.

By an irony of Fate, his son Hans turned out to be a fanatical worshiper of Wagner; and he wrote pamphlets that serve as a Baedeker to the traveler through the mist enveloped region where Wagner sits enthroned.

The following extracts are from the older Wolzogen's "Life of Wilhelmine Schroeder-Devrient":

"The Schroeder-Devrient never found leisure for the acquisition of the very A-B-C of song, and no one can ever be a fully equipped singer, in spite of all supplementary exertion, unless he is absolute master of his organ, before he applies it to dramatic use.

"Least of all can a German be such a singer unless he was born with an extraordinary talent, and unless he has studied to an extraordinary degree.

"For, alas, it is impossible to deny the fact that of all the cultured people of Europe, the Germans, a deeply musical folk, show remarkably little aptitude for singing; and they show a want of vocal taste that puts them below the English even, a nation that occupies in the eyes of the world an especially low place in every artistic particular, although this opinion can not now be entertained with fairness.

"We often hear that we Germans have invented for our own use, a peculiar style which does not admit of comparison with that of the Italian or the Frenchman. This is a good-natured illusion of people who are wholly ignorant in the matter. The truth is that the genuine vocal instinct is foreign to us, and so are niceties of expression: the only instance to the contrary is the delivery of our songs, a delivery that is a compromise between singing and declamation.

"What we are pleased to call 'our style' is nothing but a naive condition of natural, untrained singing.

"Art is cosmopolitan; true art must please the intelligent in London and Paris, Rome and St. Petersburg, as well as in Vienna and Berlin. That which does not withstand such a test may live on provincial applause, or the applause of a coterie, but it does not deserve the attention of a serious man."

This extract from the same book calls for deep consideration in these days:

"Whoever has voice enough to shout lustily so that the walls rock, and has not sufficient patience or artistic spirit to learn in a decent manner the use of the instrument, will be a 'dramatic singer,' if the voice is a soprano; an 'heroic tenor,' if the voice is tenor."

And what did Gustav Roger, the great tenor, say of German singers?

German singers have subordinated everything to the voice, not in the intelligent variety of *timbre*, but in the uniform force of emission. "In this country, where philosophy has so

often left the earth to lose itself in the clouds, the art of song has stuck to matter.

"The Germans say they worship art. It is possible: but it seems to me that they abandon the god and adore the temple; and this is the fault of the singers, not the fault of the public."

Wagner himself did not condemn beautiful singing, even in the Italian sense, except where it was opposed to dramatic truth.

He regarded the question of nationality in vocal art.

In his "Deber Schauspieler und Saenger" he recognized the fact that the German language is at war with *bel canto*.

It is not surprising then that he dedicated the volume to the memory of the Schroeder-Devrient, who was, indeed, a "dramatic singer," in Wolzogen's meaning of the phrase.

Neither Berlioz nor Chorley could endure the singing of the Schroeder-Devrient.

Berlioz admitted that she was "dramatic," but he hastened to add that she sang flat whenever she could not force a tone; that her ornaments were in very bad taste; that she interpolated in her song spoken phrases and interjections of execrable effects.

Berlioz compared her to an actor in a Parisian vaudeville: "This way of singing is the most anti-musical and the most trivial that one can point out to beginners to avoid."

Now, Wagner admired the singing of the Schroeder-Devrient.

Surely did Vernon Lee have the German school in mind when she wrote these bitter words, words that are bitter and true:

"Let him or her be effective; act with impetuosity, declaim with vehemence, shriek and yell passionately, if he or she have dramatic instinct; or force upper tones, or bellow lower ones, or gabble off shapeless roulades, if he or she have strong lungs or a flexible throat; he or she have strong lungs or a flexible throat; and any of these means will lead to distinction, and they are qualities, whether dramatic or vocal, which require little tuition and less practice; above all, which entirely dispense with the more knowledge that such a thing as an art of singing has ever existed or can ever exist."

It is possible that the Germans, who look askew at the frivolities of other nations, shudder at the instance of Sempronia, the tool of Cataline to foment the rebellion, who, according to Sallust, was taught to sing more finely than became a virtuous woman.

Their arrogance, however, leads them to prefer their song for its "feeling," for its "intellectuality," and when they are criticised even gently or timidly, they cry out against the ignorance or the childishness of the accusers. How different was the conduct of Anaximander, the philosopher.

It is said that as he was singing the boys used to ridicule him, upon which he only remarked, "We must learn to sing better for their sakes."

PHILIP HALE

MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Symphony Concert.

A great Wagnerian programme was given at the symphony concert of Saturday, and it attracted the largest audience of the season. It began with the Rienzi overture which was magnificently played. This overture is in itself the best refutation of the critics of the Rowbotham stripe who hold that Wagner was incapable of writing a melody, for the prayer of Rienzi, which forms such an important part of the work, is nothing if not melodic. The performance was a worthy one both in reading and execution; the trumpets shaded their long notes in excellent style, the violins (spite of the absence of the *concertmeister*) played with abundant spirit, and the power of the finale was deafening but appropriate.

To enjoy the prelude to the third act of "The Mastersingers" one must be thoroughly familiar with the motives or "guiding-figures" which are used, and it is more than probable that not one tenth of the audience had memorized these figures. Wagner has brought, by the interweaving of such figures, a new intellectuality into music, an intellectuality different from that found in the contrapuntal evolutions of Bach and from the thematic treatment of Beethoven, but none the less definite counterpoise to the emotional side of the art.

Such music speaks a language as definite as French or Italian, and for the average auditor to rhapsodize over it without knowing the purport of its *leit-motiven* is as if one innocent of all Hellenic knowledge were to descend upon the beauties of a Greek tragedy which he had only heard in the unknown tongue; a few years ago Mme. Wagner inquired of the writer whether Wagner was understood in America or was only "the fashion?"

The question cannot be satisfactorily answered even now. The analysis in the programme-book was carefully prepared, but nothing short of actual lessons can make the average auditor familiar with the language of Wagner's music, or with the suggestions conveyed in almost every measure of such a prelude. The performance was good, the shading delicate, the climaxes well worked up, and that wonderful bit of Mediaevalism, the dance of the apprentices, with its quaint seven-barred phrases, was especially admirable in its spirit.

Far less satisfactory was the opening scene from "Rhinogold," for here the music requires the scenery and action to make it impressive. The unique treatment of the chord of E flat which is reiterated until the rest of the tonal system seems obliterated, is wonderfully graphic when one sees the Rhine flowing and ever flowing, but on the concert platform it is simply monotonous. The singers, one and all were not Wagnerian singers; they just accomplished their task, but this achievement through palpable effort is fatal to Wagnerian effects; a tolerable Wagnerian performance (especially in the vocal parts) is as unbearable as a tolerable egg or a reasonably satisfactory heaven would be. Everything seemed spasmodic, and in the orchestra the ensemble was anything but perfect, while the horn broke in almost every phrase.

The *pasticcio* from the two last operas of

the trilogy, arranged by Hans Richter (the name brings up a sad host of "might-have-been") only seems to prove that Wagner was right in desiring that his works might not be concertized too much, it could not sustain the interest, and it was not well-played into the bargain, many of the figures being drowned out altogether.

What was said above concerning the comprehension of the story that the Wagnerian orchestra has to tell, can be repeated with still greater force in connection with the funeral march of Siegfried. Next Saturday we are to have a funeral march (in the heroic symphony) in which every musical auditor will discern the brooding warriors, the weeping maiden, a work which impressed the poet Coleridge as "a funeral in Purple," and which is, in every measure, as the burial of some mighty Viking; in the present Wagnerian work we have this heroic character and something besides; here we find a life story in tones, all the chief episodes in Siegfried's life are recited by the orchestra, by means of the guiding figures; if ever there was a definite language in orchestral music it is here. The work was finely performed and its interpretation deserved equal recognition with that of the Rienzi overture.

With the finale of the "Goetterdaemmerung" the concert fittingly ended; there probably never has been a finale like this attempted in music; to end the greatest operatic work ever conceived by human mind with a monologue, showed how little hampered by tradition the composer was; there is no attempt to pile Ossa upon Pelion, there is no desire to overwhelm the auditor with a stupendous combination of forces (Berlioz would have done that) there is only the frank presentation of the pathetic end of the story, nothing is to distract the attention from the noble Brunnhilde in her hour of supreme agony; but that sorrowing woman standing alone is grander than all the choruses that the Italians have heaped up in their climaxes. It is, however, necessary that the Brunnhilde should be an artist of overwhelming power, for in the whole realm of operatic work there is nothing which demands such dramatic force as this finale; and Miss Kaschaska was only painstaking, true in intonation (generally), and often loud of voice; how tame these points of merit are in comparison with what Wagner has demanded; technique and effort were to be lost sight of altogether, a presentation of the power of Fate such as the old Greek tragic poets imagined was to be impressed upon the auditor, and here we received only the impression of a conscientious artist using every effort to accomplish a very arduous task, and at the end one was glad that no accident or serious shortcoming had occurred.

The audience applauded everything and seemed to feel obliged to ascribe everything that was unclearly done, or seemed unintelligible, to the depth of the Wagnerian school.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

The 23d concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place at Music Hall Saturday evening before an overflowing audience. The programme, made up entirely of Wagner excerpts, was as follows:

Overture to "Rienzi."
Prelude to Act III. Dance of Apprentices.
March of the Mastersingers, and Homage to Hans Sachs, from "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg."
Prelude and first scene from "Das Rheingold."
(The Rhine-daughters and Alberich.)
Woglinde.....Mrs. Felicia Kaschoska
Wellgunde.....Miss Arthur Nikisch
Floshilde.....Mrs. Louise Leimer
Alberich.....Mr. Heinrich Meyn
Siegfried Passing Through the Fire, from "Siegfried," Act III, Scene 2, and Morning Dawn, and Siegfried's Voyage Up the Rhine, from "Götterdämmerung," Prologue.
(Arranged by Hans Richter.)
Siegfried's Funeral March, from "Götterdämmerung," Act III, Scene 2.
Brünnhilde's Dying Speech Over Siegfried's Body, from "Götterdämmerung," Act III, Scene 3.
Brünnhilde, Miss Felicia Kaschoska.

The performance of the Rienzi overture was one of the most brilliant and effective renderings that the orchestra has presented for many a day. It was followed by a storm of applause upon the part of the audience. The selection from "The Mastersingers" was also admirably played and enthusiastically received by the audience.

As regards the other excerpts, much doubt can be expressed concerning their adaptability for concert purposes, for, when deprived of the necessary surroundings of the stage, display the wearisomeness that afflicts the listener when presented under the best advantages, is intensified, and, unless one be an unconquerable Wagnerite, it is a tedious task to sit through such a programme.

The work of the orchestra, generally speaking, was excellent. At times there was a lack of definition and proper balance and overmuch of noise, a violence that Wagner himself would not have tolerated. The vocalists cast to struggle against the tempestuous surging of the orchestra stood up to their work in a commendable manner. Of course they were obliged to yell and shout in order to be heard in their declamatory efforts, and there was little or no opportunity to display any singing ability, if they possessed it.

Miss Kaschoska has a fine voice and a manifest musical intelligence, but she was obliged to force her powers beyond their normal limit. The same can be said of the other singers who intelligently and forcibly accomplished their tasks. Next Saturday will be the last concert of this season's series, and the

last appearance in this city of the present incumbent of the conductor's position. The programme will be Symphony No. 1 in D major, Mozart; The Unfinished Symphony, Schubert, and Symphony No. 3, Beethoven.

Notes.

This evening at Chickering Hall Miss Adele Lewing will give a concert with the assistance of Mrs. Humphrey Allen, Miss Louise Rollwagen and Mr. Gardner Lamson. Miss Lewing is an artist of ample technique, and is possessed of the finest musical instincts. She will also appear as a composer on this occasion, both instrumental and vocal. With the assistance of the above capable vocalists, whose numbers will be wholly of Miss Lewing's composition, this concert will prove a very attractive affair.

An attractive performance this week will be the first appearance in America of Miss Fanny Richter the pianist. It will take place at Bumstead Hall, Wednesday afternoon, April 26, at 4 o'clock. Miss Richter will have the assistance of a full orchestra, and Mr. B. J. Lang will be the conductor. The programme will contain the Concerto No. 3 of Beethoven and Concerto No. 2 of Liszt, with "Polonaise" op. 53 and Nocturne op. 15, Chopin, also the "Legende" by Liszt. Tickets on sale at Music Hall.

WARREN DAVENPORT.

DEPARTURE OF MR. NIKISCH.

The *Traveller* stated April 8 that Mr. Nikisch would probably not complete this season's work by going West with the orchestra. It now seems that the *Traveller's* conclusions were right, for he is to go to Europe immediately, and Mr. Kneisel will assume the baton for the rest of the season that Nikisch has so summarily laid down. Well, the orchestra will be benefited by the change, and it would have been much more to its credit if Mr. Kneisel had been the conductor for the past four seasons. Mr. Higginson is fortunate in possessing such a capable candidate for the position as Mr. Kneisel, and it would not be a thing to be regretted by any means if Mr. Kneisel succeeded to the position of conductor permanently.

WARREN DAVENPORT.

THEATRES AND CONCERTS.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the twenty-third concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, was made up wholly of selections from the works of Richard Wagner, and was as follows:

Overture to "Rienzi."
Prelude to Act III, Dance of Apprentices, March of the Mastersingers and Homage to Hans Sachs, from "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg."
Prelude and First Scene from "Das Rheingold."
Woglinde: Miss Felicia Kaschoska.
Wellgunde: Mrs. Arthur Nikisch.
Floshilde: Miss Louise Leimer.
Alberich: Mr. Heinrich Meyn.
Siegfried passing through the Fire (from "Siegfried," Act III, Scene 2), Morning Dawn, and Siegfried's Voyage up the Rhine (from "Götterdämmerung," Prologue), arranged for concert performance by Hans Richter.
Siegfried's Funeral March, from "Götterdämmerung," Act III, Scene 2.
Brünnhilde's dying speech over Siegfried's body, from "Götterdämmerung," Act III, Scene 3.
Brünnhilde: Miss Felicia Kaschoska.

A memorable concert! In the "Rienzi" overture, Mr. Nikisch makes a little change, which, we believe, was first made in this country by Mr. Walter Damrosch in New York a year or two ago, substituting an inverted turn for the direct one in the first measure of the theme of Rienzi's prayer, in the slow introduction. About the authority for this change various stories are told, the best authenticated of which seems to be this: Hans Richter, looking over the score of "Rienzi" one day was struck with a certain resemblance between the beginning of Rienzi's prayer and the first few notes of the motive of "Siegfried and Brünnhilde's wedded love" in the prologue of "Götterdämmerung." The inverted turn is an integral and characteristic factor of the latter; and it occurred to Richter to substitute this inverted turn for the more usual direct one in the Rienzi theme. He accordingly proposed the change to Wagner, who expressed himself as much pleased with it. To us the change seems a not particularly happy one; what the phrase gains thereby in possible distinction it loses in suavity and naturalness. Indeed we think Wagner has seldom been wholly happy in remodelling his earlier works and making them up to date; there is a chasm between his first and third manners that cannot be bridged over, and his earlier works are best as he first conceived them. The performance of the overture was one of those new experiences that Mr. Nikisch gives one from time to time; in brilliancy and vigor of accent it was incomparable. The effect produced at the last return of the "Santo Spirito Cavaliere" theme in the coda was simply overwhelming. And somehow this pushing the frank, outspoken brilliancy of the music to the uttermost pitch, this vigorous playing it for all it is worth, seemed to eliminate much of its coarseness and triviality. For once the overture to "Rienzi" sounded thoroughly inspiring.

The excerpts from the "Meistersinger" are excellently well put together; only we would protest against that unnecessary little tag of somebody else's harmony at the end, which sounds strangely foreign and out of place. There is absolutely no reason why the thing should not end *pianissimo*, just as the prelude to the third act does. The piece was admirably played.

In his conducting the prelude to "Das Rheingold"—that seemingly endless billowing up and down on the chord of E-flat major—Mr. Nikisch showed how ever-increasing vitality of accent can relieve monotony and make it even exciting. The exquisite first scene between Alberich and the Rhine daughters suffered somewhat by the singing not being invariably in tune, although much of it was beautifully done. The orchestra did its part of the work admirably. What a wonderful scene it is! We know of nothing in this vein in which Wagner has shown himself more full of genius. It was, however, a by no means happy idea to end it, as was done on Saturday evening, with a gratuitous and dramatically inexplicable return to the exultant cry, "Rheingold! Rheingold!" of the three Rhine-daughters. Think of it for a moment: Alberich has run off with the Gold, the Rhine-daughters shriek "Woe! Woe!" in terrific diminished-seventh chords, and then, all of a sudden and with no assignable reason, fall into renewed raptures over the gold, just as if nothing had happened! The musical effect is as senseless as the dramatic incongruity. And it would have been so easy to let the orchestra go on with the transformation music, just as it is in the score, and end off majestically with the Valhalla-motive on the brass, taking the second ending in D-flat major!

A similar impression was made upon us by the ending tagged on by Hans Richter to his selections from "Siegfried" and "Götterdämmerung." In the original score, the closing selection—the orchestral interlude between the prologue and first act of "Götterdämmerung" ("Siegfried's Rheinfahrt")—gradually changes from the joyous, estatic character of the Rhine daughters' song to deeper and deeper mysteriousness, ending with as complete and well-prepared a closing cadence (on the first B-natural in the strings and kettledrums of the opening scene in the first act) as can be found in all Wagner. At worst, if this sudden appearance of the strings on a single note in unison, after the full chords on the bass trumpet, trombones, and bass tuba that lead up to it, seems a little sudden and unexplained, a full closing chord of B minor might well have been written out for the brass instruments. But, instead of this, Richter has stopped short at the entrance of the dark, mysterious themes in the interlude, and tagged on a few measures of the Valhalla-motive from "Das Rheingold." Now, ending the piece as it ends in the original score would not have displeased a living soul who did not know the music; whereas this interrupting Wagner's thought, and passing on to something utterly irrelevant, merely for the sake of ending off with a blaze, instead of *pianissimo*, does irritate those listeners who happen to know the music as it stands in the score. The selections were capitably played by the orchestra, the little scherzo on two of Siegfried's themes and Loge's "fire-motive" being given with a clearness and brilliancy that we have not heard before. The great funeral march—why is this movement called a "march," by the way?—was grandly given and made a most profound impression. A little care in expunging certain notes in the contrabass-tuba part, evidently written in for performances where the full force of brass indicated in the score was not

available, would have avoided at least one startling tuba effect; but the impressiveness of the performance was such as to make one overlook such details.

The great closing scene in "Götterdämmerung" was given with immense impressiveness, Miss Kaschoska singing the part of Brünnhilde with great dramatic power and sincerity of feeling. We cannot like Mr. Nikisch's holding back the tempo at Brünnhilde's last "Siegfried! Siegfried! Sieh! Selig grüßet dich dein Weib!" We far prefer Mr. Gericke's and Mme. Lilli Lehmann's way of ending with an impetuous rush. But this was the only flaw; singer and orchestra vied with one another in giving the grand music all its tragic majesty. The orchestral peroration on the three united themes—Valhalla-motive, Rhine-daughters' motive, and redemption-motive was played with a clearness and expressive power that left nothing to be desired.

In these selections from the "Nibelungen" dramas the orchestra was almost complete, the only instruments lacking to make up the full quota being a third oboe and clarinet, the eighth horn, and five more harps. The Bay reuth-tubas (of which the Boston Symphony Orchestra owns a set) could not be used, their place being taken by horns, and now and then a trombone or bass-tuba. Might it not be well, though, to keep our horn-players to some extent in practice on these beautiful instruments, to meet such emergencies? It would certainly be less of a task for good horn-players to get to feel at home on them than for a clarinetist to master the saxophone, and their quality of tone in the "Nibelungen" music would be very valuable.

The next programme is: Mozart, symphony in D major ("Parisian"); Schubert, unfinished symphony in B minor; Beethoven, symphony No. 3, in E flat major ("Eroica").

Wagner Heard at the Symphony.

A programme consisting exclusively of selections from the works of Richard Wagner was played by the Symphony orchestra last evening. The increased attendance at both afternoon rehearsal and evening concert and the cordial applause bestowed showed that the programme was very welcome to Symphony concert patrons.

The selections consisted of the overture to "Rienzi," prelude to act III of the "Master-singers," dance of apprentices, march of master-singers and homage to Hans Sachs from the same opera; prelude and first scene from "Das Rheingold," selections from the third act of "Siegfried," and the "Goetterdaemmerung" prologue, arranged by Hans Richter; Siegfried's funeral march from "Goetterdaemmerung" and Brünnhilde's dying speech over Siegfried's body, from the same opera.

The full resources of the orchestra were required for the interpretation of this programme, and the admirable manner in which every demand was met was most gratifying to the audience, and offered further evidence of the generally accepted fact that Boston has the finest symphony orchestra in the world.

The varied and highly colored harmonic effects of the brilliant overture were played with splendid spirit and expression, and the weird funeral march was given in a grandly impressive manner. The "Master-singers" numbers were also charmingly played.

Herr Richter's arrangement of the "Siegfried and Goetterdaemmerung" selections

is a most interesting and harmonious work, and a more effective interpretation than that given by Director Nikisch could not be readily imagined.

In interpreting the first scene from "Das Rheingold," the orchestra had the assistance of the following vocal soloists: Miss Felicia Kaschoska as Woglinde, Mrs. Arthur Nikisch as Wellgunde, Miss Louise Leimer as Flosshilde, Mr. Heinrich Meyn as Alberich.

They all sang with intelligence and good expression, and won hearty plaudits in spite of the fact that their voices were occasionally almost drowned by the tremendous volume of tone from the big orchestra.

Miss Felicia Kaschoska's singing of Brünnhilde's speech made a very favorable impression. The last of this season's symphony concerts will be given on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening of this week. The programme will be as follows: Mozart, symphony No. 1, in D major; Schubert, unfinished symphony; Beethoven, symphony No. 3, "Eroica."

THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

For the last but one of his concerts with the Boston Symphony orchestra, at Music Hall last evening, Conductor Arthur Nikisch presented a Wagner programme in which the assistance was had of Miss Felicia Kaschoska, Mrs. Arthur Nikisch, Miss Louise Leimer and Mr. Heinrich Meyn, as vocal soloists.

The selections made from the familiar concert repertoire of music drama arrangements were as follows: Overture to "Rienzi," in D major; prelude to act 3, dance of apprentices, march of the master-singers and homage to Hans Sachs, from "The Master-singers of Nuremberg"; prelude and first scene from "Das Rheingold"; Siegfried passing through the fire, from "Siegfried," act 3, scene 2, and morning dawn, and Siegfried's voyage up the Rhine, from "Goetterdaemmerung," prologue; Siegfried's funeral march, from "Goetterdaemmerung," act 3, scene 2, and Brünnhilde's dying speech over Siegfried's body, from "Goetterdaemmerung," act 3, scene 3.

The work of the orchestra was especially fine in the "Rienzi" overture, the performance of this number arousing the audience to a grand demonstration of its appreciation; and almost equally good results were given the scenes from "The Master-singers."

Few of the excerpts from the music dramas of this composer give so little satisfaction as the scene between the Rhine daughters and Alberich, and, apart from the stage settings, the almost meaningless declamations and outcries of the singers went for little. The thankless task put upon the four singers was duly accomplished with apparently about equal satisfaction both sides the stage line.

Miss Kaschoska was somewhat over-weighted by the vocal demands of the Brünnhilde declamatory number, but her delivery of its trying measure was characterized by excellent musical taste and intelligence.

The season and Mr. Nikisch's engagement ends with next Saturday's concert, when the programme will be made up of Mozart's symphony No. 1 in D major; Schubert's Unfinished Symphony, and Beethoven's symphony No. 3, "Eroica."

MUSIC. *Sarolta*

The Symphony Concert.

Last night's concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra was devoted wholly to Wagner. The programme was: Overture, "Rienzi;" Prelude to Act III of "The Mastersingers;" Prelude and first scene from "The Rheingold;" "Passing through the Fire," from "Siegfried," and "Morning Dawn and Siegfried's Voyage;" Siegfried's Funeral March, and Brünnhilde's Dying Speech, from "The Twilight of the Gods." In the Rheingold scene, the singers were Miss Felicia Kaschoska, Mrs. A. Nikisch, Miss Louise Leimer and Mr. H. Meyn. Brünnhilde's Lament was sung by Miss Kaschoska. It was a long and rather monotonous, not to say wearisome, programme. Again was it emphasized that Wagner's music needs the scenic surroundings and the stage action for which it was written, to make it effective in the hearing. The "Rienzi" overture was given with splendid brilliancy and vigor, and in its climax with immense effectiveness. It is in music of this operative nature that the conductor is always at home, and his reading of the overture was one of his genuine successes of the season. Both conductor and orchestra were at their very best through the concert. The singing in "The Rheingold" was not always as tuneful as it might have been, but it was never lacking in energy or clearness. The singers have little else to do than to shout. Style, color and expression were wholly out of the question. That is all in the orchestra, and if the singers make themselves heard, they do nearly all that is required of them. Miss Kaschoska has a large and admirable voice, and she sings with ease and fire. In the Brünnhilde scene she declaimed her music finely. We should like to hear her when she is called upon to do something more than scream, for she made it plain that she is an artist of excellent gifts. The audience was large and enthusiastic, but its warmest and most prolonged applause was called forth by the "Rienzi" overture. For the next and last concert of the season, the programme is: Symphony, No. 1, in D-minor, Mozart; unfinished Symphony, Schubert; "Eroica" Symphony, Beethoven.

CYNICISMS.

I have derived much amusement from various communications that have been made to the papers anent Mr. Nikisch's resignation as conductor of the Symphony concerts. These same communications are, as the rule, pervaded by a spirit of bitterness against those critics who have felt it a matter of duty to express themselves unfavorably toward what they considered censurable in the conductor's interpretations of certain great compositions, and who have not fallen into line with those who, through ignorance or amiability, have believed it incumbent on them to admire all that the conductor does. One of the most sapient of the correspondents who have tilted against the critics, has suggested that the concerts shall be conducted by them in rotation, by way of showing how much better or worse than Mr. Nikisch they could wield the baton. The inability of any of the critics to lead an orchestra would not in anywise evidence their incompetence as critics. If my tailor sends me home

a coat that is too tight under the arms, that sets awry, and is a bad fit generally, I object to his work, and refuse to accept the coat. If he should turn on me, object to my criticisms, and tell me to make a coat myself, in order to see how much better I can succeed than he had done, I should still remain unconvinced that the garment was satisfactory; should scoff at the test he suggests to me, and should inform him that, although I was not educated as a tailor, I am none the less able to tell whether my coat does or does not fit me properly. If my steak, or my chop, or my omelette is miserably cooked, I do not wish to be challenged by the cook, to whom I complain, to do my own cooking, for the purpose of showing how perfectly I can perform it. I do not feel that when I criticize the coat or the food, that I should be called upon to enter into competition with the tailor or the cook. On similar grounds, I fail to see why, when a critic objects to a misfit reading of Beethoven, or an overcooked version of Mozart, he should be asked ironically to show, baton, in hand, how those composers should be interpreted. Nor does it prove that the critic is not a true and a just critic, because he has not had practical experience as a conductor. Likewise, a conductor is not necessarily a good conductor because he is privileged to direct an orchestra. It is equally true that a critic is not necessarily an able and educated critic for no better reason than the right he enjoys to express his opinions in print. There are degrees in all things, even in the matter of conductors and critics. There are efficient and there are inefficient of both; but no critic can be deemed inefficient merely because he cannot lead an orchestra, any more than a conductor must be deemed efficient because some people think that his experienced censors are in error regarding their estimate of him. In this matter of criticism it appears to be the rule that favorable judgments are always right and unfavorable judgments are as always wrong. The musician, be he conductor or soloist, never questions the accuracy of the criticism that praises him, and always questions the truth and the honesty of the criticism that finds fault. A like order of things prevails with concert-goers in general. What they like is good, because they like it; and all criticism that is in conflict with their own is either prejudiced or incapable. The other day a music lover said to me: "Like X's criticisms. Six times out of ten they coincide with my own. He is rarely wrong." "Ah!" I replied, "he is only wrong four times out of ten; and he is wrong because it is his misfortune to fall in coinciding with you." Now it never occurred to this excellent person that the critic was possibly in the right, for he was experienced in his craft. Much more reasonable was the remark of another person, who said: "I suppose that the critics are correct; but I don't care for that. I go to a concert to be pleased, and if I am pleased it is enough for me. If I find no pleasure in the performances, it matters not to me how excellent they are. If I am gratified, I have no desire to criticize. I leave refinements of judgment to others. I am glad I am not a critic, for I am spared much discomfort, and can enjoy what makes them miserable." This at least is frank; it emphasizes the bliss of ignorance; that bliss, which possessed, makes wisdom a folly. But ignorance has its drawbacks, nevertheless, by comparison.

CHATTERER.

available, would have avoided at least one startling tuba effect; but the impressiveness of the performance was such as to make one overlook such details.

The great closing scene in "Götterdämmerung" was given with immense impressiveness, Miss Kaschoska singing the part of Brünnhilde with great dramatic power and sincerity of feeling. We cannot like Mr. Nikisch's holding back the tempo at Brünnhilde's last "Siegfried! Siegfried! Sieh! Selig grüsst dich dein Weib!" We far prefer Mr. Gericke's and Mme. Lilli Lehmann's way of ending with an impetuous rush. But this was the only flaw; singer and orchestra vied with one another in giving the grand music all its tragic majesty. The orchestral peroration on the three united themes—Valhalla-motive, Rhine-daughters'-motive, and redemption-motive was played with a clearness and expressive power that left nothing to be desired.

In these selections from the "Nibelungen" dramas the orchestra was almost complete, the only instruments lacking to make up the full quota being a third oboe and clarinet, the eighth horn, and five more harps. The Bay reuth-tubas (of which the Boston Symphony Orchestra owns a set) could not be used, their place being taken by horns, and now and then a trombone or bass-tuba. Might it not be well, though, to keep our horn-players to some extent in practice on these beautiful instruments, to meet such emergencies? It would certainly be less of a task for good horn-players to get to feel at home on them than for a clarinetist to master the saxophone, and their quality of tone in the "Nibelungen" music would be very valuable.

The next programme is: Mozart, symphony in D major ("Parisian"); Schubert, unfinished symphony in B minor; Beethoven, symphony No. 3, in E-flat major ("Eroica").

Wagner Heard at the Symphony.

A programme consisting exclusively of selections from the works of Richard Wagner was played by the Symphony orchestra last evening. The increased attendance at both afternoon rehearsal and evening concert and the cordial applause bestowed showed that the programme was very welcome to Symphony concert patrons.

The selections consisted of the overture to "Rienzi," prelude to act III of the "Master-singers," dance of apprentices, march of master singers and homage to Hans Sachs from the same opera; prelude and first scene from "Das Rheingold," selections from the third act of "Siegfried," and the "Goetterdaemmerung" prologue, arranged by Hans Richter; Siegfried's funeral march from "Goetterdaemmerung" and Brünnhilde's dying speech over Siegfried's body, from the same opera.

The full resources of the orchestra were required for the interpretation of this programme, and the admirable manner in which every demand was met was most gratifying to the audience, and offered further evidence of the generally accepted fact that Boston has the finest symphony orchestra in the world.

The varied and highly colored harmonic effects of the brilliant overture were played with splendid spirit and expression, and the weird funeral march was given in a grandly impressive manner. The "Master-singers" numbers were also charmingly played.

Herr Richter's arrangement of the "Siegfried and Goetterdaemmerung" selections

is a most interesting and harmonious work, and a more effective interpretation than that given by Director Nikisch could not be readily imagined.

In interpreting the first scene from "Das Rheingold," the orchestra had the assistance of the following vocal soloists: Miss Felicia Kaschoska as Woglinde, Mrs. Arthur Nikisch as Wellgunde, Miss Louise Leimer as Flosshilde, Mr. Heinrich Meyn as Alberich.

They all sang with intelligence and good expression, and won hearty plaudits in spite of the fact that their voices were occasionally almost drowned by the tremendous volume of tone from the big orchestra. Miss Felicia Kaschoska's singing of Brünnhilde's speech made a very favorable impression.

The last of this season's symphony concerts will be given on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening of this week. The programme will be as follows: Mozart, symphony No. 1, in D major; Schubert, unfinished symphony; Beethoven, symphony No. 3, "Eroica."

THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

For the last but one of his concerts with the Boston Symphony orchestra, at Music Hall last evening, Conductor Arthur Nikisch presented a Wagner programme in which the assistance was had of Miss Felicia Kaschoska, Mrs. Arthur Nikisch, Miss Louise Leimer and Mr. Heinrich Meyn, as vocal soloists.

The selections made from the familiar concert repertoire of music drama arrangements were as follows: Overture to "Rienzi," in D major; prelude to act 3, dance of apprentices, march of the master singers and homage to Hans Sachs, from "The Master-singers of Nuernberg"; prelude and first scene from "Das Rheingold"; Siegfried passing through the fire, from "Siegfried," act 3, scene 2, and morning dawn, and Siegfried's voyage up the Rhine, from "Goetterdaemmerung," prologue; Siegfried's funeral march, from "Goetterdaemmerung," act 3, scene 2, and Brünnhilde's dying speech over Siegfried's body, from "Goetterdaemmerung," act 3, scene 3.

The work of the orchestra was especially fine in the "Rienzi" overture, the performance of this number arousing the audience to a grand demonstration of its appreciation; and almost equally good results were given the scenes from "The Master-singers."

Few of the excerpts from the music dramas of this composer give so little satisfaction as the scene between the Rhine daughters and Alberich, and, apart from the stage settings, the almost meaningless declamations and outcries of the singers went for little. The thankless task put upon the four singers was duly accomplished with apparently about equal satisfaction both sides the stage line.

Miss Kaschoska was somewhat overweighted by the vocal demands of the Brünnhilde declamatory number, but her delivery of its trying measure was characterized by excellent musical taste and intelligence.

The season and Mr. Nikisch's engagement ends with next Saturday's concert, when the programme will be made up of Mozart's symphony No. 1 in D major; Schubert's Unfinished Symphony, and Beethoven's symphony No. 3, "Eroica."

MUSIC. *Sarelle*

The Symphony Concert.

Last night's concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra was devoted wholly to Wagner. The programme was: Overture, "Rienzi;" Prelude to Act III of "The Mastersingers;" Prelude and first scene from "The Rheingold;" "Passing through the Fire," from "Siegfried," and "Morning Dawn and Siegfried's Voyage;" Siegfried's Funeral March, and Brünnhilde's Dying Speech, from "The Twilight of the Gods." In the Rheingold scene, the singers were Miss Felicia Kaschoska, Mrs. A. Nickish, Miss Louise Leimer and Mr. H. Meyn. Brünnhilde's Lament was sung by Miss Kaschoska. It was a long and rather monotonous, not to say wearisome, programme. Again was it emphasized that Wagner's music needs the scenic surroundings and the stage action for which it was written, to make it effective in the hearing. The "Rienzi" overture was given with splendid brilliancy and vigor, and in its climax with immense effectiveness. It is in music of this operatic nature that the conductor is always at home, and his reading of the overture was one of his genuine successes of the season. Both conductor and orchestra were at their very best through the concert. The singing in "The Rheingold" was not always as tuneful as it might have been, but it was never lacking in energy or clearness. The singers have little else to do than to shout. Style, color and expression were wholly out of the question. That is all in the orchestra, and if the singers make themselves heard, they do nearly all that is required of them. Miss Kaschoska has a large and admirable voice, and she sings with ease and fire. In the Brünnhilde scene she declaimed her music finely. We should like to hear her when she is called upon to do something more than scream, for she made it plain that she is an artist of excellent gifts. The audience was large and enthusiastic, but its warmest and most prolonged applause was called forth by the "Rienzi" overture. For the next and last concert of the season, the programme is: Symphony, No. 1, in D-minor, Mozart; unfinished Symphony, Schubert; "Eroica" Symphony, Beethoven.

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CHATTERER.

NIKISCH'S SUCCESSOR.

Efforts Still Being Made to Secure the Release of Hans Richter.

A story current that Mr. Higginson of the Symphony Orchestra had sent a special envoy to Vienna to use his influence in obtaining Richter's release from the Emperor has but slender foundation. No person has been delegated for this special purpose, and the story no doubt arose from the fact that every time one of Mr. Higginson's personal friends leaves the country for a season abroad he has, and will from this time on, urge upon all such the necessity of making every effort, through Gericke and Jaher, in a sense rivals of Richter, to induce the royal favor to recognize Richter's desire to come to Boston.

Besides any advantage that might accrue to Gericke, in the event of Richter's being finally enabled to come here, there is no doubt that the warm spot he cherishes for Mr. Higginson and the orchestra would make him more than usually zealous in using his influence.

As for anybody's being sent from here on any special mission, that is not true any further than that all Mr. Higginson's friends, and he has an especially large and valuable acquaintance in Vienna, are making every effort possible to bring about the result desired.

More than one straw indicates that Mr. Nikisch and his late patron have parted on none of the best terms, and the story of the inside of the conductor's resignation, followed by his blank refusal to go upon the Western tour, may be traced more or less directly to Nikisch's intention of squeezing Mr. Higginson more than the latter would stand for the ex-conductor's services.

The orchestra is obliged to make some considerable sacrifices on account of the ex-conductor's sudden determination not to undertake the Western trip. The members were to start last evening for Canada on their way to the West, but it has been determined to have two rehearsals under Franz Kneisel, who will conduct on the Western tour, before leaving. Accordingly two dates have been cancelled in Canada.

The orchestra will play practically the same programme at all the cities on the coming tour. So that the sacrifices are twofold, pecuniary and artistic, though as to the latter it has been thought better for the reputation of the orchestra to confine itself to a limited programme rather than undertake anything that with inadequate preparation might prove disastrous.

CYNICISMS.

Mr. Otto Floersheim will be remembered in musical circles here, as a person who succeeded in having some compositions, to which he appended his name as composer and arranger, performed at our Symphony Concerts. Mr. Floersheim was formerly one of the editors of the *Musical Courier* of New York. For some reason or other, he ceased to occupy that position, and took up his permanent abode in Berlin, whence he writes letters to that periodical. In these letters he makes severe remarks about the music critics of this city. It is evident that he cherishes a deep-founded animosity toward them. It is not easy to blame him for that. It can hardly be expected that a man shall untate the dog, and lick the hand that chastises it. Mr. Floersheim has not yet forgotten the dreadful flaying to which the Boston critics subjected him when they exposed the hollowness of his claims to be considered a composer; when they showed, on convincing evidence, that even the instrumentation of his alleged compositions was not his own. In fact, the phenomenally pachydermatous hide of the soi-disant musician, thick as it is, was not proof against the stings of the lashings it received, and he has not yet ceased to rub his back in order to sooth the pain of his Boston castigation. A professional humbug, in common with a professional disciple of Ananias, has a very difficult road to travel; and even at the height of his success, his feeling of triumph must always be tempered by the constantly present fear that he may be found out; hence, he becomes to some extent an object of sympathy. When he is found out, he will, if he be wise, retire from the public eye; or, at least, refrain from showing that he is piqued by his unmasking. To snarl at those who have exposed him may be a very good way of manifesting his resentment; but it is no evidence of the falsehood of the charges that have been brought against him. If, instead of making faces from across the Atlantic at his Boston censors, Mr. Floersheim were to give them convincing testimony that he is the composer he pretends to be; that he is under no necessity to call on other musicians to arrange for the orchestra, what still other musicians have written or licked into shape for him, he would go far toward removing the doubts that exist here regarding his musical capacity, and would deal a far heavier blow at his detractors than he is likely to give by misrepresenting them. In his latest communication from Berlin he accuses the Boston critics of driving Mr. Gericke away. Now, it is thoroughly well known that Mr. Gericke went away because of ill-health caused by nervous prostration. He needed rest, and if he could have made an arrangement to return after the lapse of a year, he would have done so. The music critics of this city made it impossible for any more of Mr. Floersheim's alleged compositions to be performed here, but they had nothing whatever to do with Mr. Gericke's departure at the close of his five years' contract. Mr. Floersheim also charges that Mr. Nikisch has been driven from Boston by these same critics; whereas, the truth is, that if Mr. N. could have made another engagement for five years, he would have remained, willingly. On his own statement, he was never troubled by the censures of his critics here, because he never read them; and though it is but natural that Mr. Floersheim should be deeply grateful that music, to which he appended his name as composer, was performed by Mr. Nikisch, that is no reason for persistently reiterating falsehoods, or for placing a higher value on the talents of Mr. Nikisch than they are worth.

CHATTERER.

WHO WILL LEAD?

New Conductor of Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Will He Be Weingartner, Mottl or Another?

Notes and Gossip Concerning Three Celebrities.

The question, "Who will be the successor of Mr. Nikisch?" seems to be still unanswered.

Mr. Richter must obey his Emperor. It is hard to believe the report that "Richter is a painfully lazy man, with no interest whatever in what is going on in the musical world."

It is possible, however, that he dreads the travel to which the leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra is subjected by his contract.

Even Mr. Nikisch, a young and presumably spry man, shudders at the thought of another visit to Chicago, and, therefore, does not hesitate to leave his employer in the lurch.

Or, perhaps, Mr. Nikisch is pricked by keen desire to touch once more the soil of his loved



PAUL FELIX WEINGARTNER.

fatherland; and he cannot endure the thought of patriotism checked by a mere commercial detail.

There is natural public curiosity concerning the successor.

In certain quarters this curiosity is condemned.

It is said, and by those high in authority, that the whole affair is a private enterprise, and therefore the curiosity of the public is impertinent.

Now the Boston Symphony Orchestra is not an institution of eleemosynary relief.

It is true that one man had the courage and the financial resources to found the institution.

At present these concerts are supported in great part by the people who bid eagerly for seats at the yearly auction sale.

Speculators in tickets have shown a praiseworthy desire to put music on a higher plane.

Lovers of music who cannot spare the money for a seat are nevertheless admitted to Music Hall.

They are allowed a certain amount of standing room, and the softer sex is given the use of platform steps.

Surely is public curiosity legitimate when it revolves about a public thing.

If this orchestra were retained solely for the purpose of enlivening conversation in a private house—and such concerts were given this season in certain parlors in New York—then public curiosity might be regarded with reason as out of place.

Now that the arrival of Mr. Richter seems unlikely other names are mentioned, and there are rumors of offers made, digested, refused, or accepted.

The name of Weingartner, for instance, has been urged on the public attention.

And who is Weingartner?

Paul Felix Weingartner was born June 2, 1863, in Zara, Dalmatia. His father died when he was young, and the family then moved to Graz. Felix entered the gymnasium, studied music with his mother, and then became a pupil of Wilhelm Meyer. He wrote piano pieces, which were published in 1880 by Schuberth of Hamburg. Aided with a city scholarship, Weingartner, in 1881, entered the Leipsic Conservatory. He also studied philosophy at the university. In 1882 he met Liszt, who became warmly interested in him. He left Leipsic in 1883 with the "Mozart prize," and then wrote the text and music of an opera, "Sakuntala," which was first produced March 20, 1884, at Weimar, under Lassen's direction. In 1884 Weingartner appeared as an orchestral conductor in Königsberg; he then went to Dantzig, where he finished the text and music of an opera, "Malawika," produced under his direction at Munich, June 2, 1886. He was conductor at the Hamburg Stadt Theatre in 1887; in 1889 he was called to Mannheim; he was at the Frankfurt Opera House from June until September, 1890. In 1891 he was called to the opera house at Berlin and began there May 22. The performances, under his direction, of "Lohengrin," "Barber of Seville," "Carmen," "Don Giovanni," "Figaro" and "Fidelio" were highly praised, and as conductor at the Symphony concerts he won distinction by his reading of the Fantastic Symphony by Berlioz, Mozart's G minor symphony and Beethoven's seventh symphony.

But his popularity was suddenly destroyed, at least for a time, by his extraordinary conduct after the failure of his opera "Genesis," first produced at Berlin, Nov. 15, 1892. The criticisms were severe. The opera was withdrawn after the second performance, which was given to an almost empty house. Mr. Weingartner then appeared in print with a letter "To whom it may concern." In it he called the public of Berlin frivolous and unable to judge of such an earnest work as "Genesis." Weingartner in his letter said that at the repetition of his opera "an empty house yawned



LOZE-HENGRIEN AT THE OPERA.
Caricature by Blass in the Pilori, Sept. 27, 1891.

at him;" whereupon the Boersen Courier remarked "Weingartner was in luck, for if the house had been well filled, a full house would have yawned at him." It was rumored that Weingartner asked Count Hochberg to relieve him of his contract as conductor. The position of first conductor at the Frankfurt Opera House was offered to him, but after a vacation trip to Italy he again appeared in Berlin, clothed and apparently in his right mind.

There are conflicting rumors now concerning Weingartner's plans. A new orchestral society at Glasgow is said to have tempted him. Weingartner has a three-year contract with the Berlin Opera House, and the Intendant made him lately a flattering offer for a life-long engagement. It was generally understood that Weingartner accepted this last offer, but Mr. Otto Floersheim, in a letter (April 4) from Berlin to the Musical Courier, makes the following statement:

"To-day the telegraph, to the great consternation of everybody, brings the news that Weingartner has signed with the Munich Royal Opera House, of which Possart now is the intendant, and that from April 1, 1896, when his Berlin contract will expire, he is to become the successor to General Director Hermann Levi, who by that time will probably retire from active service. Whether or not this officially published telegram tells the truth I cannot at this moment verify, but I hardly doubt its authenticity."

Mr. Floersheim writes as follows concerning the possibility of Weingartner's appearance here:

"Meanwhile, I learn that Col. Higginson has also been after that much sought after young man, and that very tempting financial offers have been made him if he wants to be the immediate successor to Arthur Nikisch, Esq. Of this, however, there could be as little question as of the acceptance of the Glasgow engagement, as Weingartner is still bound for three years by contract to the Royal Opera House. I do not think that Col. Higginson is exactly the man to be a party to a breach of contract, even if Weingartner for the sake of the almighty dollar had been willing to break his Berlin engagement, a fact which I very much doubt, however."

There is no doubt, however, of this: that Weingartner has regained his popularity in Berlin, so far as the public at large is concerned, although there are excellent musicians

who protest against the occasional musical eccentricities of this restless, nervous man. Weingartner was married Nov. 5, 1891, to Miss Juillerat-Chasseur, a woman of French Switzerland, whom he met in Mannheim. He has written the operas above mentioned, songs and a suite, dedicated to von Buelow, for string orchestra.

Felix Mottl has been named as the possible successor of Mr. Nikisch, and it is now stated that he has received a definite offer.

Mottl enjoys fame as a conductor of opera, and as an authority on the subject of Wagner he is known throughout Europe.

But he is not considered a great or distinguished leader of symphony concerts.

His appearance in Berlin as a temporary conductor of the Philharmonic concert was a distinct and acknowledged failure.

He directed the sixth subscription concert the ninth of last January, and such was his reception by public and press that he was reluc-



THE NEW SIEGE OF PARIS IN 1891.
(An unpublished sketch by Moloch.)

tant to appear at the ninth concert; he conducted, however, but he did not redeem himself, if the reports of that performance are worthy of belief.

It is possible that his physical condition had much to do with this fiasco. There was a report not long ago that overwork had affected his mind, and that he only found relief by a sojourn in an asylum.

He was able to marry, however, and Dec. 17, 1891, he wedded Henriette Standhartner, an opera singer. The wedding was at Vienna; the witnesses were Hans Richter and the baritone, Reichmann; Siegfried Wagner is said to have been present.

There was talk at the time of Richter's retirement from the Vienna Opera House and Mottl's succession. It was only talk, and Mottl returned to Carlsruhe.

Mottl is at least a man of catholic taste, and he has offered the hospitality of his opera house to such French composers as Berlioz and Chabrier.

It is a singular commentary on the condition of music in Boston that the name of Lamoureux, one of the most distinguished conductors in Europe, has not been seriously considered.

Charles Lamoureux was born at Bordeaux, September 28, 1834. He entered the Paris Conservatory in 1850 and studied the violin under Girard. In 1854 he took the first prize for violin playing. He studied composition with Tolbecque, Leborne and Chauvet. He then taught, and he founded a string quartette. A member of the Conservatory orchestra, he became its second conductor. Having traveled extensively in Germany and England, Lamoureux became acquainted with choral works of great proportions, and in 1873, unaided, and at his own expense, he founded a society called the "Harmonie Sacrée." Under his direction "The Messiah" was given for the first time in France, Dec. 19, 1873. Other works given were Bach's "Passion according to Matthew; Handel's "Judas Maccabeus;" Gounod's "Gallia" and Massenet's "Eve."

Here Lamoureux first showed the qualities that distinguished his leadership: "Scrupulously careful in detail; patient in the preparation; knowledge and musical feeling combined, and to a rare degree; precision and authority joined to enthusiasm; control over men and the ability to communicate personal emotion to others."

In 1875 Lamoureux was conductor of the great Festival at Rouen in honor of Boieldieu. In 1876 Carvalho made him conductor at the Opera Comique. In 1877 he succeeded Deldevez as first conductor at the Paris Opera. He resigned this position Dec. 21, 1879, on account of a dispute with Vaucorbeil, the director, concerning the tempo of a movement in "Don Giovanni." He founded, Oct. 23, 1881, the Nouveaux Concerts, which under his leadership are a musical feature not only of Paris, but of Europe. He was the first to introduce Brahms's sextets into France. At the head of the Wagnerian movement in France he gave the first performance of "Lohengrin" in France May 3, 1887, at the Eden Theatre. He also was conductor at the performance of "Lohengrin" in September, 1891, at the Paris Opera.

The programmes of the concerts given by Lamoureux this season included works by Brahms, Wagner, Bruch, Dvorak, Grieg, Tchaikovsky, Schumann, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Weber, Liszt, Rubinstein, Ewstafield, Berlioz, Massenet, Bizet, Saint-Saens, Boelmann, Vincent d'Indy, Chabrier, Charpentier and Chevillard.

It is true that the names of Boelman and Chevillard are unknown outside of France.

It is also true that Lamoureux passed over the compositions of Humperdink, Riemschneider and P. Scharwenka.

PHILIP HALE.

WHY NIKISCH GOES.

The Director Himself Tells One Story and Rumor Tells Another.

It has been currently reported that the resignation of Director Nikisch of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was a hasty act, and that he repents having accepted the offer of the Opera House in Buda Pesth. The story is thus told:

When Mr. Nikisch received the offer from Buda Pesth he went to see Mr. Higginson, the patron of the symphony concerts. He told him of the offer, and said that if a five years' contract were given him he would remain here. Incidentally it may be remarked that Mr. Nikisch is said to get a salary of \$9000 a season here, while the Buda Pesth position is worth about \$4500. The low cost of living, however, and the many professional advantages easily consume the difference. Mr. Higginson said that

he would consider the matter, whereupon Mr. Nikisch acted as if he were insulted, expressing his opinions not mildly, and, to cap it all, he immediately cabled his acceptance to the Hungarian house. It is this action which, it is said, he repents. Subsequently, when the arrangements for the Western trip were being made, he requested extra remuneration. It was refused him, and this, rumor has it, is why the director of the Symphony Orchestra will not accompany it to Chicago.

A Journal reporter interviewed Mr. Nikisch yesterday afternoon, and the director said: "The only reason why I am not going West with the orchestra is that my health is not good. I am completely exhausted. That is really the reason. I intend to go abroad in a week or two. I will go first to Buda Pesth, and then take a rest at some place in the mountains."

FRANZ KNEISEL.

A Worthy Successor to Conductor Nikisch—Ambitious, Able and a Boston Favorite.

Franz Kneisel as Nikisch's successor. That is what musical Boston is talking about today. The Chicago trip was, to some extent at least, a test, and he has been successful.

He has shown ability to direct, and that was all that was needed, as his qualifications in all other ways are well known. He is a thorough musician, young, ambitious and painstaking in his work.

One by one the foreign conductors of note have been considered and, for one reason or another, have been given up. Now Mr. Higginson begins to look around at home, and the first man his eyes light upon is the ambitious and able young first violinist of the orchestra.

Prof. Louis C. Elson said yesterday regarding the appointment of Mr. Kneisel:—

"While Mr. Kneisel may not sail on the same level with the great European conductors like Richter, he is nevertheless a safe man for the position and would at least keep the orchestra from deteriorating. If the suitable man in Europe cannot be obtained, Mr. Kneisel is the person here to look to."

"As it is, the great conductors abroad are few in number and some of them are not available."

"Mr. Kneisel has had more experience in leading the Symphony Orchestra than people usually give him credit for. Under Mr. Gericke he very frequently had it in neighboring towns, and now has more preparation for the task than Mr. Henschel had when he took charge of it."

"Mr. Kneisel would be a very conservative conductor. His study has been largely in the classical vein, but his half a dozen seasons' experience with two conductors of different ideas of music has given him a varied knowledge."

"But his programmes would probably be after the Gericke pattern."

"I think that Mr. Kneisel would be a careful drill-master. His solo work on the violin may be taken as a type of what his orchestral work would be; that is, without a flaw or a blemish, but, on the whole, not more exciting than that of Mr. Gericke. Under Mr. Kneisel, Mr. Loeffler could readily become the concert master of the orchestra."

WHY NOT KNEISEL?

The decision of Hans Richter that he cannot leave Vienna to assume the directorship of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, is greatly regretted by all lovers of music. It seems to be a final refusal, however, and there seems to be nothing for the management to do but choose somebody else.

A keen-witted Massachusetts editor remarked the other day that it seemed a pity if a conductor could not be found at home. It is stated this morning that the position has been offered to Felix Weingartner, the leading opera and concert conductor of Berlin. The Richter incident, however, indicates that another disappointment may result, for Berlin may be as selfish as Vienna. The suggestion that we look at home is therefore a sensible one.

Looking at home is equivalent to looking at one man. That man is Franz Kneisel, already a member of the orchestra and its concert-master. Every attendant at the Symphony concerts is acquainted with his extraordinary attainments as a musician. The Kneisel Quartet is a splendid evidence of his genius in the field of chamber music. Those who have seen him act as a substitute conductor at the Symphony are loud in their praise of his work. It is stated that the playing of the orchestra under his baton instantly recalls performances when directed by Gericke.

We believe the suggestion of Kneisel's name will be sufficient to secure its advocacy by many cultured musicians. Boston has produced many great artists, why should she not be the field of a great musical conductor's initial triumphs?

Journal **MUSICAL MATTERS.** *Apr 28 93*
Mr. Arthur Nikisch's Abrupt Resignation—The Opera.

Mr. Arthur Nikisch will appear as conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra for the last time tomorrow evening, although the season covered by his contract with Mr. Higginson does not end until May 20. It was understood that Mr. Nikisch would accompany the orchestra on its western tour beginning next Monday, and he had made the programmes to be given in the different cities.

By the terms of his contract Mr. Nikisch had the right, under certain conditions, to terminate his engagement at any time. Within a few days he gave notice that he would not make the western tour, giving as his reason fear of sickness. He made a proposition, however, that under certain conditions he would finish the season. These conditions were inadmissible and were declined.

It is probable that the remaining concerts will be conducted by Concertmaster Kneisel.

ARTHUR NIKISCH.

He Chats About His Life in This Country.

His Opinions About Boston's Musical Tastes—American Development in the Arts—Independent Judgment a National Trait—His Acquaintances Have Been Most Enjoyable.

To obtain an interview with a busy man like Arthur Nikisch, and to do this in the last week of the famous capelmeister's presence in Boston, demanded no small amount of strategy; yet a HERALD man proved equal to the occasion, and was rewarded for his persistence with a delightful conversation, in the course of which Mr. Nikisch talked freely of his musical and social experiences in the United States. Since coming to this country, nearly four years ago, he has acquired remarkable



MR. ARTHUR NIKISCH.

fluency in the use of English, and his occasional interjection of a German word when he wishes to be unusually precise serves but to increase one's surprise at his proficiency in what is to him a wholly foreign language. To say that the interview was quite offhand, with no fore-knowledge of the questions that were to be put to him, is only doing justice to the conductor.

Mr. Nikisch, having been caught at Music Hall in a pause between rehearsals, was first led to speak of his musical experiences in this country, and to compare them with his recollections of Europe. "It is usually supposed," said he, "that the European public, through familiarity with concerts of all kinds for more than a century, possess a higher critical faculty than is possible to Americans, however sympathetic. But this idea is not at all borne out by my own observations in musical countries like Ger-

many and Austria. It is true that Americans have not enjoyed the same musical opportunities as Europeans, but if I were to be asked to award the palm for genuine power of appreciation and critical judgment I should not hesitate—notwithstanding the drawback to which I have referred—to share it equally with the people of this country and of Europe. It is sometimes said that the European cities have more concerts provided for them than cities of like size in the United States, but

This Again Is an Error.

Take the case of Vienna, which, with its suburbs, is a city of over a million and a half of inhabitants. Well, that important centre has only eight symphony concerts and six or eight choral concerts in the course of a year. That is very small, indeed, when you compare it with Boston, a city which, though it has only 500,000 inhabitants, is able to support annually not only 48 symphony concerts, but many miscellaneous concerts beside. This shows that, in American cities like Boston, a musical need exists which must be supplied. Of course there are people who will tell you that people go to your concerts because they want to be in the fashion—because they want to be seen where Mr. So-and-So and Mrs. So-and-So are in the habit of appearing. But this is a very superficial explanation of the big concert audiences. That the people like the music they go to hear is self-evident, and I tell you as a musician that listening to and following classical music is no child's play. It is the last material in the world which anybody would choose pour passer le temps. You can't get people to sit it through merely that they may elbow some local leader of fashion and be counted 'in the swim.' It requires not only an educated ear, but the most sustained attention; and the way these audiences behave during a concert shows that they are following the music with critical intelligence and sympathy. A few may indeed go without either desire or capacity to appreciate what is provided for them, but these are in such a small minority, as compared with the great bulk of the audiences, that they may be left out of account. The very eagerness of the people to get tickets—shown by the way in which they will wait for hours, if need be, for the privilege of purchasing a ticket—is itself sufficient to prove that mental appetite for good music, if it may be so called, lies at the bottom of the popular rush to these great musical entertainments.

"It is said again," said Mr. Nikisch, "that the Americans brought their musical tastes with them from the other side of the Atlantic, and that a large proportion of concertgoers are in fact music loving foreigners. I dispute both these positions. It is true that native Americans brought a good many things over with them when they founded this republic, but they could not bring a musical taste, which had not then been developed. All the great

Conservatories of Europe.

except those of Vienna and Leipzig, are not more than from 15 to 20 years old. Even the Vienna conservatory, the oldest of the number, has this year celebrated its 50th anniversary. So that musical development in Europe is a very recent affair, and people who emigrated to this country more than 50 or 60 years ago could not have brought with them any of the musical culture and capacity which they have since displayed. We must, therefore, treat America, in musical matters, as a young community which has educated itself in a large measure independently of Europe."

Here Mr. Nikisch was asked as to the relative capacity of Europeans and Ameri-

cans for appreciating the musical structure of difficult compositions, and the question opened up a phase of the subject in which he has always been deeply interested. "It struck me as something remarkable," said he, "that compositions which are not very easy to grasp, by reason of their complexity, were always appreciated more quickly here than on the other side of the water. I have observed this especially in the case of the symphonies of Brahms. They are compositions of complex character, and I made it an especial point to bring them out with the utmost clearness, so that it might be easy to understand them. They were quickly grasped and followed with delight by your American audiences. A few years ago, while summering in Europe, I met Brahms and told him what an immense success with the public his first symphony had had in Boston. He was quite surprised to hear it—pleased as well as surprised—and remarked: 'I regard what you tell me as marvellous, for last year the same symphony was played here in Vienna, where I have so many personal friends, and where I have lived so many years; yet there were not more than a score of people in the hall. Of course,' he added, 'the performance was not very good.'

"Another thing," said the speaker, "which confirms me in the high estimate I place upon musical taste here, is the way in which Boston judges for itself in musical matters. Some time ago a company of artists or singers came over here with quite a European reputation. They were heralded loudly and advertised in the most lavish manner, yet when they got here they had no success at all."

The Boston People

simply found out that they were not what they had been announced to be. That showed critical taste and power of independent judgment. In addition to this, the Boston people, and Americans generally, as I have noticed in my tour through the country, are remarkably wide in their musical tastes. I have seen the same audiences on one night applaud the modern

music of Wagner and Liszt, and on the next enjoy just as heartily the compositions of Mozart, Haydn, Schubert and Beethoven. I noted during my journeys in the United States that in the smaller centres of population modern music, like that of Wagner, always makes the greatest hit. There is a reason for this. When people, after being absorbed in business cares all the day, go rather late in the evening to a concert, the exciting and intense music of Wagner stirs them up, while the older classical music needs a more contemplative frame of mind to do it justice. At the same time these smaller towns and cities which like Wagner so well are also capable of the greatest enthusiasm for the performances of the classical school. I cannot say that there was any marked difference in the attitude of my audiences in various parts of the country. In some places there was a little less enthusiasm, in others a little more. But altogether my trip was very pleasant and gratifying. During the last four years I and Mrs. Nikisch have met a great many very pleasant and very kind people, and we shall always look back with the greatest pleasure upon our experiences while in America. Mrs. Nikisch herself never supposed that in so short a time she could come into such delightful, friendly relationships with so many charming people. Our experiences have proved to us that Americans are a most hospitable people. We were treated everywhere with the greatest courtesy, and with a heartiness which captivated us. Our own people at home, the Austrians and Hungarians, are also very hospitable and kind-hearted, but we lived some time in northern Germany, where the manners of the people

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cold and stiff, and after our experiences with them, our reception in America was to us most surprising and pleasing in its character. Boston is, perhaps, a shade cooler than New York or Philadelphia, but when you get accustomed to this you feel how hearty, enthusiastic and appreciative the people are. In a city like Boston you know that you are playing for a musical people, and a little more or less handclapping makes no difference so far as encouragement is concerned. It has been enough for me to see the crowd at the doors eager to get in to know that the public liked it. If they hadn't liked it they wouldn't have come." The next subject broached bore on Mr. Nikisch's

Observations, as a European.
regarding American customs and social life generally in the United States. The conductor does not at all assent to the idea that the American has no time for anything except making money. He has noticed that, instead of being wholly absorbed in business, Americans give a remarkably large part of their leisure to art, science, music and educational work, much of it altogether unremunerative. "One thing," said he, "struck me especially and it is that rich people here do not end their lives in laziness. In the old country when a man has acquired a competence he goes out of his business and lives a life of leisure for the rest of his days. Here men do not cease work when they become millionaires; they consider it a duty to continue active until physically incapacitated. When a Frenchman, for example, has saved £20,000, or thereabouts, he goes out of business and takes it easy; when an American gets rich, he regards it as a duty to go on working just as long as he remains strong and healthy. I regard this as a great virtue, and not at all as a thing to be condemned. People who leave off active life in the European manner become weakened in both their physical and mental powers."

"I have noticed another fact of your social condition," Mr. Nikisch went on to say, "and that is that there is much less poverty among you than there is in Europe. This strikes a foreigner the moment he reaches your shores, and it is particularly evident in your large cities. Your institutions in the new world seem to rest on a much more solid foundation than do ours in the old. The average people of this country are much better off than the common people of Europe. I was much surprised at the number of people in this country who possess property. This state of well being, which prevails all through the United States, as I have had occasion to observe, is an element of great importance in the creation and maintenance of musical taste. All moderately well to do people in this country can afford to attend concerts and thus encourage musical enterprise. On the other side, the cultivation and satisfaction of musical tastes is enormously expensive. In the Leipzig Gewandhaus, for example, it costs 3 marks to get even standing room at a concert, while the lowest price for a seat is 5 marks. Now when you bear in mind that 3 marks is practically \$3 of American money, and that a Leipzig laborer earns on an average no more than 50 marks a month, you will understand how impossible it is for the working people of Germany to attend these expensive concerts."

Here Mr. Nikisch spoke of the comparative position of women in American and in European society. "On the average," said he, "I have found

More Cultivated Women
in the United States than in Europe. I mean by 'cultivated' those women with

whom it is easier to talk on serious subjects. Of course, there are exceptions. There are undoubtedly many highly cultivated women who pursue serious studies in all the principal countries of Europe, but, as an observer, I should say that the women whom you meet in society here have in general a more scientific education than women on the other side of the water. I have not been in England, but in the countries I know they do not seem to care much for scientific education in women. The German, Austrian and Hungarian women are much better housekeepers. The American women, as a rule, do not possess this capacity, and Americans do not seem to care for it in their women. But in Germany and Austria education is largely directed to giving women a capacity for housekeeping, so that a married man need never come home and find his cook gone and his wife unable at a pinch to prepare his dinner. Under that system the children are wonderfully well cared for, and everything in the house is kept in perfect order. In the old countries they try to make each woman, whatever else it may be her destiny to learn, a perfect housekeeper—a good mother for her children, a good wife for her husband. And, of course," added Herr Nikisch, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "that is very convenient for the husband. What I mean is that the women over there are not so entertaining in society as are American women, and the reason is that they have been educated more to shine in the home. In music the European women take about the same interest as do the women here. The last topic touched on by Mr. Nikisch was the newspapers. "On the average," said he, "they have treated me very well. Some of them did not like my manner of playing. Whether it was artistic or personal antagonism, I did not allow it to trouble me. I got the impression that in this respect American newspapers are very much like the newspapers in Europe. We are all of us human beings; we all of us have our personal feelings, and to do a man full justice is not easy. But I was never disturbed by anything written against me. I went my own way and

Tried to Do My Best.

But in another respect the European journals are very slow compared with the newspapers in America. I have taken great interest in American politics, especially in the last presidential election, as well as in some local contests, and I have had plenty of opportunities for observing how enterprising your newspapers are, and how quickly the news is reported. Everybody can find in an American paper something to interest him, and gets an account of events in a few minutes, or at most a few hours, after they have happened." Here Mr. Nikisch told a story to illustrate his point. There is a Leipzig lady whose father lives at New Britain, Ct., and when Nobili shot at the Emperor Wilhelm in Berlin, one afternoon, the news of the attempt was received by the American citizen at New Britain half a day earlier than it reached Leipzig, which is only 2½ hours' railway ride from Berlin. And this failure of the German press, Mr. Nikisch explained, with gusto, was due, not to any press censorship forbidding the publication of the news, but simply to the laziness of the Leipzig journalists, who were too sleepy-headed to get out a special edition, and did not report the occurrence till the next morning. In contrast with this kind of journalism the speaker pointed to the enterprise of the Boston HERALD, which enabled him, on the occasion of the recent great fire, to read a report of it only a few minutes after he had seen the engines on their way to quench the flames.

Mr. Nikisch finally spoke of his forthcoming journey to Buda-Pesth, the scene of his future labors, and through the HERALD man gave a regretful farewell to his large circle of friends and well wishers in Boston. He leaves this city tomorrow, and on May 11 sails for Europe on the Columbia of the Hamburg line.

WHY RICHTER WON'T COME

Boston's Symphony Must Wait a Few Years Yet.

Enthusiastic Austrians Won't Hear of Leader's Departure.

Disappointed, as He Wants to Make America His Home of Adoption.

A despatch from Vienna, giving the reasons why Herr Richter cannot come to Boston as conductor of the Symphony orchestra, says:

The affair has been attended by long and intricate negotiations. Repeated efforts have been made during some years past to induce Herr Richter to permanently leave Austria. On credible information it can be stated that, among other invitations, he has had a standing offer from the Boston Symphony orchestra ever since Mr. Higginson brought that superb organization into existence.

Finally, Herr Richter yielded to the inducements held out to him, and thought he saw his way clear to the acceptance of a transatlantic engagement. But when the news of his desire to go to Boston leaked out in Vienna last week, there was great consternation among the Austrian public. The authorities were intensely annoyed, and there is good reason to believe that the Emperor himself offered strenuous objections to Herr Richter's proposed departure from his post.

Jealousy, both professional and national, had long been operative to Herr Richter's discomfort. On the one hand were those who, for personal reasons, resented the deserved honors everywhere heaped upon the greatest orchestral conductor of the times, and who were not averse to employing court means to prevent him from acquiring fortune and further fame.

When the news got abroad that he actually had decided to go to Boston, and to leave Vienna this spring, the forces of personal jealousy and national pride combined to discourage his design and to turn him back. Every sort of pressure was put upon the directors of the Imperial Opera to induce them to insist absolutely on the letter of the contract, which still has four years to run.

The matter was the topic of the day in Vienna, and was discussed with all the eagerness of a political crisis. Richter's house was besieged by journalists, but to none of them would he grant an audience. His refusals were due not only to his well-known natural shyness, but also to the fact that he feared lest an utterance on his part would prejudice the directors of the Opera, intensify public feeling and offend the Emperor.

The present complications irritate him

and he feels keenly disappointed. He had set his heart on going to America.

On Saturday of last week, when the Vienna public really thought he would go to Boston, they crowded the great hall where it was supposed he was making his last appearance at the Philharmonic concerts in the city. He conducted Beethoven's ninth symphony. The emotions of the moment overmastered the excited thousands and they gave him a superb ovation. The huge audience stood and cheered the great leader. They were wild with enthusiasm. They piled the stage high with flowers.

He is forced to remain, and Vienna again turns out to greet him. Nevertheless, Vienna has been hard upon him. He has in charge the music of the Emperor's chapel concerts, the Philharmonic society's concerts, and the direction of the orchestra of the Imperial Opera. These exacting duties, all combined, yield him a yearly income of less than six months' direction of the Boston Symphony concerts alone would bring to him.

It may surprise many to learn that from the Imperial Austrian Opera this eminent man only receives \$2000 a year, though of course his other labors at least double this income. Richter gives occasional concerts in London and elsewhere, but these make too heavy a demand upon him when added to his regular labors.

But the fact is that Richter's ambition is to abandon all work except the conducting of a grand symphony orchestra. In this his forte lies, and the Boston position would be supremely congenial to his tastes and talents. Under his control the Boston orchestra would unquestionably become the finest in the world.

It is still Richter's hope to lead that orchestra some day. It is his settled intention to live in America and become an American. He makes no concealment of this deep-seated wish. When he is free to go he will be in the prime of his strength.

MUSIC HALL AWAITS A PURCHASER.

Colonel Higginson Thinks that the Stockholders Will Not Refuse any Reasonable Offer. Mar 20/93

Music Hall may practically be considered as on the market, and it is said by the owners that any reasonable offer is not likely to be rejected. The hall is not all that it should be in many respects, but its central location and retirement from noisy thoroughfares are features greatly in its favor. Should the proposed cross-town street from north to south be run through it would carry Music Hall into oblivion, and with such a possible fate pending the owners are not anxious to continue much longer a piece of property which they assert is not a paying investment. Even with the prospect of increased business for the remainder of this season and perhaps next, owing to the burning of Tremont Temple, which leaves Music Hall the monopoly, the owners are none the less anxious to dispose of their interests in the property. Colonel Henry L. Higginson, who represents the owners, said today that although he had not broached the subject of sale to the other stockholders directly, yet he did not doubt that a fair offer would be accepted. The subject of a site for another hall, should the old one be sold, has always been a perplexing one, and Colonel Higginson says that he is no nearer a solution of the problem today than he was when it was first propounded.

NIKISCH'S FINAL WORD.

He Denies That There Has Been a Breach of Contract—His Rights.

Considering the proverbial taciturnity of Mr. Henry L. Higginson and the domestic inclinations of Mr. Arthur Nikisch, the current stories touching the conversation, actions and general behavior of the patron of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and the ex-conductor of the same during the last few moments which they officially spent together are plentiful. The latest ran thus:

In the contract which Mr. Nikisch signed four years ago was a clause which read that a sum of money (the exact amount was variously stated) should be forfeited if he should break it, i. e., if he should terminate his engagement unexpectedly. According to the chief narrators of this story, Mr. Higginson considered the undue haste and short notice of Mr. Nikisch equivalent to a breach of contract, and gave notice of a desire to receive the forfeited sum. He even went further. He said that if the sum was not paid freely he would sue the director for \$5000.

The peculiar interest about this report—which has a truthful mist about it—is that it enables the Journal to settle all discussion. A reporter related the foregoing story to Mr. Nikisch Monday afternoon, and in answer was made this statement: "I have broken no contract. There was no such thing as a sum forfeit in the contract. The provisions of the contract gave me the right to terminate my engagement at any time, but on a condition that I should pay a certain sum. I never have nor never will break a contract."

Then the reporter spoke of the rumored intention of Mr. Higginson to sue him. In answer, Mr. Nikisch took from his pocket a large sheet of paper, on which was neatly typewritten an acknowledgment of the receipt of \$5000, and also of the honorable termination of the engagement according to the contract of December, 1888. It was signed by Henry L. Higginson, and bore the date of April 29.

"That settles it, does it not?" remarked the conductor. "I paid that sum last Saturday, as you see, and did it to save my health and my life. That is all." So be it.

Mr. Nikisch has exhibited to a reporter a typewritten acknowledgment of the receipt from him by Colonel Henry L. Higginson of \$5000, and also of the honorable termination of the engagement according to the contract of December, 1888. It was signed by Henry L. Higginson, and bore the date of April 30. "That settles it, does it not?" remarked the conductor to the reporter. "I paid that sum last Saturday, as you see, and did it to save my health and my life. That is all." Mr. Nikisch also remarked: "I have broken no contract. There was no such thing as a sum forfeit in the contract. The provisions of the contract gave me the right to terminate my engagement at any time, but on a condition that I should pay a certain sum. I never have nor never will break a contract." Whatever it may be called, this sacrifice of \$5000 is to be added to the loss of \$1000 in salary that would have accrued in the remaining three weeks of the orchestra's season, and the \$2000 bonus that Colonel Higginson has always given his conductors at the close of each year's work.

THE WONDERFULLY FAR SEEING newspaper correspondent at Vienna who stated so positively that Hans Richter was coming to Boston, sure, no matter what his superiors at the Imperial Opera might say, now sends word that the great conductor talks in this fashion: "I am filled with the deepest regret at my inability to accept the leadership of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, but I see no way out of the difficulty. I must stay in Vienna four years longer, as the emperor himself has said that I shall not be released. I cannot go to Boston as one who broke his contract." The correspondent has learned what was known by several persons here and what should be taken for granted by any intelligent man living in Vienna and knowing aught of the discipline that pervades every institution in which the Austrian Government has a hand, that the Boston contract had a clause stipulating that it would not be valid unless Richter obtained his release from the Vienna engagement. More grievous, however, than the discomfiture of the enterprising journalist, is the hard fact that Mr. Richter cannot come. The symphony concerts will go on, just the same, and the public may feel unbounded confidence that an efficient captain will control the band. But it would have been a great satisfaction and a powerful impetus as well to have Hans Richter in command of the Symphony Orchestra.

WHO WILL LEAD

The Boston Symphony Orchestra

Now That Nikisch is to Go Back to Europe?

Other Musical Matters of Interest.

Now that Mr. Nikisch's departure is assured, there is an impatient desire on the part of the musical public to know who will succeed to the position of conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. There is no means, however, of satisfying this desire, for, if there is a man in the world able to keep his own counsel, that man is Mr. Henry L. Higginson.

I often wonder if the musical public really appreciates the privileges it enjoys nowadays, and correspondingly realizes that this enjoyment arises largely through the generosity and nobility

of purpose on Mr. Higginson's part, and that, in the organizing and supporting of the now famous Boston Symphony Orchestra, it owes a debt of gratitude for the opportunities his munificence has offered.

Apropos of this liberality upon Mr. Higginson's part let me remark that the opinion, generally, of the public interested, is that the orchestra, which at first was a matter of outgo and the cause of a handsome loss each season, is now a paying institution. This opinion rests upon the impression that the large premiums paid at the auction sales of the Boston series render a handsome profit over the expense incurred in carrying through the 24 rehearsals and concerts. But these Boston concerts are only a part of the work of the orchestra, which performs in many other cities at intervals throughout the season, and goes on an extended tour through the West each spring, at the close of the Boston series of concerts.

The question naturally arises "Why does Mr. Higginson send his orchestra abroad if it is done at a loss?" There are two reasons: first, Mr. Higginson desires that other communities shall have the benefit of his beneficence; and secondly, if this great body of players is to be kept together, it must be employed.

In order that the musicians shall realize a suitable income the season is still further prolonged in their behalf in the giving of the Promenade concerts or "Pops" at the Music Hall during June and a part of July, when, regardless of the refreshments sold, there is still a loss of no small amount. When the generous spirit of Mr. Higginson's enterprise is considered one heartily wishes that this opinion entertained by the public were true, and it would be gratifying to know that the orchestra is now self-supporting. But when one looks the facts in the face and carefully counts the cost, it is easy to find that each season a sum of not less than \$0,000 is required over and above all receipts to pay the loss incurred. I should say that it would be more, rather than less, that amount. In the earlier seasons the loss must have been double the above amount each year. Now these concerts have been in existence nine seasons at the completion of the present one, and it is the writer's opinion that during this time the loss complete will figure up to nearly \$250,000, a large expense for one individual to assume. If it is taken into consideration that with each succeeding season there must always exist a loss of \$10,000 or more, the reader will

then realize the liberality of Mr. Higginson's generous and courageous impulses, and must regard him as a noble benefactor to the musical public and the cause of art, for his undertaking has no parallel in the world, it being always remembered that it is not a government, a rich institution, a syndicate of wealthy gentlemen, but on the contrary the generosity of one individual that assumes this great and expensive responsibility. When the above facts are realized the inquiry naturally arises, "Will Mr. Higginson continue to carry this burden?"

Without possessing any knowledge of Mr. Higginson's future intentions, but by drawing conclusions from what he has already shown in this direction, we unhesitatingly answer, "Yes, he will continue to bear the loss, and with a noble and generous spirit, also, for he did not put his hand to the plough to look back." A man of Mr. Higginson's large business capacity can approximate the cost of such an undertaking as these concerts, and quite closely, also; he decides that he can afford to indulge his generosity to this extent, and he resolutely carries out his intentions. There will be no wavering, either, upon his part, and should the hand of fate remove him from an earthly existence (long may he live to enjoy his means), it would probably be found that sufficient provision has been made in his will for a perpetual existence of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. I base my opinion wholly on my faith in the nobleness of Mr. Higginson's purpose, the integrity of his intention and his financial ability to sustain his magnanimous impulses.

Concerning the successor of Mr. Nikisch we repeat that as yet no one has been able to ascertain who has been selected. Undoubtedly some one has been approached to accept the position. It is generally understood that Mr. Nikisch's intention to resign was of comparatively recent date, and coming upon Mr. Higginson suddenly he has been left somewhat in the lurch, so to speak, especially if, as the impression prevails, that Mr. Nikisch's term of contract would not expire until the end of next season. It has also been rumored that Mr. Nikisch wished to be re-engaged for a term of five years, but that Mr. Higginson would not entertain the proposition, so Seidl having refused the offer from Buda-Pesth and the position being then tendered Nikisch, the latter accepted it at once and resigned his position in Boston. It is also rumored that Nikisch will go immediately the Boston concerts are finished, and not remain to complete the season by

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come on the Western tour with the orchestra.

Of course we know nothing of the truth of these rumors, but if the latter one is true, it would seem at first thought to be hardly fair towards his employer. Upon second thought, however, it would matter little, for it is the orchestra, and not the conductor, that has gained precedence in the West. Mr. Gericke established the reputation of the orchestra years ago. Now, if necessary, Mr. Kneisel can assume the baton at a moment's notice and, in my opinion, show better results at once than have been gained during Nikisch's connection with the orchestra. So, should Nikisch deem it advisable to go abroad before the season is over, the reputation of the orchestra will not suffer in the least thereby, but on the contrary something in artistic excellence would be gained under Kneisel's conducting.

But the question is, who is coming next season? Well, when Mr. Higginson has settled the matter he will frankly give the public the desired information, and not until then. Let us hope that it will be Wilhelm Gericke. In such a case it will not be an experimental conductor that will preside over the affairs of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. WARREN DAVENPORT.

Nikisch's Successor.

Boston, Mass., April 4.—Special Telegram—The stories that were given to the public in Boston and New York yesterday, that Hans Richter, director of the opera at Vienna, had been engaged to succeed Arthur Nikisch as leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra are stamped by Colonel Higginson as false. He says that no contract has yet been entered into with any one. There is only one man who has anything to do with procuring a leader for this orchestra, and that is Colonel Higginson, and when he has found the right man for the place, and the agreements are signed then the name of the new leader will be announced.

In the meantime the Boston public may rest assured that Mr. Nikisch's successor will be an able man whoever he may be. It is argued that inasmuch as Mr. Richter has recently refused an offer for a tour in this city with a guarantee of \$1000 a night, he is not likely to accept any position commanding a salary of from \$5000 to \$8000 per annum. Then, again, the hard-and-fast rules of the Vienna opera would only allow Mr. Richter four weeks to fill his engagement at the Chicago Exposition and return to his duties in Austria. Should he retire from the opera now he would lose his pension to which two more years of service would entitle him, so it is hardly probable that Mr. Richter will be the man to lead the symphonies next season.

Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1892-93.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. ARTHUR NIKISCH, Conductor.

XXIV. CONCERT.

(LAST OF THE SEASON.)

SATURDAY, APRIL 29, AT 8 P. M.

PROGRAMME.

MOZART.

SYMPHONY No. 31, in D major. "Parisian."

- I. Adagio. D major. Allegro. D major.
- II. Andante. G major.
- III. Finale: Presto. D major.

SCHUBERT.

UNFINISHED SYMPHONY in B minor.

- I. Allegro moderato. B minor.
- II. Andante con moto. E major.

BEETHOVEN.

SYMPHONY No. 3, in E flat major. "Eroica." op. 55.

- I. Allegro con brio. E flat major.
- II. Marcia funebre: Adagio assai. C minor.
- III. Scherzo: Allegro vivace. E flat major.
- IV. Finale: Allegro molto. E flat major.

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II. Andante con moto. E major.

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SYMPHONY No. 3, in E flat major. "Eroica." op. 55.
I. Allegro con brio. E flat major.
II. Marcia funebre: Adagio assai. C minor.
III. Scherzo: Allegro vivace. E flat major.
Trio: The same tempo. E flat major.
IV. Finale: Allegro molto. E flat major.

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Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the twenty-fourth and last symphony concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Mozart: Symphony No. 31 (Breitkopf & Härtel Ed. No. 1) in D major ("Parisian.")
Schubert: Symphony in B minor (unfinished.)
Beethoven: Symphony No. 3, in E-flat major ("Eroica"), Opus 55.

A noble programme to wind up a season and celebrate the last appearance here of our conductor. If anyone in the audience habitually inclined to be scared at the thought of "three symphonies" did not find his fears futile, and that there was as much variety in these three by Mozart, Schubert and Beethoven as in an ordinary programme, ostensibly more varied, we suspect that individual of forming his opinions more from title-pages than from the music itself.

It is always good to hear a Mozart symphony; especially good to hear one that falls outside that narrow, if glorious, circle of the "Jupiter," the G minor, and the E-flat major. This "Parisian" symphony, written for the Concert Spirituel in Paris, is a masterwork, if ever there was one. Mozart was young when he wrote it, and yet what marked individuality the work shows! One does not find so fully formed a "personal" style in Beethoven's earlier works; they show not a little of the one and only Beethoven, it is true, but they are full of suggestions of Haydn, not only of his style and methods, but of his mental attitude and cast of musical thought. But in this symphony of Mozart's one finds little to recall Haydn; the character of the themes, the manner of treatment, the whole musical essence of the work, even to the instrumentation, are Mozart's and his alone. That Mozart was putting his best foot well foremost in this symphony, and girding himself up to do his very best, might be suspected from the mere fact of his intending it especially for the great Paris orchestra; but there is also quite sufficient internal evidence to show that he meant to do something *hors ligne*; he has written all three movements in that elaborate and highly organized "sonata-form" which composers, especially in his day, generally cared to apply only to the first movement of symphonies; and his omission of the customary minuet is to be regarded less as a willingness on his part to stunt the symphony of one of its regular members and make it a "small" symphony, than as a desire to have nothing in it that should fall short of the dignity of the largest symphonic form—a form that could not possibly be applied to the minuet.

The style of the work is at once more elaborate, bolder and more subtle than one finds in most of even the longer symphonies by Haydn; the composer makes light of and plays with difficulties such as only the most expert contrapuntist could face without betraying some sense of effort. Then the beauty, richness and individuality of the instrumentation, the variety of orchestral effects produced by simple means, by invariably treating every instrument according to its own essential nature! Surely no man, either before or since, has ever succeeded in making horns and trumpets sound just as Mozart does. Not even the Wagnerian panoply of brass can surpass Mozart's two horns and two trumpets in brilliancy.

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The symphony was admirably played, with all due grace, sentiment, and buoyancy of phrasing, yet with a constant regard for the true classic measure in expression and classic consistency in tempo. In clearness, smoothness, and vitality of accent the performance left nothing to be desired. It was a rare delight all through.

Similar fine traits were noteworthy in the playing of the Schubert unfinished symphony. Here, as was not unnatural, Mr. Nikisch allowed himself more freedom in the matter of tempo—the work calls for it; it is more modern in feeling, more dramatic than the Mozart piece. And be it said that Mr. Nikisch's modifications of tempo were all slight, and, to our mind, all singularly felicitous; one was new to us: taking the first theme, both at its first announcement and afterwards in the working-out, a little faster than the next following subsidiary. Many conductors have been too inclined to try for dramatic impressiveness by dragging out this first theme, making the beginning of the working-out in especial a very Desert of Sahara for dreariness; Mr. Nikisch takes it just right. The *Andante con moto*, not the most inspiring movement in the world, if the truth be told, was beautifully given, and in a way to reduce its tedium to a minimum.

The ever great "Eroica" was a triumph! That glorious first movement that set all criticism by the ears when it first came out, and now stands by common consent on the very pinnacle of orchestral composition, was grandly given. There was not an overdone accent, not a phrase but was allowed to retain its own native grandeur, untarnished by any strutting grandiosity; and yet, with what fire, with what immense effectiveness the whole was played! Only one point we should have liked to hear go otherwise; in that much-discussed entry of the horn on the tonic against a dominant accompaniment, Mr. Nikisch takes a rather timid middle course; he does not audaciously "correct" the passage, by letting the second violins fall from A-flat to G, nor has he the boldness to let the A-flat in the violins grate audibly against the G in the horn; he simply tones down the violins to such an extent that you really do not hear the dissonance at all. Now, the passage, as it stands in the score, may be a piece of sheer fantastic, mad-cap humor, if you will; on this head we have nothing to say; but, if Beethoven wrote that grating dissonance and, what is more, insisted upon its being "all right" when rehearsing the symphony, one naturally concludes that he meant it to be heard.

Mr. Nikisch took the Funeral March at a less portentously dragging pace than when he first conducted the symphony here. For this all thanks! the movement gains much thereby in dignity. The performance was admirable in majestic impressiveness.

Both the scherzo and finale were splendidly played. At the close of the concert, the applause being of the heartiest, Mr. Nikisch stepped forward to the front of the platform and spoke a few regretful words of farewell to the audience and the orchestra.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Symphony Concert.

De mortuis nil nisi bonum! Mr. Nikisch has departed with unexpected suddenness, and the reviewer may omit cavil at the strange make-up of the final programme, the omission of Beethoven repeats, and the melancholy speech which culminated the proceedings and which was scarcely a Tennysonian "Passing of Arthur." That the speech was called for may well be doubted, as well as the propriety of the introduction of an *Apologia pro vita sua* into such a concert.

Mr. Nikisch has shown great strength in some directions, great weakness in others; the theatrical instincts which made a Weber or a Liszt work glitter and glow gave to Beethoven and Schumann a strange smell of the footlights. The operatic bent of the conductor's mind often showed at its best in the orchestral work of concertos, in which his elasticity of treatment and his close following of the solo artist were commendable. His pictures were generally painted with a large brush; he cared far more for the general effect than for any details whatever, and thus a "Tannhaeuser" overture would become intensely exciting even if its subthemes were altogether lost; it was in music very much what the impressionist school has been in painting.

While such a school was sure to have its moments of greatness, it cannot be contended that it was an unmixed blessing for us, since it led the orchestra to care more for a brilliant tone than for a careful shading, and it led the audiences to yearn for constantly increased quantities of pepper. Thus the public taste has become tinged with a craving for sensations. Any modern orchestral concoction, without a single idea, has been accepted if only the element of unrest was in it, and if it gave plenty of cymbal, drum or tambourine clashes, trombone growls, piccolo shrieks, and a symmetrical, clear or conservative work runs a decided risk of being counted "slow." "The evil that men do lives after them." It is very possible that a less radical conductor will seem tame to Bostonians for some time to come.

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accentuation of the differences of style to advantage.

In the Parisian symphony Mozart was so careful not to become prolix that he sometimes became too light, as the finale proved, but the omission, by the composer, of a minuet, and the reduction of the work to three movements, was not a disadvantage. It was a lesson in finales to compare the ending of this work with that of the Heroic symphony. Mozart's finales have the old jig spirit in them (the gigue was the finale of the suite, which might be called the mother of the symphony) so have Haydn's, and so had the finale of Beethoven's first symphony. But when Beethoven, in his second symphony, replaced the minuet with the scherzo, he led the way to a reform of the finale, for the rollicking spirit was transferred to the third movement, and the finale became more dignified and powerful.

Schubert's unfinished symphony is the most wonderful example in the world of what can be done with melody alone; all of Schubert's instrumental works seem but songs arranged in a new setting, and the unfinished symphony is sure to win every audience by its melodic grace; it is not what the symphonic form was intended to be, and it essentially differs from all other symphonies, but no one dare say that it is weaker because its charm is wholly different. Its performance was a creditable one.

The Heroic ended the concert and the season. It was played with an evident care for the composer's markings, with the exception of the funeral march which was taken somewhat rapidly. This is a very odd fault to chronicle, and it certainly leans to virtue's side; it was as if the conductor, determined not to sentimentalize, had allowed the pendulum to swing too far in the other direction. Coleridge once called this "a funeral procession in purple," but on this occasion it had a shade of scarlet in it, particularly in the major theme, in which the oboe did some excellent work.

In the trio of the scherzo the three horns did excellent work, not a suspicion of a break being audible. This may be called the first actual scherzo of the symphonic repertoire, for the scherzo of the second symphony is more of a minuet than the minuet of the first. And the finale is the first example of the achievement of a proper counterpoise to the inherent strength of the sonata-movement form, the first introduction of grand variations into the symphony as a climax. It was proper that Beethoven should break a fetter in ending the symphony dedicated to the memory of a hero. It is strange to read how little Beethoven's contemporaries appreciated the master's power in variations; one of the critics said of him: "Mr. Beethoven does not and cannot properly vary a theme," and another urges him to study the variations of Haydn. Brahms is the only true successor to Beethoven in this particular field, a combination of development with elaboration, and the critics are at present repeating history in attacking his work in this form.

The variations were finely played, and, although the concert was longer than usual, few auditors left until its conclusion. The programme for next October has

a significant blank where the conductor's name is wont to be, but the character of the personnel of the orchestra, and the earnestness of its founder, are sufficient guarantees of a brilliant future. LOUIS C. ELSON.

LAST CONCERT OF THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA'S SEASON. *Conner*

The twelfth season of concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra closed with the twenty-fourth concert of the series in Music Hall, last evening. During this season eighty-nine compositions, for the most part strictly orchestral, have been performed. Forty-four composers have been represented by these compositions as follows: D'Albert, 1; Bach, 2; Beethoven, 9; Berlioz, 3; Bizet, 1; Brahms, 4; Bruch, 1; Busoni, 1; Davidhoff, 1; Dvorak, 4; Ernst, 1; Foote, 1; Gade, 1; Gilson, 1; Goldmark, 2; Gounod, 1; Grieg, 1; Haydn, 2; Humperdink, 1; Lalo, 1; Lang, 1; Liszt, 4; MacDowell, 3; Mendelssohn, 2; Moszkowski, 1; Mozart, 2; Nicolai, 1; Paderewski, 1; Paine, 1; Raff, 2; Reinecker, 1; Riemenschneider, 1; Rubinstein, 1; Saint-Saens, 4; Scharwenka, 1; Schubert, 3; Schumann, 4; Sphor, 1; Svendsen, 1; Thieriot, 1; Tschalkowski, 2; Vieuxtemps, 1; Volkmann, 1; Wagner, 10; Weber, 3.

N. B. Ten compositions by Richard Wagner in this series and only two by Mozart; only four American composers granted a hearing; not a Cherubini overture in the entire list.

Such is the record. The programme for last evening's concert contained three symphonies;—Mozart's No. 31, in D major ("Parisian"); Schubert's unfinished Symphony in B minor; and Beethoven's Symphony No. 3, in E flat major "Eroica."

The venerable age of the Mozart symphony "Parisian" should not have detracted a whit from the admiration that more than ever seemed its due, though not all of it was performed in either the right spirit or time, nor with any such fervency, neither taste, as the reverential listener to anything by Mozart might reasonably have demanded for it. Technically the orchestral delivery was often marred by a characteristic lack of unanimity in the response to the baton. The shortcoming, however, confined itself to the more rapid passages of the allegro movements, and was at no time so conspicuous as absolutely to offend. In any event, it is pleasant to think that at least one Mozart symphony was granted a performance. It is not easy to estimate Mozart's value to the world, but the claim in his behalf is at least plausible—that he not only created many great works, but that he inspired many more. Were we to extract from modern music, indeed, all that it owes to Bach and Mozart, there would remain a fragmentary mass that would barely hint at its former glory.

True, Mozart modeled the architecture of his art upon the foundation that had been laid by Haydn, but he did more than this. He refined the form of the symphony. By the power of his genius he immeasurably extended its power of musical expression. That this expression was idealized by Beethoven and possibly carried to even a greater height seems largely due to Beethoven's developing the technique of the orchestra. Mozart first realized a charm of euphony that had hitherto been quite unknown to German composers. Richard Wagner in his music of the future freely acknowledges this and adds that Mozart "while giving to Italian opera the richer development of instrumental composition, he also imparted the sweetness of Italian singing to orchestral melody."

Nevertheless the all conspicuous melodist of the concert was Schubert, the only composer the world has known who could rely upon his genius for melody alone (for no other genius had he) to place him in the foremost rank. Poor Schubert! In his saddest hours only would the muse enrich his art. His eighth symphony (unfinished) sprang from greatest pain. It speaks to us of one whose life was one long dark, dreary day; but as Jean Paul Richter truly says, "We shroud the cages of birds when we would teach them to sing." And so it was with Schubert. His life was enshrouded and its dreariness long spun out was only occasionally relieved by transient gleams of light.

Why Schubert never completed it is not

definitely known, but that he actually intended to do so is certain, as nine bars of a scherzo for it, he began, which are written on the autographic score. For forty-five years this eighth symphony lapsed into oblivion, and then as it were it suddenly awoke to find itself famous. Many features of the performance last evening were worthy of praise. The impressive lead of the strings in the first of the allegro having all the charm of mystery in attendance upon it was exquisitely played; and the beautiful changes of orchestral color towards the close of this movement were delicately reproduced. In the second movement, where the horns and bassoons, heard in conjunction with the basses, pizzicato, in a phrase that frequently puts in its appearance somewhat parenthetically in its relation to the melody proper, the playing was excellent.

The Beethoven symphony, to be brief, was admirably played. At its conclusion the conductor *emeritus* of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was persistently recalled, not by the audience *en masse* but by a very considerable portion of it. Mr. Nikisch finally responded by appearing at the conductor's desk and addressing the audience, substantially as follows: He thanked all present for the very hearty ovation that he had received. Perhaps Mr. Nikisch was unmindful that there were many in his presence who could not conscientiously participate in the ovation. He thanked the orchestra. This was very appropriate, for the very much inflated reputation that Mr. Nikisch enjoys as a conductor has been created for him by Mr. H. L. Higginson and the Boston Symphony Orchestra. It is here well to bear in mind that Mr. Nikisch prior to his coming to this country but was the assistant conductor at Leipzig opera house. Finally Mr. Nikisch regretted (?) that on account of ill health (?) it would be impossible for him to accompany his faithful orchestra to Chicago and participate in the concerts to be given at the World's Fair. Just at this point in his remarks it should be stated, Mr. Nikisch was pitifully insincere. It is generally understood that he declined to go to Chicago with the orchestra because the ungentlemanly, the charlatanic and insulting inducements he held out to Mr. Higginson were politely but firmly declined. Good riddance to this man Nikisch. His coming to this country was a mistake and the artistic reputation of the Boston Symphony Orchestra has as a result been seriously imperiled. His most praiseworthy achievement in this country is in the altogether discreditable manner of his taking leave of it.

THE REPORT that Richter is to be the new director of the Symphony Concerts has not yet been either denied or verified at headquarters here, and hence it would be premature to congratulate ourselves on the fact that we are to have one of the world's most famous conductors at the head of Mr. Higginson's splendid orchestra. At first view it hardly seems probable that Richter would give up the honors and the pension that await him at home in order to come hither for a temporary stay, unless indeed, he were engaged on such munificent terms as would enrich him, and make any possible pension unworthy consideration. It is to be wished that the story may be true, for it will, for the first time, place at the head of our orchestra a conductor who is recognized all over Europe as a thorough master of his art, and one who, if he be really the disciplinarian he is said to be, would carry the organization to a higher state of efficiency than it has ever before attained. A verification of the rumor would give the greatest satisfaction to the whole musical community; but as that is still lacking, there is nothing to do but to wait and hope.

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Schubert's unfinished symphony is the most wonderful example in the world of what can be done with melody alone; all of Schubert's instrumental works seem but songs arranged in a new setting, and the unfinished symphony is sure to win every audience by its melodic grace; it is not what the symphonic form was intended to be, and it essentially differs from all other symphonies, but no one dare say that it is weaker because its charm is wholly different. Its performance was a creditable one.

The Heroic ended the concert and the season. It was played with an evident care for the composer's markings, with the exception of the funeral march which was taken somewhat rapidly. This is a very odd fault to chronicle, and it certainly leans to virtue's side; it was as if the conductor, determined not to sentimentalize, had allowed the pendulum to swing too far in the other direction. Coleridge once called this "a funeral procession in purple," but on this occasion it had a shade of scarlet in it, particularly in the major theme, in which the oboe did some excellent work.

In the trio of the scherzo the three horns did excellent work, not a suspicion of a break being audible. This may be called the first actual scherzo of the symphonic repertoire, for the scherzo of the second symphony is more of a minuet than the minuet of the first. And the finale is the first example of the achievement of a proper counterpoise to the inherent strength of the sonata-movement form, the first introduction of grand variations into the symphony as a climax. It was proper that Beethoven should break a fetter in ending the symphony dedicated to the memory of a hero. It is strange to read how little Beethoven's contemporaries appreciated the master's power in variations; one of the critics said of him: "Mr. Beethoven does not and cannot properly vary a theme," and another urges him to study the variations of Haydn. Brahms is the only true successor to Beethoven in this particular field, a combination of development with elaboration, and the critics are at present repeating history in attacking his work in this form.

The variations were finely played, and, although the concert was longer than usual, few auditors left until its conclusion. The programme for next October has

TIGHT BINDING

A significant blank where the conductor's name is wont to be, but the character of the personnel of the orchestra, and the earnestness of its founder, are sufficient guarantee of a brilliant future. LOUIS C. ELSON.

LAST CONCERT OF THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA'S SEASON.

The twelfth season of concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra closed with the twenty-fourth concert of the series in Music Hall, last evening. During this season eighty-nine compositions, for the most part strictly orchestral, have been performed. Forty-four composers have been represented by these compositions as follows: D'Albert, 1; Bach, 2; Beethoven, 9; Berlioz, 3; Bizet, 1; Brahms, 4; Bruch, 1; Busoni, 1; Davidhoff, 1; Dvorak, 4; Ernst, 1; Foote, 1; Gade, 1; Gilson, 1; Goldmark, 2; Gounod, 1; Grieg, 1; Haydn, 2; Humperdink, 1; Lalo, 1; Lang, 1; Liszt, 4; MacDowell, 3; Mendelssohn, 2; Moszkowski, 1; Mozart, 2; Nicolai, 1; Paderewski, 1; Paine, 1; Raff, 2; Reinecker, 1; Riemenschneider, 1; Rubinstein, 1; Saint-Saens, 4; Scharwenka, 1; Schubert, 3; Schumann, 4; Spohr, 1; Svendsen, 1; Thieriot, 1; Tschalkowski, 2; Vieuxtemps, 1; Volkmann, 1; Wagner, 10; Weber, 3.

N. B. Ten compositions by Richard Wagner in this series and only two by Mozart; only four American composers granted a hearing; not a Cherubini overture in the entire list.

Such is the record. The programme for last evening's concert contained three symphonies;—Mozart's No. 31, in D major ("Parisian"); Schubert's unfinished Symphony in B minor; and Beethoven's Symphony No. 3, in E flat major "Eroica."

The venerable age of the Mozart symphony "Parisian" should not have detracted a whit from the admiration that more than ever seemed its due, though not all of it was performed in either the right spirit or time, nor with any such fervency, neither taste, as the reverential listener to anything by Mozart might reasonably have demanded for it. Technically the orchestral delivery was often marred by a characteristic lack of unanimity in the response to the baton. The shortcoming, however, confined itself to the more rapid passages of the allegro movements, and was at no time so conspicuous as absolutely to offend. In any event, it is pleasant to think that at least one Mozart symphony was granted a performance. It is not easy to estimate Mozart's value to the world, but the claim in his behalf is at least plausible—that he not only created many great works, but that he inspired many more. Were we to extract from modern music, indeed, all that it owes to Bach and Mozart, there would remain a fragmentary mass that would barely hint at its former glory.

True, Mozart modeled the architecture of his art upon the foundation that had been laid by Haydn, but he did more than this. He refined the form of the symphony. By the power of his genius he immeasurably extended its power of musical expression. That this expression was idealized by Beethoven and possibly carried to even a greater height seems largely due to Beethoven's developing the technique of the orchestra. Mozart first realized a charm of euphony that had hitherto been quite unknown to German composers. Richard Wagner in his music of the future freely acknowledges this and adds that Mozart "while giving to Italian opera the richer development of instrumental composition, he also imparted the sweetness of Italian singing to orchestral melody."

Nevertheless the all conspicuous melodist of the concert was Schubert, the only composer the world has known who could rely upon his genius for melody alone (for no other genius had he) to place him in the foremost rank. Poor Schubert! In his saddest hours only would the muse enrich his art. His eighth symphony (unfinished) sprang from greatest pain. It speaks to us of one whose life was one long dark, dreary day; but as Jean Paul Richter truly says, "We shroud the cages of birds when we would teach them to sing." And so it was with Schubert. His life was enshrouded and its dreariness long spun out was only occasionally relieved by transient gleams of light.

Why Schubert never completed it is not

definitely known, but that he actually intended to do so is certain, as nine bars of a scherzo for it, he began, which are written on the autographic score. For forty-five years this eighth symphony lapsed into oblivion, and then as it were it suddenly awoke to find itself famous. Many features of the performance last evening were worthy of praise. The impressive lead of the strings in the first of the allegro having all the charm of mystery in attendance upon it was exquisitely played; and the beautiful changes of orchestral color towards the close of this movement were delicately reproduced. In the second movement, where the horns and bassoons, heard in conjunction with the basses, pizzicato, in a phrase that frequently puts in its appearance somewhat parenthetically in its relation to the melody proper, the playing was excellent.

The Beethoven symphony, to be brief, was admirably played. At its conclusion the conductor emeritus of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was persistently recalled, not by the audience *en masse* but by a very considerable portion of it. Mr. Nikisch finally responded by appearing at the conductor's desk and addressing the audience, substantially as follows: He thanked all present for the very hearty ovation that he had received. Perhaps Mr. Nikisch was unmindful that there were many in his presence who could not conscientiously participate in the ovation. He thanked the orchestra. This was very appropriate, for the very much inflated reputation that Mr. Nikisch enjoys as a conductor has been created for him by Mr. H. L. Higginson and the Boston Symphony Orchestra. It is here well to bear in mind that Mr. Nikisch prior to his coming to this country but was the assistant conductor at Leipzig opera house. Finally Mr. Nikisch regretted (?) that on account of ill health (?) it would be impossible for him to accompany his faithful orchestra to Chicago and participate in the concerts to be given at the World's Fair. Just at this point in his remarks it should be stated, Mr. Nikisch was pitifully insincere. It is generally understood that he declined to go to Chicago with the orchestra because the ungentlemanly, the charlatanic and insulting inducements he held out to Mr. Higginson were politely but firmly declined. Good riddance to this man Nikisch. His coming to this country was a mistake, and the artistic reputation of the Boston Symphony Orchestra has as a result been seriously imperiled. His most praiseworthy achievement in this country is in the altogether discreditable manner of his taking leave of it.

THE REPORT that Richter is to be the new director of the Symphony Concerts has not yet been either denied or verified at headquarters here, and hence it would be premature to congratulate ourselves on the fact that we are to have one of the world's most famous conductors at the head of Mr. Higginson's splendid orchestra. At first view it hardly seems probable that Richter would give up the honors and the pension that await him at home in order to come hither for a temporary stay, unless indeed, he were engaged on such munificent terms as would enrich him, and make any possible pension unworthy consideration. It is to be wished that the story may be true, for it will, for the first time, place at the head of our orchestra a conductor who is recognized all over Europe as a thorough master of his art, and one who, if he be really the disciplinarian he is said to be, would carry the organization to a higher state of efficiency than it has ever before attained. A verification of the rumor would give the greatest satisfaction to the whole musical community; but as that is still lacking, there is nothing to do but to wait and hope.

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The following was the programme: Symphony in D, Mozart; Unfinished Symphony, Schubert; Symphony No. 3, Beethoven.

The playing of the orchestra was in most respects excellent. It was entirely above that orchestral patois that has so generally marked its efforts since Gericke departed. In fact, for the last three or four concerts there has been a great improvement in this direction.

The peculiarities that have characterized the readings of the classics during the past four seasons were observable on this occasion.

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The audience was large and a little more demonstrative than usual for this concert ended the connection with the Symphony Orchestra of Nikisch, the incumbent of the conductor's position for the past four seasons. It is a long time now since any but the most meagre demonstration, like the scattering applause of a few friends, has marked the conductor's entrance at the beginning of the concerts. So when on this occasion the audience indulged in an extra amount of applause it left its real significance in doubt.

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Well, it has been fortunate for him that these valiant soldiers of bloodless battles were so well disciplined and perfected in the art of musical warfare by his eminent predecessor, Wilhelm Gericke, else his triumphs might have been defeats.

After having thanked every one but the critics he departed, the last spasm of this sentimental ending that I observed coming from a lady (who had burst her gloves applauding him), ejaculating as he disappeared from sight, "Oh, dear, we shall never see those lovely white hands again!"

In the meantime the judicious rejoice and wait patiently to ascertain who will be the next incumbent of the position of conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The opening concert of the next, the 13th season, will take place Oct. 14, 1893.

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According to the tabulation in the programme ninety-two numbers, instrumental and vocal, have been presented during the season. Of these fourteen are credited as novelties, and six were taken from American composers. France had a fair showing and Scandinavia was recognized, as also was Italy; but the vast proportion of the music was German. Of the novelties not all were worth their places, and some—such as the Humperdinck and Riemenschneider works—had best have been left untouched. The solo list was creditable, with an exception or two, and the choral experiment was barely a *succès d'estime*. Altogether the season cannot be conceded to have raised the standard of excellence or repute either in art or performance, although it must be set down as much better than any other city could have furnished and only to be excepted to by those who have been educated and accustomed to constantly increasing merit.

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might take pride in gaining from a Boston audience, and as he stood beside the flower-bedecked desk preparatory to mounting the high stand he has used so often the orchestra and audience joined their applause and continued it for some minutes.

At the conclusion of the "Eroica" the conductor was applauded and repeated recalls followed his retirement, the demands in this way finally leading him to follow the American fashion and make a farewell speech. In these final words Mr. Nikisch expressed his high appreciation of the kindness shown him in Boston and in all the American cities he had visited. He then paid his respects to the members of the orchestra, speaking of them in the warmest terms and commending them as soldiers whose loyalty he had always felt assured of and with whom he had always found a victory possible. He closed by expressing great regret that his generous patron had been put to so much trouble by his physical inability to complete the season's work on the tour, and said that with his dear friend Kneisel in his place he had full confidence in the continued success of the orchestra.

The opening concert of the 13th season will be given on the evening of Oct. 14 next, and the name of Mr. Nikisch's successor will be officially made public on that or an earlier date.

MUSIC. Travel

The Twenty-Fourth Concert of the Symphony Orchestra.

The 24th and last Symphony concert of the series of '92-'93 was given Saturday evening in Music Hall. Mr. Arthur Nikisch then made his last appearance as conductor of this orchestra.

The programme was as follows: Symphony, D major (Parisian), Mozart; Unfinished Symphony, B minor, Schubert; Symphony No. 3, Beethoven.

The air of the hall was hot and foul, so that the concert seemed of interminable length. The programme was one of dignity, and the music might have been more fully enjoyed if the attending atmospheric circumstances had been more congenial. But even bad air could not vitiate the tender melancholy and the unearthly beauty of Schubert's fragment.

It is not necessary, now that Mr. Nikisch is no longer in authority, to write at length concerning the merits or faults of the performance of Saturday evening. The orchestra played as though the members appreciated the dignity of the occasion, and, if unfavorable criticism were to be made, it would chiefly concern itself with the ultra-modern ideas of Mr. Nikisch in regard to the proper pace of a movement. The first movement, for instance, of the Heroic Symphony showed the characteristics of the man. There were occasional great effects, and, on the other hand, the frank simplicity of the composer was turned often into the sentimental affectation of the conductor.

Mr. Nikisch will soon be engaged in a congenial task. He is by nature an operatic conductor; he, a Hungarian, is fully equipped for the duty of conducting opera in a Hungarian town to the delight of a Hungarian audience. Surely there is no one here that will not wish him success in the achievement of this task.

May his life, then, be one prolonged Hungarian rhapsody!

PHILIP HALE.

MUSIC. Saville

The Symphony Concert.

The last concert of the current season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, took place in Music Hall, last night. The programme was: Symphony No. 31, in D, Mozart; unfinished symphony, Schubert; "Eroica" Symphony, Beethoven. A very large audience was in attendance. Three symphonies made a somewhat exacting programme to listen to. To review the performances in detail would be only to repeat what we have so often written of the conductor's revised and amended versions of great classical works. The programme afforded him ample opportunities to give a final display of his many faults and his few virtues as a leader. He was warmly received on his first appearance, and was well applauded at different stages of the concert. At the close, curiously enough, there was no demonstration from the public until the orchestra, taking advantage of their last opportunity of the season to applaud, did so heartily, and the audience joining in, continued until Mr. Nikisch was recalled several times. On the last occasion he made a speech, thanking everybody for everything; explained that his ill health prevented him from going to Chicago, and expressed his belief that his dear friend Mr. Kneisel would replace him on the trip, very satisfactorily. The orchestra and the audience applauded again, the season was over, and Mr. Nikisch ceased to be the conductor of the Symphony Orchestra. In our next issue we shall give a review of the Symphony Orchestra season.

Saville

MUSIC. May 29

The Symphony Season.

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might take pride in gaining from a Boston audience, and as he stood beside the flower-bedecked desk preparatory to mounting the high stand he has used so often the orchestra and audience joined their applause and continued it for some minutes.

At the conclusion of the "Eroica" the conductor was applauded and repeated recalls followed his retirement, the demands in this way finally leading him to follow the American fashion and make a farewell speech. In these final words Mr. Nikisch expressed his high appreciation of the kindness shown him in Boston and in all the American cities he had visited. He then paid his respects to the members of the orchestra, speaking of them in the warmest terms and commending them as soldiers whose loyalty he had always felt assured of and with whom he had always found a victory possible. He closed by expressing great regret that his generous patron had been put to so much trouble by his physical inability to complete the season's work on the tour, and said that with his dear friend Kneisel in his place he had full confidence in the continued success of the orchestra.

The opening concert of the 13th season will be given on the evening of Oct. 14 next, and the name of Mr. Nikisch's successor will be officially made public on that or an earlier date.

MUSIC.

The Twenty-Fourth Concert of the Symphony Orchestra.

The 24th and last Symphony concert of the series of '92-'93 was given Saturday evening in Music Hall. Mr. Arthur Nikisch then made his last appearance as conductor of this orchestra.

The programme was as follows: Symphony, D major (Parisian), Mozart; Unfinished Symphony, B minor, Schubert; Symphony No. 3, Beethoven.

The air of the hall was hot and foul, so that the concert seemed of interminable length. The programme was one of dignity, and the music might have been more fully enjoyed if the attending atmospheric circumstances had been more congenial. But even bad air could not vitiate the tender melancholy and the unearthly beauty of Schubert's fragment.

It is not necessary, now that Mr. Nikisch is no longer in authority, to write at length concerning the merits or faults of the performance of Saturday evening. The orchestra played as though the members appreciated the dignity of the occasion, and, if unfavorable criticism were to be made, it would chiefly concern itself with the ultra-modern ideas of Mr. Nikisch in regard to the proper pace of a movement. The first movement, for instance, of the Heroic Symphony showed the characteristics of the man. There were occasional great effects, and, on the other hand, the frank simplicity of the composer was turned often into the sentimental affectation of the conductor.

Mr. Nikisch will soon be engaged in a congenial task. He is by nature an operatic conductor; he, a Hungarian, is fully equipped for the duty of conducting opera in a Hungarian town to the delight of a Hungarian audience. Surely there is no one here that will not wish him success in the achievement of this task. May his life, then, be one prolonged Hungarian rhapsody!

PHILIP HALE.

MUSIC.

The Symphony Concert.

The last concert of the current season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, took place in Music Hall, last night. The programme was: Symphony No. 31, in D, Mozart; unfinished symphony, Schubert; "Eroica" Symphony, Beethoven. A very large audience was in attendance. Three symphonies made a somewhat exacting programme to listen to. To review the performances in detail would be only to repeat what we have so often written of the conductor's revised and amended versions of great classical works. The programme afforded him ample opportunities to give a final display of his many faults and his few virtues as a leader. He was warmly received on his first appearance, and was well applauded at different stages of the concert. At the close, curiously enough, there was no demonstration from the public until the orchestra, taking advantage of their last opportunity of the season to applaud, did so heartily, and the audience joining in, continued until Mr. Nikisch was recalled several times. On the last occasion he made a speech, thanking everybody for everything; explained that his ill health prevented him from going to Chicago, and expressed his belief that his dear friend Mr. Kneisel would replace him on the trip, very satisfactorily. The orchestra and the audience applauded again, the season was over, and Mr. Nikisch ceased to be the conductor of the Symphony Orchestra. In our next issue we shall give a review of the Symphony Orchestra season.

Gardner

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means presumptuous in the public to feel an interest in the new conductor of an orchestra to whose support it contributes so bountifully; and it is not impertinent in the press to attempt to obtain information on the subject for its readers. Managers of our various places of amusement, theatrical or musical, are generally well pleased to give the newspapers intelligence regarding their future plans. If they do not think it wise to make them known at once, they do not treat with rudeness the members of the press who go to them in order to obtain information. They do not indulge in the angry use of obfurgatory participial adjectives, and claim that the entertainments which are open to any one of the public who is willing to expend the sum charged for a ticket that entitles him to admission to them, are a private matter with which nobody has any concern except the manager. As a mere matter of fact, the management of the Symphony Orchestra is in nowise different from the management of the Damrosch Orchestra or the Seidl Orchestra, or of the Boston Theatre, or any other management that appeals to the public for pecuniary patronage. The projectors of such entertainments take private risks, and the chances of private losses, but their concerts, their opera performances and their theatrical amusements are unmistakably public. Of course, we shall all know, in due season, who the new conductor is to be. In the interim, and while we burst in ignorance, let us take comfort that there are many other almost equally important things in the world that are quite as well worth the knowing.

CHATTERER.

ANENT CONDUCTORS.

As it appears to us, there is a strong tendency to over-estimate the orchestral conductor in regard to his standing, musically considered. Time was, when the conductor was eminent for more than his capacity to discipline an orchestra; when, in fact, he was generally a composer as well, as may be instanced by Spohr, Mendelssohn, Hiller, Berlioz, Wagner, Rubinstein, Ries, Weber, Lachner, and others; but now the rule is the conductor who is not distinguished as a composer, and whose chief claim to consideration is the skill with which he obtains precision from the players under his control, and the judgment with which he interprets the works that he causes to be performed. That he should receive and enjoy all the credit for the efficiency with which he acquits himself in his position, is beyond question; but that does not include foisting him into an importance wholly out of proportion to any possible deserving on his part. Primarily, he is little more than a metronome, moved by intelligence instead of clockwork. After he has established the technique of his orchestra on a satisfactory basis, the highest point that is open to him to achieve, is to interpret music in harmony with the directions marked by the

composer in his score. Some conductors are more capable than others; some conductors are more intelligent; some conductors are more conscientious; some are more conservative, and some are more innovating; but no heed to which of these classes the conductor belongs, he is only a conductor, more or less skilled in his business. Hence, it seems somewhat absurd when we see him made a fetish before whom the public bows in superstitious worship.

It is a sign of musical degeneracy when more stress is laid on the conductor than on the music he interprets; when the office is held in higher consideration than is what it does or, at least, should represent. There is too much of the conductor interposing himself between the public and the music that it assembles to hear; in other words, there is a maximum of conductor and a minimum of composer, to the glorification of the former at the expense of art; whereas a true artistic conscience would inspire an exactly contrary state of affairs, and keep the intelligent metronome in his proper place. It matters not whether it be Richter or Lamoureux, or Damrosch, or Nikisch, the public are inclined to pay more regard to the individual than to what he is called on to do, and to measure his value to the art he represents by their personal feelings toward him. While it is true that one conductor may be more able than another, and is entitled to be appreciated accordingly, that is no reason for overrating him in respect to the place he fills in the ranks of art, which is by no means as splendid and as abstractly authoritative as it is generally considered to be. When a Rubinstein, or a Wagner, or a Berlioz, or a Mendelssohn takes the baton in hand, the genius of the great creative musician imparts a certain weight and interest to his reading of a fine masterpiece, and commands for him respectful consideration; and it would be easy to understand an enthusiastic tribute to the famed composer who also conducts; to appreciate the sentiment that cannot separate the musician from the time-beater; but it is otherwise with the conductor who only conducts. Be this, however, as it may, it has become the fashion to value the conductor much above his highest deserving, and the easy road to fame that is made for him, as well as the excess of appreciation in which he is ignorantly held, simply because he is a conductor, are to be viewed rather in the light of an idle worship of manufactured heroes, than of a very

profound love for the art of which he, with the assistance of his orchestra, is an interpreter.

MR. NIKISCH'S CONDUCTING.

Mr. Arthur Nikisch has now completed his fourth season, and with it his career, in Boston and given abundant opportunity for judging of his strength as an orchestral conductor. His career here has been in some sense a peculiar one. A musician of thoroughly modern tendencies, he came to us immediately after a period of conducting grand opera in Leipzig, the last stronghold of musical classicism in Germany. He had been a great favorite in Leipzig, where his conspicuous talent for orchestral and operatic conducting was warmly appreciated; indeed, he grew to be familiarly known there as "*unser Nikisch*," as one of the resident musical powers of whom the city was justly proud. Still one can fancy that his position in Leipzig was not without its drawbacks; he was a modern man, a musical come-outer, one of the new lights, and, as such, somewhat apart from the musical spirit that ruled at the Gewandhaus—and the Gewandhaus has ever been a most potent factor in forming and leading musical opinion in the Saxon city. With all his popularity with the general opera-going public, he must have felt at times that he could not count on perfect sympathy at the musical headquarters of the town, and that there was an unavoidable element of militancy in his general artistic attitude there.

When he severed his connection with the Leipzig Opera and came here to assume the conductorship of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, he could feel that that dark background of lukewarm sympathy, or even tacit opposition, no longer existed; he was not only free—that he had always been—but free without having to assert his freedom against a powerful opposing party. If he heard that, in Boston, public musical opinion and taste were pretty evenly divided between classicism and the new ideas, without the adherents of either having anything like an official, or quasi-official, backing, he only heard what was essentially true. His position here bade fair to be of the pleasantest; he had no traditional, ready-made opposition to combat; he was placed in command over a large orchestra which was not only made up of admirable material, but had been left in truly magnificent condition by his predecessor, Mr. Wilhelm Gericke. He was practically generalissimo, responsible to no one but himself. The outlook seemed the fairest imaginable.

But there were really clouds on his horizon which he probably did not see, which indeed there was little possibility of his seeing. Although there was no official standard of musical opinion here, our public still had its long-formed musical habits and tastes; some of us even had carefully formed opinions and principles. The modern school of musical interpretation, virtually based on Wagner's "*Ueber das Dirigieren*," was unfamiliar to us, especially in the matter of orchestral performance; we had heard no music at the hands of a conductor of the ultra-modern German school. We had heard visiting pianists of greater or less renown

take all sorts of liberties (as we called it) with classic and romantic compositions, but we had not yet heard similar things done on the orchestra. What little eccentricities Mr. Theodore Thomas, for instance, had allowed himself in years gone by, were, on the whole, slight, and had been generally pretty sharply criticised. In the matter of rhythmic freedom, we were still inclined to look upon orchestral performance as standing essentially apart from solo performance.

Now, to these ideas and habits of ours Mr. Nikisch brought a direct slap in the face at the very outset. With no more Gewandhaus frowns to be conscious of, if not to consider, imagining that all weight of opposing opinion was taken off from his shoulders, Mr. Nikisch began outright by throwing the reins upon the neck of his modern-romantic fancy with a vengeance. The effect of his first performance of Beethoven's overture to "*Coriolan*" was that of a sudden and unlooked-for douche of ice-water: we all rubbed our eyes, we could hardly believe our ears. Was it meant seriously, or was it some humorous mystification? We had heard of conducting of the "*interpreting*" sort, but we had had no notion that it went so far as all that came to. It both surprised and shocked us. That the new conductor should come in for some pretty scathing criticism was no more than natural. Speaking personally, we have now no doubt whatever that Mr. Nikisch's style of performance during his first two years here far overstepped the limits contemplated by Wagner himself when he wrote his "*Ueber das Dirigieren*."

Soon also another phase of Mr. Nikisch's ultra-modern tendencies came more and more to light. It was not so conspicuous at first, but none the less contrary to our habits, to those of the orchestra, after their five years' experience under Mr. Gericke, and by no means always happy in its results at first. This was that Mr. Nikisch's chief aim at rehearsals was, or seemed to be, not so much to drill the orchestra to play certain compositions in a definitely predetermined and firmly established way, as gradually to transform the orchestra into a great living instrument on which he, the conductor, should be able to play at will, as he would on the key-board of a pianoforte. Ah! that is the ideal! We had heard von Bülow say that, when he conducted at the Hofoper in Munich, he had brought the orchestra to such a pitch of perfection that he "could take utterly different tempi at every performance of '*Tristan*,' and the orchestra could follow him as the keys of a pianoforte would obey his fingers;" and now we, too, were to have a conductor who would sway an orchestra as he did, who should not feel himself bound to anything done or said at rehearsal, but should be free at a public performance, and in the very face of an audience, to obey the sudden inspiration of the passing moment. But, somehow, it did not work; at least, not at first. Mr. Nikisch played on the orchestra, but the orchestra would not always respond readily to his touch; the great "*pianoforte*" seemed at times to have a rather sticky and recalcitrant action. Worst of all,

Mr. Nikisch, feeling the desired effect hang fire, would at times try to get it *quand même*, by piling on the agonies and exaggerating it. He could not bring himself to do what every actor, singer, or other performer should be able to do when necessary: stand by calmly and see an effect miss fire, without trying to save it by botching. In truth, it takes an enormous amount of drilling to get an orchestra into such form that the conductor can play on it at will; and, during the first two years or so, the Symphony Orchestra was not sufficiently in touch with Mr. Nikisch for him to be able to try such experiments with perfect safety. We all hoped the time would come; but hope deferred began to make the heart grow sick. Not a little of the adverse criticism that was showered upon Mr. Nikisch was traceable to this; it became evident that the orchestra, for the time being at least, was playing with less accuracy of ensemble than formerly.

But, in spite of these drawbacks, the man very soon showed unmistakable signs of something not far removed from genius; certain performances of his were utterly, and well-nigh unprecedentedly, superb. His personal magnetism was enormous, and he knew well how to impart his enthusiasm to the orchestra. Few listeners will ever forget the positively tremendous effect he produced in the finale of Beethoven's C minor symphony by making the horns launch forth as he did upon the second theme; it was overwhelming. In the overture to "Tannhäuser," and afterwards in that to "Rienzi," he did equally splendid things. It was noticeable, too, that he gave certain passages in *cantilena* with a grace and buoyancy of phrasing quite new here. It could only be urged that this peculiar grace was obtained at the expense of a slackening of the *tempo* which was open to objection.

Among his great performances, too, were to be numbered certain works in which mere vigor in working up a climax, and an occasional bit of gracefully-phrased *cantilena*, were by no means enough in themselves to fill the bill; works the adequate performance of which demands far higher and rarer artistic qualities, great sustained power, intellectual force, and a noble totality of conception. Among compositions of this sort Brahms's C minor symphony stands conspicuous; Mr. Nikisch's performance of this stupendous work passed the limits of ordinary, or even extraordinary, excellence; it deserved to be called truly great.

As time wore on, too, it was noticeable that Mr. Nikisch's "modern-romantic" style of interpreting compositions—especially the works of classic masters—became less excessive; his modifications of *tempo* and rhythm were better graded and less exaggerated than before. He, to be sure, still held fast by certain fads of the new school, such as very slow, or else extraordinarily fast, *allegros*; but his *tempi*, as a rule, showed greater stability and were less erratic. To our mind, the "slow *llegro*" is nothing more than a modern fashion, brought about by a revulsion of feeling against the rather perfunctory-sounding *tempo giusto*, dear to the hearts of conductors of the old school. All sorts of influences may have determined the growth of this fashion. Pianists found that many a classic movement could well be taken a little slower on the full-toned modern piano-

fortes than the *tempo* marked by the composers, who had the thinner-toned, older instruments in view; this was not without its reaction upon orchestral conductors, who began to take certain quick movements a shade slower than of yore. The general and ever increasing desire for an expressive style of performance also had much to do with it; it is far easier to produce expressive effects of phrasing and shading when you are not too hurried; it takes the most consummate virtuosity to do things rapidly and expressively at the same time. Again, the more moderate Wagnerians, those whose profound admiration for the Bayreuth master and his ideas did not lessen their faith in the glories of classic music, may (or must?) often have felt an instinctive desire to prove to their more extreme and thoroughgoing modern brethren that there was still young life in the older things, by doing their best to "cut off the pig-tail" from Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, and make their works sound as modern as possible. Indeed, it is not a little curious how the whole "modern" question in music (Wagnerian or otherwise) has made Beethoven the very central figure in the discussion; as Riehl said, everyone insists upon setting up his own Beethoven. The advocates of every possible school seem to think that they have found a knock-down argument to floor their opponents withal, if they can only succeed in proving that they have Beethoven on their side; so they set to work forthwith to cook up their Beethoven to suit themselves. To extend the process to Mozart and Haydn, or even to old Handel and Bach, is easy; and profitable in so far as it helps to show that these masters were not so very far behind Beethoven, after all. And it may truly be said that, artistically unfortunate as this dressing up the old masters in modern trappings is, the only deception practised in the matter is, after all, but a self-deception. The true artist trusts his own feelings more than he does tradition; at all events, let him have the grace to study tradition as he will, his own artistic instincts are the court of final appeal, the decision of which he is bound to carry out. So, if his instincts are inveterately modern, the feeling that "Beethoven must have intended" this or that becomes unconquerable.

Indeed we think, now that we can look back calmly upon Mr. Nikisch's career in Boston, that his tendency to exaggerate, distort and generally modernize the musical expression of the classic masters, together with that of Mendelssohn and Schumann, should by no means be regarded as a purely individual matter; in his interpretations he showed himself an adherent of a large, influential and respectable school—if numbers, sincerity of aim, and undoubted artistic force can give respectability. Personally, we abhor the tendency; the very fact that it is a characteristic factor of the general musical spirit of the present day seems to us almost enough, in itself, to prove that it is essentially discrepant with the reigning musical spirit of bygone times. Had the older composers been actuated and inspired by the same spirit that we are now, they would have written just such music as we do. The style of performance and the style of composition of any given epoch invariably and inevitably go hand in hand.

Mr. Nikisch's way of interpreting music of all schools has been called "operatic." It takes some courage for a critic to apply this term to the doings of a man who is perfectly well and generally known to have conducted opera, and little, if anything, else, for several years before he came out here; for any fool might reply, "You only call him operatic because you know he has conducted opera"—and some other fool might believe him. Still, the term seems to us particularly felicitous; it fits Mr. Nikisch to a T. His characteristic bent is distinctly operatic. *Dramatic* would perhaps have been a pleasanter word, but as opera is the best and most universally recognized form of dramatic music, we prefer *operatic*. In his whole mental attitude, in the finest and surest effects he produced, in the class of effects of which he was most fond, Mr. Nikisch seemed to bring with him a reflection from the foot-lights; he had the sweeping breadth of stroke, the uncompromising directness of appeal, the fondness for sharp contrasts and flamboyant coloring that belongs to the lyric stage. He was not a man for half-tints and innuendoes; he seemed happiest when doing something tremendous. He would often keep this instinct in abeyance; but ever and anon it would crop out and show itself. Perhaps the most striking instance of his giving it full vent was his conducting of Schumann's D minor symphony; the effect he produced with this work was simply astounding—and, to us, not entirely fine. Yet, with and in spite of all this, we say heartily that he has given some of the finest, if not the very finest, performances here of certain things that we have ever heard anywhere. The man had the true artist fire in him, and that, too, in no mean degree; nothing but genuine temperamental force and vigor could accomplish the great things he did. When at his best, he was simply glorious.

MR. NIKISCH'S LAST CONCERT.

Not to Accompany the Symphony Orchestra On its Tour.

Mr. Nikisch, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, has decided to wield the baton over that organization for the last time next Saturday evening. This is the end of the Boston series of symphony concerts, but not of the year's work embraced in his contract with Col. Higginson, as three weeks of travel, including two important concerts at the world's fair, remain.

Mr. Nikisch has had the right to sunder his connection at any time, and at the beginning of this week gave Col. Higginson notice of his decision not to accompany the orchestra on its tour, assigning as his reason an apprehension of ill health. It appears, however, that the director offered on certain conditions to fill out his season—which conditions Mr. Higginson found totally inadmissible—and which, moreover, of course could offer no guarantee that Mr. Nikisch's health would be such that he could travel to the West.

The question as to who will conduct the orchestra on its tour remains open for the present, but probably the task will devolve naturally on Mr. Kneisel, the leader of the violins.

ELEVATION OF KNEISEL.

Shall He Be Symphony Conductor?

Musicians Discuss Our Suggestion.

He Is Competent, But Might Not Like It.

At present musical Boston is in a turmoil of surmises over the conductor who must be chosen for the Symphony Orchestra before another season.

There is a homely proverb which inculcates the impropriety of too much curiosity concerning a gift, and some genial members of our musical fraternity seem inclined to refer to it on the sly. The grounds for this is that, as the public fails to entirely pay the expenses of the Symphony, and Colonel Higginson generously supplies the \$15,000 per year which is lacking, the subject might be left entirely to him without comment. A distinguished artist so expresses himself.

But as it is the public which listens to the music, and would probably be willing to pay higher prices for the privilege, it judges that the matter does concern it, and so persists in discussing it.

The names of several distinguished European conductors have been mentioned. The leading one, after it was learned that Hans Richter could not leave Vienna, has seemed to be that of Felix Weingartner, the principal opera and concert conductor of Berlin.

The Traveller has, however, been informed on good authority that Weingartner has engaged to go to Munich in '94. It is evident that then, if not before, Levi, who is now in Munich, will leave, as he would not take any other place in that city, and therefore may be

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available for Boston. If Weingartner should not go to Munich possibly he would come to America.

Among other available names are Sucher, who has been at Hamburg and Edmannsdorfer, recently at Moscow, who have not been mentioned before.

Felix Mottl, now conducting at Karlsruhe, is the last one reported to have received an offer from the Symphony Orchestra management, but he has been so earnestly urged to remain that it is thought he may decline.

The list of available European conductors has by no means been exhausted yet, but musical sentiment and attainment have risen so high in America that some are beginning to look about at home.

The Traveller in a recent editorial, was the first to point out the brilliant possibilities involved in the recognition of our own home talent, and the first to name Franz Kneisel in this connection.

Something About Kneisel.

Franz Kneisel was born in Bucharest, Roumania, 28 years ago. He studied in Vienna and was concert master there of the Royal Burg Theatre until he removed to Berlin where he was concert master of the Bilse Orchestra until he was brought to Boston by Gericke to take Listemann's vacant place some seven years ago.

Since then his violin playing has been a chief attraction to the frequenters of the Symphony, and he stands as probably the finest violin soloist in the country.

The Kneisel Quartet, which he has organized and conducted during the most of this time, has won a distinguished place in the favor of the people, and the enthusiastic praise of the most critical and refined musicians. To succeed in chamber music is a delicate task. In this enterprise Mr. Kneisel has demonstrated the delicacy and refinement of his artistic tastes and his ability to choose judiciously from both modern and classical works.

Mr. Kneisel as a musician is universally praised, but Mr. Kneisel as a conductor is a different thing.

Not only is the proposition a surprise to the musical fraternity, but the opportunity to judge of his qualifications for conducting has been very limited, and aside from the merits of the question, every one is reluctant to speak where they know it will not affect results.

Nevertheless, it is only a work of justice for the public to consider the possibilities of real talent among us, even though the trumpets have not been started by the arts of puffing, fortunate

circumstances, or the exhausting toil of a lifetime.

What Musicians Say.

The Traveller representative has seen many of Boston's musical leaders, and has gathered quite a clear consensus of opinion.

George L. Osgood expresses himself as delighted with the great violinist's management of the Kneisel Quartet. Arthur Foote says he has shown first-rate ability. Otto Roth is enthusiastic in praise of him as a musician, but says he would himself probably prefer the freedom of a soloist to any conductorship. More than one spoke of his conducting when Nikisch was sick as recalling the finish of Gericke's work. A noted composer considered that it showed the ability to enforce obedience as well as executive qualities.

Mr. Kneisel has had other experience in directing in this country. For six weeks he led the promenade concerts at Music Hall, and also led at the Worcester festivals under Carl Zerrahn. But it is maintained that these circumstances and brief extent of these occasions furnish no data by which to judge of his ability to direct an orchestra for a whole season. Indeed, some dissatisfaction with the coolness of his style has been expressed, but it is only to be expected that there would be a difference of tastes.

The idea has been expressed that the Symphony Orchestra would not be pleased to have one of their own number elevated above them, but on the other hand it might be assumed that they would be proud to see such possibilities before their ranks, and would be glad to loyally build up the reputation of one from their ranks. "His success in handling the orchestra would depend entirely on the spirit and ability he might bring to the task," says one musician.

Only One Way.

After all, the only way to discover a director is to give some one a chance to try, and the Boston public might well afford to take the creating of a musical reputation into its own hands, rather than to continue to accept them ready-made from abroad. They must be made somewhere.

Meanwhile, no one knows what the probabilities of the situation are, and the outcome is awaited with intense interest.

The orchestra will make quite a tour under Mr. Kneisel's direction, reaching Chicago between two and three weeks from now, when it will play in the series of fair concerts. This is a grand op-

portunity for both orchestra and leader, and if they make a good impression, Boston may find itself a little late in creating a reputation.

That Mr. Higginson has great confidence in Kneisel is evidenced by the latest intelligence concerning him. It

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is understood that as Mr. Nikisch has declined to conduct the symphony orchestra after this evening, Mr. Kneisel will conduct in its Western tour. This, of course, includes its appearance at the Chicago Fair.



FRANZ KNEISEL.

SOLOIST:

MR. FRANZ KNEISEL.

THE LATE SYMPHONY SEASON.

To the Editor of the Transcript: After waiting a reasonable length of time, since the departure of Herr Nikisch, for the calming doom of prejudice for or against, permit me, as a representative of a large following, to offer a few words about the criticisms on this our last conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

It might well be said, at the outset, that, owing to the peculiar way in which Boston obtains the advantage of hearing this orchestra, criticisms are, in a measure, out of place. We should take the good the gods provide, pay for it and be thankful. But as some adverse criticisms offered by some ancient and honorable parties have appeared on the eve of Mr. Nikisch's departure, it is in order for laymen to make a few remarks. I speak for the great mass of people who have been the mainstay and support of this enterprise, when I say that the administration just ended has, on the whole, been one of great satisfaction. To one who has been a constant attendant upon this series of concerts this fact stands out clear and beyond dispute. The comfort and enjoyment of Music Hall crowds has been too apparent to deny this. I leave out the rehearsal performances which are said to have been attended by those who went because it was the proper thing to do. I venture to say that the thought in the minds of the Saturday night audiences was not whether this or that portion of the programme should have been first or last; whether this or that piece should not have been in the group of composers for that particular evening; whether this or that movement should have been taken at a little faster or a little slower tempo because some moss-covered bigwig performed it that way forty or fifty years ago. It was beyond all question not a part of the troubles of those audiences. I never witnessed more thoroughly satisfied people in my life, and my experience dates back forty years.

When such one-sided partisan expressions, therefore, as have been lately printed regarding these concerts appear, one is constrained to ask if these critics really believe the great public looks up to them as superior beings, or cares at all for their learned inflictions. No, the great, loving heart of the public gives the true verdict on the power of music to reach the soul, and the great public has unmistakably indorsed what has been given to it the past season, and such indorsed notes are good.

It is not my purpose to enter into any hair-splitting discussion of minor matters. Our retiring conductor may have made some errors—few there be who never have—but I venture the prediction that in later years the administration of Mr. Nikisch will be quoted as one of the most pleasing, dignified and satisfactory of all that have preceded him. His graceful personality, his quiet, gentlemanly movements when at his place before the orchestra, his restfulness, his every motion a picture—these will linger long in the memory of those who attended the concerts given under his baton. These remarks have not been inspired by any personal regard. I never had the pleasure of meeting Mr.

Nikisch, but I have attended the concerts of the Symphony Orchestra since the beginning, when Mr. Higginson so nobly inaugurated a series of entertainments that forever links his name with good and uplifting deeds, and by which Boston, aye, and the whole country, is rendered his debtor for all time.

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And now it is said that Felix Mottl, the famous musical conductor of Karlsruhe, has received an offer from the Boston Symphony Orchestra management to take the place made vacant by the resignation of Arthur Nikisch. But it is added that so many appeals have been made to Mottl to induce him to remain in Karlsruhe that it is thought he may decline the offer to go to America.

Mottl was born Aug. 29, 1856, at Unter-St. Veit, near Vienna. He was a pupil of the Vienna Conservatory. In 1881 he was called to Karlsruhe to take charge of the opera orchestra. In 1886 he refused a call to Berlin. In the same year he directed at Baireuth with great success. Of late his health has been poor, and he has directed at rare intervals in different German cities. Mottl has written an opera, "Agnes Bernauer," performed at Weimar, 1880.

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From Chicago the tour includes Grand Rapids, a concert with the Arion Society in Milwaukee, then the great musical event of the season at Ann Arbor University, with an audience of nearly 3000, and the trip closes on Saturday evening, May 20, in Detroit, the concert being under the auspices of the Detroit Musical Society. The orchestra will arrive in Boston on Monday morning, May 22.

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The latter gentleman forfeits \$5,000 in ending the contract as he does, but it is best to let him speak as he did to THE MUSICAL COURIER on Friday afternoon:

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There are many glittering appearances surrounding the place occupied by Mr. Nikisch, but considering the demands made upon a cultured musician and gentleman, such as Mr. Nikisch is, and his social en-

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vironment in Boston, the pecuniary net results are not exactly encouraging. There is virtually no cessation to the work of a conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, with its many Public Rehearsals and Concerts in Boston, Cambridge, Providence, other New England cities, New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Washington and the annual Western tour. The private rehearsals necessary to keep the repertory in condition take up a considerable portion of every week, and add to this the public performances, and it will be found that the work is, as we say, incessant.

It may have been possible that Mr. Higginson retreated from the literal interpretation of his contract with Mr. Nikisch; but this is somewhat doubtful. The payment of that sum consequently signified that Mr. Nikisch had returned to the owner of the Boston Symphony Orchestra all of his earthly possessions and all that he had saved as the result of his four years of work—surely not an encouraging aspect of affairs for those who have the ambition to succeed Mr. Nikisch.

Foreign conductors who come here under the tempting influences of what appears as a great emolument frequently forget the relatively high cost of living as compared with the expenses of a family in such a continental city as Buda-Pesth, which will be Mr. Nikisch's home. To meet the exigencies imposed by Boston's social functions compels an outlay that diminishes the salary of a symphony conductor to a mere cipher. Mr. Nikisch did of course not know this nor can his inexperienced successor be aware of it. The \$5,000 supposed to have been paid by Mr. Nikisch to Mr. Higginson on Saturday might be properly applied as an emergency fund for symphony conductors who are unacquainted with the style and cost of living in large American cities.

Was it not queer that the orchestra as a whole did not stay to hear the farewell speech of Conductor Nikisch Saturday evening? When, addressing the audience, he paid a compliment to the efforts of the orchestra and turned to bow his acknowledgments, lo! the orchestra had vanished for the most part, only a little handful of the musicians remaining, and not one of them manifesting any emotion or enthusiasm.

Nikisch kept on with his little speech just the same, and brought it to a close with a little dramatic flourish as he laid his hand on his breast and thanked the audience "with all his heart."

THERE MUST BE PROMPTNESS.

Colonel Higginson Again Gives the Reasons for the Need of Immediate Subscriptions to the Music Hall Fund.

Colonel Henry L. Higginson today makes another statement of the imperative reasons for prompt subscriptions to the fund for the new music hall. Unless public-spirited citizens at once accept the burden of responsibility for the erection of the proposed great building, there will be no more Symphony concerts. Colonel Higginson writes:

Boston, June 20.

To the Editor of the Transcript: In order to avoid any mistake in the minds of the public as to the new hall for music, of which you have so kindly spoken during the past week, and of my relation to it, I ask leave to make the following statement:

I must engage a conductor for the Boston Symphony Orchestra, if at all, for five years, and musicians for one or more years, and before doing this we must be sure of a hall in which to play. Still further, these engagements must be made at once, as the musicians cannot wait longer. In all probability the present Music Hall will be taken by the city within a year for the new street, and in any case it cannot be relied on for more than one season. There is no other hall in Boston which would fill the place of Music Hall for large concerts.

It has been a great pleasure for the past twelve years to plan for, to work for, and to support the Symphony Orchestra, which is the outcome of much artistic skill, knowledge, and long persistent work on the part of the musicians. No good orchestra can be got in any other way. I shall gladly carry on my work as regards the orchestra if a good hall be provided for it, but only on that condition.

The orchestra has this year reached a self supporting stage, which it may or may not keep, for there is always a considerable risk each year as to the receipts. During these past years the total deficit has been large; but the expenses must always be met, and this risk falls on me and may be fairly considered my share.

May I suggest that a new hall can readily and without much greater expense be built so as to be used for opera, and thus command a larger rental; it may well have open boxes, as in the Carnegie Hall in New York, and seats of various grades and at different prices. At the present time it is very difficult to get any theatre in Boston for opera, or other large occasional entertainments.

Every considerable city in our country has some such hall, and it is for the citizens of Boston and its neighborhood to decide whether they care enough for music in its different forms to build this hall, and for them to decide at once if they wish to keep the orchestra. Money will be wanted for the building later in the year, but the promise of it is needed now.

The building must be ready for use, so far as the Boston Symphony Orchestra is concerned, in October, 1894.

To sum up: The public may be sure that to make a good orchestra, much work, much time

and much expense are required. All these elements have been contributed, and we have the orchestra as it now stands. Shall we keep it, or lose it for want of a proper hall? The decision cannot be postponed beyond a few days. Unless within that time a new hall is assured, I must disband the orchestra and finally abandon the symphony concerts.

HENRY L. HIGGINSON.

SHALL BOSTON HAVE A MUSIC HALL OR NOT?

The connoisseurs of music in Boston generally appreciate the impending crisis in our means of musical enjoyment, the items of which are the demolition of the Music Hall and the dismemberment of the Symphony Orchestra. As chance will have it, however, they among us who are best able to appreciate the splendid opportunities for musical gratification the Symphony concerts afford are, as a rule, precisely the ones who are the least able to furnish the means for a new home for the orchestra. There are, however, citizens who possess both wealth and musical taste and who can sympathize with other music lovers in their anxiety over Mr. Higginson's present dilemma. There is but one way, however, to give expression to that sympathy, and that is to subscribe for stock in the new concert hall which must be built in order to save the orchestra. Furthermore, the emergency is pressing. Unless positive assurance that the hall will be built is in the hands of those who have already made a good start in this matter, within a week, the Symphony Orchestra will cease to be an institution and the city will also be without a proper, well-fitted, adequate hall for other high class concerts that demand a large apartment.

MUSIC HALL MELODIES.

I.

Sing a song of sixpence, a pocket full of gold,
Just in time the pocket 's filled as full as it can hold!

When the pocket 's opened, the birds 'll begin to sing.

Oh, won't it be a merry hall, about a year from spring!

II.

The treasurer in counting-room
Is counting up his money,
The people down towards Chester Park
Are eating bread and honey.

III.

Hippity-hop to the Symphony shop
To buy a stick of candy!
One for you and one for me,
The shares will all come handy.

IV.

Little Bopeep won't lose her sheep!
Rehearsal days will find 'em
Still tooting away, an orchestra gay
With Beethoven up behind 'em!

environment in Boston, the pecuniary net results are not exactly encouraging. There is virtually no cessation to the work of a conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, with its many Public Rehearsals and Concerts in Boston, Cambridge, Providence, other New England cities, New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Washington and the annual Western tour. The private rehearsals necessary to keep the repertory in condition take up a considerable portion of every week, and add to this the public performances, and it will be found that the work is, as we say, incessant.

It may have been possible that Mr. Higginson retreated from the literal interpretation of his contract with Mr. Nikisch; but this is somewhat doubtful. The payment of that sum consequently signified that Mr. Nikisch had returned to the owner of the Boston Symphony Orchestra all of his earthly possessions and all that he had saved as the result of his four years of work—surely not an encouraging aspect of affairs for those who have the ambition to succeed Mr. Nikisch.

Foreign conductors who come here under the tempting influences of what appears as a great emolument frequently forget the relatively high cost of living as compared with the expenses of a family in such a continental city as Buda-Pesth, which will be Mr. Nikisch's home. To meet the exigencies imposed by Boston's social functions compels an outlay that diminishes the salary of a symphony conductor to a mere cipher. Mr. Nikisch did of course not know this nor can his inexperienced successor be aware of it. The \$5,000 supposed to have been paid by Mr. Nikisch to Mr. Higginson on Saturday might be properly applied as an emergency fund for symphony conductors who are unacquainted with the style and cost of living in large American cities.

Was it not queer that the orchestra as a whole did not stay to hear the farewell speech of Conductor Nikisch Saturday evening? When, addressing the audience, he paid a compliment to the efforts of the orchestra and turned to bow his acknowledgments, lo! the orchestra had vanished for the most part, only a little handful of the musicians remaining, and not one of them manifesting any emotion or enthusiasm.

Nikisch kept on with his little speech just the same, and brought it to a close with a little dramatic flourish as he laid his hand on his breast and thanked the audience "with all his heart."

THERE MUST BE PROMPTNESS.

Colonel Higginson Again Gives the Reasons for the Need of Immediate Subscriptions to the Music Hall Fund.

Colonel Henry L. Higginson today makes another statement of the imperative reasons for prompt subscriptions to the fund for the new music hall. Unless public-spirited citizens at once accept the burden of responsibility for the erection of the proposed great building, there will be no more Symphony concerts. Colonel Higginson writes:

BOSTON, June 20.

To the Editor of the Transcript: In order to avoid any mistake in the minds of the public as to the new hall for music, of which you have so kindly spoken during the past week, and of my relation to it, I ask leave to make the following statement:

I must engage a conductor for the Boston Symphony Orchestra, if at all, for five years, and musicians for one or more years, and before doing this we must be sure of a hall in which to play. Still further, these engagements must be made at once, as the musicians cannot wait longer. In all probability the present Music Hall will be taken by the city within a year for the new street, and in any case it cannot be relied on for more than one season. There is no other hall in Boston which would fill the place of Music Hall for large concerts.

It has been a great pleasure for the past twelve years to plan for, to work for, and to support the Symphony Orchestra, which is the outcome of much artistic skill, knowledge, and long persistent work on the part of the musicians. No good orchestra can be got in any other way. I shall gladly carry on my work as regards the orchestra if a good hall be provided for it, but only on that condition.

The orchestra has this year reached a self supporting stage, which it may or may not keep, for there is always a considerable risk each year as to the receipts. During these past years the total deficit has been large; but the expenses must always be met, and this risk falls on me and may be fairly considered my share.

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NEW MUSIC HALL ASSURED. Committee Has the Required \$400,000 Subscribed.

Boston Now in No Danger of Losing Her Symphony Concerts—Handsomely Structured Will Surely Be Erected—City May Come to the Front Once More in Musical Enterprises.

The committee appointed to secure the \$400,000 subscriptions for stock in a new music hall corporation can go fishing now. It has that amount and more subscribed, and it has all been secured within two weeks.

The limit was 10 days, and with two Sundays and two half and one whole holiday the subscriptions have been got within the time at first fixed.

The city has, by the good work of this committee, been saved the disgrace of failing to supply the patron of the Boston Symphony orchestra with a suitable hall for his concerts, and events may be anticipated which will prove that the action now assured will bring Boston again to the front in many musical enterprises which have languished in recent years.

The subscription list will be kept open until further notice, as it may be necessary to use a larger sum than was at first contemplated.

The enterprise is in good hands, and it is gratifying to know that this fact has been a general subject of congratulation among those who have put their names down among the stock subscribers.

THE NEW HALL.

A Way to Make It a Benefit to All the People of Boston.

To the Editor of the Herald: This Music Hall scheme which is now being so much discussed seems to me to afford a fine chance to do something for the benefit of the entire public, and not only for the comparative few who can afford to pay high prices for the weekly Symphony concert.

In the first place, the sum of \$400,000 is inadequate to make a building of the noble monumental and architectural character which befits our community, for are we not going to build for 50 years hence, as well as for the present generation? In addition to the sum above named, several hundred thousand dollars more would be needed to make the building worthy of us.

Why could we not have popular concerts given two or three evenings each week almost the whole year round under somewhat the same conditions as the present popular concerts are given, thereby giving the multitude a chance to get an improving and innocent amusement at prices

within the reach of all. I am sure that these concerts would pay a profit, as the present populars do, and this profit could be devoted to paying the interest and part of the principal required over and above the \$400,000 now being talked about. It would not be necessary to have as expensive a lot of performers as compose the Symphony orchestra.

I admire the orchestra as now organized as much as anybody, but its scope is limited and the public at large derive no benefit. Let us have a music hall for the whole population of the community.

W. W.

THE NEW MUSIC HALL. Some Quiet "Hustling," with Gratifying Results.

The Danger Line Passed—With Earnest Work the Symphonies Safe—A Chicago Man's Ideas—An Appeal Notably Signed—Some Financial Views.

A Chicago man, upon being told the situation as regards the raising of money to build a new Music Hall, is said to have delivered himself in the following eminently characteristic fashion:

"Why, in Chicago, half a dozen men would have offered \$100,000 apiece by this time! I'm not asking where's your rich men's devotion to music and to civilization and culture generally; what I want to know is, where's their business hustle? Why, a stranger can see with one eye shut and both hands tied behind him that real estate is moving right down in the direction of the site for your new Music Hall, and it's money in a man's pocket to get shares in the new hall. If you'll excuse my language, you can't boom æsthetics anywhere unless you tackle the problem the way we do in Chicago and look your so much per cent. right in the eye along with your high and holy convictions about this or that art or t' other. I heard a man say that it is a shame to let your Gen. Higginson—well, colonel, then; a man that has given a quarter of a million for music is a fine enough fellow to be called general or anything else—my friend said that it's a shame he should have to disband the Symphony orchestra for lack of a house to put it in. I said just what I should like to say to every man with a hundred dollars to invest in and around Boston: 'What are you going to do about it? Where is your æsthetic horse-sense? Where in time's your hustle?'"

However lacking the native born Bostonian is in the element of "hustle," there has been the best possible evidence of an ability to "get there" in this matter. It is only eight days since it was generally known that Boston must have a new Music Hall.

About everybody takes a day off on the seventeenth, and this year there was an unusual exodus from the city on account of the Massachusetts day at the World's fair. Then again, many business men are already at their summer homes and do not come to town with any regularity, so that

there have been hardly more than four good working days since the idea of a new hall was suggested to the musical public.

Possibly the committee to whom the duty of getting the funds has been entrusted may object to being classified as "hustlers," but the result of their labors thus far certainly brings them within this classification.

It looks very much as if they would have some "coasting" in their future experience in this undertaking. People are now beginning to realize that the stock in the new hall may be a bit safer investment than some "riltedge" railroad and other securities that have been popular in this section in recent years.

One conservative gentleman remarked in regard to the stock: "It's always a satisfaction to me to see where my money is spent."

The experience of investors in the stock of the present Music Hall is worth quoting at this time. The stock in this corporation was put at \$100 a share, and if the affairs of the corporation were to be wound up today, the shares which were obtained 40 years ago have averaged over 6 per cent. as an investment. The shares are probably worth nearer \$400 per share than par today, after paying off all obligations and incumbrances. The cash dividends on each share have amounted to \$127.20. The increase in the investor's principal is nearly 30 per cent.

It is extremely gratifying to know that for the four real working days the subscriptions have averaged \$50,000 a day, and that the conditional promises carry the amount well over the danger line. The people who ought to subscribe have done so; that is, the list already has the names of many of those who are known as patrons of all that is best in music. Many wealthy subscribers have left the committee a wide margin to assess them as the needs of the situation may demand. A peculiarly pleasing feature of the subscription is that there have been a large number of names put down for a single share, thus showing the widespread interest among small investors.

"Nothing succeeds like success," and undoubtedly the fact that the idea is approved by such staunch friends of music as those already "listed" will make the future efforts of the committee far easier than they have been.

The necessity for active energetic and successful effort is still imperative. The total amount needed should be subscribed by tomorrow night. This result can easily be accomplished. It is entirely unnecessary to question the expenditure of the money to be put into this investment. The committee are thoroughly competent to deal with all the details.

A NOTABLE APPEAL.

A number of music lovers of this city propose to organize a stock corporation to erect a suitable building to replace the present Music Hall, which is soon to be lost to the public as a place of enjoyment. They have issued the following appeal:

We think that the appeal for a new hall for music in Boston is just, and we urge upon our fellow-citizens the necessity for prompt action. Boston is to lose its Music Hall, and must, in justice to its high name for devotion to education and to art, replace this old hall with a new and better one. The choral societies must have a good home or fade away, and the Symphony orchestra, which has been called into existence by the long, hard work of so many men, which represents the expenditure of \$250,000 voluntarily given by Mr. Higginson, in addition to the receipts from tickets, and which is now fully equipped for the best kind of service to a large and excellent public, must very soon disband unless a home for it is assured.

We are aware that this is a bad time to start such an undertaking, but circumstances force it upon us. We cannot allow Boston to lose its prestige in these

matters without an effort to save it.

It is proposed to organize a corporation with a capital of \$400,000, divided into 4000 shares of \$100 each.

It is most important that this money should be assured without delay, although it will not be wanted for a number of months; and it is to be hoped that everybody will take stock according to his means.

Subscriptions may be sent to T. Dennie Boardman, Ames building, Boston.

Signed: Martin Brinumer, Henry Cabot Lodge, William E. Russell, Patrick Donohoe, Charles W. Eliot, Mrs. Louis Agassiz, Miss Alice Longfellow, John D. Long, Eben Jordan, Matthew Luce, Lesly A. Johnson, George O. Shattuck, Solomon Lincoln, J. K. Paine, Charles Eliot Norton, Henry S. Grew, George Wheatland, C. L. Pierson, F. Haven, Jr., John L. Gardner, John Lowell, Oliver H. Durrell, N. W. Rice, Thomas E. Proctor, Barthold Schlesinger, Roger Wolcott, Mrs. Henry Whitman, A. Shuman & Co., Walter T. Winslow, Henry M. Whitney, Miss Pauline Shaw, Mrs. George Tyson, George C. Lee, Robert Bacon, Mrs. Samuel T. Morse, Miss Frances R. Morse, Charles F. Choate, R. H. White, George F. Fabry, David P. Kimball, E. Winchester Donald, S. Endicott Peabody, N. W. Jordan, C. A. Coffin, F. G. Webster, William L. Chase, George A. Gordon, S. Lothrop Thorneike, Francis H. Manning, Henry Parkman, Henry L. Morse, John W. Eliot.

Boston, June 21, 1893.

THE SYMPHONIC CRISIS.

It is questionable if the public at large realizes the imminent danger which now exists as to the future of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Mr. H. L. Higginson, its founder and patron, is about as much a misunderstood man as any that can be named, but those who realize what a fashion he has of carrying out his agreements can hardly fail to have serious anxiety as to the future of the great organization he has so nobly sustained for 12 years.

In order to once again call attention to the matter it may be well to restate the situation. The contracts for the orchestra engagements must be signed at an early day, some of these extending for fully five years. Mr. Higginson, in common with many citizens, thinks that the Music Hall will be taken at an early day by rights granted under the rapid transit bill. Its destruction will make an orchestra an elephant upon his hands, for Boston possesses no other auditorium suited for such concerts as he desires to give.

The position that he takes is, therefore, that unless he can be assured of the building a new Music Hall by others than himself suited for his uses in giving orchestral concerts, and unless this assurance can be had within a week's time, he will decline to continue the organization and abandon the Symphony orchestra once and for all.

It is, of course, difficult for the general public to realize this critical situation to its full extent, but it seems reasonable to suppose that those whose wealth has come to them in this city should take interest enough to study the position in which Mr. Higginson finds himself and come forward to extricate him from it.

The organization and maintenance of the Boston Symphony orchestra for 12 years is the greatest public spirited action in the cause of music known in the history of the world. Mr. Higginson has never asked or desired aid in this effort. He does not ask or desire aid now. He simply says that, if his fellow-citizens, many more able than he to do what he has done and is doing, will not guarantee him a place to give his concerts, he sees no necessity for assuming the immense financial obligations incidental to its maintenance.

An intelligent estimate of the extent of the risk assumed yearly by Mr. Higginson in this scheme of orchestral concerts puts the amount at from \$200,000 to \$250,000.

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In other words, if Mr. Higginson renews his contracts for the usual terms, and by the demolition of Music Hall and the failure of the plan to build a new one, has no place for his concerts during the season of '94-'95, he is liable to be called upon to pay a quarter of a million dollars for his adherence to his obligations of the last 12 years.

A very large proportion of the Saturday evening patrons of the Symphony concerts are wealthy, and it would be easy to name a dozen sets of a score each of these lovers of high-class music, who, by co-operation, could without personal loss, supply the financial assistance demanded.

The question, then, is, will the wealthy men and women of Boston by lack of action, cause the city the loss of the finest orchestral organization known anywhere in the world?

A NEW MUSIC HALL.

"Sweet are the uses of adversity," chanted William Shakspeare; also "out of this nettle danger we pluck this flower, safety." One feels like quoting the divine Williams *passim*, or singing or dancing or standing on one's head, on realizing that the raid of rapid transit on the old Music Hall has secured us what has been so long desired in vain, —a hall for music worthy of the distinction to which Boston has attained in the musical world. Only to just such conditions as obtain here and now could the successful effort of the past ten days have been possible. It is the fruition of faithful work. Colonel Henry Higginson has been planting and watering with an open hand for a dozen years the slow-growing plant of confidence which has finally blossomed in this burst of public spirit and generosity to build a new temple for music. Let the details take care of themselves later on; the main fact is glorious enough for present contemplation. Only it should be understood by all, and especially by those who dream of ambitious sites and architecture for it, that while \$400,000 will build a fine modern music hall, \$450,000 or \$500,000 would do it still more worthily. So let the subscribing of the capital stock not stop at the barely safe \$400,000.

THE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA and the Common are saved. In neither case has the salvation been free, and in both it has been effected at the expense of much exertion beyond the power of money to buy. When the reserve power of Boston is put forth in even a little of its might, results promptly prove that materialism has no lasting hold in this "stronghold of the Puritans," as Mr. Walter Besant likes to call Boston. Boston is iconoclastic in her own way, but she never wilfully throws down her own idols, and is much given to useful action when the smallest stone of their pedestals is threatened.

MUSIC HALL AS AN INVESTMENT.

We have taken pains to look up the pecuniary results of the first Boston Music Hall investment, and find that if the corporation were to be wound up today the shares which were obtained at \$100 apiece forty years ago have averaged over six per cent as an investment. The shares are probably worth nearer \$400 per share than par today, after paying off all obligations and incumbrances. The cash dividends on each share have amounted to \$127.20. The increase in the investor's principal is nearly three hundred per cent. Now, wherein is the outlook for a new music hall today less promising than that of forty-one years ago?

To be sure, the cost of the real estate bought and occupied in 1852 was comparatively light, owing to the wise selection of the interior of a block where existed no properties of any great value. This point is of the first and greatest importance. In fact it virtually disposes of all those picturesque projects which insist on the choice of such sites as those suggested on Copley Square or Commonwealth avenue as the base of operations for the creation of a new hall. However desirable such sites would be for the new house, and however ornamental that structure might be made for the city, the success of the project in hand depends on its commending itself to our public-spirited capitalists as an investment. The lot of land that has been bonded on Huntington avenue and West Chester Park, though not in every quality the most fitting, certainly has the merit of rendering the scheme practicable as a fairly promising investment.

We have in mind, however, a lot which in our view combines reasonableness in price and sightliness of situation—namely the land now occupied by the Union Boat Club and the private and livery stables adjacent. The grand and beautiful Charles River Embankment improvement can reach this spot in another year and in the course of one more year extend the whole length of the Back Bay. The act passed by the last Legislature provides for the extension and ornamentation of this river esplanade under the direction of the Park Commission as far as the Charlesgate. Why should not Boston utilize this noble water-front so long neglected and despised, except from the back parlors and dining-rooms of the mansions on the water side of Beacon and Brimmer streets, for some of its best public buildings, theatres, halls and hotels, as is done in London and every other European city which enjoys the advantages of such embankments? The projectors of the rapid transit subway on Tremont street have always contemplated a

lateral branch to the Back Bay and Brookline, via tunnel and Mt. Vernon street and the Charles River water front, and that branch would bring an opera house or hall on the Embankment into direct connection with the entire system of city transportation.

But this is a detail to be settled according to the maturer conclusions of the best judges. The point we are pressing is that to be a reasonably safe and promising investment the new Music Hall must begin with a reasonably cheap lot of land, as did the Music Hall project of forty years ago, with the very satisfactory results to the investors above stated on the best authority.

THE NEW MUSIC HALL.

June 1, 1895
To the Editor of the Transcript: The citizens of Boston seem strangely to fail to appreciate the public importance of completing at once the subscriptions for a new building to take the place of Music Hall, for it is hardly probable that the sum needed—\$400,000—would be wanting long if the matter were rightly understood. Briefly stated, the facts of the case are these:

Even were there no question of the removal of the present building, Music Hall has certain obvious defects which prevent its being at all adequate to its uses or worthy of the splendid series of concerts which are given there. The entrances are awkward, and its enclosed position prevents their being improved. The same cause, together with the character of the building, renders proper ventilation impossible; and every frequenter of the Symphony concerts has suffered from the bad air of the auditorium. Both these considerations are of importance; and it is to be added that it is a shame to Boston that it has so long failed to provide a proper hall for the concerts which are at once a delight and an inspiration to every music-lover, and an object not only of civic pride, but of interest to every man who has a wholesome pleasure in seeing an American city take its place in the front ranks of the musical centres of the world.

The proposed building is to be owned by a corporation—an advantage not to be overlooked—and will afford a hall not only for the symphonies, but for opera, which now seeks in vain for proper accommodation in Boston. If there were a suitable place here, it is not to be doubted that we should have far more opera, and hear it under better conditions, than at present. This would also be likely to insure an income from the house, so that the investment, although a long one, would not be in the end a losing one. Those who subscribe to the fund are not necessarily giving their money to a philanthropic scheme, although under the circumstances there should be no difficulty in raising \$400,000 in Boston for a purpose which so vitally affects the best interests of the city.

The thing which complicates the question is the necessity of completing the subscription at once. The contracts with the members of the orchestra for five years must be signed by the first of July. The leading musicians cannot be kept waiting in uncertainty, and Colonel Higginson naturally cannot afford to risk the

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loss of a quarter of a million by taking the chance of having the orchestra on his hands for four years, with no place in which to give concerts should Music Hall be pulled down next summer. The shares are \$100 each, and there should be many among the large body of concert-goers and the music lovers in the city who are able to take a few shares if they cannot do more. Something must be decided within the next week, and it will be cause for lasting regret and shame should our noble orchestra be disbanded because the moneyed men of Boston will not rally to the support of the finest and most disinterested art enterprise which has ever been seen in America, and of which it is not too much to say that it has not had its parallel in the history of music. It is certainly not possible that Bostonians are so insensible to generosity, public spirit and the influence of art as to fail now that a practical test is applied to their appreciation. The response must be instant to be effective. It should be abundant alike from a sense of the merits of the case and from simple justice.

A. B.

....The site said to have been selected for the new Music Hall, near the corner of Huntington avenue and West Chester Park is centrally situated so far as a large majority of symphony concert patrons are concerned. A new Music Hall at that point would build up Huntington avenue immensely.

...."Oh, oh!" sadly exclaimed the Boston woman "to think of their tearing down our poor old dear lovely Music Hall, where we have almost lived! I can't help it, I am conservative. They may build a new one, but it will never be that one. Think of all those we have heard there who have died! Dear me, I used to go there to Germania concerts forty years ago, as long ago as when we used to wear muffs, if you know what they are, and my muff was three times as big, too, as the biggest ones worn last winter. Poor Carl Bergmann! Oh dear! Why must the Music Hall be torn down? It makes me feel so old, to think of it, and yet I feel just as young as I ever did."

"MONEY TALKS."

To the Editor of the Transcript: Will you give an old croaker space for a few lines on a matter of passing general interest—the imminent danger of losing the Symphony Orchestra. "Thank heaven," said an eminent writer when told of Mrs. Browning's death, "there will be no more Aurora Leighs." The old Music Hall is to go. Thank heaven, say I, there will be no more Symphony concerts. I am tired of being tugged around by Mrs. Grundy to the old hall. I always said to my family that this adoration of classical music was in large part affectation. And here comes a card from the founder of the orchestra in the morning papers which proves me right. For this adoration does not yet go far enough to induce the lovers to provide a home for their beloved. And yet I have never been to one of the old symphony concerts when it was not possible to count up the wealth of one's neighbors to, in the aggregate, forty millions.

PONS.

A MUNICIPAL MUSIC HALL.

To the Editor of the Transcript: The Metropolitan district of Boston has many of the things which are essential to the most complete modern civilization. Several hundred thousand intelligent, industrious and well-to-do people live within a radius of ten miles of the State House, between the surrounding hills, where the rivers run through fields and lawns, by the city wharfs and warehouses, to the ocean. The streets lined with substantial public and private structures; the Common, Public Garden and system of surrounding parks; the educational institutions, comprehending the various fields of research and well equipped for service; the libraries, and institutions charitable and humane; all are of a high standard of excellence.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra is one of the educational institutions which has naturally been a source of pride to Boston, as one of the largest and best concert orchestras established in any city in the world. It has now become a problem whether it shall have a continued existence or be discontinued, and it is stated that the matter turns on the providing of a new music hall to properly accommodate the concerts.

Numerous locations for a new temple of music have been suggested in print, some of which are objectionable on account of the cost of the land, others because of the shape of the lot available or the lack of a quiet location. The limited time in which to raise the funds needed is another difficulty as well as the present unfavorable financial condition of the business world. Under all the circumstances the following plan is offered as one which might solve the difficulties in the way and perhaps secure permanently a worthy orchestra for Boston.

Let the Park Commission be authorized to grant a suitable location in the Back Bay Park where there will ever be assured a quiet home for a music hall; where there will be room for carriage approaches and a branch of the street car service. The city to erect a hall for public purposes, perhaps using the Franklin fund, not to take the place of Faneuil Hall, but to be used when that hall is not sufficiently capacious for fairs, school exhibitions, drills, etc. This hall to be rented for the Symphony concerts and for other concerts, in fact for any musical entertainment, the income to be used to provide for free concerts, which would attract to the Back Bay Park on summer evenings, thousands of people, and would tend to popularize this beautiful pleasure ground, and make it an evening resort which could be artistically illuminated, and in years to come rival the resorts of the capitals of Europe of a similar character, which give so much pleasure to the public. It might be well to first erect a structure of wood, in the most approved form, so as to be sure of securing perfect acoustic properties, and use this for a few years as a temporary expedient. This would be inexpensive, and if the city were not prepared to erect it, private enterprise might, and this arrangement would give time to plan a permanent structure, architecturally worthy of the city and an ornament to the park itself.

It would be worth the expenditure on the

part of the city to build this temporary hall to provide for the musical education and amusement of the people, the more so if it should result in the permanent establishment, by private capital, of a great local orchestra, which should give not only a series of concerts, as under the present arrangement, but which should also at stated times, in this public music hall, give free performances to the public who may not be able to pay for admission. This plan might result in future donations by liberal citizens and bequests of large sums of money to provide frequent musical entertainments for the public, and for this reason it may be deemed worthy of consideration by the public and the authorities.

PARKER C. CHANDLER.

A NEW MUSIC HALL ASSURED.

The Last Dollar of the \$400,000 Necessary Subscribed This Afternoon.

A new music hall for Boston is now assured, for shortly after three o'clock this afternoon subscriptions to stock came in raising the amount to the \$400,000 originally called for. There is now absolutely no question about the building of the hall for the symphony concerts; but because the fund has been raised there is no reason why the public who are interested should stop sending in their subscriptions. The more money there is raised the better the building will be when it is completed, and no one need fear that in case the fund exceeds the amount asked for by the committee, any of the money will be wasted. When the subject was first considered it was decided that \$400,000 was the smallest sum that could possibly suffice. Should the subscription now grow from its present figure to \$450,000 it will not be any too large, and will enable the committee to prepare plans for a better building.

SUGGESTIONS OF WHAT the new Music Hall should be will probably flow in upon the committee who have assumed the preliminary direction of affairs, until they may be led to wish that they had never undertaken the task. Therefore, before the flood begins, a few hints of the needs of the town are herewith submitted. Besides the large hall, which will, presumably, be made to contain not less than 2500 seats, there should be two other concert rooms, with a seating capacity of 1200 and 600 respectively. Of course the means of egress and of communication between the several parts of the house will be adequate and convenient, the building laws being severe and searching in these particulars. The latest exploits in theatre and hall building, the Metropolitan Opera House and the Carnegie Music Hall in New York and the Auditorium in Chicago, contain each features in plan, construction and equipment that may well be copied or imitated. As desirable as it is to have a fine work of architecture for the exterior, we can well spare highly decorative conceits there for the sake of an effective interior, which should be, first of all, cheery, to say nothing of an organ which shall be a worthy tenant of the new art temple.

FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS YESTERDAY

Generous Subscriptions to the Music Hall Fund—But \$225,000 More Needed.

The success of the new Music Hall enterprise is almost assured, for only \$225,000 is needed now by the gentlemen having the matter in charge. Fifty thousand dollars were subscribed yesterday, bringing the amount up to \$175,000, and as much more is hoped for today. Still as only two days remain for the securing of the amount needed in order to retain the Symphony concerts, it is necessary for all who contemplate giving their aid to the enterprise to do so at once.

The following circular has been issued in regard to the new Music Hall:

BOSTON, June 21, 1893.

We think that the appeal for a new hall for music in Boston is just, and we urge upon our fellow-citizens the necessity for prompt action. Boston is to lose its Music Hall, and must, in justice to its high name for devotion to education and to art, replace this old hall with a new and better one. The choral societies must have a good home or fade away, and the Symphony Orchestra, which has been called into existence by the long, hard work of so many men, which represents the expenditure of \$250,000 voluntarily given by Mr. Higginson, in addition to the receipts from tickets, and which is now fully equipped for the best kind of service to a large and excellent public, must very soon disband, unless a home for it is assured.

We are aware that this is a bad time to start such an undertaking, but circumstances force it upon us. We cannot allow Boston to lose its prestige in these matters without an effort to save it. It is proposed to organize a corporation with a capital of \$400,000, divided into 4000 shares of \$100 each. It is most important that this money should be assured without delay, although it will not be wanted for a number of months; and it is to be hoped that everybody will take stock according to his means.

Subscriptions may be sent to T. Dennie Boardman, esq., Ames Building, Boston.

The circular bears the signatures of Martin Brimmer, Henry Cabot Lodge, William E. Russell, Patrick Donahoe, Charles W. Eliot, Mrs. Louis Agassiz, Miss Alice Longfellow, John D. Long, Eben Jordan, Matthew Luce, Lesley A. Johnson, George O. Shattuck, Solomon Lincoln, J. K. Paine, Charles Eliot Norton, Henry S. Grew, George Wheatland, C. L. Pierson, F. Haven, Jr., John L. Gardner, John Lowell, Oliver H. Durrell, N. W. Rice, Thomas E. Proctor, Barthold Schlesinger, Roger Wolcott, Mrs. Henry Whitman, A. Shuman & Co., Walter T. Winslow, Henry M. Whitney, Miss Pauline Shaw, Mrs. George Tyson, George C. Lee, Robert Bacon, Mrs. Samuel T. Morse, Miss Francis R. Morse, Charles F. Choate, R. H. White, George F. Fabyan, David P. Kimball, E. Winchester, Donald, S. Endicott Peabody, N. W. Jordan, C. A. Coffin, F. G. Webster, William L. Chase, George A. Gordon, S. Lothrop Thorndike, Francis H. Manning, Henry Parkman, Henry L. Morse, John W. Eliot.

FOR THE NEW MUSIC HALL.

Subscriptions for Stock Reach \$370,000 at Noon Today — \$30,000 Yet to be Raised.

The total subscriptions to the new music hall stock this afternoon amounted to \$370,000, leaving \$30,000 to be secured, which, it is believed, will be done this afternoon. Up to Sat-

urday night 242 people had subscribed, in amounts ranging from \$100 to \$25,000, as follows:

2 subscriptions of.....	\$25,000 each.
1 " " " " " " " " " "	15,000 "
1 " " " " " " " " " "	11,000 "
18 " " " " " " " " " "	10,000 "
1 " " " " " " " " " "	5,000 "
3 " " " " " " " " " "	3,500 "
8 " " " " " " " " " "	3,000 "
6 " " " " " " " " " "	2,500 "
12 " " " " " " " " " "	2,000 "
1 " " " " " " " " " "	1,500 "
1 " " " " " " " " " "	1,100 "
40 " " " " " " " " " "	1,000 "
1 " " " " " " " " " "	900 "
1 " " " " " " " " " "	800 "
40 " " " " " " " " " "	500 "
5 " " " " " " " " " "	400 "
11 " " " " " " " " " "	300 "
25 " " " " " " " " " "	200 "
70 " " " " " " " " " "	100 "

The following self-explanatory letter was issued today:

Unauthorized statements having been made that the stock of the new Music Hall is likely to be fairly profitable, the committee appointed to receive subscriptions wish subscribers to understand that the new hall is to be built to serve the purposes of music in the best way possible, and that the stock is not expected to be a regular dividend paying security. It is probable that the increased value of the land on which the hall is to be built will in time give some market value to the stock, as it has in the case of the present Music Hall.

If any subscriptions have been made through a misunderstanding on this point, the committee should be promptly notified.

[Signed] E. W. HOOPER,
H. F. SEARS,
H. L. HIGGINSON, } Committee.

THE NEW MUSIC HALL SHARES.

"Fiddle-de-dee, what's a hundred thousand dollars!" exclaimed a visiting Chicagoan, on hearing that somewhere near this sum is in hand towards the necessary \$400,000 for the new Music Hall. "Why, in Chicago, half a dozen men would have offered \$100,000 apiece by this time! I'm not asking where's your rich men's devotion to music and to civilization and culture generally, what I want to know is, where's their business hustle? Why, a stranger can see with one eye shut and both hands tied behind him that real estate is moving right down in the direction of the site for your new Music Hall, and it's money in a man's pocket to get shares in the new hall. We built our Auditorium because we wanted the biggest Music Hall in the country, but great Scott! we knew we should make money! If you'll excuse my language you can't boom aesthetics anywhere unless you tackle the problem the way we do in Chicago and look your so much per cent right in the eye along with your high and holy convictions about this or that art or t' other. I heard a man say that it is a shame to let your General Higginson—well, Colonel, then; a man that has given a quarter of a million for music is a fine enough fellow to be called General or anything else—my friend said that it's a shame he should have to disband the Symphony Orchestra for lack of a house to put it in. I said just what I should like to say to every man with a hundred dollars to invest in and around Boston, "What are you going to do about it? What makes you even consider a possibility of disbanding the Symphony Orchestra for one single minute? Where is your aesthetic horse-sense? "Where in time's your hustle?"

SAVE THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA.

The Friends of the Organization Earnestly at Work.

Yesterday was not allowed to be passed as a holiday by those who are engaged in the work of ensuring a new home for the Boston Symphony orchestra.

Energetic work was done by many gentlemen who realize the disgrace which would fall upon Boston if the Boston orchestra is disbanded, and it is pleasant to be able to say that there is a large chance that the funds for a new music hall will be within a few days secured.

Despite the conservative inertia so characteristic of Boston's wealthy classes, the appeal for this fund has met with a ready recognition of its value to the city, and with the hearty co-operation of all who have benefited by the existence of the Boston orchestra the last 12 years, there is no need to fear for the result.

The only danger lies in the inclination of the average citizen to wait until some one else takes the initiative. "There is no time for inaction," said one of the leading movers in this great public effort in the cause of good music, "Every one who wants to have the symphony concerts next season must lend a hand."

It seems not to be realized that the almost immediate disbandment of the great orchestra is threatened. It will not be in existence July 1st if the subscriptions needed to build a new hall are not obtained by the end of the present week.

The amount should be complete by Wednesday. It should be remembered that it is not the instant payment of money that is asked, but a reliable guarantee that it will be forthcoming when the plans for its use are matured.

Mr. T. Dennie Boardman, who is receiving the subscriptions, reports excellent progress, but there should be no misunderstanding in regard to the matter and no oversanguine views of the situation indulged in.

It is gratifying, also, to be able to say that further discussion of the lot of land of which an option has been got, at the junction of West Chester park and Huntington avenue, has greatly improved its popularity among the people who are interesting themselves in this matter.

Frequent allusions to the change in the location of the concert hall of New York have been made by those working in this effort, and the fact that concerts given for years at Steinway Hall, at Fourteenth street and Fourth avenue, were at one move successfully taken to the new Carnegie Hall, at Fifty-seventh street and Seventh avenue, is cited as an evidence that the change in the location here will be equally successful.

One gentleman was heard to say in this matter: "See here, it seems to me it's about time for the southern side of the city to be accommodated a little. I've been going to the symphony concerts from Dorchester for 12 years, and have not had a square dinner at home of a Saturday night in the season since they begun. Now, let the patrons in Chelsea and that side of the city have their turn; it's only a fair exchange."

The old hall which has so little of attractiveness as compared with modern built auditoriums is getting some pretty sharp criticisms these days, and when the money is ready for a new structure, it seems likely that there will be a volunteer committee to pull down the old building and let the daylight into the obscure location it now occupies.

A few days only are left to save the Symphony orchestra, and Mr. T. Dennie Boardman, 56 Ames building, corner of Washington and Court streets, will receive any and all subscriptions.

THE NEW MUSIC HALL.

A Citizen's Ideas in Regard to the Plans for the New Building.

To the Editor of the Herald: The subject of a new music hall having been introduced and a sum of money pledged for its construction upon the somewhat problematical basis of a rapid transit line, will you kindly allow a space in your columns for a few suggestions from a citizen who has, with many others, noticed the absence of public spirit in the matter of such an edifice as becomes the modern Athens?

Primarily, there should be competitive designs submitted, not limited to local talent. No architect is thoroughly competent to enter such competition unless familiar with the construction of similar buildings abroad, where the best examples may be found.

The acoustic properties are of first importance and call for a scientific consideration; in fact, upon the form of the interior hangs the success or failure of the enterprise. The next is the amount of room allowed for individual seating, not only in width, but in front. Foreign examples prove the great comfort of ample room. Next to hearing perfectly is sitting comfortably. This subject has received little attention in our city of many theatres.

A capacious foyer, the purpose of which is not yet fully appreciated, will fill a demand of the future. Again, a foreign feature, a division of the house, entrance and exit being on each side, with their respective coat rooms, reducing the confusion at the latter one-half.

Especially a question to be settled for this city—the home of the finest choral society—is the facility for oratorio performances, which an opera house does not furnish. I beg to suggest a plan: Place new internal works behind the architecturally beautiful case (if not already spoiled by neglect), not generally known to be of American design and manufacture, really a fine work, and which so long screened some of the wisdom and more of the folly of the old "great organ"; give it a central and elevated position, where its grandeur, graceful curves and free tonal effect would be appreciated, with fixed seats in amphitheatre form for chorus at one end of a hall of maximum size, and a perfectly appointed stage for symphony or opera use at least 60 feet wide at the other, the entrances, etc., being on each side, as stated. We have only to invent, if there is not one already invented, a comfortable chair (not merely a seat) with a reversible back, and nothing will prevent an oratorio performance in the afternoon and an opera in the evening. By means well known, the "console" or key-desk of the organ may be located any place near the conductor. The organ could be screened by curtain if desired, on opera night, and the chorus seats would be quite desirable for that performance. The level floor would serve the purpose of balls, etc., by removal of seats. The question of location and purchase of land should be deferred until the plans are selected. The designer should not be handicapped by land limit. It should occupy an entire block or centre of a square accessible on all sides.

Lastly, double by some means the amount already subscribed. JAMES E. TREAT.
Boston, July 12, 1893.

TO SAVE THE SYMPHONIES

A New Music Hall Must Be Guaranteed.

A Site on Huntington Avenue Held on an Option—A Circular Appealing for Subscriptions to the Stock of a New Corporation Issued Today—\$400,000 Required—A Part Already Promised.

It seems to be assumed in State street that the rapid transit bill which is to be submitted to the voters in Boston at a special election in October next, will meet their sanction and become operative. As pointed out in the Advertiser editorially this morning, "with the powerful influence of City Hall arrayed in favor of the bill, and the fact that the opposition is, and is likely to remain, unorganized, the chances are that the measure will be accepted by the voters of the city, and that the strip of land between Causeway street and Franklin Park will soon be laid bare preparatory to the building of the elevated road." Among the first public buildings to fall beneath this march of progress would be Boston Music Hall. A conference on Monday between Mr. Higginson and Mayor Matthews appears to have convinced Mr. Higginson that the probabilities are strongest in the line of the Advertiser's editorial judgment above quoted. At all events the founder of the Boston Symphony Orchestra feels so uncertain as to whether he will have a hall at his command for the winter of '94-'95 that he has decided to abandon the concerts unless the funds for a new hall are at once provided. The time is short before he will be obliged to make a five-years' engagement with a conductor and renew his contracts with the eighty odd members of his band. As the sum of these is large, it had become a very serious question by the first of the present week, as the decision must be reached within three or four days.

At this juncture a number of prominent and public-spirited gentlemen are trying to raise the money to build a new Music Hall worthy of Boston and its musical traditions. The sum of about half a million at least would be required for a fitting site and worthy structure. It should be understood that Colonel Higginson is not among the subscribers—the Symphony concerts being considered his share.

The following circular of appeal is issued today:

The new rapid transit bill, which will become a law (in all probability) next autumn, destroys Music Hall, thus depriving the city of the only hall which can be used for concerts, public meetings, or festivals of any kind, always excepting Mechanics Hall, which is too large for ordinary use. This loss will interfere with the concerts heretofore given at Music Hall, viz.: those of the Handel and Haydn, Apollo and Cecilia societies and of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, as well as all occasional concerts.

The contracts for the Symphony Orchestra are now in process, and must be settled at once. If funds to build a new hall cannot be

raised within ten days the concerts of that orchestra must be abandoned definitively.

It is proposed to build a new hall or theatre, of which the plans will be put in the hands of a competent committee. An option on an excellent location at the corner of West Chester park and near Huntington avenue has been taken at a fair price.

To this end it is desired to raise \$400,000, and subscriptions may be sent to the office of Mr. T. D. Boardman, Ames Building.

No doubt the Boston of today will be found at least as enterprising as the Boston of forty years ago which built the Boston Theatre and the present Boston Music Hall in a similar fashion. In connection with this, a sketch of the early history of the Music Hall is interesting.

Jenny Lind was the inspiring cause of the Music Hall. The matchless singer was here in the years 1850, '51 and '52, and our want of a hall in all respects adequate for high class concerts was made more apparent than ever. There had already been some talk of a large hall, the increase in population, the spread of musical taste and the growing wealth of the town combining to justify the demands of music connoisseurs for such a hall. But the matter slumbered until Jan. 31, 1851, when at a meeting of the Harvard Musical Association, following an informal conversation at the supper table (it being the annual meeting), a committee was appointed to consider the matter practically. Charles C. Perkins, Robert E. Apthorp, Dr. J. Baxter Upham, George Derby and John S. Dwight formed that committee. Dr. Upham had already agitated the subject in the councils of the Musical Fund Society and his name was constantly identified with its history until within a few years. It was through his perseverance that the famous great organ was bought and set up in the hall and in many other ways he was instrumental in the development of sound musical taste in Boston.

To go back to the history of the hall. A subsequent committee found a site and settled on a general plan and after appointing Mr. George Snell for architect called for subscriptions to the stock and in sixty days had secured \$100,000. Messrs. Apthorp, Chickering, Curtis, Perkins and Upham were the largest subscribers, and Hon. C. P. Curtis (of this group) was the first president of the board of seven directors. The work of construction was pushed rapidly forward but never at the cost of thoroughness, Mr. Snell being specially distinguished for his mastery of the science of building. The opening came on the night of Saturday, Nov. 20, 1852. A miscellaneous concert was given and the performers were the Musical Fund Society Orchestra, the Handel and Haydn Society, the Musical Education Society, the German Liederkranz, and the Germania Serenade Band, with Mme. Marietta Albani and Mr. August Kreissmann for solo singers. Other occasions of significance in the early history of the hall were these: Nov. 21, 1852, first concert of the Handel and Haydn Society with the aid of Mme. Sontag; March 1, 1856, dedication of the Beethoven statue, a gift, in trust, by Charles C. Perkins; Nov. 2, 1863, dedication of the great organ.

This is not the place to summarize or even to sketch the subsequent history of the hall. That is a task to ponder over and may well be deferred until a more fitting opportunity.

A public misfortune, unless the public shall without delay stir itself to prevent it, will be the disappearance of the Music Hall before the pushing forward of the new road ordered by the rapid transit act, and hanging on the chances of a popular vote. The loss will be great—if it be not immediately made good by another hall elsewhere—not because the building and its apartments are objects of architectural art of such beauty and significance that their disappearance is an æsthetic loss; they are not even tasteful in their present condition nor as convenient and safe as the times demand. But they are all we have in the way of accommodations for concerts of a high grade; and the question at once comes up, "With no Music Hall, where may we hear oratorio and symphony in their best estate?" For not even the Tremont Temple may be available, while the immense hall of the Mechanics Building is entirely out of the question.

Without the certainty of a hall exactly fitted to its use the Symphony Orchestra will come to an end—another misfortune, but which the public has also the power to prevent. To provide a new Music Hall here, however, or to preserve the orchestra, immediate, instant action is necessary. Within a fortnight the contracts with the musicians and the conductor must be signed and if not signed or concluded the best of the force will be looking elsewhere for employment; and although the suspension of the concerts may be but temporary, to bring up the orchestra again to its present excellence will take as long a series of years as it has already required. We are glad to be able to state that the first steps taken towards meeting this crisis in Boston's social and art life have met with a most gratifying reception. A number of public-spirited citizens—not including Colonel Henry L. Higginson, whose quarter of a million dollars already spent in the cause is a quite sufficient contribution for one man—have already taken the matter in hand, and if they are at once seconded by generous subscriptions to the new Music Hall stock company that is proposed, success is certain. But the subscription must be completed within a week.

For the first time in at least three-quarters

of a century the city will be without a hall (if this plan should not be a success), suited in all respects for concerts of classic music. Before the Music Hall was built there had been for thirty years or more concert rooms that were entirely adequate for the purposes to which they were put and the demands of the times as well. For the older Boston the hall of the Boylston Market and the Melodeon were found as spacious, as convenient and as well fitted as the existing conditions of population, wealth and musical taste warranted. Suddenly, however, Jenny Lind came to us and it was made apparent to some public-spirited citizens that the times were ripe, or at least were a-ripening, for a concert hall that should prove at once our taste, our readiness to provide a worthy home for music and our confidence that the people would demonstrate by their use of the hall the public need of the institution. All that was expected or hoped for by those who were reasonable in their zeal has been fulfilled, while the warm interest in the hall as a temple of art felt by persons of means and generous impulses has been shown in the gifts of beautiful works of sculpture and of paintings with a distinctive value for students of the history of music.

Now, the chances are that this temple will be destroyed and music will no longer have its own home in Boston—unless, as already hinted, the public spirit that manifested itself so opportunely and so generously in the case of the Music Hall, and a few years later of the Boston Theatre, again be set in action. Otherwise, it is certain that the Symphony Orchestra and its concerts will cease to be features in the musical life of the town. Not only will the home of the art be destroyed, but an organization that stands among its exemplars who have reached the highest plane will no longer be our comfort or our pride. It is difficult to believe that the men of means and of artistic taste in Boston will permit either loss to be ours.

Looked at in merely a business light we cannot afford to lose hall or orchestra. A city that has its recognized art institutions draws to it an enormous throng of people in these days when travel for intellectual gratification is twenty times as common as it was twenty years ago.

Much, very much, of the distinction of London, Paris, Dresden, Munich, Berlin and other cities of Europe to which everybody goes is due to the liberal provision of opportunities for seeing and hearing art in its highest forms, and Boston has found that its symphonies and oratorios are sources of fame for our city second to nothing that we can boast and an attraction to people from far and near. Those who wish to hear good music in Boston must act, and act at once.

A NEW MUSIC HALL.

Is Boston to continue to have a Music Hall, and a series of symphony concerts? These are questions that have been forced to the front by the recent action of the Legislature in adopting a method of rapid transit which, if approved by the citizens of Boston, will lead first to the sacrifice of Music Hall, and second, through the inability of the promoter of the Boston Symphony orchestra to obtain a suitable place in which to give its concerts, to the discontinuance of that organization.

The facts in the case were set forth yesterday in a graphic report printed in the HERALD. It is assumed that Music Hall will be sacrificed to the needs of transportation; and, even if this were not the case, it must within the last few years have dawned upon a large number of our people that the hall is not well located for the purpose for which it is used. When entertainments are given in it that lead to the employment in large numbers of public and private carriages to bring people to or take them away from the hall, the narrow and greatly occupied streets in its vicinity are crowded to repletion, to the immense annoyance, not only of those who are to be carried in these vehicles, but to that also of many thousands of others using Winter or Tremont street, particularly the latter, who find their progress materially delayed.

It is clear that Music Hall is fast outliving its usefulness for the purposes for which it is frequently employed, and that the facilities that it affords could be provided elsewhere with decided advantage to the community. But if the seizure of the property for a distinct and different purpose, under right of eminent domain, had not presented itself, it is probable that the question of having a new music hall would not have been brought forward for a year or

two to come. The present urgency, indeed, grows out of the necessity the promoter of the Symphony orchestra is under of making contracts with his conductor and musicians within a few weeks—contracts which must cover several years of time, involving large expenditures of money, which can only be recouped by having it clearly arranged in advance that a suitable place shall be provided in which a regular series of concerts can be given.

In our graphic account of yesterday we gave the location of the new hall on the corner of West Chester park and Huntington avenue, and showed by diagram that it would be much more convenient than the present hall to those living in the Back Bay, the South End, Cambridge, Roxbury and Dorchester, and to those residing at all points reached by the Boston & Albany and the Providence railroads. As Chester park is to be the great crosstown thoroughfare of Boston, and will before many years have electric cars running through it from Cambridge on the one hand to Dorchester on the other, it may be fairly easy to provide for stations on or near the line of this highway, which would also accommodate passengers coming in over the New England and the Old Colony lines.

The site selected is near what is to be the centre of the retail trade of our city. But at the present time it is possible there to obtain land at a price which would enable the construction of a more spacious and more convenient hall than the hall in which the Symphony concerts are now given. The latter occupies a lot of 16,000 square feet. The lot which it is proposed to take at the South end has an area of about 34,000 square feet. The present Music Hall is, as we have said above, enclosed by narrow streets, making at times access to or departure from it a work of great inconvenience. The proposed hall would front on one street of 100 feet in width—Huntington avenue—on another of 90 feet in width—West Chester Park, and on another of 50 feet in width—Falmouth street, thus giving upon all sides an implitude of access that is entirely wanting under existing conditions.

It is not well to have an enormous hall. The undesirability of such a structure has been brought strongly into light by the experience of performances given in Mechanics' Hall. But the last word in

architecture of this kind was not said when the late Mr. Snell built the Music Hall. The work that he did there was admirable in its way; but he was limited in the space that he could use for entrance and exits, and in a number of respects the hall was better adapted to meet the demands of the ear than the eye. The constructors of the new Music Hall, if it is built, will doubtless take all these matters into account and will be able, even if they travel to such an unpromising place as Salt Lake City, to find an instance of a hall capable of holding many thousands of people that has acoustic properties which make it better in respect to hearing than many halls that are but a tenth of its size.

What is needed is that the public spirit of Boston should assert itself to the extent of providing the funds needed to take up and put through this undertaking. It is believed that \$400,000 will be sufficient to buy the land and build the hall. There is reason to think that, when built, the income that can be earned upon the investment will in a short time make it a reasonably profitable one. More than this, the location of such a hall at the point selected, will have the tendency to give an added value to property in the vicinity, to lead to its use for the higher classes of retail business, and this in turn will react upon the plot occupied by the hall itself, making it a more and more valuable piece of property. The subscriptions are asked for as a business undertaking, and yet at the same time it is thought well to emphasize the fact that the public spirit in Boston should be sufficiently developed to lead its wealthy citizens to subscribe to such an undertaking even though immediate profit could not be counted upon, seeing that a failure so to do would be a public misfortune leading, as it doubtless would, to the breaking up of an orchestra that, through years of training, has acquired a world-wide reputation and has given to Boston, in respect to instrumental music, the leading position on this continent.

THE OPERA HOUSE PROBLEM.

Now that the Symphony Orchestra is "saved," there is naturally a growing interest in the building which will house it when it is moved from the old Music Hall to a new one, or to an opera house. There will be a great opportunity for an architect in the Opera House problem, and of course Boston architects are not averse to the idea of a competition, should the three gentlemen in charge open a competition and let Boston men have a chance. It is also natural that these three gentlemen should consider themselves fitted to decide in advance exactly who is most likely to please them, and to ask any firm they choose to prepare plans; since there never would have been a new music hall or opera house at all without the many years of heroic outlay for classic music by one of them, and the confidence which all three inspire in immediate friends and acquaintances who have subscribed from \$1000 to \$25,000 apiece. Small shareholders also would scarcely have put their \$100 apiece into any control but that of the man who has proved his public spirit in devotion to a great public service and has himself put a fortune into the support of music in Boston. Leaving out of the question this weighty personal reason for an autocratic decision in regard to the architect of the Opera House, there remains the possibility of a great stimulus to the art of architecture in this part of the world, if it were found advisable to open a competition for plans for an opera house. There are numbers of Boston firms extremely well fitted to rise to the occasion.

But it would hardly serve the purpose of any person of an inquiring turn of mind even to attempt discovery of what is going on in the minds of Boston architects concerning the idea of a competition for the Opera House. Outsiders will tell you all sorts of things if you will listen; but they are men entirely outside this profession of architecture, which combines all the sensitiveness of an art with all the worldly wisdom of a business. One outsider will tell exactly who is to build the Music Hall, a second one will name another firm with equal certainty, and a third will declare inside knowledge that there is to be a competition!

All those immediately concerned are "layin' low and ain't sayin' nothin'"; but while this is going on, the general reader, who is merely one of the public, may find interest in a casual glance at some Boston architects' work. It has been given to very few Americans to build modern and scientific music halls. Most architects must quote churches, assembly rooms, and lecture halls. Peabody & Stearns built two at the World's Fair, and there is one of theirs in connection with the University of St. Louis. The stock exchange here is theirs, but not even the most ambitious classifier of auditoriums would call that musical shrine exactly a model of a classic concert room!

The Ames Building might be put into a competition for a campanile, at a pinch, but Shepley, Rutan & Coolidge, who built it, have chiefly followed in the footsteps of the great Richardson, whose artistic and business descendants they are, and their list of places of public assembly includes chambers of commerce in different cities, and churches, and excludes any great temple of music.

There is a Spiritual Temple in Boston, by the way, to be credited to a talented Richardson who still lives—the junior member of the firm of Hartwell & Richardson. It is said that the acoustics of that room (seating 1200 people), are excellent. That building must have presented a difficult problem with the limitations of space which too often cramp an architect. The Youth's Companion Building and the Normal Art School, and the large theatre at Fall River, are examples of good quality to be stimulated by larger opportunity.

The Carnegie library in Pittsburg must have offered one of those conglomerate western problems to Longfellow, Alden & Harlow, for there are combined a library, an art museum, and a music hall to seat 2000 people, all under the same roof. The picture of that building, as it is to be, is extremely interesting, for each part is distinctly signified, yet all combined in a harmonious whole. The buff sandstone used seems to be in an increasing favor with architects for all buildings of a cheerful and musical nature. Certainly we should not look for any airy, fairy effects in granite in the interests of music on the Back Bay, neither is it likely that the cheaper simplicities of brick and terra cotta will be preserved.

There was once, long ago, a scheme on foot for a big theatre out at the corner of Columbus avenue and Berkeley street, and Andrews, Jaques & Rantoul were busied with the plans of a great structure which was to outdo in size the most ambitious theatre in town. But the Monte Cristo who had a notion of building that theatre faded out of public sight, if indeed he ever had any golden reasons for being as much exploited as he was. But the architects he employed live to see his dream of a place of entertainment away from the city's "crowded mart" about to be realized, although not exactly in the form then planned.

Probably most Boston architects could contribute plans of some similar castle that never was built except in air, if not always for like purposes. Certainly Mr. Wheelwright's plan for a new City Hall was a dream worth realizing on Beacon Hill, with its ideal suggestions and repetitions of the graces of rare old Bulfinch's State House in clever combination with the requirements of municipal architecture. Mr. Arthur Rotch, too, has built broad foundations for innumerable beautiful buildings of the future in his endowment of the fund for the European cultivation of young architects.

Apart from his own most excellent handiwork this sort of contribution to the art of architecture is a part of the pride of Boston. A realistic abode of the muses, already in process of construction, is a telephone building that Walker & Kimball are making in Omaha. It would be easy to continue this mention of representative Boston architects, but it would be like a summing up of painters, a task hard to round out with anything like completeness. If there were a possibility of a competition in almost any art but architecture, it would be easy to mention many men whose names the great general public knows at least as well as, (possibly better) than the most distinguished of those named here. But fortunately architecture is an art which depends for its nourishment less upon the many than upon the few, less upon the vague thousands forming the public than upon those who know and care for the best in all the arts. But it is safe to venture a guess that if the commission should at last be given to the New York firm which has already one "monument" in Boston, that concern is broad enough in accomplishments to vary its manner to suit its subject.

PROPOSED NEW MUSIC HALL.

Herald June 16/93
Suggestion That It Shall Be Located on the Back Bay.

What Is Thought of the Plan by Mayor Matthews, Ex-Gov. Ames, Col. Henry L. Higginson and T. Dennie Boardman—Work on the Project Outlined in the Herald Begun.

The article in yesterday's HERALD, "A Critical Situation," in which was outlined the danger of suspension of our symphony concerts in view of the probable taking of the present Music Hall property for the proposed highway under the rapid transit system, excited a great deal of interest among the music loving people of Boston and those who have an interest in the general welfare of the city.

As in all new projects, there is, of course, a variety of opinions, but not a great diversity except as to the matter of location. There is, however, a great unanimity of expression favorable to securing some permanent, suitable and well located music hall, or music hall and opera house combined, in which the grand symphonies of the masters could be presented under the best conditions for reception and enjoyment.

A large number of gentlemen were called upon for an expression of opinion in relation to the matter, but many had not

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given the matter sufficient thought, and still others were too busy with the concerns of their business, and could not spare the time to think, perhaps much less to express their thought.

One of the busiest men in Boston, without a doubt, is

Mayor Matthews.

But, notwithstanding his cares, he gave enough time—a few minutes only—to talk of the project.

He said that he had the fullest and warmest sympathy with the project to build a new music hall and hoped it would be done, for he did not want to see our grand symphony concerts discontinued for want of an adequate hall in which to give them.

In regard to the proposed location on the Back Bay, however, his first thought was that it was rather too far removed from the centre of population. That section of the city, to be sure, was central to the populations of the Roxburys, the Newtons and Cambridge, but there were large and growing populations north, east and south of Boston that would be better accommodated if the new music hall were located nearer to the present business centre of Boston.

Why not, he said, take the public library property on Boylston street, which would be vacated by the city for its present purposes and be ready for delivery long enough before the present Music Hall would be demolished in any event.

It is true the cost of this property would be very great in comparison with that proposed for the new hall on Huntington avenue, but he believed that, as there was ample room on the library lot for an adequate auditorium in the rear, a very considerable front area could be utilized for business purposes, which would bring in a large revenue to the building association. The area was about 23,000 feet, and the depth about 300 feet.

Of course, the cost of this land would be very high, the lowest price that would be considered being about \$35 per square foot, and he believed it would perhaps reach \$40. Negotiations for its purchase had already begun, and it was, of course, only a question of a short time when such desirable and valuable property would be secured by some one.

Ex-Gov. Oliver Ames

was found at his office in the Ames building, and, on the subject being presented to him, said:

"The best location in the city of Boston, in my opinion, is the corner diagonally from where I live on Commonwealth avenue and West Chester park, right in the heart of the best residential portion of Boston. That is the best place also for Cambridge, Brookline and other towns. It is near the railroad, too—a large piece of property next to Henry D. Hyde's and Col. Pope's. It always seemed to me to be an ideal place.

"Another site is the corner of Dartmouth and Boylston streets, opposite the new Old South Church. There is a splendid place, central as well. I saw it mentioned some time ago, and it is really the grand spot. A proper building erected on that site and Boston would be proud of it. Of course the land would cost a good deal, but when you want an opera house or theatre, you want to put it where land is high-priced, and it pays to put it there. Such a building in that place could be used for a theatre if necessary.

"In the location proposed the cost would be, it is said, about \$400,000. You could not get the land at the corner of Dartmouth street for less than \$20 a foot. It is a valuable piece—the gem place in Boston for a building of that kind."

"Do you think the thing would pay there as a business operation?"

"I don't believe any music hall would pay as a business operation. The present one does not. But whoever goes into it does so with the idea that they are going to make a contribution to the public benefit."

"Do you think the moneyed men of Boston would be prepared to help a project of that kind along?"

"Oh, yes. I think so, if you make it fashionable."

"Don't you think they ought to?"

"Yes, I think so."

"What would the land cost near you?"

"I think it would cost from \$12 to \$13 a foot. Those corners are high. That is the only good corner there is left. You want to go where travel is. Travel by my house is perfectly immense. It is wonderful how it has increased since I have been there. There is a railway there and electric car lines to Brookline and Brighton."

"Would you be prepared, Mr. Ames, to help a project of that kind along?"

"I don't know. It depends altogether on how a fellow feels at the time. Sometimes you feel as poor as a crow; at other times you feel pretty well off. At this time I do not think a subscription would succeed, because everybody feels a little distressed by the trouble in the market."

"But you think that under ordinary circumstances there would be a good show of getting a liberal contribution?"

"I think so. There is one advantage about this place—it is near the depot. It is near to West Chester park, and to the Providence depot. There is talk that sometime the Boston & Albany will have an extra station between Boylston street and Huntington avenue, and that would be equally near each of the sites I have spoken of. The other land is most valuable because there is nothing on it. You know they need a deep cellar in a theatre. That land is at least 20 feet above the track. So in making a building of that kind, where you have to have deep basements for scenery, you get an ideal place for that purpose. There would be hardly any digging. I don't know whether on Huntington avenue they would have to drive piles or not."

Col. Henry L. Higginson.

Another busy man, was found in his State street office. Of the project he said:

"The plan is a very nice one, indeed. I like it. This matter is important with me, for I have to make my arrangements for the orchestra for the next five years, and in the next few days. I don't know of any other place. I have looked over the ground again and again, and I know of no other site. You have got to get far away from the railways, from the ringing of bells and from the sound of steam whistles. A man came to me two or three years ago with a plan for a music hall, but it was too noisy for me. I don't think Gov. Ames has taken that into account. The land will cost about \$100,000, and the building will be erected for \$300,000, perhaps for less. If you pay \$100,000 or \$200,000 for land, that makes it so much more to raise. It depends on what men will give. No doubt the condition of the market and the way people feel financially has something to do with it."

"This comes at an unfortunate minute for our orchestra, but it is necessary to decide. They can make the building both an opera house and a concert hall if they choose. You know it has taken a good deal of work and a good deal of money to

get the orchestra together. We have not had so large an orchestra gathered before, nor has anybody else. There is no such orchestra merely for concert purposes in the world. They use orchestras in operas, and they play them in concerts, but ours is altogether devoted to concerts. In Vienna, Berlin, Paris and London all the great orchestras are used for opera purposes and for concerts, while ours is for concerts alone. I should be very sorry to see it go. I have spent a great deal of time and strength on it, and a great deal of money, and if the orchestra once goes apart, I don't know how we can get it together again.

"Well, we cannot play unless there is a place to play in, and I cannot engage the players unless I know I have a place. It won't do to wait a year, because I have to make my engagements for five years."

"Do you feel sanguine that the plan can be put through?"

"I don't know, but I think so. Every fellow has got to give a lift, or it won't be done. These gentlemen haven't got to put any money in now. The money would not have to be paid at once—not for some months, in fact. I think the people will do more if it is made perfectly clear that it will be only a few days before I shall have to throw up the sponge. I cannot keep people waiting. Today I got a cable from Europe asking what I had to say. I don't get to know what I have to say. I have to take these men out of places where they are well placed. I want to know something tangible. If that place goes down, we want another place to go into."

"I am going to have a very good conductor. The public have excellent musical taste and they won't take anything. Of course, the best men get high wages and that is the reason it costs so much. The expenses go on, increasing from year to year."

"Do you think enough will be contributed to carry it through?"

"The first suggestion of it came from a gentleman outside who said that he would do so much, and he has given a handsome sum toward it. I hope there will be enough contributed, but I can't say much about it."

"Have you no assurances?"

"Oh, yes; we have \$70,000 or \$80,000 assured. It seems to me that the concerts are my share, after all. It has been a great risk and a great responsibility, as everybody knows. I think there is risk about it. I don't want to carry the load. I have—I can do anyway. There are enough other gentlemen interested in the plan to help it along."

Mr. T. Dennie Boardman,

in a brief interview, said:

"I feel that the Boylston street location is far better than the site at West Chester park and Commonwealth avenue, for the very reason that it is more central and that there is more means of conveyance near it. The great objection to having a music hall at the corner of West Chester park and Commonwealth avenue is the noise from the railway there. The situation is an admirable one—there can be no question about that—provided you cannot get a central position. If they could buy a lot of land in back of Copley square, where there is no noise, it would be a good thing. But they cannot. There is no land there. There is not room enough between the front of the street and the passageway. You would need 20,000 feet. This plan fills all the desirable conditions except centrality. The city is growing all the while; the site will be central in a few years, as population extends. We have got to grow to the south and west."

THE NEW MUSIC HALL.

I.

We Americans pride ourselves, among other things, on our ability to learn from experience as well as from others. Boston has had enough experience in concert-giving and concert-going to be no chicken in the matter, and, now that our old Music Hall is to be torn down and another built in its stead, the time seems to have come to profit by this experience. If anything is certain in this connection it is that we have long since got past the stage at which mere makeshifts are in order; for makeshifts often have a way of turning out more permanent than they were originally intended to be. We have found often enough that musical conditions, musical organizations, etc., which, in the beginning, were the best we could afford and even considerably in advance of previously existing ones of like character, would crystallize into permanency, remain stationary instead of keeping pace with the times, and in the end stand as not easily surmountable obstacles in the way of progress. What had at first marked a conspicuous onward step in our musical life would in time become a very millstone round our necks in virtue of its inertia; to remove it was difficult; to improve it, impossible! There is no need of specifying cases; we all know them well enough.

The moral of which is that, now that for once in a while we can be choosers—as we certainly can in this matter of the new Music Hall—now that we have a free field before us, we should be exceedingly careful to make our hall the very best we possibly can, so that in years to come its permanency shall not be regretted. The new Music Hall should not only be better than the old one, not only fully up to the best standard of the present day, but as far in advance of the times as we can possibly make it in every respect. The old Music Hall was in advance of the needs of our city when it was built; and yet it is now fully twenty years that the best judges have complained of it as not good enough! We cannot look too far forward into the future, nor leave too large a margin for progress; let the new hall be even better than we want now, that it may be good enough fifteen or twenty years hence.

It has been suggested that it might be well to build the new hall so that it could be available not only for symphony concerts and oratorios; but also for performances of operas. Heaven knows that we are badly enough off for an opera house in Boston, and that all of us would fain have a serviceable one; there can be no doubt whatever of this! But is this proposed fusion of concert hall and opera house practicable? Can it at its best be anything better than a makeshift? In any case it can be but one of two things: either a real opera house, from the stage of which orchestral or choral concerts can be given, or else a concert hall, which can more or less easily be adapted to operatic uses. Either one or the other of these two characters must predominate in it; it cannot be equally well adapted to both purposes, unless it is a not very easily definable *tertium quid*, equally ill adapted to both.

Now, if the world's experience in such matters has taught anything, it is that no known

opera house or theatre (built like a theatre) has been a good place for orchestral or choral concerts. Theatres and opera houses have often been used for these purposes both in Europe and here; but such use has been made of them almost in every case because there was no concert hall in town large enough for certain concerts. Large concert halls, like our old Music Hall, are quite a new development on the continent of Europe; thirty years or so ago they were virtually unknown, except in a very few large capitals. Until the hall of the Trocadéro was built for the Exposition of 1885, there was not a large concert hall in all Paris. Take an important musical centre like Dresden twenty years ago: the regular symphony concerts were given in the banqueting-hall of the Hôtel de Saxe—seating from eight hundred to one thousand and at the most generous estimate—but special grand concerts, especially for charitable purposes, were given at the Court Opera. Why? Simply because of the greater seating capacity of the opera house, and for no other reason. Had there been a really large concert hall in the city, the opera house would not have been thought of. Of how terribly an orchestra is handicapped by playing on the stage of a theatre we have had examples enough here in Boston. Mr. Seidl's concerts in the Boston Theatre (the acoustics of which are admitted on all hands to be phenomenally fine, when the place is put to its normal use), the concerts given by Mr. Listemann and by Mr. Damrosch in the Tremont Theatre, have all been recognized failures in point of good orchestral effect. A theatre or opera house is always a lamentable makeshift whenever it is made to do duty as a concert hall. Every composer and every orchestral conductor has recognized this; it is an indubitable fact.

Now let us take the other case; that of a concert hall temporarily turned into a theatre or opera house. The melancholy attempts to do this in the old Music Hall need not count for anything in this connection; even if they had been successful, if the artistic results had been satisfactory, they would still prove nothing, one way or another. Leaving aside the question of insufficient room "behind," the old Music Hall platform was more than ordinarily easy to convert into a dramatic stage, if only for the reason that it never was well adapted to the needs of a concert orchestra. The platform is extraordinarily broad, far too broad for concert purposes. As far as reflectors of sound go, it virtually takes in the whole breadth of the hall. To be sure, when Mr. Gericke once said emphatically that the Music Hall was too broad for an orchestra, some one, not wholly disconnected with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, laughingly replied, "I know that well enough, and it is too long and too high into the bargain!" But the extreme breadth of the platform was after all the most serious difficulty; had the orchestra been walled in on both sides with good sound reflectors, as it was overhead, the worst part of the difficulty would have been obviated. But this would have wiped out all the seats in the first and second balconies next the stage—a serious consideration to concert-givers! Of course this loss of seating-room could have been made up for by a third balcony, and a third balcony would have been an admirably good

thing. I wonder, by the way, how many persons have noticed what an enormous waste of cubic space there is in the old Music Hall; that, for instance, the second balcony does not even come half way between the floor and the ceiling, in fact not more than half way between the floor and the cornice of the gas gallery. The hall ought by rights to seat several hundred more people than it does. But, to return to the platform: suppose it be walled in on three sides—at the right, the left, and above—with permanent sound reflectors, as every orchestral or choral concert-platform ought to be; what would then be the chances of converting it into an operatic stage? Practically null!

No; the two things do not and will not go together. An opera house is an opera house, and, as such, unfit for orchestral or choral concerts; a thoroughly good concert hall is a totally different thing, and next to impossible to make fit for operatic purposes. A hall intentionally adapted—as far as possible—to both uses will and can be nothing but a makeshift; not really serviceable for either. Such a temple of the dramatic and musical arts might be well enough in places like, say, Taunton or Brockton; Boston has no use for it. This is the homely English of it!

As I understand it, enough money has been subscribed to build a thoroughly good music hall; I may be wrong, but I have a strong suspicion that the "opera-house" part of the scheme is introduced mainly, if not solely and simply, with an eye to the possible profits of the building—as a matter of economy. But it is poor economy to scrimp on the *sine qua non* of any enterprise; and the *sine qua non* in the case of the new Music Hall is that it shall be a good, admirable, magnificent place for orchestral and choral effect. To make it a second-rate concert hall, just for the sake of making it a third-rate opera house into the bargain, were sheer Philistine folly.

W. F. A.

THE NEW MUSIC HALL.

II.

Next to the plan of giving the new hall a double-headed character, the suggestion to make it a "monumental" building is the worst yet advanced. In the first place, a concert hall, theatre, or opera house never should be a "monumental" building—unless it be some such enormous pile as the Paris Académie de Musique, or some of the court opera houses in Germany. The best thing about the old Music Hall, the Boston, Tremont, and Globe Theatres, is that they have practically no outside, that they are surrounded by other buildings, and thus shut off from the noise of the street. And the great "monumental" opera-houses in Europe, with their splendid façades and striking architecture all round, are really no exceptions to this rule; they are so vast that they surround themselves (that is, their auditoriums) with their spacious lobbies, foyers, business offices, etc., so that all noises from the street or square are effectually shut out. If anyone wishes the new Music Hall to be such a "monument," he is at liberty to furnish the funds, and the present writer will be the last to complain. If it be objected that one of the proposed sites for

a "monumental" building—the middle of Commonwealth avenue, near the terpsichorean statue of the discoverer of Old Cambridge—is not in a noisy locality, the answer is that, if that part of the city is not noisy now, it will be as soon as the new Music Hall is in running order; such an establishment is bound to draw street-railway lines to itself like a magnet. Let the new hall rather be in the middle of a block, surrounded by as many other structures as possible, with an entrance like that of the Boston Theatre; then there will be quiet within its walls. Have the interior as handsome as you please; but no outside!

Another objection to a "monumental" building is its cost. I doubt much whether the \$400,000 called for and subscribed will allow the projectors much elbow-room for luxury; and, unless enough extra money is subscribed to erect a "monumental" structure that would run into the millions, all exterior luxury is worse than needless. Still we are a luxurious people, and fast growing more and more so; luxury will by no means be out of place in the new hall, if it be the right sort of luxury. To my mind the available money should be spent, first, upon securing the best possible musical effect in the hall; next upon comfort, and thirdly upon beauty.

A word or two on the subject of comfort. It has always been a matter of astonishment to me that the rule which obtains in all our theatres, and against which no one that I ever heard of has kicked, should be considered impracticable in our concert halls; I mean the rule of having graduated prices for seats in different parts of the house, and very obvious distinctions between such seats. It has been urged that such is the pride of the native-born American that he will not consent to be seen at a concert occupying a seat for which he has evidently not paid the highest price; that the best is not too good for him, and that, if he should perchance occupy a lower-priced seat than the very best, there must be no visible line of demarcation to publish this fact to the rest of the audience. In other words, that he must at least look as if he had paid as much for his seat as anybody. Now, I claim to be a tolerably patriotic American myself and a firm believer in the American spirit; consequently this assertion seems to me to be about the most insulting to the honor of my fellow-countrymen that can be imagined. To try to make anyone believe that we sons of tea-spillers have developed that super-refined quintessence of snobishness that can make a bifurcated animal ashamed of his own shortness of purse, and base his "respectability" on, not even the seat, but the mere look of the seat he occupies at a concert, is simply a monstrous piece of impudence. We have all heard of "purse-pride" as a not very estimable feeling; but surely this alleged "purse-shame" is doubly and trebly contemptible; let him run the risk of imputing it to us Americans who dares! And what has all this to do with comfort in a concert hall? Simply this: that, beyond a certain pretty narrow limit, a comfortable seat at a concert, as at the theatre, is something of a luxury, and, as such, ought to be paid for. The right principle is, or should be, that every member of the audience pays so much for the right to hear the

music, uninterrupted; for the additional, extra-artistic right of listening to it comfortably he must pay so much more; for the right to listen to it luxuriously he must pay so very much more. This is the principle on which all theatres are run; all concert rooms ought to be run on the same. There ought to be at least four classes of seats at our symphony concerts, their respective prices to be regulated in part according to their situation in the hall, and also in part according to the amount of physical comfort they afford the occupant—for which comfort he must, of course, be willing to pay. There is no reason why people able and willing to pay for them should not have wide, deep, luxurious seats in the best and "most favored" parts of the hall, the rows far enough apart to allow late-comers to pass in and early-goers to pass out without making themselves absolute nuisances to their sitting neighbors. The best opera houses and theatres in France and Germany—where people do not begin to know as much about the material comforts of life as we do here—have such seats. Why, then, should not we have them also, even in our concert halls? Managers look askance upon them, for they take up room in a hall and reduce the seating capacity. But what of that? Raise the price as far as the public will stand it; increase the seating capacity by crowding at the other end—in the top gallery, for instance—and cutting down the price there accordingly. It is the merest moonshine to say that a public which accepts this plan at our theatres will not accept it at concerts. Our public is not such a fool as that!

Another point! We as a people are beginning to pay more regard to sanitary living than we used to; we go in more for athletics, out-of-door exercise, wholesome dress, ventilation, etc. I am much mistaken if the days of the man who keeps his overcoat on at the theatre or at a concert are not numbered; surely the coming generation will have outgrown this most gracious of all invitations to influenza, pneumonia and pleurisy. The "coming man" will take off his overcoat at a concert, and his wife and daughters will provide themselves with outer garments from which they can extricate themselves without dislocation. Now it is not pleasant to hold one's outer wraps—to which may possibly be added a dripping umbrella—in one's lap, neither is it particularly good for those garments to be stowed away on the floor under the seat; to take off or put on warm overshoes, when cramped in your seat, is also a process accompanied with more or less difficulty and discomfort. A good cloak-room is a great convenience. Remember, I say a good cloak-room, not one of those terrible places where you painfully struggle to reclaim your belongings in Rugby football fashion. No doubt the cloak-room problem presents serious difficulties, but it seems to have been satisfactorily solved at the new concert hall of the Gewandhaus in Leipzig. Leipzig is not notorious for its enterprise, but even the most "go-ahead" city in the world might learn a lesson from it in this particular. At the new Gewandhaus every numbered ticket to a concert gives the holder the right, not only to a reserved seat, but is accompanied by a correspondingly numbered key to a private locker for his overcoat, hat, umbrella and overshoes. There is consequently no stru-

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 gle in the cloak-room after the concert; every one goes to his own locker, gets his belongings and departs, leaving the key in the lock. It seems to me that Boston is quite as ready to enjoy such a luxury as Leipzig! When we do a thing at all, it is just as well to do it in a civilized way; that we have been barbarous for ages is no good reason for remaining barbarous forever.

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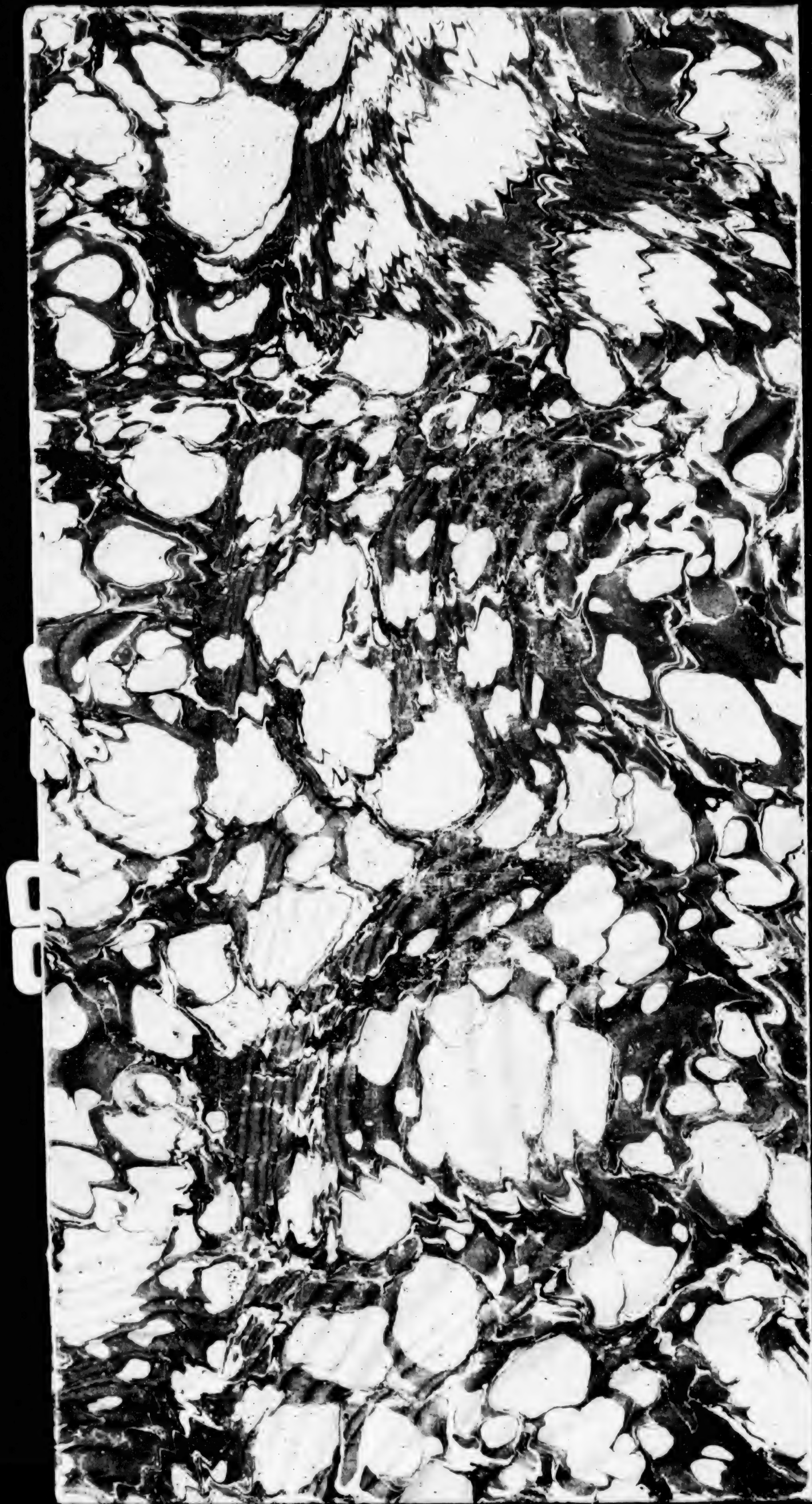
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VOLUME 13

1893-1894





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BOSTON
SYMPHONY
ORCHESTRA



SEASON

✻ 1893-1894 ✻

PROGRAMMES AND COMMENTS

COMPILED BY

ALLEN A. BROWN



L. S. Spence.

** M. 125. 5. Vol 13
1893-94
Allen A. Brown
Aug 14. 1894

For '95 read 94
Index " 94 " 93

Composer	Title of Work	Concert	Date	Soloists
d'Albert E.	Ouv. "Esther" op 8.	XIV	July 3. 94	
Back J. S.	Suite No 2. B min for String Orchestra and Flute	XII	July 20. 94	
Beethoven	Symphony No 1. op 21	IX	Dec 23. 93	
"	" 3 " 55	XXI	Apr 7. 94	
"	" 4 " 60	XVIII	Nov 10. "	
"	" 5 " 67	I	Oct 14. 93	
"	" 6 " 68	XXIV	Apr 28. 94	
"	" 8 " 93	XIV	July 3. "	
"	" 9 " 125	XIX	Nov 17. "	
	(Two movements only)			
	Overture "Leonore" No 3. op 72	III	Oct 26. 93	
"	" "Coriolan" op 62	XII	July 20. 94	
"	" "Egmont" op 84	XVI	July 24. "	
"	" "König Stephen" op 117	XXIII	Apr 21. "	
	Concert für Violin und op 61	X	Dec 30. 93	Franz Kneisel
"	" für Piano " op 58	IX	Dec 23. "	Carl Baermann
	Rec. u. Aria from "Fidelio" "Atschentlicher"			
	with orch.	II	Oct 21. 93	Minu Nordica
Berlioz H.	Three motifs "Romeo u. Juliette" op 17.	VI	Nov 25. 93	
	Ouv. "King Lear" op 4	XII	July 20. 94	
	" Rakoczy March" (Dram. Faust) op 24	XXII	" 27. "	
	" Symphonie Fantastique" op 142	XXII	Nov 3. "	
Brahms J.	Symphonie No 1. op 68	VII	Dec 2. 93	
"	" 2. " 73	XV	July 17. 94	
"	" 4. " 98	XXIII	Apr 21. "	
	Academische Fest Overture op 80	IV	Nov 4. 93	
	Tragische Overture op 81	XXI	Apr 7. 94	
	Var. on a Theme by Haydn op 56 a	XXII	Dec 9. 93	
	Concerto für Violin, Cello u. orch. No 1	V	Nov 8. "	Franz Kneisel u. J. Schroeder
Bruck, Max	Romanza für Violin u. orch. op 42	XV	July 17. 94	C. M. Loeffler
	" Not Nidrei" Cello u. orch. op 47	XX	Nov 24. "	Leo Schultz

	For "94 Read" 93 "95" 94			
Bulow H. von	Funerale op 23 no 4	XXI	Apr 7.95	
Dvorak et.	Symphonie No 5. op 95	X	Dec 30.94	
	" Slavische Rhapsodie " No 2. op 48	II	Oct 21. "	
Glinka	Opus "Ruslan u. Ludmilla"	XXII	Nov 3.95	
	"Kamerinskaja" Fantasia	"	" " "	
Gluck	Opus "Iphigenia in Aulide"	V	Nov 18.94	
	Wagner's arrangement			
	Aria "Ah! si la liberte" Armide	IV	Nov 4.94	Emma Eames
	with orchestra			
Goetz H.	Symphonie in F op 9.	III	Oct 28.94	
Handel	Concerto Grosso No 10. in D m:	XXVI	Feb 24.95	
	Air "Honour and Arms" from Samson	"	" " "	Max Heinrich
	with orchestra			
Hartmann E.	"Eine Nordische Meerfahrt" für orch.	XV	Feb 17.95	
Haydn	Symphonie No 2. D maj:	XXVI	Feb 24.95	
	Aria "With verdure clad" (Creation)	XXIX	Feb 17. "	Mad. Lillian Blauvelt
	with orch.			
Johns, Clayton	"Berceuse and Scherzo" (String orch.).	XX	Feb 24.95	
Liszt F.	Eine Faust Symphonie	XX	Feb 24.95	
	"Orpheus" Symph. Poem	XXII	Feb 3. "	
	"Nephitis Waltz" (Scene in the Tavern)	XXIV	Apr 28 "	
	"Rhapsodie Espagnole" arr. for Pianos	XXII	Jan 27 "	F. Buroni
	and orch. by F. Buroni			
Loeffler C.M.	"Concerto Fantastique" for cello and	XXIV	Feb 3.95	M. Schreder
	orchestra			
Marmont J.	Rec. et Air "Herodiade" Il est d'ouste	II	Oct 21	Mme Rodier
	" " " " "	XXIII	Apr 21.94	Antoinette Trebelli
	"Rec et air" "Le Cid"	IV	Nov 4. "	Emma Eames

Mendelssohn	Symphonie No 3. op 56	XXII	Jan 20.95	
	Opus "Die Hebriden" op 26	XXVII	Feb 10 "	
	" " "Meeresstille" op 27	XX	" 24 "	
	"Midsummer's Night Dream" Music			
	Complete - Geo. Riddle Reader	XXIF	Apr 14.95	Barnard - Smith
	Cho. by Cecilia Club			Hermit S. Whittier
Mohique B.	Violin Concerts No 5. op 21.	XXI	Apr 7.95	Otto Roth
	2 movements			
Mozart	Symphonie in C maj. (Jupiter)	V	Nov 18.94	
	" " "G minor"	XXIX	Feb 17.95	
	Overture "Die Zauberflöte"	VI	Dec 2.94	
	" " "Le Nozze di Figaro"	XXVII	Feb 10.95	
	Serenade No 7 - Kaffner -	IV	Dec 23.94	Franz Ximel
	with Violin obligato			
	Aria "Die Entführung" with orch.	XVI	Feb 24.95	Max Heinrich
	Aria "Voi che sapete" Figaro " "	XXIX	Feb 17 "	Lillian Blauvelt
	Rec et air "Non mir dir" Dr. Giovanni	XXII	Apr 21 "	Antoinette Trebelli
Paine J. X.	Prelude "Oedipus Tyrannus" op 30	XXIII	Apr 21.95	
Rubinstein A.	Dramatic Symphonie No 4. op 95	VII	Dec 9.94	
	Ballet Music from "Fenians"	XIV	Feb 3.95	
	"Don Quixote" op 87	XV	" 17. "	
Saint-Saens C.	Symp. Poem "Le Rocco d'Onphale" op 31.	IV	Nov 4.94	
	Concerto Violin + orch. op 62	XV	Feb 17.95	C. M. Loeffler
Schubert F.	Symphonie No 9. in C.	II	Oct 21.94	
	Opus "Rosamunde" op 26.	IX	Dec 23 "	
	Grande Fantasia in C maj: op 15	VI	Nov 25 "	Mme Emil Pauer
	Piano orchestra			
Schumann R.	Symphony No 1. op 38	VI	Nov 25.94	
	" " "4. " 120	XXII	Jan 27.95	
	Opus "Manfred" op 115	VII	Dec 9.94	
	" " "Genoveva" " 81	XXIV	Apr 28.95	
	Opus. Scherzo + Finale op 52	XXIII	Feb 10. "	

Janetana	Symp. Poem "Vltava"	VII	Dec. 74	
Tschaikowski	Serenade for strings op. 48	I	Oct 14. 94	
	Ouv. "Solemnelle" 1812 op. 49	X	Dec 30. "	
	Violin Concerto No 2 op. 35 with orch. (2 parts)	VII	Dec. 1. "	P. Adamowski
Volkmann R.	Ouv. "Richard III" op. 68.	II	Oct 18. 94	
	Serenade No 3. op. 69	III	" 28. "	
Wagner R.	Ouv. "Tannhauser"	I	Oct 14. 94	
	Prelude "Die Meistersinger"	XI	Jan 6. 95	
	"Faust Overture"	"	" " "	
	"Siegfried Idyll"	"	" " "	
	"Huldigungs Marsch"	XIV	Apr 18 "	
	"Vorspiel u. Liebestod" Tristan with orch	XI	Jan 6. "	Wine Materns
	"Brunnhilde's Dying Remarks" Sotterdänny	"	" " " "	"
Weber C. M. von	Ouv. "Euryanthe"	XIII	Jan 27. 95	
	"Oberon"	XIX	Feb 12 "	
	"Concertstück" Piano + orch. op. 79	XII	Jan 27 "	F. Busoni

Composers
with no. of works given

d'Albat E.	1
Bach J. S.	1
Beethoven	13
Berlioz H.	4
Brahms J.	7
Brech, Max	2
Bulow H. von	1
Dvořák A.	2
Glinka M. J.	2
Gluck Chev. de	2
Gaetz H.	1
Handel	2
Hartmann E.	1
Haydn J.	2
Johns, Clayton	1
Liszt F.	4
Loeffler C. M.	1
Marsenet J.	2
Mendelssohn	4
Molique B.	1
Mozart	8
Paine J. K.	1
Rubinstein A.	3
Saint-Saens G.	2
Schubert F.	3
Schumann R.	5
Janetana	1
Tschaikowski	3
Volkmann R.	2
Wagner R.	7
Weber C. M. von	3

Soloists
With Date of Appearance

Pianists

Baermann, Carl	Dec 23. 94	93
Buroni F.	Jan 27. 95	94
Pauer, Mrs Emil	Nov 25. 94	93

Violinists

Adamowski F.	Dec 2. 94	93
Kneisel, Franz	" 23. "	"
" "	" 38. "	"
Loeffler L. M.	Feb 17. 95	94
Roth, Otto	Apr 17. "	"

Cello

Schraeder, Chas	Nov 18. 94	93
" "	Feb 3. 95	"
Schulz, Leo	Mar 24. "	"

Vocalists

Barnard-Smith, Mrs	Apr 14. 95	94
Blauvelt, Lilien	Mar 17. "	"
Eames, Emma	Nov 4. 94	93
Heinrich, Max	Feb 24. 95	94
Matern, Madame	Jan 6. "	"
Nordica, Madame	Oct 21. 94	93
Prehelli, Antoinette	Apr 21. 95	94
Whitten, Harriet S.	Apr 14. "	"

"The Cecilia"

Apr 14. 1895

Conductor Emil Pauer

10
~ ~ ~ BOSTON MUSIC HALL ~ ~ ~

THIRTEENTH SEASON, 1893-94

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Mr. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

TWENTY-FOUR CONCERTS

ON CONSECUTIVE SATURDAY EVENINGS, FROM OCTOBER 14, 1893, TO
APRIL 28, 1894, OMITTING NOV. 11, DEC. 16, 1893, JAN. 13, FEB. 10,
AND MARCH 31, 1894, AND

TWENTY-FOUR PUBLIC REHEARSALS

ON CONSECUTIVE FRIDAY AFTERNOONS, FROM OCTOBER 13, 1893, TO
APRIL 27, 1894, OMITTING NOV. 10, DEC. 15, 1893, JAN. 12, FEB. 9,
AND MARCH 30, 1894.

TICKETS for the series of Concerts, \$12.00 and \$7.50, according to
and for the series of Rehearsals, location.

The \$12 Seats for the Rehearsals will be sold at auction, at Music
Hall, **MONDAY**, September 25th, at 10 A.M.

The \$7.50 Seats for the Rehearsals will be sold at auction, at Music
Hall, **TUESDAY**, September 26th, at 10 A.M.

The \$12 Seats for the Concerts will be sold at auction, at Music
Hall, on **THURSDAY**, September 28th, at 10 A.M.

The \$7.50 Seats for the Concerts will be sold in like manner at the
same place, on **FRIDAY**, September 29th, at 10 A.M.

Bids will be accepted for seats in their regular order only, and not for
the choice ; and no more than four seats will be sold on one bid. The
seats open to competition will be shown on a diagram, and will be
marked off as sold.

Tickets will be delivered in the Hall, and must be paid for as soon as
bought, or they will be immediately resold.

TIGHT BINDING

CONNELLY'S PLANS OF MUSIC HALL

From which to order season seats for the Symphony Rehearsals and
Concerts, season of '93 and '94. Select your seats and mail Plan

to Connelly's Theatre Ticket Office, Adams House.
(See next page.)

STAGE.

A	34 33 32 31 30 29 28	A	7 6 5 4 3 2 1
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STAGE.

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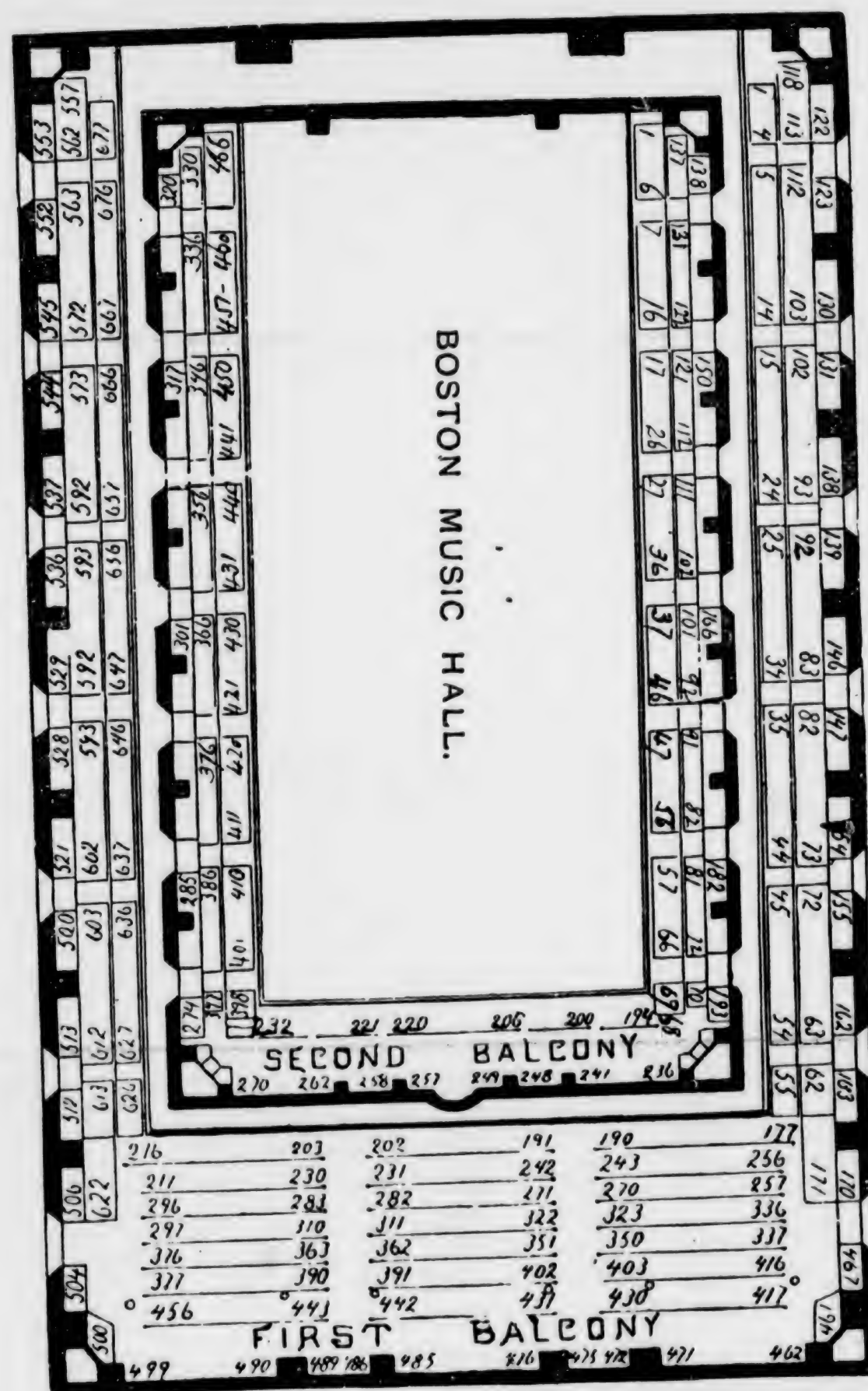
MRS. EMIL PAUP.

(From the first photograph she has had taken in this country.)

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CAPACITY OF MUSIC HALL, 2,397 SEATS.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

MR. EMIL PAUR, CONDUCTOR.

SEASON 1893-94.

TEN CONCERTS

... IN ...

Sanders Theatre, Cambridge,

... ON ...

THURSDAY EVENINGS, October 19, November 2, November 16,
December 7, January 4, January 25, February 15, March 8,
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SOLOISTS:

MME. NORDICA.

MR. LEO SCHULZ.

MR. MAX HEINRICH.

MR. FRANZ KNEISEL.

And others to be announced.

Season tickets, with reserved seats for the series of ten con-
certs, \$7.50.

The sale of season tickets opens at the University Book-
store, Cambridge, *Saturday, October 14, at 8 A.M.*

A limited number of seats have been reserved for College
officers and invited guests.

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AFTER MARKING THE PLAN DETACH THIS SHEET HERE AND RETURN TO US.

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MR. EMIL PAUR, CONDUCTOR.

THIRTEENTH SEASON, 1893-94

EIGHTH SEASON IN NEW YORK.

= - Five Concerts in
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(Seventh Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street).

Wednesday Evening, November 8,

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SOLOISTS.

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Mme. LILLIAN NORDICA,

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And others to be announced.

Subscription tickets, with reserved seats for the series of five concerts, \$7.50, \$6.00, \$5.00, and \$4.00, according to location. Boxes (seating six), \$50.00.

The sale of subscription tickets opens Thursday, Oct. 12, at Messrs. E. Schuberth & Co.'s, 23 Union Square.

 Programme books, with descriptive notes on the works to be performed, will be mailed in advance of each concert to purchasers of subscription tickets.

C. A. ELLIS, Manager.

HERR EMIL PAUR.

The Boston Orchestra's New Conductor.

His Personal Characteristics and Professional Career—A Violinist and Pianist of Excellent Parts—Illustrations of His Domestic and Artistic Life—The Scenes of His Recent Work in Leipsig.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

LEIPSIG, July 13, 1893. Emil Paur was the successor of Nikisch in Leipsig, and he is to be the successor of Nikisch in Boston. Paur is a thorough artist and a capital man. There is about him none of the arrogant pretension, nor the manner of a pedantic martinet, which so often is associated with the public manner of eminent German conductors. Paur has been very popular in Leipsig. They say here that he understands completely how to make a programme. Besides, he is regarded in Leipsig as an orchestral conductor of the first rank. Then, again, he is a man of extraordinary versatility in his profession. He is not only one of the best conductors, but he is also an admirable violin soloist, and he is one of the most accomplished pianists in Germany. So you see that a man of parts is coming among you.

Paur goes to Boston, I am told, at a yearly salary of 40,000 marks, which in American money is equivalent to about \$10,000 in round figures. There was some trouble and delay about the negotiations, because Paur's contract at the Leipsig Opera House, had still two years to run. But the matter was settled by Mr. Higginson coming to the rescue and offering to pay the forfeit money. I suppose that he paid it, because Paur will leave Leipsig for Boston in a couple of months.

We wonder here how long he will stay. Some say that Boston's artistic atmosphere is too frigid. An orchestral conductor in Vienna, Berlin, Leipsig, or any other considerable European town, seems to find his surroundings more congenial than those to



EMIL PAUR.

[From his latest photograph.]

which he becomes transferred in your part of the world. Here he is a little king; there, well, he is the leader of an orchestra. Let all this be as it may, and I am only prattling in conjecture. Paur goes with the good wishes of everybody here, and their regrets into the bargain. For we would rather keep him.

Paur's Manner

is the most agreeable imaginable, both on the concert platform and off of it. He charmed me today when as a HERALD man I went to see him at his apartment on a third floor in the Loehrstrasse. He received me with a merry smile and a hearty handshake, and led me through his music room to his private study. There we chatted for three-quarters of an hour. Paur was willing enough to talk, but he said he

had little to tell. "My life," quoth he, "has been an uneventful one. My story is only a story of work." Well, I looked about the place, and I thought this was a very modest way of putting it, for the room where we sat was pretty well trimmed with wreaths of laurel and other tokens of popular and professional admiration.

Paur is a tall man, slender in build, but well knit and strong, and with light, fair hair and beard. He is very pleasant looking, and he really enjoys being agreeable, but you can easily see that he has a mind of his own.

It is rather odd that you should take away our Nikisch and then our Emil Paur; but so it is, and now we shall have to see what can be done for ourselves. Paur is 38 years old. He was born at Czernowitz in the Bukowyna. He showed in early youth an unsurmountable

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and his tastes were cultivated, for his parents were fond of art. Not only did he receive regular musical instruction, but he had to experience all the toils and sufferings of a musical prodigy. At the age of 8, he met with huge success at the public musical examinations at Czernowitz. Some time after that his family went to Vienna to live, and it seems by that time his father, for some reason or other, had changed his mind, and opposed the young fellow's wish to follow the musical profession. But judicious friends interceded, and finally the father placed his son in the Vienna Conservatoire. There he gave himself up to study. You can see that he had the best masters, for he learned the violin of Hellmersberger, theory and composition of Bruckner and Despot, and the piano of Epstein. He was four years at the conservatoire, and he took the first prize there. Soon after this he became the first violinist in the orchestra of the Imperial Opera of Vienna. But this position did not satisfy him long. He was ambitious; he yearned for a larger field.

Adelbert von Goldschmidt induced him to study the now well known composition "Die Siebel Todsdunen" and to produce it in Berlin. Paur did so. It was a

Very Courageous Thing to Do.

because Berlin is not enamoured of those whom it considers outsiders. And, besides, where was our friend's experience? What reputation had he? What was the reason for this sudden springing up? The questions were answered and forever silenced. The Berlin press came out in high praise of the new conductor. The Berlin public



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One of the first works conducted by Paur at Koenigsberg was Wagner's "Meistersinger." In this effort he found his reputation among the Wagnerians. But in spite of his success in this way he did not remain long at the Crowning Town, because his work was too much confined to the theatre, and it did not suffice to satisfy his ambitious and active spirit. Then he was made conductor of the Court Theatre of Mannheim, where there was good scope for his ability and his energy. For nine years he steadily developed as a conductor of concerts and operas and as a soloist on the piano and the violin. One of the best known German critics said after a performance of "Tristan and Isolde," which Paur conducted: "The effect was extraordinary. We very rarely hear such enthusiasm as this first representation aroused. The work was played with such power and force, and with such complete understanding of the spirit of the composer, that the performance at Mannheim was more than equal to

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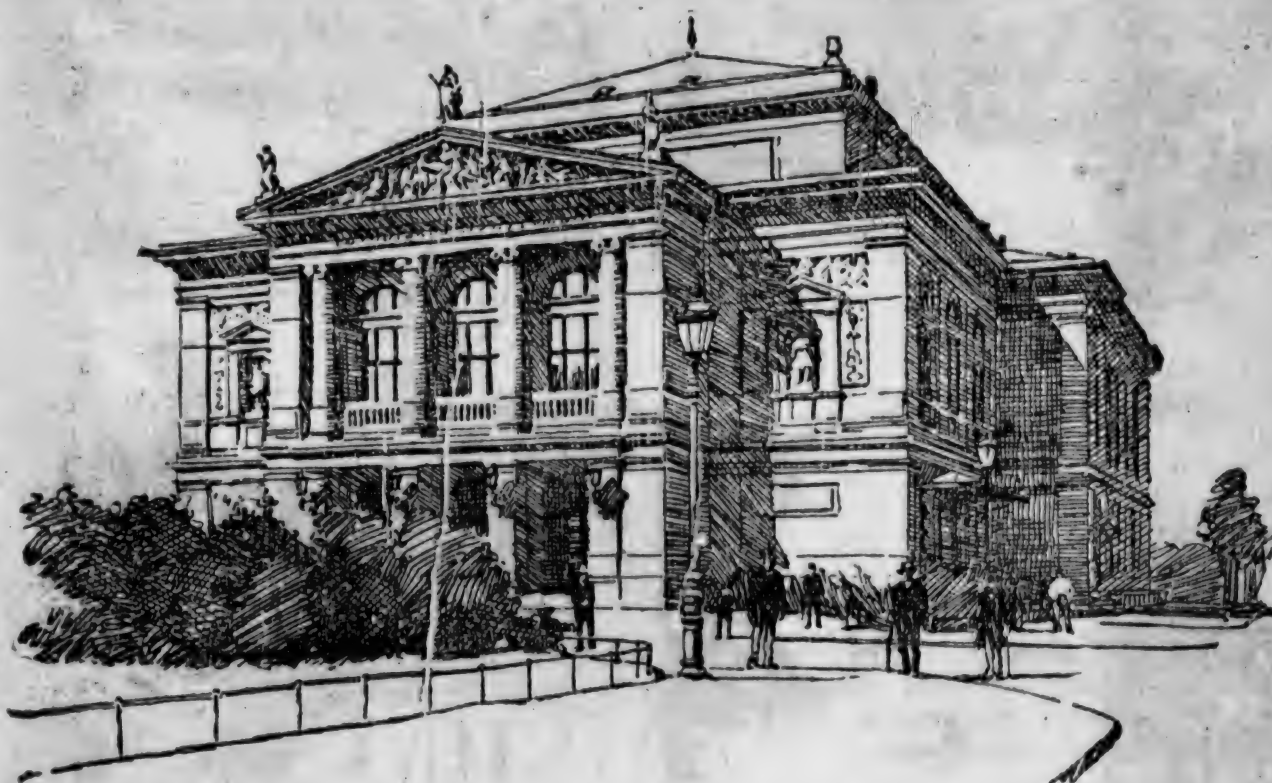
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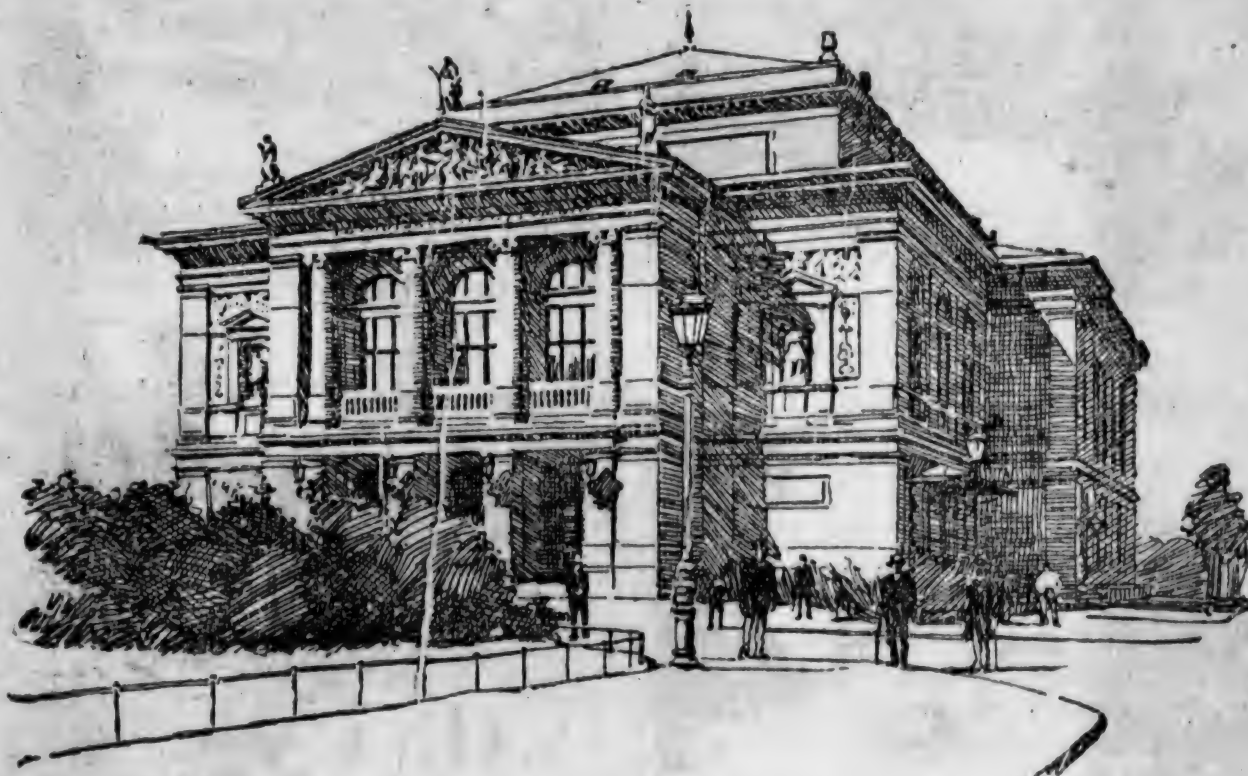
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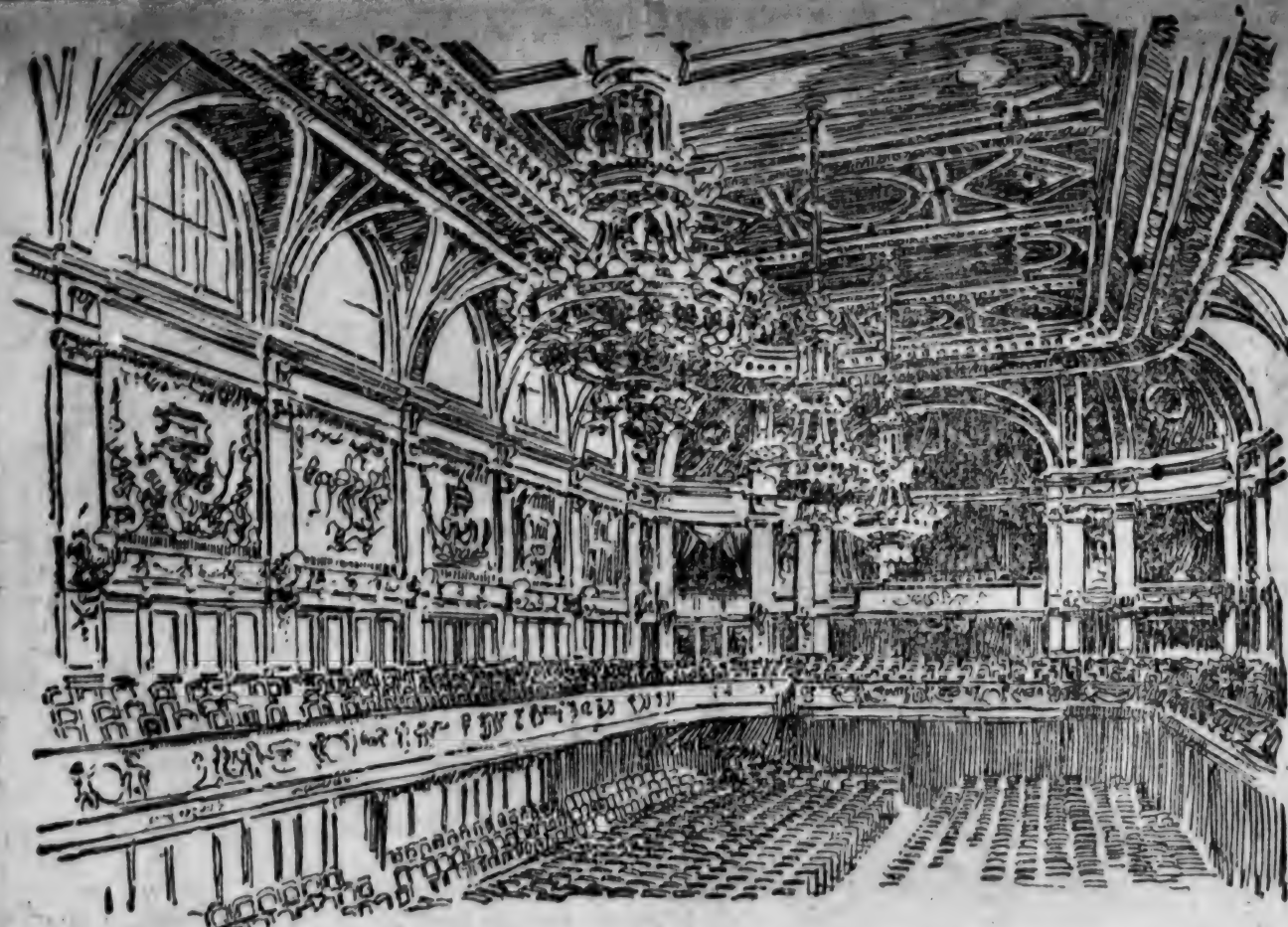
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INTERIOR OF THE GEWANDHAUS (MUSIC HALL), LEIPZIG.

art. They often appear together in the concert room each at a piano. They present music of rare delicacy, of exceptional value. I should say that there cannot be a work of any value in musical literature which the Paur's have not studied. To give you an idea of their concerts let me name these selections from one of their recent programmes: Emil Paur appears at the piano and gives Brahms's B



EMIL PAUR'S CHILDREN.

major "Concerto"; then he appears as the first violinist in Beethoven's last quartet; then he and his wife render a delightful variation from Schumann, and then they give Liszt's "Concert-Pathétique" for two pianos. Well, there is versatility!

So in Leipzig this very interesting and accomplished couple are highly esteemed. That is quite in the natural course of things, and they are very gracious, charming, vivacious, caring for not much else in the world than

Their Family and Their Music.

They live very simply but very prettily in the Loehrstrasse, and they are always busy with their practising and their public work.

Emil Paur unites with an almost fiery zeal, clearness of aim; and with untiring physical perseverance an amazing freshness of spirit, which no duties, however fatiguing, seem to diminish. He has composed a violin sonata, a concerto, a string quartet, piano pieces and some songs. His style of conducting is very animated, but very graceful. He inspires his men. He gets more work out of them, I think, than anybody else would, because he understands the art of handling men. That is a great thing in a conductor, and has the reputation of keeping his people in a good humor. Paur speaks a little English, but very little. Now, of course, he will apply himself to learning it. He looks forward with pleasure to his American experience, for he is one of those men who like to widen their horizon. In September he will start with his wife and two sons for Boston to begin the concerts in October. I bespeak for Emil Paur your most courteous consideration, and from what we hear of you and your ways I am sure he will get it, winning from you also golden opinion.

LEIPZIG'S FAREWELL.

Her Most Eminent Critic's Tribute to the Favorite Conductor.

Bernhard Seuberlech, the well known musical critic of Leipzig, has inscribed the following lines of farewell upon the departure from that city of Emil Paur:

"Very great will be the loss sustained by our opera through the departure of Director Emil Paur, who leaves Leipzig to assume the directorship of the famous Symphony orchestra of Boston, America. Four years ago, when Herr Arthur Nikisch went to Boston and the 'land of dollars,' there was general sorrow and dismay at the loss of that distinguished director and musician. It really seemed as though it would be impossible to find a fully qualified substitute. Such an one was found, however, in Emil Paur, the director of the Mannheim orchestra, a highly gifted, extremely versatile



LEIPZIG OPERA HOUSE (FRONT VIEW).

and wonderfully energetic artist and leader. What this hero has planned and accomplished on the director's stand in the few years of his activity here can but inspire deep admiration.

"His knowledge and ability, his unexampled energy and his far-reaching influence have assumed for the musical life of Leipzig an ever higher significance. The more rarely one meets now-a-days among artists such men of action and inspiring initiative, the deeper such powers must be

appreciated. Only the most perfect idealism, only the loftiest enthusiasm for the great and noble in art can engender such impellent force for the ennobling of art, and such divine fire in the heart, together with tireless zeal, demand irresistibly the guerdon of true artistic fame.

"The opera of Leipzig possessed in Emil Paur the most assiduous of all directors. No labor and no obstacle was sufficient to deter him from the most difficult undertak-

ings, which he always accomplished in an unerringly efficient manner. The members of the orchestra have been inspired by his example, carried away by his enthusiasm, spurred on by his perseverance, and in the same manner the singers have been led to the exertion of every power by the constant in-

citement of his vigorous intellect. The indifferent old ways have never been allowed to resume their sway. Emil Paur has forced them aside and insisted upon the most careful execution of the greater operatic works. Power might fail and courage sink during the preparations for such works as the 'Nibelung Ring' and 'Tristan and Isolde,' but ever at his post, full of force and courage, with incomparable energy and ambition, has been the leader of the battle, the never tiring Emil Paur. He would not have been able to excuse himself had any detail been neglected, and his lofty aims



LEIPZIG OPERA HOUSE (REAR VIEW).

were always realized. Let one set at naught or violate the sanctity of the great masters by shortening or otherwise mutilating their noble works, and our Director Paur was at once in the field, spurred by his sense of duty to restore them to their proper form. In this great scrupulousness he honored himself. Brilliant success has been his reward.

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the present time. Paur's talents are especially for concert conducting, his disposition being a little too nervous for the opera, while his thoroughness, magnetism and generalship qualify him particularly for concerts. Of the numerous orchestra concerts here during the past season the two conducted by Paur for the Liszt-Verein and his part in the benefit concert at the Gewandhaus were incomparably superior gems.

While at Mannheim Paur married, and he now has two sturdy-looking little sons. His wife, who has a keenly intelligent and expressive face, is an unusually fine piano player, but is prouder of her reputation as a good housewife than of her artistic success. Paur himself is a broad shouldered, thick-set man of medium height, with regular features and light hair and beard. His character is a sterling one; he is earnest and energetic, and at the same time kind-hearted and tolerant. While firm, strict and even exacting as a conductor, he is invariably agreeable and courteous in personal intercourse.

Now and then Mr. Paur has delighted his Leipzig audiences by having one of his own compositions played, but he has done this only on rare occasions; and his modest disposition inclines him rather to keep back his work than to push it to the front. Unlike Mahler, Wagner, Strauss and Mottl, who have a bent toward the composition of opera, Paur has a strong leaning toward concert music.

MR. EMIL PAUR, the new conductor of the Symphony Orchestra, is said to be a trustworthy and excellent musician, but hardly a genius. There is comfort in that thought. Of all the varieties of the human "genius" that which assumes an artistic habit is the most exasperating and, specifically, the musical genius is the most unendurable. The competition between the man of talent and the man of genius is a parallel of the race between the tortoise and the hare, and we all know how that contest ended. Your genius is not without his value. He wakes up people, whether they follow him or not; he has the boldness of his convictions and though he may shock us by his defiance of conventionalities he often serves to show that certain forms have lost their significance, while he illustrates the axiom that there is room in the world for everybody who is decent. The exasperation which the genius often engenders is due to his want of orthodoxy. He shouts for freedom of thought and action, but makes faces at those who think and act otherwise than he lays down for the correct thing. He demands consideration for the new thought, the new form, and has nothing but contempt for all that has gone before. This is not the sort of man to aid in the development of art in this country. Our large assortment of parentage has made us the most cosmopolitan people in the world and we will no more be satisfied with one phase of an art, whether the limner's, the sculptor's or the musician's, than we will consent to an unchanged bill of fare for a month's breakfasts, though

the ingredients be never so nicely cooked and dextrously served. We can be easily persuaded to listen to anything, but prohibition of what we want or dictation of what we ought to want will alike breed rebellion. The man of talent holds his ground, for he knows how to be elastic and tactful; the man of genius mars all by his stiffness and impolitic methods.

Within a period of about five years of the time when Emil Paur, who has just been secured as the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, graduated from the Conservatory of Music at Vienna, a number of brilliant musicians and singers were produced by that institution. Among them were Felix Mottl, Hugo Reinhold, the composer; Arthur Nikisch, Gustaf Mahler, Mrs. Schuch-Proska, the singer; Rudolf Kryzanofsky, a conductor in Prague; Bertha Hafft, a violin player; Arnold Rosé, concert master in the Vienna Concert House, and one of the foremost violin players of the day, Mrs. Adele Gerster, Josef Staudigl, the baritone; Josef Bayer, a composer of duets; Adolf Brodsky, the violin player and concert master for Mr. Walter Damrosch; Josef Hellmesberger, a composer, son of the director; Wilhelm Junck, a leading musical artist in Detroit; Vladimir Pachmann, Julius Winkler of the Winkler Quartette in Vienna, and Mrs. Stahmer-Andriesen, who is well known abroad as a singer in Wagner's operas at Bayreuth and elsewhere. To these names should be added that of Franz Kniesel, who graduated more recently.

Compliments for the New Conductor.

[New York Musical Courier, Aug. 2.]

The German papers contain many expressions of regret at the departure of Emil Paur from the Fatherland, and countless good wishes for his future. Martin Krause, in the *Neueste Nachrichten* of Leipzig, writes—

In losing Emil Paur we lose an executive artist of extraordinary many-sidedness, a director of eminent endowments, a musician of the most thorough education, and a man full of energy, strength of character, and firm faith in the ideal in our great art. Utterly unacquainted with the reasons which have suddenly determined his departure from a sphere of activity to which he belonged with all his soul and heart, we lament that he has not had the opportunity to take a public farewell. When, six years ago, he came to take his Leipzig position, after filling most successfully the like place at Mannheim, his path was often enough strewn with thorns. But he held on his way unswerving, let the pack yelp, and achieved great things that will be long remembered in our operatic annals. How our orchestra esteemed him, how highly it valued him as musician and as man, there are thousands of testimonies. What distinguishes him as a director? The piercing keenness of his perceptions, his direct sentiment, the fire of his generous spirit. He held in honor every work of genius. The masters of the past as well as of the present found in him the warmest admirer, certain to secure the best execution for their works. Not only the theatre, but the concert hall bears witness to his masterly direction. Need we mention how among other things he conducted Wagner's "Faust" overture as no one but Von Bülow had done before in Leipzig? Need we point to the performances of the Liszt Society, and his interpretations of Berlioz, Liszt and Bruckner? How admirable were his performances as a pianist! Who appeared with greater success at the Gewandhaus? Who could play the E-flat major concerto of Beethoven, or the B-flat major of Brahms with more virtuosity and

artistic ripeness? Of chamber music he was a zealous supporter, and with his wife, a talented pianist, delighted his audiences with their duet playing. Seldom have so many gifts been united in one person. He plays the violin excellently, and performed in public, when a soloist was suddenly indisposed, Mendelssohn's concerto, with universal applause. He prepared all novelties with the greatest care, and directed with inspiration whatever gave dignity and lasting importance to the repertory.

The *Leipziger Tageblatt* says:

Mr. Paur's departure leaves a large gap in our musical world, and although his many-sided gifts were scarcely exhibited here as he and his friends could have wished, we shall miss him sadly as a director. We owe much to him as an opera director; he was a model director of "Fidelio," of Mozart's operas, of the great Wagner works, a zealous promoter of new works, a kind adviser of unknown composers, but his most brilliant triumphs were in the concert hall. In rehearsal he was equal to the best. In management of the orchestra he was admirable, and in his musical versatility in general. It is less known that he is an excellent pianist, and he scarcely exhibited his capacity on the violin. I once had an opportunity of seeing him read from the manuscript a very difficult quartet, and can say it was a brilliant musical performance. The Liszt Society will especially hold him in grateful recollection. The best wishes of all follow him in his new career.

ABOUT MUSIC.

The musical Season is upon us. Singers, players of instruments and inventors and borrowers of tunes will soon be busy, and there will soon again be discussion in public places and at home concerning proper tempi, dynamic gradations, temperament, stage presence and all the other phrases found in the terminology of modern musical entertainment.

Whether the concert season will be affected seriously by what is known popularly as financial stagnation remains to be seen. That the premiums at the auction sales of the Symphony concert tickets were not as uniformly high as on previous occasions is not to be wondered at. Speculators who bought heavily last year found their investment not worth the candle, and this year their voices did not rise and fall.

Mr. Paur has already been interviewed, and, like unto a wise man, he said little. When Mr. Paur announces the fact that the soloists at the concerts must be "capable" and "classical," as he "does not believe in putting before the public small stuff," the people say "Amen." Some years ago an appearance with the Boston Symphony Orchestra was regarded as a privilege, as an honor; and the fact that a singer or player was allowed to appear, was in itself a warrant of the soloist's worth. But Mr. Nikisch allowed himself to be swayed by personal emotion rather than by critical judgment, and Music Hall saw strange sights under his imperial sway, so that the hall might often have been called the Boston Musical Museum.

Some may tremble at the thought that Mrs. Paur plays the piano; for we were afflicted lately and sore distressed by Nikischian marital musical indiscretions.

But Mrs. Paur was known as an excellent pianist, and she was regarded as a musician of talent before her marriage with Mr. Paur.

Mrs. Nikisch, on the other hand, was a soprano in the theatre, and she was never educated for the operatic or concert stage.

Mrs. Paur studied the piano under Mrs. Eastpoff and Leschetitzki.

Mrs. Nikisch was trained for the American market by Mr. Nikisch.

And yet, if certain moralists may be believed, a just man should rejoice when his wife sings with only moderate success or even badly.

Let us quote from the Rev. Arthur Bedford, Chaplain to His Grace Wrothessly, Duke of Bedford, in 1711. "And Salust speaking of Sempronius, as the Tool of Cautine, to foment the Rebellion, adds this among her other Qualifications, that she was taught to sing more finely than became a Virtuous Woman, with many other things, which he also calls The investments of Luxury."

But Mrs. Nikisch was hulled in New York as the great "exhibitionist" of German vocal and lyric art. Well, "I guess she was."

Mr. Paur is a versatile musician, and it is not unlikely that he will be heard here as a soloist; but I can never suppose him a guest in a private house and playing a piano piece for \$35. It is said that one of his predecessors thus lowered the dignity of the position of leader of the Symphony Orchestra. And indeed \$35 was a paltry sum; if the man had sent his bill for \$350, the itching palm would have assumed grand proportions and commanded a certain respect.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

Inquiries continue to be made daily at Music Hall concerning the ticket sales for the Symphony rehearsals and concerts of the coming season, and ample evidence is given that the Boston orchestra is held to be an institution commanding the staunchest support from all resident music lovers.

It is questionable if there was ever a more practical test of the estimation of an organization by a public than that proven to exist hereabout for this orchestra, by the subscription to the stock of the corporation which is to provide it with a new home in readiness.

The raising of nearly \$500,000, in sums of from \$100 to \$25,000, showed that all classes are alike alive to the value of the Symphony orchestra in the musical life of Boston, and so there is no need to question the future support of its concerts.

It is announced by Manager Ellis that the 13th season of the orchestra, with Mr. Emil Paur as conductor, will consist of 24 concerts on consecutive Saturday evenings, from Oct. 14, 1893, to April 28, 1894, omitting Nov. 11, Dec. 16, 1893, Jan. 13, Feb. 10 and March 31, 1894, and 24 public rehearsals on consecutive Friday afternoons, from Oct. 13, 1893, to April 27, 1894, omitting Nov. 10, Dec. 15, 1893, Jan. 12, Feb. 9 and March 30, 1894.

The \$12 seats for the rehearsals will be sold at auction at Music Hall, Monday, Sept. 25, at 10 A. M. The \$7.50 seats for the rehearsals will be sold at auction at Music Hall, Tuesday, Sept. 26, at 10 A. M. The \$12 seats for the concerts will be sold at auction at Music Hall on Thursday, Sept. 28, at 10 A. M. The \$7.50 seats for the concerts will be sold in like manner at the same place on Friday, Sept. 29, at 10 A. M. Bids will be accepted for seats in their regular order only, and not for the choice; and no more than four seats will be sold on one bid. The seats open to competition will be shown on a diagram, and will be marked off as sold.

Negotiations concluded and pending indicate that the orchestral features of the season will be supplemented by the appearance of many notable soloists aside from those included in the organization, and

prominent on the list of singers engaged are Mme. Lillian Nordica and Mme. Emma Eames, both of whom have an early appearance.

It is now definitely announced that the Boston Symphony Orchestra will henceforward give its concerts at Carnegie Hall, and I await with some curiosity the outcome of the change of scene. It is an open secret that during the last three years the proprietors of Chickering Hall furnished the hall free of charge, and bought for each concert two hundred dollars' worth of tickets, to be distributed among professional friends, who never dreamed of paying for their seats. Hence it follows that, during the current season, the five concerts of the series will cost about \$2,250 more than did the recent performances. Some loss is also sustained by the rejection by the Carnegie Hall people of the official programme of the B. S. O., the advertisements of which brought in a round sum. The most disquieting feature of the situation, however, is the difference between Chickering Hall and Carnegie Hall in respect to size. When the former was most densely crowded only 1,200 seats were occupied; now 3,000 chairs must be filled. As Mr. Paur's name is not one to conjure with, and as the business outlook of the season is not very bright, I hardly think the audiences will grow from 1,200 to 3,000 spectators, and the manager is likely to find himself in the disagreeable predicament of creating a deadhead public by a liberal distribution of "paper," or of permitting the faithful to be chilled by the aspect of a large area of empty benches. Mr. Nikisch, now installed at Buda-Pesth, discloses a lively interest in the future of the B. S. O. His estimate of Mr. Higginson, imparted to most of his intimates, should be given to the Boston public, and not kept for the exclusive edification of Germany.

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Mr. Staegemann, the director of the Opera House in Leipzig, succeeded in getting him to accept the position of conductor in Leipzig after Nikisch left.

Mr. Paur studied the violin under Hellmesberger and composition with Dessoff. He played first violin in the court opera at Vienna under Richter and Herbeck.

Boston is to be congratulated, say the musicians, over this acquisition for next year, and they declare that the whole music-loving population of the city will say the same when they see his work.

FRIDAY, JULY 7, 1893

HERR EMIL PAUR THE MAN.

New Conductor Chosen for the Symphony Orchestra.

An Authoritative Announcement of the Engagement Made—His Acceptance Was Cabled Yesterday—Brief Record of His Professional Career—He Comes from Leipzig.

Mr. Henry L. Higginson, the founder and patron of the Boston Symphony orchestra, had the satisfaction of receiving a cable yesterday from Herr Emil Paur of Leipzig announcing his acceptance of the engagement offered him as conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra, his duties in that position to begin with the next season's concerts.

Although Herr Paur's name is unfamiliar in this country to the public at large, it is sufficient evidence of his ability to fill the duties of the position offered him to know that he was seriously considered for appointment by Mr. Higginson four years ago, and that since that time he is credited with a marked growth and development in his profession.

Mr. Paur is about 37 years old and has been trained in the best schools. He was born in Czernowitz, Austria, and received his education in Vienna. He studied violin with Hellmesberger and composition with Dessoff, and played first violin in the Court Opera, Vienna, under Richter and Herbeck.

He early developed extraordinary talent as a conductor in so marked a degree that without influential friends he was chosen, while still a very young man, for the fine position of court conductor in Cassel. His superior work at Cassel soon brought him a better offer from Koenigsberg, at the leading theatre of eastern Prussia.

His stay here was also short, as he was wanted for the more important position at the head of the court opera in Mannheim. His success with the critical public of this city was very great and he held the position for many years.

Director Staegemann of the Leipzig opera is a great admirer of Conductor Paur, and for many years had desired to secure his services for that city. He succeeded in engaging him when Mr. Arthur Nikisch left for America, and for four years he has been conducting the orchestra in that city, and has appeared as a violinist and piano virtu-



EMIL PAUR.

[From a photograph taken in 1890.]

oso, as well in chamber music. From the outset he made an excellent impression, not only upon the general public, but upon the most exacting critics, and he was at once accorded a most favorable reception.

A well informed German correspondent writes of Paur as follows: "With Paur at the helm the Boston Symphony orchestra will be in the hands of one of the most thorough and conscientious conductors of the present time. Paur's talents are especially for concert conducting, his disposition being a little too nervous for the opera, while his thoroughness, magnetism and generalship qualify him particularly for concerts. Of the numerous orchestra concerts here during the past season the two conducted by Paur for the Liszt-Verein and his part in the benefit concert at the Gewandhaus were incomparably superior gems."

Herr Paur married while at the Mannheim opera a very talented pianist, who, with two boys, make up his family. Herr Paur is a broad shouldered, thick-set man of medium height, with regular features and light hair and beard.

The men selected for the position by Mr. Higginson in the past have all been well chosen, and there is every reason to believe that under Mr. Paur's direction the orchestra will maintain its former high standard.

Mr. Paur Will Live in Jamaica Plain.

Emil Paur, the new Symphony leader, has leased, through the office of R. S. Barrows, the pleasantly-situated frame dwelling-house, numbered 32 Burroughs street, Jamaica Plain. This property includes a large garden and a beautiful lawn, covered with handsome shade trees.

MR. PAUR'S FIRST.

Journal

Oct 8/93

How He Led the Symphony at Rehearsal

The Journal Gives the First Description.

He Finds an Orchestra That Can Play "Piano."

On Wednesday last Mr. Emil Paur, the new conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was first presented privately to that famous organization as a body, and for the first time guided it through the musical maze with his eloquent baton.

A private rehearsal of the Symphony Orchestra is only one degree less secret than a meeting of a Masonic Lodge. You cannot get into the hall for love or money. All the avenues of ingress are closed save one, and this is closely guarded by two argus-eyed representatives of Mr. Higginson. Even Mr. Ellis, the manager of the hall, is debarred. So it was on Wednesday. From above floated in indistinct harmonies the music of the orchestra, but the strongest vision is incapable of piercing several flights of stairs and a thick door, as Mr. Sam Weller discovered long ago.

"A Chief Among Ye Taking Notes."

But it is possible for the Journal to get into the corridors, and, witnessing the rehearsal, become the first newspaper to tell its readers of Herr Paur's initial work with his famous orchestra.

He has already won golden opinions of the men who are to be his associates and are to follow his bidding at the concerts for the next three years, and, as far as can be learned, the comparisons between him and Mr. Nikisch are all in favor of the new arrival.

"The Observed of All Observers."

By twos and threes the musicians came to Music Hall on Wednesday morning, nearly all possessed with a tremendous curiosity to ascertain by personal observation what manner of man the new conductor might be. To the greater number he was a total stranger, for, while he is known to a few of the men, who have met him abroad, he is too young and began his career as leader at a time subsequent to that during which the veterans of the orchestra were in Germany.

The 30 odd musicians ranged themselves along the wooden amphitheatrical structure, which was in place on the stage, all in their accustomed positions. There were only three absentees. One was Mr. J. Schnitzler, first violin, who has not yet returned to the city, but who will be here before long. The other two were both basses, and had both been disabled by accidents. Mr. Goldstein had the misfortune to break one of his legs a short

time since, and the other gentleman will be laid up for some time, on account of his having cut an artery in one of his arms, and thereby lost a great deal of blood. The vacancies will be speedily filled.

Interest and expectation were manifest on every face. The younger men could not sit still, and even the veterans who have played in Music Hall under all the successive administrations of the leadership kept rubbing their glasses and watching the door of the room where Mr. Paur and Col. Higginson were closeted.

The only outsider in the hall was gray-haired Carl Zerrahn, whose musical name and fame entitled him to the privilege.

"Hail to the Chief."

A few minutes after 10 o'clock the tall form of Col. Higginson appeared, crowned with the polished and altogether irreproachable head-gear that is inseparable from his identity. At his side walked Mr. Paur, with a baton in his hand and a most genial smile upon his golden-bearded face. He advanced to the centre of the amphitheatre, where Col. Higginson, without further ado, introduced him to the members of the orchestra.

Mr. Paur buttoned up his rather loose and flowing frock coat, glanced at the floor and then up at the sounding board as if he rather wondered how the electric light chandeliers got through the holes, and then made a little speech. He waved his arm, and it was plain to see that he said he was glad to meet them.

A Mutual Admiration Scene.

The next minute a conscious smile rippled from chair to chair, and anyone with half an eye could have told that the speaker was telling his hearers how the splendid reputation of the Boston Symphony Orchestra has passed the ocean, and that he was pleased and proud of the privilege of being called to lead them.

Then a look of exceeding virtue succeeded the smile which meant, of course, that the new conductor had just told them that he hoped for their cordial co-operation in making the coming season a great success.

A slight inclination of the body concluded the oration. It was the briefest, most unconventional sort of a bow, just the kind of a salutation which you would bestow upon a friend were you to meet him upon the street some afternoon with his wife upon his arm, and as different from Arthur Nikisch's jackknife maneuver as could be imagined.

The orchestra applauded, and the faint crepitation produced by the smiting together of 30 pairs of hands sounded like the distant rattle of hailstones upon a slated roof.

Now to Business.

Then the rehearsal began. The first work essayed was Beethoven's seventh (heroic) symphony. It was familiar enough to both leader and musicians, and started off with a confident swing and spirit. Mr. Paur's blue eyes kindled with animation as it proceeded, and the strokes of his baton, at first short and precise, grew longer and more vigorous.

His method of conducting is not like that of his predecessor. It is not so graceful, and the poetry of motion which was wont to fascinate the symphony girls will be missed. But the members of the orchestra say that it is much more easy to follow. Somehow Mr. Nikisch's poetic waves were not always to be interpreted, and the musicians played on in such emergencies as their own experience suggested. With Paur there is no mistaking what he wants. Every stroke means something and is emphasized, and a nod of the head and a jerk of the other arm serves to impress the idea still further. To sum it up, Mr. Paur is not a graceful conductor; in fact, as far as could be seen from his first rehearsal, his manner seems to be a trifle clumsy in aspect. He moves his body from side to side, and this, together with his short and "stocky" physique, gives the impression. But the players say that the symphony was beautifully ren-



CHARACTERISTIC ATTITUDE OF HERR PAUR.

dered. The music of the stately funeral march rolled grandly through the hall, and the smile which lit up Mr. Paur's countenance showed that he was entirely happy.

Piano!

"I have heard," he said, "that you can play piano. I have never heard an orchestra play piano and would like to now."

Soon a piano passage was reached and the great orchestra was playing with that wonderful sweetness, lightness and delicacy that can be likened only to the strains of a choir of million harps all pitched in perfect accord, and which has made the organization celebrated all over the musical world.

When it was finished Mr. Paur stood still a moment without saying a word. Then he bowed low to his men and said: "I have heard you play piano. I thank you, gentlemen."

When the customary recess was taken the musicians strolled about the hall or down stairs into the lower corridor. They naturally discussed their new leader, and there was no dissent from the favorable opinion of his merits as a musician, and his qualities as a man that were freely expressed.

A Man Among Men.

He has showed an unmistakable disposition

to be friendly with his new associates, and their relations will be most pleasant. He will be popular, and that means a good deal. It is no harm now to say that his immediate predecessor was decidedly unpopular on account of his manner and the disdainful air with which he was accustomed to treat the men. "When he saw one of us coming he would pose," was how one of them expressed it.

But the recess was over and the rehearsal was recommenced. The second number on the programme was the Cserubini Overture. This was taken right through without interruptions, and at the close the leader was moving his brow in a fashion that showed how the vigor of his exertions had told upon him. It was evident, however, that he was more than satisfied with the performance.

The third and last selection was Beethoven's Leonore, No. 3. This was executed with skill and taste, and then the orchestra dispersed.

They will rehearse every day from now on until the first concert, but after that Mr. Paur has announced that Monday will be a day off. This is a concession that is highly appreciated, for being obliged to rehearse every day in the week, as has hitherto been the rule, is a weariness and vexation of spirit.

PAUR LIKES MUSIC HALL.

New Leader of the Symphony Orchestra Visits the Hall and Takes a Ride Around Boston.

"I think I shall like it," said Emil Paur, the new leader of the Symphony Orchestra, yesterday afternoon, after a visit to Music Hall. He spoke from the standpoint of a connoisseur and after carefully estimating the size and acoustic properties of the place.

"It is not quite so large as I expected to find," continued the distinguished musician, "although plenty large enough."

He spoke in German, of course, for he has not yet mastered the English language sufficiently to be able to speak it. His remarks were addressed to his old friend John Sauerquell, who had escorted him to the hall, and to Mrs. Paur.

Sunday was passed very quietly by Mr. and Mrs. Paur. Both were tired out, for their trip across the water was a very tempestuous one and they were badly shaken up on their arrival in New York last week. Mr. Paur seems to be even more exhausted than his wife.

It was nearly noon when they and their two children and Mr. Sauerquell came down to breakfast yesterday morning at the Thorndike, where they are now stopping.

After breakfast Mr. Paur donned his derby hat and gray top coat and, with Mrs. Paur, were escorted to Music Hall by Mr. Sauerquell. Mr. Sauerquell came from the same town in Austria that the new Symphony Orchestra leader came from, and in their younger days they were on intimate terms with one another.

Since Mr. Paur first stepped on shore in New York he has been in charge of his devoted friend, who acts as interpreter and in other capacities.

Considerable time was spent in Music Hall by the three. Mr. Paur stated, among other things, that he was glad that there were no private boxes in the hall or elaborate ornamentations, for he had found that the acoustic properties of many fine concert halls abroad had been ruined by such unnecessary additions.

In Leipzig Mr. Paur had a much larger hall than Music Hall in which to conduct the concerts of his orchestra. It seated about 5000 people, it is said. He expected to find Music Hall about the same size.

No wonder, then, that he thought it rather small.

After the visit to Music Hall the party took a carriage and enjoyed a long drive. They went out to Jamaica Plain, for Mr. Paur is looking around for a house in the suburbs or outskirts of the city. He and his wife are going to keep house and not live at a hotel while in Boston just as soon as they can arrange matters to their satisfaction.

They also visited Franklin Park, the Marine Park, South Boston, and other places of interest. Mr. Paur expressed himself as delighted with the outside appearance of the city when seen by a Journal reporter upon his return to the Thorndike about 9.30 P. M. He and his wife retired to their apartments almost immediately upon arriving at the hotel.

"To-morrow morning Mr. Paur and I will probably go down to Music Hall again and meet Mr. Ellis, the manager," said Mr. Sauerquell to the Journal reporter. "He will meet Colonel Higginson to-morrow also."

"In the afternoon I shall take him out to Brookline and he may possibly find a house to suit him out there."

"The first rehearsal of the orchestra will be Thursday afternoon and Mr. Paur will be the conductor. It is not necessary for him to understand English in order to act as leader. All the previous conductors, Nikisch, Gericke and all, always spoke in German when addressing the musicians, although there are some Frenchmen and Englishmen and other nationalities represented."

"The new leader is very quick to learn and I think that in six months at least he will be able to speak very good English. He can read it now and understands fairly well when talked to in English. But he cannot speak it. The Pairs will remain at the Thorndike probably until they go to housekeeping."

Symphony Concerts.

The earliest announcement to be made regarding the coming musical season and of foremost importance is that of the Boston symphony orchestra. The combination of circumstances of a few weeks ago when, for a time, it was extremely doubtful if the concerts by this splendid organization could be continued no doubt caused the public to realize, as never before, their importance in the musical life of the city.

No better evidence of genuine interest could be shown than in the speedy closing of the subscription for providing a new building for these concerts.

The orchestra will give 24 public rehearsals on Friday afternoons, and 24 concerts on Saturday evenings at Music hall, beginning Oct 13 and 14.

Season tickets for these performances will be sold by auction at Music hall, Sept 25, 26, 28 and 29. The sales will begin at 10 o'clock each day, and will be conducted under the usual rules. Bids will be accepted for seats in their regular order only, and not for the choice, and no more than four seats will be sold on one bid. The seats open to competition will be shown on a large diagram, and will be marked off as sold.

Patrons of the concerts are naturally interested to know about the personality and musical tastes of Mr. Emil Paur, the new conductor in whose hands the artistic conduct of the performances will rest.

The successor of Mr. Nikisch will find at his command one of the best orchestras of the world. He has shown by his achievements in Europe that he is worthy the high position to which he is called and that he possesses many qualities which fit him for its exacting duties.

He is but 38 years of age. A reliable musical authority in Leipzig has this to say of him:

"In losing Emil Paur we lose an executive artist of extraordinary many-sidedness, a director of eminent endowments, a musician of the most thorough education, and a man full of energy, strength of character, and firm faith in the ideal in our great art. How our orchestra esteemed him, how highly it valued him as musician and as man, there are thousands of testimonies."

"What distinguishes him as a director? The piercing keenness of his perceptions, his direct sentiment, the fire of his generous spirit. He held in honor every work of genius. The masters of the past as well as of the present found in him the warmest admirer, certain to secure the best execution for their works. Not only the theater but the concert hall bears witness to his masterly direction. Need we mention how among other things he conducted Wagner's 'Faust' overture as no one but Hans von Bulow had done before in Leipzig."

"Need we point to the performances of the Liszt society and his interpretations of Berlioz, Liszt and Bruckner? How admirable were his performances! The best wishes of all follow him in his new career."

No announcement can be made as to programs until the arrival of Mr. Paur. These concerts are in no wise intended to exploit "star" artists, but care will be taken to secure the best soloists available and only those worthy to appear with the orchestra. Among those already engaged are Mme. Emma Eames and Mme. Lillian Nordica.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

Mr. Emil Paur's Impressions and Plans.

Details Regarding the Suffolk Musical Union—The Visit of the Welch Ladies' Choir—"Prince Pro Tem" and "Venus" Still Reign—News Notes, Comment and Gossip.

"Do you know him?"

"No."

"Have you ever seen him?"

"Only in his photograph."

"Well, do you speak German?"

"Oh, yes."

"It's all right, then. Wie geht's?"

"Ganz gut, danke. Und Ihnen?"

This was the beginning of a chat with the Thorndike clerk after the HERALD representative had sent up his card to the recently arrived conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Herr Emil Paur. The hotel man had some pleasant stories to tell of Herr Paur's experience with our language, and of his relief at finding a hotel where he could make himself understood. It turned out, however, that the would-be interviewer was to be the means of adding a new story to the list. For, although the bell boy returned with the news that Herr Paur would be down directly, it was learned, after half an hour's waiting, that the cordial conductor's intention had been to invite the visitor below to come up. The kindly apologies which the Kapellmeister made became the happiest possible means of opening the interview, which, being carried on in German, gave our new conductor perfect freedom to express himself on the various subjects which were suggested for discussion.

The reasons for requesting an interview were soon stated. "Herr Kapellmeister, you know that we Bostonians are very proud of our orchestra. We not only take delight in it ourselves, but we have great gratification in hearing the good reports of its work in other cities where the taste for orchestral music has had a chance to develop. And our interest in it is, we believe, more intimate, direct and general than any similar feeling in any city of the Union. The most insignificant facts concerning it are not without interest to a large proportion of the music-loving public. It goes without saying, then, that the personality and ideas of the conductor are subjects of an attention in no way to be mistaken for that idle curiosity which prompts the general public to inquire concerning any celebrated personage. It was thought, then, that you would not object to talking informally in response to

A Few Questions

concerning your ideas on several topics which suggest themselves to one who has attended our concerts for many seasons."

"I should be very glad to do so, I assure you. The reputation of the orchestra is

well known to me; for it has passed the limits of your country, and has spread through the whole of musical Europe. I have heard, too, of the friendliness and musical intelligence of the Boston public, and am looking forward with the greatest pleasure to the performance of the task before me. What are some of the questions which you would like to ask?"

"As to your musical sympathies—are they distinctly for the classic or for the modern schools?"

"I am thoroughly unpartisan. I love and honor the classic writers, but am glad to recognize any evidences of talent or genius in the younger composers. Indeed, I consider it the duty of every conductor to be continually on the alert concerning newer productions. It is true that such a course involves much labor. One finds that a great proportion of contemporary compositions are worthless, but the satisfaction of introducing to the public something of real worth is to me very great. During all the time of my residence in Königsberg and Mannheim I gave much attention to new works. It was at Mannheim that the 'Ring of the Niebelungen' was produced for the first time outside of Bayreuth and Munich. You know that Mannheim has been, ever since before the time of Mozart, famous for its devotion to music."

"What have been the various stages in your career as a conductor?"

"It was in Vienna that I completed my studies. I early received much encouragement from my friends to devote myself to conducting, but it was not until, at the age of 19, I conducted with success a large choral performance in Berlin, that I definitely decided to adopt the career of Kapellmeister. I was for a time at Cassel, and in Hanover I came in contact with Von Bülow during the time when he was making his reputation as a conductor. My first absolutely independent position was in Königsberg, where I remained several years. My period of service at Mannheim extended over 10 or 11 years, and when Nikisch left Leipzig I became his successor at the Stadttheater of that city. In Mannheim I gave also a great many concerts of chamber music, and have several times appeared as pianist at the Gewandhaus in Leipzig. You see that my musical activity has been very varied."

"You speak of your

Love for the Classics.

Do you think that the works of Beethoven should be rendered according to modern fashion or in a purely classical spirit?"

"Most decidedly the latter. I am not at all in sympathy with certain tendencies which have lately become so pronounced in these matters. Greatly as I admire Wagner, I think he went much too far in his interpretation of the Beethoven symphonies. I believe in programme music only to the extent that an idea, poetical or other, may underlie a musical composition. But I cannot sympathize with Wagner in his wish to invest some of Beethoven's compositions with scenic suggestions and dramatic developments which need other than musical terms of expression. Indeed, I feel myself especially fitted to undertake the rendering of Beethoven's works; for my father was an instrumentalist and was closely identified with the musical life of Vienna at the time when Beethoven was exercising a direct influence there. He early called to my attention the distinguishing points of Beethoven's genius, and pointed out the means which the master employed to carry out his artistic purposes."

"Who among all the composers most command your admiration?"

"Bach, Beethoven and Wagner rank-

sent for me the greatest in music. That may indicate for you the catholicity of my taste."

"If you were asked to give rank to Haydn and Mozart, where would you place them with reference to each other?"

"You ask that question so guardedly that I think perhaps you agree with me in not believing in drawing such comparisons. Both of these composers were consummate masters, perfectly individual, and thoroughly delightful. When one's mood is favorable to gaiety Haydn's music is more welcome, but Mozart's late operas stand alone in the loftiest realms of music. Haydn is a sun, and Mozart is a sun, too. Luckily we may enjoy the warmth and brightness of each of them, without attempt at comparison."

"Are Wagner's earlier works—'Tannhäuser' and 'Lohengrin,' for instance—or his later dramas more admirable, according to your judgment?"

"For me the greatest period of Wagner's Art Life

was between the beginning of the composition of the 'Master Singers' and the conclusion of the 'Ring.' This period includes these works and 'Tristan.' These, for me, represent Wagner at his greatest."

"Of course you have often been at Bayreuth?"

"Nearly every season. I was there at the first performance '78."

"Then you must have met Liszt."

"Oh, yes, I was very intimate with him. When I directed the first performance of 'Gotterdammerung' in Mannheim—I believe I mentioned that—Liszt, Frau Cosima and others of Wagner's family were there to hear. I also gave in Mannheim what was considered to be an ideal performance of the 'Faust' symphony of Liszt."

"Do you consider that to be his greatest work?"

"Yes, if you use the word 'great,' I do so consider it. But I think that Liszt is most delightful, most characteristic, most spontaneous in his rhapsodies. They seem to me to be the happiest expression of his peculiar genius."

"And as to Brahms?"

"In the realm of absolute music Brahms is, in my opinion, the single German composer of today who possesses qualities of real greatness."

"You have, then, given many performances of his works?"

"I have produced practically everything of his. The C minor and E minor symphonies were performed in Mannheim while still in manuscript, and I have often been personally associated with Dr. Brahms in concert performances."

"Among those who belong to the so-called new German school, some have become very favorably known in America—Peter Cornelius, for instance."

"Yes, indeed; and what a pity it was that he died so young. He would certainly have accomplished many great works. I esteem very highly his songs, and consider his 'Barber of Bagdad' as one of the most important operatic works of our time. In the 'Cid,' too, there are moments of great power. His songs are very worthy of the popularity they are rapidly gaining in Germany."

"Have you interested yourself much in the work of Richard Strauss?"

"Yes, I know very well nearly all his published compositions. As my remarks concerning

Programme Music

may indicate, I cannot agree with him in his new departure in composition, as embodied in such symphonic poems as 'Death

and Resurrection,' 'Don Juan' and 'Macbeth.' His earlier works were full of great promise, and I greatly enjoy his symphony in F minor. Nevertheless, in regard to his later works, it is not to be denied that there are manifestations of a certain genius in them—a genius which, if guided by ripe intelligence, may yield fruit in really great works. But that remains to be seen. At present there is too much 'programme' in him for my taste."

"Some of the Hungarian masters have no doubt claimed your attention?"

"Oh, yes, I place Dvorak by the side of Brahms, even if I must place the German master in the seat of honor. Dvorak has that which is rare in our day, a distinct and large individuality."

"And Moszkowski?"

"I have never been drawn toward him as toward some other modern composers. Perhaps it would be better not to express myself in any more definite terms."

"What of the French composers?"

"The one who is now perhaps most popular, Massenet, has always seemed to me to be inspired in only a very moderate degree. Saint-Saëns, on the contrary, I have always held in high esteem."

"A certain other French composer has lately excited attention in Germany. I refer to the composer of the opera 'Gwendoline,' Emmanuel Chabrier."

"I'm very glad you mentioned him. He is a delightful man, and a very good friend of mine. I suppose I did not think of him because he is not naturally classed with Frenchmen. Do you know, the poor fellow has become demented, and his friends think the reason of it to be the continued refusals of French theatre directors to undertake the production of his wonderful, but very difficult, opera. He has had little good fortune in his fatherland."

"That's the way it's likely to be with Frenchmen; they must—"

"Yes," said Herr Paur, anticipating what the writer was about to remark, "they must get recognition and fame in Germany before their countrymen wake up to the fact of their importance. So it was with Berlioz, so again with Saint-Saëns."

"And in regard to the Russian masters?"

"I believe that Russia will have a great musical future. Tchaikowsky is easily the first among their living composers, and is certainly a very delightful and characteristic writer. Borodin, too, has been lately attracting much attention, especially in Berlin."

"And the English writers?"

"Well," said Herr Paur, with a smile, "as we sometimes say in Germany, history is silent concerning them, apparently."

Frau Paur, who had been in the room almost throughout the interview, here remarked to her husband: "But I thought I heard you speak once of an interesting symphony by a man named—what was it?—Kofen—"

"Ah, yes, Cowen. I do remember such a work. It was written, however, in clearly German style. For that matter, I believe that Cowen was educated in Germany. In general the English seem to me to have produced nothing of importance in the higher forms of music."

"And young America?"

"I really know too little about the productions of your countrymen to pass judgment. I can only say that I

Was Greatly Surprised

at the excellence of some works I heard in an orchestral concert of American compositions given in Leipzig under the direction of a certain Mr. Arens. I was so unfortunate as not to hear the symphony of Paine (Herr Paur called it Pynah), which began

the programme. I do very distinctly remember that something by MacDowell excited my admiration. There were works by—what was he called?—Chadwick."

"Chadwick," suggested Frau Paur. "Yes, that was it. Chadwick; and also something by Van der Stucken. Possibly there were others. In general, I remember, as I said before, that the extraordinary possibilities of your musical development impressed themselves upon me."

"Is there any one among the well known German musical critics with whose ideas you in general agree?"

"Hardly," was the reply, after a moment's thought. "Hanslick would be such a one, were it not for his wholesale condemnation of Wagner. By the way, did you know that Hanslick has experienced a partial conversion, and has been induced to recognize that he went too far in the earlier days. Dr. Wilhelm Tappert—of whom you doubtless have heard as a writer on musical subjects—had happened to preserve Hanslick's criticisms of the first performances he heard of 'Tannhauser' more than 20 years ago. Not long since Hanslick wrote a feuilleton praising certain parts of the opera. Dr. Tappert took the opportunity to lay before Hanslick the two criticisms, one of earlier years, one of today. The author of 'The Musically Beautiful' was obliged to confess that he had made some mistakes."

"Exactly what was your connection with the musical life of Leipzig?"

"I was chief director in the Stadt Theatre; that was my only official position. But I directed numerous large charity concerts in the Gewandhaus, and also directed the concerts of the Liszt society. During the last winter I had the direction of the semi-centennial celebration of Rubinstein's first appearance in Leipzig. The master himself was there. We performed his great oratorio, 'Moses.' At a matinee at our home we had some chamber music works of his, among others the fantasy for two pianos, which my wife and I played."

Rubinstein Seemed Delighted.

and richly rewarded our endeavors by treating us and the assembled company of musicians to an improvisation in his happiest vein. That evening I had arranged for a public concert of chamber music in the old Gewandhaus—no longer the hall for the regular concerts—where Rubinstein, then a boy of 12 or so, made his first appearance in Leipzig. We had a bust of the master before the stage, and the hall was suitably decorated. My wife and I played again the fantasy, and several other of his works were given. Again the enthusiasm was unbounded, and again Rubinstein delighted the hearers by his own playing. One of his last messages to me was: "If I cannot get my 'Christus' done in Germany, I'll come to you in America. The Americans will do it for me."

"Do you prefer to conduct in the theatre or in the concert hall?"

"Do you know," said Herr Paur with a sigh of apparent relief, while his wife seconded by a smile and nod the declaration which she knew was about to be made, "I consider it as a deliverance that I have nothing more to do with the theatre. Play houses are, after all, only business houses nowadays. That which will draw must be performed, and that which will not draw never receives the attention it deserves. And so it comes about that there are very few performances of great works concerning which the conscientious artist can truly say to himself: Well done! In concert performances, however, one may have plenty of time for preparation, and there are not so many influences which militate against really artistic work. The one thing which I used to object to in Leipzig

is absent here. There the public want at least two soloists, and long programmes have become the rule. As a result, the minds of the audience are no longer in a condition to listen to the symphony which closes the programme. I am glad to note that there is a more sensible arrangement here."

"Have you as yet made the acquaintance of any of the

Resident American Musicians?"

"As yet, none."

"Have you already held a rehearsal?"

"Yes, a single one."

"And how does the orchestra strike you?"

"My expectations were very high. I am glad to say that the reality has surpassed them. The tone quality (der Klang) is wonderfully fine. I cannot conceive of a better implement for the working out of orchestral problems than this very orchestra. I can't help hoping that the new hall which is to be erected will be modelled primarily with reference to the orchestral concerts. The present hall seems excellent, though a trifle too broad for its length. Too broad halls are not favorable to the hearing of orchestral composition. Nowadays they are too likely to build halls that may be used for concerts, for theatrical performances and possibly, on occasion, for a circus show. It would be a pity not to plan the new hall for the best interests of our orchestra. And, do you know," continued Herr Paur, "another delightful thing to me is that the orchestra is composed almost exclusively of young men. That has long been a desire of mine, to conduct an orchestra of young musicians. In Boston I shall have found my ideal in that respect."

"In general, how will your programmes be made up?"

"In length, about as they have been. I am not an enthusiastic friend of 'historical' programmes—three symphonies in one evening, for instance. I don't believe in overdoing one particular style of composition, as is especially likely to be the case with the overture. Again, I believe that works of widely different types should not be intimately associated on a programme. Harsh antitheses should be avoided."

"Is your first programme already made?"

"Oh, yes," replied the conductor, drawing a bundle of notes from his pocket. "I have the programmes of the first 15 concerts more or less clearly determined. The first programme will consist of the C minor symphony of Beethoven, a serenade for strings by Tchaikowsky and Wagner's 'Tannhauser' overture. There will be no soloist."

"What Novelties

may we expect this season?"

"I have on my list the following late works, most of which will, I think, be novelties: Second rhapsody, by Dvorak; overture, 'Bernhard von Weimar,' Raff; symphony in F minor, Richard Strauss; symphonie dramatique, Rubenstein; capriccio Italien, Tchaikowsky; Dimitrius overture, Rubinstein; Seventh Symphony, Dvorak; overture to Ibsen's 'Nordische Heerfahrt,' by a Danish composer, Hartmann; prelude to second act of 'Gwendoline,' Chabrier; double concerto, Brahms; serenade for small orchestra, Brahms; Hamlet overture, Gade."

"There is nothing by any American on your list?"

"No, not yet. I have as yet had no time to look about me with a view to finding

American novelties."

"Are there any prospects of a chorus in connection with the orchestra?"

"Concerning that I know nothing. I should be very glad if there could exist a competent body of singers for our assistance. Of course, every conductor wants to give the Ninth Symphony. That is the crown of all things musical. But unless it can be well given it is better not to attempt it. My ideals in reference to the Ninth Symphony were formed in Vienna, where there are performances not only adequate, but superb. I have never heard such chorus singing in Germany proper. I should dislike to undertake a performance which could not carry out my convictions concerning the work."

The interviewer had exhausted his supply of questions and confessed the fact to Herr Paur. The latter did not at all seem overtasked or fatigued, and urged his caller not to hurry away, as, perhaps, something might come to his mind if the chat were continued. Some general conversation followed, in which the wife of the conductor took part. The only matters of musical interest touched upon were some interesting details concerning Herr Paur and Von Bulow. In the old days of Hannover there were many friendly controversies between the two concerning the interpretations of Beethoven's works. Paur could not countenance the "enormous freedoms" which Von Bulow allowed himself. And the younger man has had the satisfaction in later years of a recognition of the rightness of his more conservative views.

"That does not mean," said Herr Paur, "that I think the Beethoven symphonies ought to be rattled off as if by a barrel organ. No; but I believe that Beethoven's ideas, if properly presented, are sufficiently characteristic of themselves, without being colored especially for the occasion."

Both Herr and Frau Paur were delighted at the prospect of being soon settled in their cosy home in Jamaica Plain. They are apparently not only ready, but anxious, to begin life as Bostonians. Certainly those who may have the good fortune to make their acquaintance have a delightful experience in store. The interviewer left them with the firm conviction that, if artistic devotion, superb professional training and a delightful personality are determining qualities of excellence in a conductor of the Symphony orchestra, our good friend, Mr. Higginson, has found an ideal incumbent in Herr Emil Paur.

BENEDICK.

EMIL PAUR IN THE CONCERT HALL.

One of Leipzig's best critics writes of Emil Paur in the concert hall as follows: Emil Paur has only been four years in Leipzig, and yet he has succeeded in gaining laurels of fame and crosses of honor as incomparable conductor in large concerts; namely, in the new Gewandhaus for the benefit of the orchestra aspirants, in the Liszt Vereine, etc. In studying great symphonies and difficult novelties he endeavored to interpret the composer correctly, to leave nothing doubtful, and to impress everything thoroughly till perfection was attained. No commanding "Sir volo, sir jubeo," did the musicians hear from him, but they were convinced in a friendly tone of the correctness of his instructions.

They all learned from him, and they all must thank him for it. We had never before heard Liszt's "Faust Symphony," the same composer's symphonic poem, "Tasso," R. Wagner's overture to "Faust," Berlioz's "Symphony Fantastique" performed with such singing and force as under Paur's genial leading. He conducted lately,

in the last concerts of the Liszt Vereine, the powerful "Seventh Symphony" (E dur), by J. Bruckner, a book with seven seals for many conductors who did not venture to attack it, and earned brilliant success.

The same symphony, which had been unfavorably criticised in the Gewandhaus concerts and been received with tokens of disapproval, now suddenly appeared in quite a new light and found universal approbation. That was called forth by the divine spark of real inspiration, which the impulsive conductor, Mr. Paur, bears in him and radiates. Pedantic and mediocre minds cannot do that.

As to the virtuosity of the pianist and violinist. Mr. Paur has seldom, but always with success, appeared here as pianist. He played brilliantly in the Gewandhaus concerts Beethoven's great "E's dur Concert," and later on Brahms's "B dur Concert," etc. The pieces on two pianos which Mr. Paur with his congenial wife, a highly intelligent and talented pianiste, played in different concerts, as well as at their own house before a distinguished audience (matinee), were unique in their kind.

We remember with pleasure these excellent matinees in Mr. Paur's house. Here was first heard many a good new work (chamber music) which helped to bring it into notice. Here Brahms's beautiful "Clarinet Quintet" (op. 15) was played for the first time in Leipzig. Not even a first rate violinist could have played the first violin part better than Mr. Paur did then. His melting melodious tone in adagio delighted every hearer. One felt the whole soul of the player was turned into music.

The fresh south German temperament, and the pleasant, unconstrained, natural behavior of the conductor Paur caused him to be liked in every circle in which he associated. No hypocrite and no paragon, no kid-gloved drawing room visitor and no maker of fine speeches in self interest, but a healthy, honest and jovial German, with his heart in the right place, but also a great artist, soaring to the highest aims with justifiable self-consciousness; in this light Mr. Paur has shown and maintained himself always here. May fortune smile on him in his more distant artist career! His genius will everywhere find admiration and bring him success.

SYMPHONY TICKETS

MAY BE HAD AT
CONNELLY'S TICKET OFFICE,
44[A] ADAMS HOUSE 27

Symphony Concerts.

FOR SALE—One seat, O, 25, for Saturday evening concerts. Price, \$28. Apply to Box 2746, Boston. 29

SYMPHONY TICKETS.

For sale, 2 seats in K, for Concerts, at cost, or will exchange for 2 seats less desirable and cheaper for difference in cost. Wanted to buy one Rehearsal and two Concert Seats. Address G. C. F., Boston Transcript. 14[A]

Symphony Tickets.
HEARD'S TICKET OFFICE, 43 WEST ST. 26

SYMPHONY REHEARSAL.

FOR SALE—Two seats floor under balcony; three first balcony on side; low prices. Address J. F. M., Boston Transcript. 14[A]

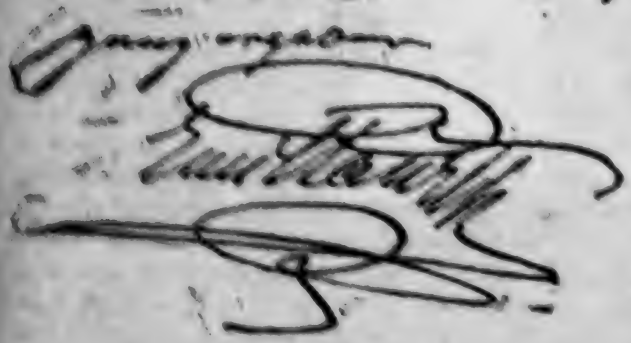
SYMPHONY REHEARSAL TICKET.
End seat, Winter street side, on floor, Z, No. 34. Price \$23. Address Post Office Box 123, Beverly Farms, Mass. 14[A]

MUSICAL MATTERS.

Great Interest in the Symphony Concert Ticket Sales.

Last Week of "The Fencing Master"—
Changes in "Prince Pro Tem"—
"Venus" Still Shines at the Park—
The Gullmant Recitals—Worcester's
Festival—News Notes.

The general confidence shown in all the announcements made in regard to the Boston Symphony orchestra by its business manager, Charles A. Ellis, who represents the founder and patron of this great organization, Henry L. Higginson, is one of the best evidences of the uniform appreciation



EMIL PAUR.
(His latest photograph.)

of the public spirit of this liberal supporter of this grand musical enterprise by the music lovers of this section.

Despite the changes made in the leader and members of the orchestra during the

if seasons of its existence the public has never wavered in its support of the concerts given, and the character of the patrons of each season has shown that the Symphony orchestra's public is made up of the most intelligent classes in this community.

As each season brings many to this city who are unfamiliar with this history of the Symphony orchestra, it may be well to again state that the organization owes its permanent character to Mr. Henry L. Higginson, who makes himself personally responsible for its maintenance without regard to the extent of the liability so incurred. He occupies a unique position in assuming this responsibility, and during 12 years he has shown himself equal to all emergencies and willing to meet any ex-



MME. LILLIAN NORDICA.

sense that should add to the value of the Boston Symphony orchestra or increase the interest in its concerts.

There is, therefore, every reason to have firm faith in the good judgment shown in the selection of Mr. Emil Paur as the conductor of the orchestra for the coming season.

He sailed for New York on the 19th inst., and comes directly to Boston for a visit at the home of Mr. Higginson preparatory to beginning his season's labors.

He has been made fully acquainted with the character of the concerts of former seasons, the resources of the library, and other matters calculated to enable him to outline his plans with a full understanding of the demands of the Boston public.

His familiarity with the present prominent composers of Europe, insure a hearing of all the best music of the modern school, and there is every reason to suppose that he will continue the policy of later years in these concerts in giving an opening to native born and resident musicians who have meritorious works awaiting a public performance.

The orchestral programmes will undoubtedly be varied with choice solo work, and the engagements already made with Mme. Lillian Nordica, Mme. Emma Eames, Mlle. Aus Der Ohe, Plunkett Greene and Mr. Max Heinrichs indicate that Manager Ellis will maintain the high standard of the concerts in this particular.

The Wife of the Symphony's New Leader.

All Boston will be interested in Mrs. Paur, the wife of the newly selected leader of the Symphony Orchestra.

Not that she has anything to do with the concerts (although like the wives of Mr. Henschel and of Mr. Nikisch, she is a musician), but yet



MRS. NIKISCH.

the social position accorded the conductor of these most fashionable of entertainments gives to his wife a pedestal on which the "world" likes to view her.

It is not easy to tell much about Mrs. Paur. It was not easy to secure her photograph. You do not find it on sale at the stores; you do not find



MRS. GEORG HENSCHEL.

it in the books. And, for that matter, you do not find the photograph of Mr. Paur any easier. Indeed, in all Boston only two persons exist who, at present, know Mr. and Mrs.

Paur personally and therefore are able to speak about them. And in all Boston there is but one photograph of Mr. Paur (and that the Journal has already printed), and but one photograph of Mrs. Paur (and that the Journal prints to-day), showing for the first time in Boston the face of the coming lady.

It is an attractive face, young in looks—Mrs. Paur is about 30—and bright in appearance. As a pianist the wife of the new leader has gained attention abroad, but it is doubtful if here she displays her professional abilities in public, as she is very domestic in her taste and devotes her time to her husband and their two boys.

The wife of Mr. Nikisch and the wife of Mr. Henschel did appear in public. Before her marriage Mrs. Henschel, then Miss Lillian June Bailey, the daughter of the well-known Boston merchant, Lucien C. Bailey, won fame as a vocalist, and after a period of studying on the Continent became the pupil of Mr. Henschel and then the wife. Oftentimes she sang with him both here and abroad, and in London still keeps up that form of entertainment.

Mrs. Nikisch did not appear in public as a singer until November, 1890, when she made her American debut. A handsome woman,



MRS. EMIL PAUR.

Wife of the new Symphony Orchestra leader.

with deep blue-gray eyes and fair hair falling in a soft fringe over her forehead, the wife of Mr. Paur's predecessor had also a pleasant manner that made her agreeable company. She has two children, a little girl of 8 years and a youngest boy. The mother is German, having been born in Brussels, where her father was a printer and publisher. After he met with reverses the family moved to London, where Amelie found it necessary to teach music in order to support her mother. Then she went upon the stage in light opera, and soon met Mr. Nikisch, to whom she was married after a short courtship.

But now it is the coming of Paur, and curiosity will centre upon the fair lady from across the water, who this fall, for the first time, sets foot in America.

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311A17

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Music in Boston.

BOSTON, July 9, 1893.

THE Higginsonian drag-net has caught a conductor, who will stand before the Boston Symphony Orchestra next October.

The name is Paur, and it belongs to a conductor now in Leipsic. The notices sent out from Music Hall to the Boston press say that the full name is Emil Pauer; but is not the new conductor, he that was formerly known as Ernst Paur, born at Czernowitz in 1855? Perhaps he has changed his name to Emil, so that he may be distinguished from the well-known Ernst Pauer, born in 1824; or perhaps Emil and Ernst both belong to him; or perhaps the management made a mistake. I confess that I do not know his full name.

Of course all such feeble jests as "More Paur to your elbow," Mr. Higginson," are barred, and summer sickness of the brain will not be accepted as an excuse.

* * *

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Music in Boston.

BOSTON, July 9, 1893.

THE Higginsonian drag-net has caught a conductor, who will stand before the Boston Symphony Orchestra next October.

The name is Paur, and it belongs to a conductor now in Leipsic. The notices sent out from Music Hall to the Boston press say that the full name is Emil Pauer; but is not the new conductor, he that was formerly known as Ernst Paur, born at Czernowitz in 1855? Perhaps he has changed his name to Emil, so that he may be distinguished from the well-known Ernst Pauer, born in 1824; or perhaps Emil and Ernst both belong to him; or perhaps the management made a mistake. I confess that I do not know his full name.

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"Never saw so many people I know, in all my life, before, did you?" "Hardly saw a soul I knew. Wonder where everybody is!"

There you have the two extremes in the Symphony chatter of Friday afternoon. It was a crush with a big C, and there was the utmost friendliness—far and away more than mere politeness warranted—for the new conductor. His name troubled the greater number. From "Paw" to "Power-r-r" (the extra trill from the Western girls, from the Conservatory, in the "rush" gallery), there was not a possible change left unrun on the pronunciation of the name of the gentleman whose fatherland patronomic was being rolled as a troublesome morsel under the tongue.

"Image of Mr. Baermann, don't you think?" "Doesn't he look like Prof. Blank, though?" These were a few of the sotto voce remarks anent his personal appearance, when he—which is what nearly everybody called him—came first into view.

There wasn't a frill or a furbelow on his manner.

For aught there was to see, Herr Paur might have been the conductor of that same orchestra for a twelvemonth.

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[WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING GAZETTE.]

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There you have the two extremes in the Symphony chatter of Friday afternoon. It was a crush with a big C, and there was the utmost friendliness—far and away more than mere politeness warranted—for the new conductor. His name troubled the greater number. From "Paw" to "Power-r-r" (the extra trill from the Western girls, from the Conservatory, in the "rush" gallery), there was not a possible change left unringed on the pronunciation of the name of the gentleman whose fatherland patronomic was being rolled as a troublesome morsel under the tongue.

"Image of Mr. Baermann, don't you think?" "Doesn't he look like Prof. Blank, though?" These were a few of the sotto voce remarks anent his personal appearance, when he—which is what nearly everybody called him—came first into view.

There wasn't a frill or a furbelow on his manner.

For aught there was to see, Herr Paur might have been the conductor of that same orchestra for a twelvemonth.

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But there doesn't appear to be any immediate prospect of baldness. Indeed, Her Paur's locks, though shorn somewhat since his older pictures were "taken," are still long enough to require to be held back, to prevent them falling into his eyes when he bows.

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All the Boston critics were on hand, or to be exact, though less idomatic, on ear; indeed, one paper had both members of its critical staff and its society reporter, by turns occupying seats in a prominent position.

Then the musicians all turned out to hear.

Also New York took us under consideration. There's proof that it was a function.

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He was. And so was Mr. Krehbiel, of the *Tribune*, and Mr. Henderson (likewise musical critic from the *Metropolis*) of the *Times* staff, and—and so on.

Beside these and some other people who know what is what in music, there is no disputing—probably nobody wishes to do so—that the majority couldn't have told without their programmes whether it were the Fifth or the First in the matter of "dear old Beethoven's symphony"—quotation from a jolly young thing in blue crêpon, with a white lace bib, and pale gold hair.

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EXTREMELY LOW PRICES.

Twelve-Dollar Symphony Concert Tickets Sell at Prices Much Below Those of Previous Years.

Although there was a large number of people at the auction sale of the twelve-dollar symphony concert seats this morning, the bidding was exceedingly slow. The prices paid were much lower than in previous years, the highest premium bid being \$41 for three end seats in H. The end seats in the right aisle of G, which Mrs. John L. Gardner paid \$45 for as rehearsal seats, sold this morning for \$29, and this bid illustrates the comparative difference between the rehearsal and concert prices. On the opposite side of the aisle from the seats that brought \$29 premium, the price paid was \$40; but only eight or ten seats sold at as high a premium as that. End seats at the extreme right and left sold for from \$3 to \$11 premium, but the prices bid on these seats was very erratic, the left end seat in J selling for \$5.50, and the right end in K for \$14.

The best seats in the centre of the house were bought for \$20 and in several cases these were end seats. The speculators bought in just about the same proportion as at the rehearsal seat auction. No doubt the musical public of Boston is a little uncertain in its opinions concerning the new conductor and the nature of the concerts he will give, and for that reason is holding off, for the time being, from buying the Symphony concert seats.

The \$7.50 seats for the Symphony concerts will be sold by auction in Music Hall tomorrow at 10 A. M.

SYMPHONY TICKETS

MAY BE HAD AT
CONNELLY'S TICKET OFFICE,
ADAMS HOUSE.

Symphony Tickets.

HEARD'S TICKET OFFICE, 43 WEST ST.

SYMPHONY TICKETS.

For sale, 3 seats for Saturday concerts, first balcony, numbers 521, 522 and 523; \$18 each. Apply at Room 70, Equitable Building.

TWO CONCERT SEATS

In second row of first balcony on left side facing stage, one-half way back, bought by mistake, may be secured for \$21.50 each, by addressing A. W. N., Boston Transcript.

TWO SATURDAY EVENING

SYMPHONY SEATS in L. Price \$25 each. Address P. R. A., Boston Transcript.

SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

I have two seats on floor in row V for \$23 each. Address K. S. G., Boston Transcript.

SYMPHONY REHEARSALS

After filling orders, have a few seats left. 63 Harrison Avenue, Room A, 9 to 10 A. M.

CROWDS IN ATTENDANCE.

From *Journal* Oct 13/93
Music Hall Packed at the First Symphony Rehearsal.

Young maidens and old maidens, ladies attired in rustling silks, music teachers by the score and crowds of laughing school girls. These, with a sprinkling of men, assembled at the Music Hall entrance today, shortly after two o'clock. Hamilton Place was filled with carriages, for it was the first symphony rehearsal. Many acquaintances met for the first time since the winter season closed, and there was much hand-shaking, comments upon trips abroad and at home. Of course there was the usual crowd of late arrivals. They rushed breathlessly into the outer corridor and then stood as close to the walls as possible to hear the storm of applause that told the appearance of Emil Paur. When these had been admitted, another lot arrived, hoping to be "just in time," and catching the faint strains of the orchestra, stood in groups with bent heads, listening reverently.

Symphony Orchestra Season.

The Boston Symphony orchestra will enter upon its 13th season under conditions which promise to make it exceedingly interesting. The change in conductor is already known to all who follow current musical events, and the appearance of Mr. Emil Paur at the head of the orchestra will be awaited with the liveliest interest.

All accounts agree that he is the possessor of great qualities as a conductor. His undoubted ability and his achievements in the positions which he has held abroad give assurance of satisfactory results when he shall have assumed the duties of his high position. The orchestra long ago assumed the leading place among musical organizations of the country, and the management will leave nothing undone to maintain its position and to make the concerts of the coming season artistically the equal of any in the world.

The magnificent body of instrumentalists, so carefully selected during the last 12 years, will remain practically unchanged. A notable addition to the ranks of the first violins is Mr. Oudrcek, formerly concert-master of the Prague orchestra. Mr. Kneisel will again lead the violins, supported by Mr. Loeffler, Mr. Adamowski and other able violinists.

Messrs. Svecenski, Schroder, Goldstein, Mole, Santet, Goldschmidt, Gutter, Hackebarth, Abloescher, Golde and Ludwig will as before head their respective departments. Mr. Schaefer has been reengaged as harpist.

The season will consist as usual of 24 public rehearsals on Friday afternoons, and 24 concerts on Saturday evenings. The dates of the first performances will be Oct 13 and 14.

The soloists already engaged include several artists of great reputation who have never been heard here. The list is said to be the strongest ever presented in these concerts, and will add greatly to the attractions of the season.

The season tickets will be sold at auction at Music hall, Sept 25, 26, 28 and 29. The rehearsal seats will be sold on Monday and Tuesday, Sept 25 and 26, and the concert tickets on Thursday and Friday, Sept 28 and 29.

WITH MRS. PAUR.

Journal Oct 4/93
The Wife of the Leader of the Symphony Orchestra.

She Tells the Journal Writer About Her Plans.

Her New Boston Home, Her Children and Herself.

Sprechen sie Deutsch?

If not, then the Journal will give to its readers, in English, the first interview obtained in America with the wife of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's new conductor.

A very quiet little woman is Mrs. Paur, and as genial and pleasant as she is quiet. She gave a most cordial welcome to the Journal's representative, who called yesterday morning at the pleasant apartment temporarily occupied by the Pairs in the Thorndike.

"Do you speak German?" she asked in English, much to the relief of her caller.

"A little," was the reply; "but perhaps there is no need of my speaking German, since I see you speak English."

"Not very much. You see, I learned my English in school, and that was a long time ago," she said, and her arch smile was accompanied by a graceful shrug of the shoulders—that trick which all must learn if they would appear foreign.

"So few people speak German in Boston," she continued. "It is quite different from New York. Almost everyone speaks German there." Even in the stores of Gotham nearly everybody speaks German, but it is feared that in the stores of cultured Boston they are not so accomplished.

Mrs. Paur was surprised to learn that in Boston schools there was a choice between German and French, and that only in the high schools.

"Why, in all the best schools for young ladies at home they are obliged to study both English and French, as well as their own language. But it has been so long since I went to school," she said, with a merry twinkle in her handsome brown eyes, "that I have forgotten nearly all of my English words." One would hardly think however, that she had left her school days far behind, for the regular, clearly defined features of her pleasant face, which is crowned by natural waves of soft brown hair, give her a particularly youthful appearance. Her becoming morning gown, too, made after the German mode, was of dark blue material finished with black, and set off her trim, stylish figure to the best advantage.



MARIE PAUR-BURGER,
wife of the new conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

take.

But nevertheless it has been twelve years, at least, since she was a school girl, for she was married to Mr. Paur in 1881.

"You have never been in America before, I believe?" said the Journal's caller to Mrs. Paur. "No," she said, "this is my first visit here and I find America very pleasant. But I felt very sorry to leave all my German friends at home."

"But you will soon make new friends here."

"Oh, yes, I am sure of that. Everyone is very kind to us. I had no friends at all, here in America, although Mr. Paur knew a few of the musical people. But we have met quite a number already, and they have done what they could to make it pleasant for us," and she glanced significantly at the large basket of roses and bouquet of lilies-of-the-valley which filled the apartments with their fragrance.

"We spent last evening at the home of Mr. Kneisel, in Brookline," continued Mrs. Paur, referring to the talented violinist who sits at the first desk in the Symphony Orchestra. "They are very pleasant people, and I think Mrs. Kneisel is charming."

"Did you know them before you came to America?"

"No, we knew them here," she said, in her quiet little way. "But I am sure we shall enjoy them very much."

"Brookline is a beautiful town, is it not?" again asked the caller from the Journal.

"Oh, very! I think the drives there are so pleasant. But I have not seen so much of Brookline as of Jamaica Plain. We have taken a house in Jamaica Plain, on Burroughs Street,



MR. AND MRS. PAUR'S BOSTON HOME.

No. 28 Burroughs Street, Jamaica Plain, is an unassuming building, half hidden from the street by a large horse-chestnut tree, which just now, with its yellowing leaves, stands out in strong contrast to the brown-walled house. The grounds, though limited, are very pleasing, there being a number of shrubs and flowering plants in beds, while against the fence is a rose hedge, which in the time of bloom must be a delight to the residents. A smooth driveway leads to a cosy little stable in the rear of the house.

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"And have you found a house so soon?" asked her caller in some amazement.

"Yes, we have found quite a pretty one, and have decided to take it. It is very near the street cars and only about 10 minutes' walk from the steam cars. It is quite near Pond Street, too, which is the pleasantest place we saw."

It is with true German enterprise that the Paur family go house hunting. In one afternoon they found a house, and when asked how soon they expected to move into their new home Mrs. Paur said:

"By the last of this week we expect to move in. It is very pleasant here at the hotel,"—and, indeed, the apartment is one of the pleasantest in the Thorndike, overlooking the Public Gardens, which are in the height of their fall beauty—"but we do not like hotel life, and would much rather have a home of our own."

"Did you bring over furniture from Germany?"

"Oh, yes, indeed; but I am not sure what we will do with it," she said, with a look of comic

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"Our furniture is so large I do not know how we can get it into the house, the rooms seem so much smaller and lower than they are at home. But we shall be glad to have a house by ourselves. That will be better than what we had in Leipzig, for there are very few private houses there, you know. Nearly all of them are apartments."

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"I was in my berth all the way until the very last day," she said. "But Mr. Paur was not sick at all, and enjoyed the trip very much."

"You did not stay in New York long enough to form much of an idea of the city, I presume?" said the Journal's representative.

"Well, of course, we could not see it all, but

I think we saw the most beautiful part of the place," said Mrs. Paur. "We were only there two days, but we took a very long drive. We saw the beautiful residences and Central Park,

and also went to Riverside Park, where we had a beautiful view of the Hudson River."

"Were you glad to have Mr. Paur come to America?"

"Oh, yes, it is such a very fine position," said Mrs. Paur. "And then the Symphony is such a fine orchestra, I am sure he will enjoy working with them very much. You know D'Albert says the Symphony is one of the best orchestras in the world."

When asked if she expected to appear in public herself, Mrs. Paur said: "Perhaps, although I am not sure yet. I am not anxious for notoriety," she added with a little laugh.

It is tolerably safe to assume, however, that Bostonians will not permit Mrs. Paur to remain very long in their vicinity unheard, for her musical gifts are pronounced to be very rare. She began her musical studies at Stuttgart, but went from there to Mannheim. She was greatly encouraged by the best masters to pursue her studies most diligently, and it was in accordance with the advice of Rubinstein that she studied with Lescheditzki and his wife, Annetta Essipoff.

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Mr. and Mrs. Paur are much devoted to their music, and, in Leipzig, were always busy with their practicing and public work. Graciously, accomplished and vivacious they were highly esteemed by a large number of German friends. The programmes of their concerts always consisted of selections of rarest delicacy and most exceptional value from favorite composers, and Bostonians may well look forward to a musical season which will afford unusual attractions, and fulfill the highest expectations of musical and critical Boston.

HELEN MAR SHAW.

Already there come complaints of the annoyances caused by thoughtless attendants at the Symphony concerts. They whisper and hum, not very loud, to be sure, but just loud enough to make their neighbors miserable. If they will only reflect that the buzz of a mosquito is more annoying than the blast of a hundred trumpets they will probably refrain from giving cause for complaints.



CROCHETS AND QUAVERS.



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If Mr. Paur differs from his predecessors as much in temperament as he does in personal appearance we may expect innovations of a pronounced type, for the gentleman is light as to complexion, sandy as to beard, and his eyes blue and laughing. Totally at variance you see with the "passionate" Henschel, conservative Gericke, or the "sensational" Nikisch, who have all been dark haired and of pallid skin.

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HERR PAUR APPEALING TO THE BASSES.

appears at the entrance to the left of the stage as he reconnoiters, and everybody knows that Herr Paur is to follow.

So he does, but he walks across the front so quickly, as if in a hurry to get to his place, that he has reached the small, red-carpeted conductor's stand before the audience really have time to arrive at the fortissimo of enthusiasm.

Herr Paur steps upon the stand, turns to the house and bows three times at the greeting.

At the outset the new director sets his auditors a talking. His bow is a unique one.

Placing both feet near together his head goes down suddenly and does not stop until his body and limbs are almost at right angles, and then he places his left hand into his long hair over his ear and hangs on to it while he executes a few short, quick bows with his head without straightening up.

The Paur bow is destined to be a distinctive feature in the conversation about the director personally.

Herr Paur wears a black frock coat, which is unbuttoned, but does not open enough to show his vest, and his trousers are of dark striped material.

His long, sandy hair is parted in the middle, but unlike most hirsute growths of the character it does not fly about as he exerts himself. No matter how Herr Paur waves his arms and shakes his head that hair never moves a particle.

The conductor stands nervously rubbing his beard about his mouth and looking over the house for the few moments that precede the opening chords of the first number.

He turns toward the orchestra, gives his baton a short, sharp wave, and the rehearsal has commenced.

It is in the first few moments that the audience sees the remarkable distinctiveness of Paur's manner of conducting.

He uses his whole body.

With the small baton in the right hand he directs with precise, incisive strokes as he moves his arm about, running from the second violins on his right through basses, reeds and brasses to the first violins on his left.

Then his left hand comes into play as he gesticulates to the players on his left, and soon his head is nodding vigorously, as with his body bent over he is looking

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HERR PAUR APPEALING TO THE BASSER.

appears at the entrance to the left of the stage as he reconnoiters, and everybody knows that Herr Paur is to follow.

So he does, but he walks across the front so quickly, as if in a hurry to get to his place, that he has reached the small, red-carpeted conductor's stand before the audience really have time to arrive at the fortissimo of enthusiasm.

Herr Paur steps upon the stand, turns to the house and bows three times at the greeting.

At the outset the new director sets his auditors a talking. His bow is a unique one.

Placing both feet near together his head goes down suddenly and does not stop until his body and limbs are almost at right angles, and then he places his left hand into his long hair over his ear and hangs on to it while he executes a few short, quick bows with his head without straightening up.

The Paur bow is destined to be a distinctive feature in the conversation about the director personally.

Herr Paur wears a black frock coat, which is unbuttoned, but does not open enough to show his vest, and his trousers are of dark striped material.

His long, sandy hair is parted in the middle, but unlike most hirsute growths of the character it does not fly about as he exerts himself. No matter how Herr Paur waves his arms and shakes his head that hair never moves a particle.

The conductor stands nervously rubbing his beard about his mouth and looking over the house for the few moments that precede the opening chords of the first number.

He turns toward the orchestra, gives his baton a short, sharp wave, and the rehearsal has commenced.

It is in the first few moments that the audience sees the remarkable distinctiveness of Paur's manner of conducting.

He uses his whole body.

With the small baton in the right hand he directs with precise, incisive strokes as he moves his arm about, running from the second violins on his right through basses, reeds and brasses to the first violins on his left.

Then his left hand comes into play as he gesticulates to the players on his left, and soon his head is nodding vigorously, as with his body bent over he is looking

straight at the big fiddlers and brass instrumentalists.

In a brilliant fortissimo passage with head and arms going, his right foot moves pat, pat, accenting the notes, and as the sound becomes louder and louder and the climax approaches even his knees bend to the tempo of the melody.

The climax of the passage is reached and with it the director's two hands go up over his head; he straightens up and then executes one grand downward stroke, brings both arms down vigorously and throws his head forward. The climax is passed and the orchestra must recede.

During those periods of activity the director is all expression and even makes a gesture to the orchestra in the quick snap of the left hand that turns the sheets of the conductor's score. Sometimes he forgets to turn them in the excitement of a brilliant passage, and you will see him whisk two or three pages at once. The several times he did this during the first number rather surprised some of the auditors.



HERR PAUR'S BOW IS DISTINCTIVE.

He resumes his manner of incisive strokes and soon he wants to bring the orchestra down to a pianissimo.

He extends his baton right over the music stand, and gently tips the end of the white stick; his left hand is raised up to his face, and as he bends his head over just wiggles the little finger of his left hand to the first violins. He seems to be whispering to the band.

As the music becomes softer and still more softly the body of the musician is inclined more and more, and as the fingers grip the baton loosely every part of his body expresses the restraint he wishes to impress upon the players.

Truly Herr Paur is a man of remarkably expressive contrasts.

He is surely a pantomimist of no meager talent.

His favorite move seemed to be, however, the short, quick downward and upward stroke of the baton, and only when reaching the climaxes did he use the full downward swing of the arm.

For first-class animation, however, there is nothing like the new capellmeister when he is directing an accelerando movement.

His head is bowed toward them. He swings it around from the extreme second violinist to the concert master, then quickly raises it and the baton goes in short jerks as the orchestra increases the volume of tone.

As if urging them on the director keeps thrashing his little stick about, gradually raising his arm. The other hand is going in the same jerky fashion, his head is bobbing from side to side, until you think he is going to strain his neck.

The left hand shoots out at arm's length, and with the fist clenched he vigorously signals for the bass players to give out the fullest tones.

It is in these movements that one recollects the soft, easy ways of Nikisch and contrasts them with the energy and animation of his successor to the detriment, however, of neither.

Paur bends himself to the softer portions of the movements but straightens and strains as the demand upon his men becomes more and the sound broadens.

He is a pour in both extremes.

Only once did he use Nikisch's favorite broad, almost horizontal swing of the baton, and this was in a waltz movement in the second number on the program. Here he swung the stick over the top of his music stand and waved his left hand lightly, but even in this quiet motion there was the energy when he reversed the motion.

Capellmeister Paur demonstrates to the audience that he has his eye and ear applied to every member of the orchestra, for he keeps continually moving his eyes all over the body of men. At one time the work of a second violinist annoyed him for a second and he quickly bent over toward him. Several times other members felt this little reprimand in a glance and fixed their eyes closer on the music.

Herr Paur tells his men forcibly from the directing stand what to do, as was shown in the last number where a triangle, cymbals and tambourine came in in one passage. The three men were sitting down at the back of the stage, when the director nodded for them to get up, and, extending both hands out until they met, indicated in this way every clash he wished from that trio.

Herr Paur has one little eccentricity that the audience doesn't see.

He has a habit when raising his head toward the players of opening his mouth and eyes wide and as he swings his head and slowly lowers it, the eyes and mouth close.

The director is nervous and awkward during the intermissions, and stands up fingering his baton and looking over the hall. He had to repeat his eccentric bow several times at every interlude.

As he stepped down at the close of the last number and bowed once to the applause, he went quickly to Mr. Kneisel, the concert master, warmly shook his hand, and rushed quickly for the refuge of the retiring room. He had to come out again and respond to the plaudits.

Of the many expressions regarding the new conductor heard after the rehearsal the predominating one was that Herr Paur was energetic, precise and inspiring.

The announcement of the beginning of the season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra is a welcome one, from the fact that at one time it looked as though there would not be one. "Blessings brighten as they take their flight," and we are to be congratulated that the danger of losing this organization has caused us all to realize its brightness in time to prevent it from soaring to other skies. Nothing has so emphasized the real interest in music in Boston as this event of the summer just passed.

SYMPHONIES BEGIN.

First Public Appearance of Conductor Paur.

A man, wholly without that nameless "Je ne sais pas quoi," understood to distinguish the aristocracy of blood, an honest Saxon face, full bearded, with mild blue eyes, framed by a shock of fluffy, light-colored hair, worn in mild profusion, black frock coat and light trousers hanging carelessly upon the tall, loosely-jointed figure—such is Emil Paur as he appeared yesterday afternoon at the first rehearsal of the Symphony Orchestra.

And what an audience had gathered to greet him!

Over floor and gallery the eye roamed in vain, seeking an empty seat; from each open door on the floor peered a crowd of delighted faces.

All society was present, nodding and smiling to its friends in the intervals between the music, hushed and silent for once during the perfect harmonies produced by the matchless orchestra.

Promptly at 2:30 Mr. Paur takes his stand in front of the orchestra. The audience is prepared to criticize. Franz Kneisel has many friends in its ranks, but note—as the grand strains of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony float out over their heads, the awkward form before them seems to expand, the mild blue eyes dilate, and the mouth closes firmly over the white teeth, the hair is tossed back from the forehead—the shoulders are thrown back—it is another and widely different man who stands before them. One forgets the ill-fitting garments as the form within instinctively assumes attitudes of grace. Note how he bends first this way and then the other, now beckoning a musician in the rear who may be almost infinitesimally at fault, but whom the perfect ear of the master has detected and chided; now waving his hands slowly over a perfectly rendered "andante" passage, and anon, with quickened time and beat, hurrying on an "allegro," identifying himself completely with the composer.

The vast audience is still as death—a flush comes and goes in the cheeks of the women—some of the men instinctively gnaw their finger nails, while others are as still and motionless as if spell-bound; when the music ceases, a great sigh, as if forced from the lips of a struggling giant, goes up from the listeners, silence again for a moment—and then—a perfect storm of hand clapping and exclamations of delight; whilst, after gravely bowing to his orchestra, the master turns slowly around and bows thrice to his audience, the long hair falling over and almost concealing his face.

When he lifts his head, the inspiration has departed from it. Once more he is the plain, kindly-faced German.

Such is Emil Paur.

REHEARSAL GIRLS.

How They Crowded Music Hall Yesterday.

"Perfectly Lovely" and "Decision Reserved" The Verdict.

Musicians Also Give the Journal Their Opinion of Mr. Paur.

The symphonies began yesterday. The fashionable "rehearsal"—which is not a rehearsal at all, by the way, but which is quite as much a "concert" as is the Saturday night performance designated by that title—attracted the usual flock of stylishly attired Back Bay maidens, with their stately chaperones and an infinitesimal sprinkling of men. Yesterday it seemed as though the proportion between the sexes was even more askew than on previous years, for, to a Journal man who watched the outflowing stream at the close of the performance, there seemed to be at least 50 women to every man.

But it was a crush. The "symphony girls" were dying to see Mr. Paur, the new conductor, and to compare him with the departed Nikisch.

They have not quite decided whether he is more delightful or not. It is an open question. Do the broad shoulders and the mass of blonde hair and beard atone for the lithe figure of the Hungarian and that carefully trained wisp of hair which used to descend over his brow? So they content themselves with the non-committal assurance that he is "perfectly lovely," and "decision is reserved," as the judges say in court when they cannot decide.



THE MUSICAL SEASON of Boston for 1893-4 is now fairly started, and will soon be in full swing. Then there will be offered to music lovers a continuous stream of good things,

and each may choose that which seems best for him. In some instances he will get what he desires, and in others not, unless he is a Croesus. I am thinking of the Symphony concerts and the opera season. The conductor of the former has arrived, and already the speculators are sending out diagrams of Music Hall, and suggesting that they would be "pleased to secure your tickets for you," and that it might be wise to mark more than one location in which you would be willing to sit for the season, so I presume the fashionable people will, as usual, occupy the seats at the concerts, and the students and musical people generally will stand or cling at such uncertain anchorage as offers in the way of stairs, etc.



LEADING SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA PLAYERS.
Franz Kneisel, T. Adamowski, Alvin Schroeder, Arnold Moldauer, Max Zach, L. Sycenski.

THE NEW SYMPHONY DIRECTOR

aug 29 1893
Herr Emil Paur Pleased at His Coming to Boston.

Mr. Emil Paur, the new conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, writes from a famous watering-place in Ger-

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sented in his programmes. Programmes that will satisfy the critical listners of a Vienna audience, Mr. Paur will find will not be liberal enough in character to gratify the demands of an equally critical and more Catholic taste here in Boston.

It would be fatal for Mr. Paur or any other conductor here in America to so undervalue the compositions of certain French, Russian, English or Ameri- can authors that they should be ignored or seldom find a place upon the pro- grammes of the symphonic organiza- tions over which such a conductor may have arbitrary control.

This is an item that Mr. Paur should consider well, for should he prove to be the comprehensive musician that we are led to believe he is, then with this splendid orchestra at his command un- der a rigid system of discipline he can make himself famous throughout the land.

So let us rest in the hope that Mr. Higginson's munificence in the charge of the new conductor will be most judiciously employed.

WARREN DAVENPORT.

AMUSEMENTS.

Sept 30 1893
The Symphony Sale.

The sale of the seats for the Symphony rehearsals and concerts proved to be quite a satisfactory one to both the management and the buyers. To be sure prices were somewhat lower than last season, but considering the times and financial depression that exists, it must be admitted the premiums ob- tained were higher than the most san- guine could expect. It is doubtful if any musical undertaking could have commanded at auction so large an at- tendance and such high premiums as did the sale of the Symphony course.

There is one feature wherein this season's sale differs materially from that of last season, and that is the fact that the buyers all express a feeling of satisfaction with the prices paid for their seats. In other words, the public is satisfied, and as the management is also satisfied, what more equitable con- clusion could have been brought about? The speculators have been responsible, in previous seasons, for the very high prices obtained through bidding against the purchasers who came to buy for themselves. But the speculators have got badly bitten the past two seasons, and so, taking this fact and the low financial condition of the public into consideration, they brought only for "orders" intrusted to them at this sea- son's sale.

Herein the public has been the gainer. A new plan for disposal of tickets un- sold at the auction has been instituted this season, that is, the remaining tickets will not be sold as season tickets but the places will be retained and sold at each performance in its turn. That will be a great convenience, for it will enable those who cannot go consec- ively to avail themselves of the privi- lege of attending when they can. Stran- gers, also, visiting the city, can thus



J. Adamowski, Otto Roth.

OUR MILITIA.

The Last Shot Is Fired—N
for Armory Practice.

Colonel W. L. Chase's Interest
Report on the Shoot.

Haversack Notes and Mess Ke
Bubblings at the Fire.

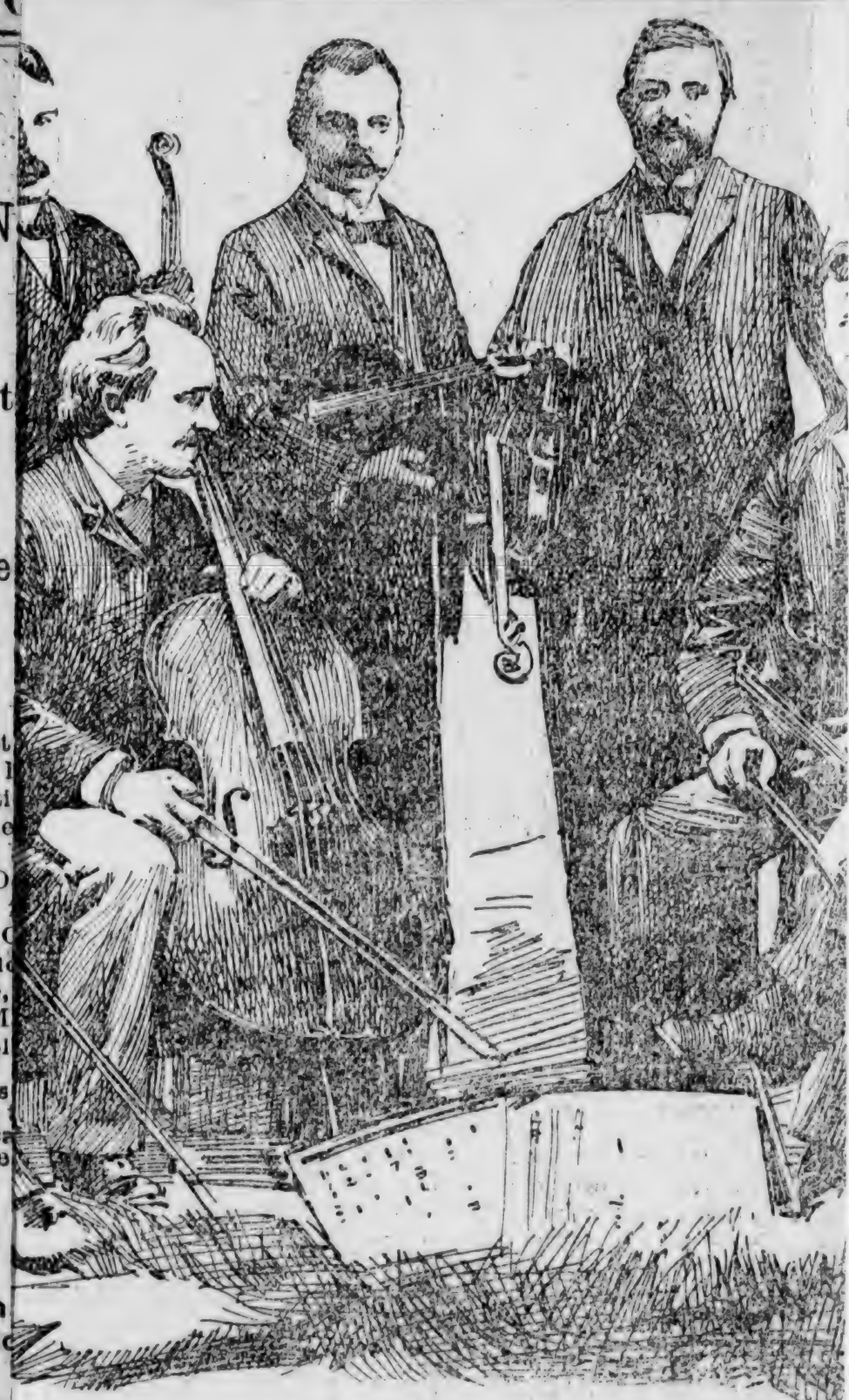
The week just closed has been a very one with the militia, but now the last shot has been fired and the last open-air drill is over. There is nothing ahead but armory practice. The most interesting thing of note is the announcement that the following have been commissioned: Lieut. Col. Charles L. D. to be Colonel, Eighth Infantry, Oct. 6, vice Mills, discharged; Eben T. Brackett to be Lieutenant Col. Eighth Infantry, from Oct. 6, vice Dodge, promoted; Capt. Edwin Wells Bailey, to be Major, Eighth Infantry, from Oct. 6, vice Copeland, discharged. The Examining Board meets on Wednesday, Oct. 25, the fourth in the month, and these Eighth Regiment officers will be called upon to face the Rubicon. Will there be other election and more politics?

STATE RIFLE SHOOT.

Interesting Report by Colonel Chase
Upon the Recent Competitive
Prize Winners.

Col. William L. Chase, Inspector General of Rifle Practice, has submitted a very interesting report upon the recent State competition at Walnut Hill.

Of the State general match he says:
This match was completed just within



LEADING SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA PLAYERS.

Arnold Moldauer, Max Zach, L. Svedin Schroeder.

THE NEW SYMPHONY DIRECTOR

Herf Emil Paur Pleased at His Coming to Boston.

Mr. Emil Paur, the new conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, writes from a famous watering-place in Germany as follows:

"I am anticipating with much satisfaction my coming to Boston to take the direction of your orchestra, and I already feel deeply indebted to all of the gentlemen of your city press for the courtesy they have shown me while yet a stranger, the papers which have been sent me proving their friendly attitude.

"It is pleasant for me to learn, from all with whom I converse about your city, that the Boston people have a taste for all that is best in music and show judicious criticism in separating real art from dilettanteism.

"The programmes of your Symphony concerts indicate that they are properly so called, and are not allowed to be lowered by the introduction of trivial compositions.

"Such concerts have only been given here by Hans Von Bulow, whose courage in announcing strictly classical music in his programmes has not been fully appreciated either in Berlin or Hamburg.

"We will sail from Bremen by the steamship Aller, Sept. 19, for New York."

Conductor Paur will not probably make the mistake when he begins his duties in Boston that his predecessor did, i. e. ignore the press. Mr. Nikisch was unfortunate before leaving Leipzig in being the victim of the ill-humored advice of the late Otto Dresel, whom, it is reported, warned Mr. Nikisch not to pay any heed to the music critics of the Boston papers, "for they were a set of fools." Mr. Nikisch was further indiscreet in having his wife interviewed by a reporter of one of the Boston papers, Mrs. Nikisch informing the interviewer that her husband never read what the Boston papers said concerning his conducting, but heeded only the opinions of the New York music critics.

Mr. Paur will find the principal music critics of this city fair and honorable and fully capable of correctly pronouncing upon his ability to successfully fill the position of conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. A resident of Leipzig told the writer quite recently that Conductor Paur "was a long-haired Viennese disciplinarian," a bit of news that is at once encouraging for just such a person is needed here to rehabilitate the famous Boston Symphony Orchestra of five years ago. There is every reason to believe that Mr. Paur will be a worthy successor of the other "Viennese disciplinarian," Mr. Gericke, and unless we have been deceived in the reports concerning Mr. Paur's capabilities the patrons of the Symphony concerts will have occasion to rejoice that neither Weingartner, or Mottl came or as regards that matter Hans Richter either.

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Herein the public has been the gainer. A new plan for disposal of tickets unsold at the auction has been instituted this season, that is, the remaining tickets will not be sold as season tickets but the places will be retained and sold at each performance in its turn. That will be a great convenience, for it will enable those who cannot go consecutively to avail themselves of the privilege of attending when they can. Strangers, also, visiting the city, can thus

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satiate their desire to hear our Symphony orchestra. Of course the number of seats to be thus disposed of is limited, and it is said will be sold for \$1 and \$1.50, according to location, at the Music Hall box office as each performance occurs.

Two of our contemporaries have expressed the opinion in their columns that the probable reason for the lower prices this season existed in the fact that the public was a little uncertain concerning the new conductor and the nature of the concerts he will give.

Nothing could be more ridiculous than such a conclusion. When Mr. Gericke came here he was almost wholly unknown; so obscure was his reputation not ten people in the whole city knew anything of his ability or intentions. It was the same with Mr. Nikisch, of whom it was only known that he was an operatic conductor in Leipzig, a second-rate city in musical importance upon the continent.

As regards Mr. Paur it must be admitted our public know more of his standing than of his predecessors, both as regards his ability as a conductor and also as an eminent pianist with an enviable reputation throughout Germany. More than that, the best reports have reached us of his marked success in the half dozen or more positions he has held upon the continent, all tending to the impression that he is not only a fine musician, a strict disciplinarian and a magnetic conductor, but that he is as well a musician of broad catholic taste, unpartisan in the nationality of composers, a man of culture in the broad sense, and at the same time a genial and courteous gentleman. We have little or no reason to doubt the reliability of these favorable reports concerning Mr. Paur, hence the folly of the statements made in the columns of our contemporaries.

The expectations of the public had been raised to the highest point in the case of Mr. Nikisch, but in the opinion of those competent to judge he failed to realize a high standard of ability as a symphonic conductor. But then these expectations were raised upon no reasonable basis. In Mr. Paur's case an extended and varied experience has established for him a reputation as an able conductor of both operatic and concert performances. Let us welcome him warmly, and generously support him while he displays his capacity and shows in what degree he is competent for the position he is to assume. W.D.



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Have the fashionables failed to rally, or is it because they have not been "presented to the new conductor, and, really, you know, it would be such bad form," etc. It cannot be because they are unacquainted with his antecedents, for the dailies have told what I should think certainly must constitute nearly all his private affairs. At any rate, I am pleased at the result of the auction, and may the premiums grow beautifully less every year. The concerts were originated that music lovers might educate themselves by hearing good music at low prices, and that is the position to which they should return.

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Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1893-94.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

I. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, AT 8, P. M.

PROGRAMME.

BEETHOVEN.

SYMPHONY No. 5, in C minor. op. 67.

- I. Allegro con brio.
- II. Andante con moto.
- III. Allegro.
- IV. Allegro.

TSCHAIKOWSKY.

SERENADE FOR STRINGS, in C major, op. 48.

- I. Pezzo in forma di sonatina. Andante non troppo. Allegro moderato.
- II. Valse. Moderato; Tempo di valse.
- III. Elegia. Larghetto elegiaco.
- IV. Finale. (Tema russo). Andante. Allegro con spirito.

WAGNER.

OVERTURE TO "TANNHAEUSER."

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HAT IS THIS! Symphony tickets not selling at such enormous premiums as formerly? I am surprised, and feel like returning to my callow days, and asking, "why?"

Have the fashionables failed to rally, or is it because they have not been "presented to the new conductor, and, really, you know, it would be such bad form," etc. It cannot be because they are unacquainted with his antecedents, for the dailies have told what I should think certainly must constitute nearly all his private affairs. At any rate, I am pleased at the result of the auction, and may the premiums grow beautifully less every year. The concerts were originated that music lovers might educate themselves by hearing good music at low prices, and that is the position to which they should return.

The engagement of Emil Paur, of Leipzig, as successor to Nikisch, ought to meet with the approval even of the Boston critics. He is an extraordinarily fine musician and good conductor, as well as pianist. His *forte* has so far been the conducting of opera, but he has shown in the leading of the concerts of the Liszt Society that he is equally well at home on the concert platform. The Boston conductorship vacancy and the scarcity of really first class conductors has worked around to the benefit of most of the good ones here. They have been raised some 3,000 marks apiece all around in Berlin, Dresden, Karlsruhe, Munich and even Vienna. The Boston scare acted like a pike in a carp pond upon some of the right royal intendants, and yet Boston may be glad and congratulate herself upon the fact that she did not get one or the other of the very highest priced ones.

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Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1893-94.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

I. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, AT 8, P. M.

PROGRAMME.

BEETHOVEN.

SYMPHONY No. 5, in C minor, op. 67.

- I. Allegro con brio.
- II. Andante con moto.
- III. Allegro.
- IV. Allegro.

TSCHAIKOWSKY.

SERENADE FOR STRINGS, in C major, op. 48.

- I. Pezzo in forma di sonatina. Andante non troppo. Allegro moderato.
- II. Valse. Moderato; Tempo di valse.
- III. Elegia. Larghetto elegiaco.
- IV. Finale. (Tema russo). Andante. Allegro con spirito.

WAGNER.

OVERTURE TO "TANNHAEUSER."

PAUR'S DEBUT.

FIRST SYMPHONY CONCERT OF THE SEASON.

Three Important Works on the Programme—

The New Conductor Creates a Favorable Impression—Not Exciting But Emphatic and Decisive—A Large Audience Present.

An auspicious beginning! It would naturally be unsafe to proceed to absolute judgment after a single performance, and that performance one which is always attended by especial difficulties and surrounded by abnormal conditions; at the outset therefore, the reviewer may beg permission to present personal impressions rather than that definite verdict which can only be attained after our new conductor has been heard in varying schools and under differing circumstances.

So much is sure, the audience was captured on Saturday, and what began as a cordial welcome ended as a *furor* of enthusiasm. Naturally enough one thought less of the composers on such an occasion, than of the conductor. The personality of Mr. Paur (and the name is to be pronounced just as the English word "Power") is entirely in his favor; earnestness is in every gesture, and fidelity is stamped upon the features. A thoroughly Teutonic nature, one would judge, and one which will adhere to received traditions with consistent conservatism. The performance carried out these impressions: There will not be much pepper in the broth this season; after our *hasheesh* a sedative will be healthy. Mr. Paur does not seem to be an exciting conductor, but his gestures are emphatic, and his beat is decisive enough.

The make-up of the first two programmes is a significant straw, and demonstrates that showiness and sensationalism are to be absent from the list. Beethoven's fifth symphony was an excellent letter of introduction, a fitting work to form the musical grace to the season. The first two movements showed something of nervousness on the part of both conductor and orchestra. The first attack of the awkward figure beginning on the arsis of the measure (the *bete noir* of all conductors) was a trifle ragged, and when the second theme was ushered in by the horn that instrument was played timidly, too softly, and broke besides. But the oboe deserves a word of especial mention for the exquisite shading of the cadenza in the recapitulation of the chief theme after the development: it has never been taken here at so slow a tempo, but this seemed an improvement rather than a fault.

In the second movement the pizzicato of the contrabasses was too light to balance the viola and cello theme; it would be an improvement if our orchestra had a couple of contrabasses added to its force; eight are scarcely enough to counterbalance the power of the higher strings. This second movement seemed a trifle squarecut; it was too precise and formal for an *andante* and the *con moto* was often absent.

From this time on, however, there was more of abandon, and the reading was commendable. The difficult passages for contrabasses in the trio of the scherzo were as clear as crystal, and the finale was given with brilliancy and vigor. The absence of all tendency to exaggerate was commendable.

Tschaikowsky's serenade for strings, C major, op. 48, was light and refreshing. It was a popular work which yet was far from being either sensational or trashy. The introductory theme of its first movement had a certain dignity, and was suggestive of "Ein Feste Burg." This theme was made use of in a symmetrical manner; it ended the first movement just as the horn theme which begins the great Schubert symphony (to be played next Saturday) also ends the first movement; it also appeared as a reminiscence at the end of the finale of the entire serenade. The waltz of the second movement was a pretty bit of musical confectionery, and was given a graceful reading. The Elegie had a distinct leaning towards Goldmarkian sensuousness. The theme on the first violins with pizzicato accompaniment, the duet between these and the cellos, and the passages for muted strings, all showed that we may yet be proud of our body of strings, and that we ought never to forget the conductor who first organized them. They played under difficulties at this concert, for the warmth of the night told upon the catgut, and there was an absolute hailstorm of breaking strings, and this was not confined to the violin E strings either, for even the heavy, cello strings began to break.

The finale of the pretty serenade began, as the preceding movement had ended, upon the highest positions of the violins, but soon led into a most rollicking Russian folk-dance. Such music one might hear at the *Possidelotschni*, the jolly winter gatherings of the peasantry, when the men join in the wild *Kamarinskaia*, or all hands unite in the hearty folk-song. There was some graceful counterpoint in this movement, chiefly in a florid bass part. Portions of this finale distinctly recalled a theme of the finale of the Fifth symphony which had preceded. The concert ended with the "Tannhaeuser" overture. This was taken with considerable deliberation at first, and one missed the spice which legitimately belongs to the Venus music, but from the final entrance of the Pilgrim Chorus all went brilliantly, and one heard with satisfaction that our conductor was not likely to over-refine fiery works by suppressing the brasses.

A very large audience was present and the applause was liberal, culminating, as already indicated, in many recalls at the close of the concert. A conductor's post in Boston is not a bed of roses, and it is therefore most gratifying that Mr. Paur has been so fortunate in at once winning popular suffrages.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

Some Other Views.

H. E. Krehbiel of the N. Y. Tribune, regarding the first appearance of Herr Paur as conductor of the Symphony orchestra, writes: "He did not strive to impress any novel conception on the C minor symphony. He did mar its beauty, but it was not through any wish to inject into it things that never entered Beethoven's mind. He

hurt it by exaggerated emphasis and a detached style of performance, which we have observed as an outgrowth of the Bayreuth influence." Regarding the Tannhauser overture: "It was extremely lurid reading, very much like that to which Mr. Seidl has accustomed his audiences, but it showed a masterful hand in the development of climaxes and a superb ability to hold his forces in serried ranks on the top of a dramatic hill so long as it was necessary they should be there."

W. J. Henderson of the Times says: "Final judgment as to his ability cannot now be pronounced. But unless nervousness and anxiety wholly changed the habit of the man, it is safe to say that weight, dignity and correctness, rather than grace, poetry and passion, will prove to be the salient qualities of Emil Paur's conducting."

"These are by no means qualities to be despised. The classic writers left us a very precious legacy, which is safe from violent treatment in the hands of just such men as Paur. Perhaps the modern romanticists may not seem to be quite so romantic under his bat, but that remains to be proved. From his first concert one would naturally expect to find that his most admirable achievement would prove to be the explanation of a Bach fugue."

One Impression of Paur.

Emil Paur, the new director of the Symphony Orchestra, is likely to be popular. In any event, people are studying him now with interest because of his rather unique appearance and unconventional personality.

His bow to the symphony audience is a unique one. Putting his feet near together his head goes down suddenly and he does not stop until his body and limbs are almost at right angles. His left hand goes into his long hair and hangs on to it.

His long, sandy hair is parted in the middle, but does not fly about as he exerts himself. It never moves.

"He is not at all like Nikisch. He uses his whole body. His baton in the right hand he directs with precise, incisive strokes."

In a fortissimo passage with head and arms going, his right foot moves pat, pat, accenting the notes, and as the sound becomes louder and louder and the climax approaches even his knees bend to the tempo of the melody.

He resumes his incisive strokes as he wants to bring the orchestra down to a pianissimo.

Truly Herr Paur is a man of remarkably expressive contrasts.

He is a pantomimist of no meagre talent.

Paur demonstrates to the audience that he has his eye and ear applied to every member of the orchestra, for he keeps continually moving his eyes all over the body of men.

Herr Paur has one little eccentricity that the audience does not see. He has a habit when raising his head toward the players of opening his mouth and eyes wide and as he swings his head and slowly lowers it, the eyes and mouth close.

How the Orchestra Played Under New Leadership.

Critical Review of Programme and Director.

An Admirable Disciplinarian is Mr. Paur.

Mr. Emil Paur came to us from Leipzig; but let no one be prejudiced against him on this account. He was neither born nor educated in Leipzig; he only tarried there for a season.

Whatever Leipzig may have been before 1860 or even 1870, there is no denying the fact that the Leipzig of to-day is musically a barren place. What great wandering virtuoso, or fixed artist, or composer of originality has Leipzig sent forth during the last ten or twenty years?

There are professors and chapel-masters there, and galore. There is the ancient Reincke, the echo of Mendelssohn, the spinner of endless cadenzas, who has just adapted scenes from the Bible for the use of piano-players. There are such men as Salomon Jadassohn, whose music sounds a good deal like the name of the composer. But of what influence to-day is Leipzig in the great kingdom of music? Ichabod, Ichabod, the glory is departed.

As long ago as 1877 Listz said to Borodine, who mentioned a pianist as a graduate of the Leipzig Conservatory, "That's no recommendation. They have turned out there a pile of mediocrities."

We all know by hearsay and some know by actual experience, that Mr. Paur was respected and admired as a musician in the cities which he has honored by his presence. Let us start right, Mr. Paur is not worthy of our serious attention simply because Leipzig patted him on the head. He, on the contrary, contributed largely to the musical fame of a town, that, living chiefly on its past reputation, needs such props.

Since Mr. Paur's arrival here his conduct has been judicious. On divers occasions he was examined thoroughly by newspaper men, and his conversation, as recorded, was modest, frank, sensible, to the point.

It is said that he has been diligent in rehearsal. He has not used the time of the players in reading his private correspondence of merely friendly or inflammatory nature. He has worked with the orchestra, and he knew when he entered the hall what he was about to demand of his men.

This is proper and becoming. Mr. Paur is hired for this purpose, and the players are hired to obey the conductor.

Nor were some of these players imported solely for their social qualifications, as would appear by their behavior during the last three years.

There was curiosity to see the man at the head of his forces. How many of those who attended the concert last evening cared one straw about the programme, whether the numbers



EMIL PAUR.

were by Beethoven or by Bulsenheimer. There was a desire to see the man himself, so that there could be talk about his hair, his hands, the movements of his arms, his costume and any personal mannerisms.

This admiration of individuality and this curiosity concerning personality retard undoubtedly the healthy growth of music and tend to stifle honest criticism. The talk is of the conductor, not of the orchestra; of the conductor, not of the music, which it is his duty and privilege to study reverently.

If the conductor were unseen by the audience, would there be as great a demand for admission?

And yet, men and brethren, the one great absorbing question should not be, does Mr. Paur like oysters, or does he believe in the Jaeger system of underwear, or is Mrs. Paur a charming woman, or would the couple shine at an afternoon tea; — the one great absorbing question is this: Is Mr. Paur thoroughly qualified for the performance of his task.

Then comes this question: When Mr. Paur conducts, are his heart and soul the servants of the composer, or do they work merely for Mr. Paur's glorification?

Mr. Paur had prepared us by his own words to think favorably of certain of his artistic theories and beliefs. Before the concert he said publicly: "I cannot sympathize with Wagner in his wish to invest some of Beethoven's compositions with scenic suggestions and dramatic developments which need other than musical terms of expression."

And in speaking of the "enormous freedoms" of von Bülow, Mr. Paur said, "That does not mean that I think the Beethoven symphonies ought to be rattled off as if by a barrel organ. No, but I believe that Beethoven's ideas, if properly presented, are sufficiently characteristic of themselves without being colored especially for the occasion."

So it does not seem that Mr. Paur intends to raise himself by trampling down and standing on Beethoven.

Then, again, Mr. Paur spoke sensibly about

the introduction of soloists. In an interview published in the Journal of Sept. 29th, the new conductor said: "I shall put on only soloists that are really soloists. * * * They must be capable. The soloists must be classical, too, you know. I do not believe in putting before the public small stuff, not at all."

It must be confessed that our Symphony seasons of late were not wholly free from "small stuff." Singers so worn out, so tired that they could not raise their tones to the true pitch, nevertheless found favor with Mr. Nikisch. Pianists appeared who did not give sufficient reason for their engagement. Then there was that long line of orchestral players, some admirable and others amiable, each armed with a concerto—a line that stretched out "to the crack of doom." And there was legitimate surprise expressed at the omission of a trombone solo, say, the well-known arrangement of "The Fear," and the non-performance by our implacable drummer of Julius Tausch's Solo for Six Kettle Drums.

Now it is true that there is often a wide difference between theories and deeds. To take a snap-shot judgment of the first performance of a conductor might be, in all probability would be, unfair, and the judgment would not be surely permanent. On the one hand, there is the comparative unfamiliarity with the players; there is the natural nervousness of a man in a strange place. On the other hand, there is always a possibility that the conductor may not fulfill the promise of a first performance. The flattery of the thoughtless and the ignorant may turn his head. Social attentions may divert him from his duty. He may grow lazy. It is much fairer to conductor and to audience to judge him after the twelfth performance instead of after the first.

But our American public is in a hurry: it can not wait; and so, as before, it is not unlikely that there will be a "grand symposium," in which musicians of high and low degree will, by editorial request, indulge in printed eulogy. Let us hope that there will not in future be a repetition of the thoughtlessness or the ingratitude of Mr. Nikisch, who, even within the following year, contradicted those good reports by his own conduct, and so irritated some of his former eulogists that they were ready to insert a knife under his fifth rib.

The programme chosen by Mr. Paur for his first appearance was as follows:

Symphony, C minor, No. 5..... Beethoven
Serenade for string orchestra, op. 48..... Tchaikowsky
Overture, "Tannhauser"..... Wagner

The serenade by Tchaikowsky was first given in this city, or at least at the Symphony concerts, by Mr. Gericke Oct. 13, 1888, at the first concert of the season. The fifth Symphony of Beethoven was on the programme of the first concert of the season of '92-93. At this last concert there was no soloist. At the concert under Mr. Gericke songs were sung by Mrs. Julie Moran-Wyman, for Mrs. Wyman used to "hyphenate" her name.

Surely the programme itself does not call for extended discussion. The serenade by Tchaikowsky is a singularly eclectic composition, with its German introduction dashed with a hint at Russia; with its German waltz freshened with French grace; with its elegy in doleful Russian dumps, where the mourner suddenly betinks himself of an Italian tune; with its Russian finale where the tails of the horses are over the dashboard and the passengers smell of vodka. The trivial is side by side with the beautiful; strength shakes hands with weakness. But the interest is maintained steadily, except in the Elegy, where the grief of the mourner is so spun out that there are doubts of its sincerity.

And now let us record impressions of Mr. Paur.

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The man's personality asserts one of his earnestness and vitality. Here is no manicured, perfumed darling of Temple Place. This man regards the orchestra and the music rather than the audience. He does not remember to be graceful in action.

He is sometimes violent, sometimes almost grotesque.

At one time he chops wood; at another he says to a child, "Come now, play do-do."

He is angular, even triangular.

But he is terribly in earnest.

The audience might well have thought of the line of Walt Whitman: "Pleased with the earnest words of the sweating Methodist preacher."

For Mr. Paur gave physical manifestations of his conviction and his desire to do his duty, though the hall should prove to be a stoke-hole.

Mr. Paur's beat is decisive, if it is not elegant; and decision is better than careless grace. He was diligent in giving the cue, and there could be no mistake as to the direction.

He has a keen sense of the value of drawing. His draught is clear and firm. About his sense of color, I am not so sure.

He knows the value of dynamic gradations, and he can compel his wish to be performed and to become a fact. Although the playing of orchestra last evening was of uneven worth, he showed that he could work the crescendo pedal, to borrow a phrase from the organ-builder, and there were niceties in expression that have not been heard here since the departure of Mr. Gericke.

Every move had evidently been carefully studied, and if his hand was sometimes unsteady in moving a piece upon the board, it arose from apparent nervousness at the start, and not from ignorance of intention.

Last evening Mr. Paur appeared chiefly as a thoroughly equipped schoolmaster, a rigid disciplinarian.

The love for finish in detail gave at times a movement, particularly in the Symphony, the appearance of Mosaic. A movement became then a collection of episodes rather than a burst of long breath.

And why did Mr. Paur take the *andante con moto* of Beethoven at so slow a pace? The melos suffered thereby. The beauty, the strange beauty of the music became monotonous.

Has Mr. Paur temperament? Has he magnetism? Has he the imagination, the noble rage of the poet?

Time must answer these questions.

Last evening it was rather the admirable schoolmaster than the man of imagination who dominates the audience by some mysterious quality, call it what you will.

And yet how sadly this very schoolmaster was needed in Boston?

Perhaps it is a good sign that Mr. Paur last evening did not give any exhibition of volcanic, Vesuvian emotion.

Let us wait until Mr. Paur has made the orchestra that still remembers another his own. Let us wait until he realizes thoroughly that he is no longer a stranger, that he is at home and among friends, who will hold up his hands in every honest endeavor to cultivate that which is good and honest and noble in music.

The hall was crowded, and the applause was evidently as sincere as it was frequent, loud and long continued.

The programme of the concert next Saturday evening will include Volkmann's overture, "Richard III.," Dvorak's Rhapsodie No. 2, and Schubert's C major symphony. Mrs. Nordica will sing.

PHILIP HALE.

MUSIC. *Sante*

The Symphony Concert.

The twelfth season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra concerts began last night. The programme was Beethoven's Symphony in C minor; the Serenade for strings in C, op. 48, by Tschalkowsky; and Wagner's "Tannhäuser" overture. There was an enormous audience, and the new conductor, Herr Emil Paur, was accorded a reception of the most cordial nature, and through the evening the hearty applause bestowed on him must have convinced him that his public was animated by the most friendly sentiments toward him. He has an interesting presence, and appears to be without any of the affectations that were often so unpleasantly manifested by his immediate predecessor. His beat is decisive, and he holds his orchestra well in hand. Vigor is one of the striking characteristics of his conducting, and he excites at once the conviction that he has an artistic temperament, and is thoroughly absorbed in his work. Much might be said of his reading of the symphony, and even of his interpretation of the overture, but, all things considered, we deem it both just and advisable to defer any extended criticism of his method of conducting or to express judgment upon it until we have had further experience of it. His surroundings are as yet, new to him; the orchestra has been under his control for a very brief time, and it would be wiser, therefore, to wait until he has had an opportunity to get over the inevitable anxiety and nervousness attendant on the outset of his assumption of an exacting position, and has had time to become more at his ease. It is impossible that he should, as yet, have been able to establish a complete understanding between himself and his players regarding his views; and, besides, the situation bears as hard on the orchestra as it does on their director. It is a very easy matter, under the circumstances, to do both an injustice, and hence our preference for a more complete and more satisfying experience of Mr. Paur as a conductor before venturing on an estimate of him on a first hearing. He made a very favorable impression, if the spirited approval of his efforts, given by the large and critical assemblage, may be taken as evidence. The programme, as will be seen, contained nothing that is not very familiar to the Symphony Concert audiences, and therefore, afforded ample chance to compare his methods with those who have previously wielded the baton over the orchestra; and we may add, without breach of our resolve to forego criticism, that his readings of the symphony and of the overture, brought forward much that was novel—at least, here. The selections for the next concert are: Overture, "Richard III.," Volkmann; Rhapsodie No. 2, Dvorak; and Symphony C, Schubert. Mme. Lillian Nordica will be the soloist.

...The Symphony Concert programme book speaks of the waltz movement in Tschalkowsky's suite for strings as having something of the Spanish character. Of course it has. The initial phrase runs note for note with that of Queen Isabella's song in "1492"—"I'm in love with the man in the moon."

AT THE FIRST SYMPHONY.

Who Were There and How They Enjoyed It.

A Notable Audience Completely Filling Music Hall.

Everybody Was There but Mrs. John L. Gardner.

It was shortly after 7.30 that the fashionable crowd began to gather in Music Hall for the opening event of the season, and the appearance of the new Symphony Orchestra conductor, Herr Paur.

As usual, it was a sober audience. Boston takes itself very seriously when the Symphony Orchestra is in question, and there is very little small talk. In fact, people seemed to rush into the corridor, push through the doors and hurry to their seats as they never do anywhere else.

Inside the hall the very first look at the platform impressed one with a difference. The double-decked stand for the conductor had disappeared. The small two by one block, of soap box reminiscence, which, during the regime of the last conductor had been added to the regular stand to give additional inches to Mr. Nikisch when he faced the orchestra, is a thing of history. In its place was a broad, low stand of generous proportions, neatly carpeted with red, and the bit of color was a great improvement to the bare stage. On it the green-twined music stand, with its beribboned rosette of chrysanthemums, did not look as it usually does—out of place.

The orchestra men were eyed with less curiosity than usual. Everyone awaited—Paur. It was past eight when he appeared at the left of the stage, mounted the steps and stirred for his post. At first sight he is far from graceful. His trunk is long for his legs and his gait is nervous and awkward. No fault could, however, be found with his attire. His clothes fitted him as well as evening dress ever fits the loose jointed German figure. His linen was immaculate, and a handkerchief peeped properly from his waistcoat. His auburn mane, devoid of anything so conventional as a parting, was pushed back from his face, and his tawny beard was neatly trimmed.

In appearance he suggested Neuendorff more than anyone else who has conducted here.

The applause which greeted him was cordial

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but well controlled; it was warm enough, but it was not excited, and it was evident at once that he was a man who knew none, or, at least, employed none of the tricks for working up applause; for, having brushed back his hair, which his vigorous bowing in response to his reception had tumbled into his eyes, he pitched into his work with vigor.

His left hand is not the left hand of Gericke, cold, depressing, tyrannical; nor is it the left hand of Nikisch, pallid, effeminate, devitalized. In truth, it is not a pretty left hand. It is big, inclined to be ruddy, and not real becoming to a well-laundered shirt cuff. But its mannerism are likely to be as famous as were those of its predecessors. Its most notable peculiarity is a sort of "hu-h-a-bye-baby" act that is very peculiar, but very suggestive.

There is something honest and unaffected about the man, and, when he is quite used to Boston, no doubt he will boldly fetch out from his coat tail pocket that extra handkerchief for which he fished between each movement of the symphony last night and did not display at all, although his brow sadly needed mopping—a mopping which Boston, when he knows it better, will often see administered, and why not?

Many prominent people were absent last evening, but the gathering was a brilliant one.

Mr. Henry L. Higginson and his wife occupied their usual seats on the floor.

Near them sat Dr. John Wheelock Elliot and his wife of Marlboro Street and Dr. H. H. A. Beach and Mrs. Beach, the composer, with her hair pushed back from the face in which some one has discovered a resemblance to Beethoven, and wearing, as usual, a simple dark gown. In fact, there was no dressing in the audience, the absence of a few bonnets being the only festive thing in the attire of the women.

Author Howard Pickering has deserted his seat right under the conductor's stand for one further on the side.

Dr. Hamilton Osgood, who is destined to be known as the father of Mrs. Fiske Warren, was accompanied by his younger daughter; almost as pretty as her older sister.

Professor Whitney of Harvard College, who for so many years has sat, score in hand, just over the clock, was one of the first to take his seat in the balcony. Mr. John Pickering Lyman sat near him.

Of course the musical fraternity was well represented. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. E. A. McDowell, who have recently come to town; Mr. Ethelbert Nevin, Mr. Arthur Foote, Mr. Ernest Perato, Mr. S. B. Whitney, Miss Gertrude Edmonds, J. D. C. Parker, Mr. W. L. Parker, Mr. Clayton Johns, Mr. and Mrs. William French, Mr. E. B. Hayes, B. J. Lang, Warren Davenport.

The library set was equally well represented. Mr. J. Russell Sullivan sat in front of the first balcony. Mr. Arlo Bates was there with his new honors sitting easily upon him; Mr. W. H. Ridinger was accompanied by Mrs. Ridinger; Richard Henry Dana and Theodore Dwight, the new librarian were noted on the floor.

Mrs. Phoebe Jenks, her son Barton Jenks and his wife, who was pretty Agnes Acres, a sister of Miriam O'Leary, and a bride of last season, were present.

Dr. Inches was accompanied by Mrs. Inches.

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PHILIP HALE.

MUSIC. *Sarett*

The Symphony Concert.

The twelfth season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra concerts began last night. The programme was Beethoven's Symphony in C minor; the Serenade for strings in C, op. 48, by Tschalkowsky; and Wagner's "Tannhäuser" overture. There was an enormous audience, and the new conductor, Herr Emil Paur, was accorded a reception of the most cordial nature, and through the evening the hearty applause bestowed on him must have convinced him that his public was animated by the most friendly sentiments toward him. He has an interesting presence, and appears to be without any of the affectations that were often so unpleasantly manifested by his immediate predecessor. His beat is decisive, and he holds his orchestra well in hand. Vigor is one of the striking characteristics of his conducting, and he excites at once the conviction that he has an artistic temperament, and is thoroughly absorbed in his work. Much might be said of his reading of the symphony, and even of his interpretation of the overture, but, all things considered, we deem it both just and advisable to defer any extended criticism of his method of conducting or to express judgment upon it until we have had further experience of it. His surroundings are as yet, new to him; the orchestra has been under his control for a very brief time, and it would be wiser, therefore, to wait until he has had an opportunity to get over the inevitable anxiety and nervousness attendant on the outset of his assumption of an exacting position, and has had time to become more at his ease. It is impossible that he should, as yet, have been able to establish a complete understanding between himself and his players regarding his views; and, besides, the situation bears as hard on the orchestra as it does on their director. It is a very easy matter, under the circumstances, to do both an injustice, and hence our preference for a more complete and more satisfying experience of Mr. Paur as a conductor before venturing on an estimate of him on a first hearing. He made a very favorable impression, if the spirited approval of his efforts, given by the large and critical assemblage, may be taken as evidence. The programme, as will be seen, contained nothing that is not very familiar to the Symphony Concert audiences, and therefore, afforded ample chance to compare his methods with those who have previously wielded the baton over the orchestra; and we may add, without breach of our resolve to forego criticism, that his readings of the symphony and of the overture, brought forward much that was novel—at least, here. The selections for the next concert are: Overture, "Richard III.," Volkmann; Rhapsodie No. 2, Dvorak; and Symphony C, Schubert. Mme. Lillian Nordica will be the soloist.

...The Symphony Concert programme book speaks of the waltz movement in Tschalkowsky's suite for strings as having something of the Spanish character. Of course it has. The initial phrase runs note for note with that of Queen Isabella's song in "1492"—"I'm in love with the man in the moon."

AT THE FIRST SYMPHONY.

Journal

Who Were There and How They Enjoyed It.

A Notable Audience Completely Filling Music Hall.

Everybody Was There but Mrs. John L. Gardner.

It was shortly after 7.30 that the fashionable crowd began to gather in Music Hall for the opening event of the season, and the appearance of the new Symphony Orchestra conductor, Herr Paur.

As usual, it was a sober audience. Boston takes itself very seriously when the Symphony Orchestra is in question, and there is very little small talk. In fact, people seemed to rush into the corridor, push through the doors and hurry to their seats as they never do anywhere else.

Inside the hall the very first look at the platform impressed one with a difference. The double-decked stand for the conductor had disappeared. The small two by one block, of soap box reminiscence, which, during the regime of the last conductor had been added to the regular stand to give additional inches to Mr. Nikisch when he faced the orchestra, is a thing of history. In its place was a broad, low stand of generous proportions, neatly carpeted with red, and the bit of color was a great improvement to the bare stage. On it the green-twined music stand, with its beribboned rosette of chrysanthemums did not look as it usually does—out of place.

The orchestra men were eyed with less curiosity than usual. Everyone awaited—Paur. It was past eight when he appeared at the left of the stage, mounted the steps and stirred for his post. At first sight he is far from graceful. His trunk is long for his legs and his gait is nervous and awkward. No fault could, however, be found with his attire. His clothes fitted him as well as evening dress ever fits the loose jointed German figure. His linen was immaculate, and a handkerchief peeped properly from his waistcoat. His auburn mane, devoid of anything so conventional as a parting, was pushed back from his face, and his tawny beard was neatly trimmed.

In appearance he suggested Neuendorff more than anyone else who has conducted here.

The applause which greeted him was cordial

but well controlled: it was warm enough, but it was not excited, and it was evident at once that he was a man who knew none, or, at least, employed none of the tricks for working up applause; for, having brushed back his hair, which his vigorous bowing in response to his reception had tumbled into his eyes, he pitched into his work with vigor.

His left hand is not the left hand of Gericke, cold, depressing, tyrannical; nor is it the left hand of Nikisch, pallid, effeminate, devitalized. In truth, it is not a pretty left hand. It is big, inclined to be ruddy, and not real becoming to a well-laundered shirt cuff. But its mannerism are likely to be as famous as were those of its predecessors. Its most notable peculiarity is a sort of "huh-a-bye-baby" act that is very peculiar, but very suggestive.

There is something honest and unaffected about the man, and, when he is quite used to Boston, no doubt he will boldly fetch out from his coat tail pocket that extra handkerchief for which he fished between each movement of the symphony last night and did not display at all, although his brow sadly needed mopping—a mopping which Boston, when he knows it better, will often see administered, and why not?

Many prominent people were absent last evening, but the gathering was a brilliant one.

Mr. Henry L. Higginson and his wife occupied their usual seats on the floor.

Near them sat Dr. John Wheelock Elliot and his wife of Marlboro Street and Dr. H. H. A. Beach and Mrs. Beach, the composer, with her hair pushed back from the face in which some one has discovered a resemblance to Beethoven, and wearing, as usual, a simple dark gown. In fact, there was no dressing in the audience, the absence of a few bonnets being the only festive thing in the attire of the women.

Arthur Howard Pickering has deserted his seat right under the conductor's stand for one further on the side.

Dr. Hamilton Osgood, who is destined to be known as the father of Mrs. Fiske Warren, was accompanied by his younger daughter; almost as pretty as her older sister.

Professor Whitney of Harvard College, who for so many years has sat, score in hand, just over the clock, was one of the first to take his seat in the balcony. Mr. John Pickering Lyman sat near him.

Of course the musical fraternity was well represented. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. E. A. McDowell, who have recently come to town; Mr. Ethelbert Nevin, Mr. Arthur Foote, Mr. Ernest Perato, Mr. S. B. Whitney, Miss Gertrude Edmands, J. D. C. Parker, Mr. W. L. Parker, Mr. Clayton Johns, Mr. and Mrs. William French, Mr. E. B. Hayes, B. J. Lang, Warren Davenport.

The library set was equally well represented. Mr. J. Russell Sullivan sat in front of the first balcony. Mr. Arlo Bates was there with his new honors sitting easily upon him; Mr. W. H. Ridering was accompanied by Mrs. Ridering. Richard Henry Dana and Theodore Dwight, the new librarian were noted on the floor.

Mrs. Phoebe Jenks, her son Barton Jenks and his wife, who was pretty Agnes Acres, a sister of Miriam O'Leary, and a bride of last season, were present.

Dr. Inches was accompanied by Mrs. Inches.

who was Louise Pomeroy of Philadelphia, and has been one of the belles of the North shore this season.

In addition, if it is fair to pick out men of an audience so notable men, Dr. Clarence Alake, one of the most beloved and popular professional men in town; Dr. W. S. Bigelow, Mr. A. Brown, Mr. Warren A. Locke, Mr. Henry C. Peabody, Dr. J. L. Breck, Prof. H. E. Clifford, Mr. B. Learned Hand, Prof. James Mills Pierce, Mrs. Mary May-Winsor, Miss Florence May-Winsor, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Rogers, Mr. Creston Clarke, Dr. Fitts, Mr. Temple Fay, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Clement, Mrs. James Jackson, I. M. Ganzengige.

Probably Mrs. John L. Gardner was the most missed of the absentees.

ELLEN HAWKINS.

THE OPINIONS OF MUSICIANS.

The interviews with prominent musicians gathered by Journal reporters after the Symphony rehearsal, and published in the Saturday Journal, voiced the opinion of critical Boston then, and last night's favorable opinions by those present at the concert only served to emphasize the points originally published in the Journal columns.

PAUR'S DEBUT.

The Symphony Conductor Makes a Good Impression.

An auspicious beginning! It would naturally be unsafe to proceed to absolute judgment after a single performance, and that performance one which is always attended by especial difficulties and surrounded by abnormal conditions; at the outset therefore, the reviewer may beg permission to present personal impressions rather than that definite verdict which can only be attained after our new conductor has been heard in varying schools and under differing circumstances.

So much is sure, the audience was captured on Saturday, and what began as a cordial welcome ended as a *furor* of enthusiasm. Naturally enough one thought less of the composers on such an occasion, than of the conductor. The personality of Mr. Paur (and the name is to be pronounced just as the English word "Power") is entirely in his favor; earnestness is in every gesture, and fidelity is stamped upon the features. A thoroughly Teutonic nature, one would judge, and one which will adhere to received traditions with consistent conservatism. The performance carried out these impressions: There will not be much pepper in the broth this season; after our hashish a sedative will be healthy. Mr. Paur does not seem to be an exciting conductor, but his gestures are emphatic, and his beat is decisive enough.

The make-up of the first two programmes is a significant straw, and demonstrates that showiness and sensationalism are to be absent from the list. Beethoven's fifth symphony was an excellent letter of introduction, a fitting work to form the musical grace to the season. The first two movements showed something of nervousness on

the part of both conductor and orchestra.

From this time on, however, there was more of *abandon*, and the reading was commendable. The difficult passages for contrabasses in the trio of the scherzo were as clear as crystal, and the finale was given with brilliancy and vigor. The absence of all tendency to exaggerate was commendable.

The first violins with pizzicato accompaniment, the duet between these and the cellos, and the passages for muted strings, all showed that we may yet be proud of our body of strings, and that we ought never to forget the conductor who first organized them. They played under difficulties at this concert, for the warmth of the night told upon the catgut, and there was an absolute hailstorm of breaking strings, and this was not confined to the violin E strings either, for even the heavy, cello strings began to break.

The finale of the pretty serenade began, as the preceding movement had ended, upon the highest positions of the violins, but soon led into a most rollicking Russian folk-dance. Such music one might hear at the *Possidelotschni*, the jolly winter gatherings of the peasantry, when the men join in the wild *Kamarinskaja*, or all hands unite in the hearty folk-song. There was some graceful counterpoint in this movement, chiefly in a florid bass part. Portions of this finale distinctly recalled a theme of the finale of the Fifth symphony which had preceded. The concert ended with the "Tannhäuser" overture. This was taken with considerable deliberation at first, and one missed the spice which legitimately belongs to the Venus music, but from the final entrance of the Pilgrim Chorus all went brilliantly, and one heard with satisfaction that our conductor was not likely to over-refine fiery works by suppressing the brasses.

A very large audience was present and the applause was liberal, culminating, as already indicated, in many recalls at the close of the concert. A conductor's post in Boston is not a bed of roses, and it is therefore most gratifying that Mr. Paur has been so fortunate in at once winning popular suffrages.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

Mr. Paur's agony is over. He has been interviewed. He has gazed, probably with rage, at the counterfeit presentment of his face in the newspapers. He has been looked at thoroughly and judged by the matinee girls. He has been weighed in the balance by the solid, cultured and sombre audience of Saturday night. The critics have had their crack at him. And now all that he has to do is to go ahead, mind nobody's advice, and follow his own instincts; for he seems to be an eminently sensible man.

THEATRES AND CONCERTS.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra

The Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Emi Paur, conductor, gave the first concert of this its thirteenth, season in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, the programme being as follows:

Beethoven: Symphony No. 5, in C minor, opus 67.
Tchaikowsky: Serenade for strings, in C major, opus 48.

Wagner: Overture to "Tannhäuser."

Here is a case where the critic's task is either very easy or exceedingly difficult. A new conductor makes his first appearance before our public, and everyone is agog to know what everyone else has to say of him. But the opportunities for forming a judgment are too slight for anyone to be willing to formulate an opinion, even if he has partly formed one. The first concert an orchestra gives after its summer vacation is never a very good bone for critical contention; the men have not played together for at least four months, the orchestra is consequently rather rusty and needs more or less ensemble practice to bring it up to its whilom mark; we can hardly call to mind a first concert at which the performance was wholly fine. Add to this ordinary condition the extraordinary one of the orchestra's playing for the first time under a new conductor, to whose beat and methods the players are as much strangers as he to them, and it can be seen that no very distinct opinion is to be formed of the value of the results.

One or two things, to be sure, seemed pretty evident last Saturday evening: Mr. Paur appears not to belong to the class of conductors who trust (with greater or less reason) to the dramatic, or otherwise emotional, effect their personal presence and bearing may have upon an audience; he concentrates his attention upon the orchestra and upon the score before him, letting the playing tell the story of the music without any mimetic aid from himself. This is a comfort; not that we are inclined to undervalue the aid to the impressiveness of music that may come from a dramatic or otherwise expressive manner on the conductor's part—we have heard performances where the conductor's manner stood for a good deal in making the eye help out the ear—but that so many conductors employ such quasi-dramatic methods more for the sake of what is called in theatrical slang "mashing" an audience than for anything else, that an absence of all such manner or mannerism is at times grateful, as at least *prima facie* evidence of artistic sincerity and single-mindedness.

Another point in Mr. Paur's conducting may be brought up with tolerable certainty, even at this early stage of our acquaintance with him. Judging from the performances of the symphony and overture, one would say that he did not belong to the extreme school of modern "musical interpreters" that his sympathies are not unreservedly with those whose first—and often last—aim is to see how much effect it is possible to get out of a great composition, by hook or by crook, regardless of the general style and habitual artistic attitude of the composer. If our guess in this matter is right, we are doubly and trebly glad. The

amount of "inspired rendering" that master-works have come in for lately is quite enough; it will be a comfort in future to be able to hear what the music itself sounds like, even at the expense of a superacute thrill or two. Mr. Paur, to be sure, took some passages in both symphony and overture a shade different, ly from the way we have been accustomed to hear them go; but we cannot recall an instance either of his contravening expression, marks in the score, or of his in any way overstepping the normal limits of that artistic latitude of interpretation of which most musico naturally admits. In no case did an individual reading of a passage seem to flaunt "This is Paur" in your face. We can even say that one of the "new readings"—near the close of the *Andante con moto* of the fifth symphony—was more nearly in accordance with plainly printed directions in the score than any playing of the passage in question we have ever heard.

Having said thus much (or little) about Mr. Paur and his conducting, we have said all we mean to this time. Except that it should go on record that he was warmly greeted by a large audience—quite unusually large for the beginning of a season—and had that applause dearest of all to an artist's heart: the kind that goes on *crescendo e sempre più crescendo* as number after number on the programme is finished.

Of the programme itself not much need be said; a first concert with a strange orchestra is about as awkward an occasion for the conductor, as programme-maker, as it is in other respects. Beethoven's C minor symphony and Wagner's overture to "Tannhäuser" are (be it said with all respect) old concert hacks, astride of which any orchestral player may be expected to keep his seat; they are as good as anything else to begin the season with—works of genius of which only the most jaded musical palate need ever tire. Why the Tchaikowsky serenade was given is not quite so clear; the work is not up to the dignity of a symphony concert, let alone an occasion that might be supposed to have something "inaugural" about it. The first and last movements can pass muster well enough, but the rest is cheap as may be. If the performance of this serenade was of the nature of a ceremonial call on Tchaikowsky as one of the brightest shining lights of contemporary music (to whom such ceremonial respect is in a measure due), we hope it was given last Saturday on the "do-it-now-and-have-it-over" principle.

The next programme is: Volkmann, overture to "Richard III.," aria; Dvorák, rhapsody No. 2; aria; Schubert, symphony in C major, No. 9. Mme. Nordica will be the singer.

Symphony Tickets.

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SYMPHONY TICKETS.

For sale, 3 seats for Saturday concerts, first balcony, numbers 521, 522 and 523; \$18 each. Apply at Room 70, Equitable Building. 47[A] 64

TWO CONCERT SEATS

In second row of first balcony on left side facing stage, one-half way back, bought by mistake, may be secured for \$21.50 each, by addressing A. W. N., Boston Transcript. 47[A] 64

THE NEW CONDUCTOR.

Herald

Oct 15/93

Emil Paur in Charge of the Symphony.

Wielded the Baton at Last
Night's Concert.

Beethoven, Tschaiikowsky
and Wagner Played.

The General Impression
Very Favorable.

What Musical Critics Say
of the Performance.

The reassembling of the Boston Symphony orchestra for the season and the appearance of Mr. Emil Paur, the new conductor of the organization, served as attractions which called musical Boston to Music Hall last evening in such numbers that both seating and standing room was completely occupied.

It is a source of pleasure to say at once that the most sanguine hopes regarding the new incumbent of the position of conductor of the Boston orchestra were fully realized.

Mr. Henry L. Higginson, the founder and patron of this orchestra, has for the fourth time shown his rare good judgment in selecting a proper conductor, and the Boston musical public is again his debtor for his action in this direction.

Mr. Paur is a master of the art of conducting; he holds the most absolute control over his men, swaying them at will, and controlling the several sections as if



HERR EMIL PAUR.

Emil Paur
Conductor

they were each a single instrument. He conveys his ideas in the most unmistakable fashion, his beat is decisive and distinct at all times, his indications of the cues cannot fail to be understood, and, all in all, he combines as many excellent qualifications for his position as any man America has yet had an opportunity to pass judgment upon.

He is evidently a born musician, and has developed his natural faculties in the most thorough fashion, his handling of the orchestra last evening showing a thorough understanding of the possibilities of every instrument and the power to bring these possibilities to his aid in the presentation of his ideas of the several compositions.

The evening's programme was begun with the great fifth symphony of Beethoven, a work well calculated to display the intelligence, taste and ability of a conductor. The reading given the symphony was a masterly one in every way.

Thoroughly conservative in its general characteristics, it yet revealed its manifold beauties with a clearness and grace that at once established the standing of the new conductor as a man whose lead can be safely followed by all seeking to know the "immortal nine" in all their perfection.

No better interpretation of this symphony can be recalled since the elder Dambrosch electrified a select audience in this city many years ago by a performance of the work. It is impossible to consider the individual merits of the reading at this time.

Tschaikowsky's serenade for strings in C major, op. 48, followed the symphony, and in his performance of the several movements Mr. Paur used the string section of the band with faultless grace and finish. The ever changing moods of the composition were splendidly reproduced, and the playing of the men was controlled as absolutely as if the conductor had a single instrument at his own command. The sensuous waltz movement was given with a swing and grace that would have done credit to the "Waltz King," and the virtuosity of the players was admirably displayed in the difficult finale.

Mr. Paur completed his evening's programme with a performance of the "Tannhauser" overture that fairly electrified his audience, and sent them away from the hall full of enthusiasm over his skill as a conductor. The colossal beauties of this old overture were brought out in the boldest fashion, and the massive use of tone color indulged in by Wagner in this composition was splendidly realized in its interpretation.

The evening had many events of interest aside from the programme and its performance. Mrs. Paur was present to witness the triumphs of her husband, occupying a modest position in the left section near the stage. Mr. Henry L. Higginson occupied his usual seat, and had much difficulty in escaping the congratulations thrust upon him from all sides after the concert.

The conductor's desk was elegantly decked in honor of the occasion, and, above all, it can be said that the interest shown by the men of the orchestra in carrying out, in the minutest fashion, the clearly expressed directions of Mr. Paur, were at all times manifest.

Mr. Paur is a welcome addition to musical Boston.

WHAT THE TRIBUNE SAYS.

Lacks Faults of Previous Conductors,
but Has Some of His Own.

[Special Dispatch to the Sunday Herald.]

NEW YORK, Oct. 14, 1893. Regarding the Symphony rehearsal in Boston yesterday afternoon, and the concert this evening, and the new conductor, the Tribune critic says: The consuming curiosity which the musical people of Boston have felt for six months past concerning the personality, methods and artistic ideals of the new conductor of the Symphony orchestra was measurably gratified by the first public rehearsal and concert of the season, which took place on Friday afternoon and last night.

It is not likely that any other city in the world could have developed quite so profound a feeling on just such a subject. The conductor cult is a phase of social activity which flourishes only in Boston. It is true, indications of something like it have appeared here and in several other cities occasionally, but a complete parallel to Boston is yet to be found. In a sense the cult is the outgrowth of a latter-day development in music.

Largely through the influence of Wagner, conductors have become virtuosi. They are now hired for their skill and training as specialists; they command salaries which are beginning to approach those of eminent singers and instrumentalists; naturally, also, they have their following and their critics. Fifty or 75 years ago such things were not dreamed of. When the conductor sat at his harpsichord and took part in the accompaniment, or when he beat time with a roll of paper, turning his back on the musicians, as compelled by deference due to august listeners, he was a comparatively small factor in the sum of music making. The chapel masters of kings and nobles were not conductors so much as they were composers, bound to provide new music for the court band and maintain discipline in that body, which meant to keep its members conscious of their duties as menials in the house hold. Conducting, moreover, was then little else than time beating. A change followed the dawn of the romantic period, when characteristic beauty and poetical expression came into their rights as

Elements in Music.

This change lifted interpretation, so called, into prominence, which, working retroactively, has ever since sought to find the essence of new wines in old bottles. The tendency was to some extent based on truth, but the liberty which it gave the conductor has frequently been strained into license, and it was largely through the medium of just such straining that the conductor grew into the hitherto unheard of importance, such great importance indeed, that his dictum concerning the meaning of a composer often has seemed sufficient to work an estoppel of appeal to the composer himself.

Boston contains a large number of music lovers, and it was not at all strange that the conductor question should there take on large dimensions. Perhaps it never would have developed to an abnormal size if the Symphony orchestra concerts, especially the Friday afternoon rehearsals, had not become pre-eminently social functions. Good form has for years compelled attendance on them, whether one is fond of music or not. Of course, persons who patronized artistic enterprises for wholly extraneous reasons are bound to champion the cause of the powers that be in the enterprises. Here we have the beginning of a faction which naturally finds an ally in the conservative or the radical persons who love music and whose tastes chance to be humored by the conductor.

The existence of a conductor's party, by the same token, presupposes the existence of an opposition. For four years the musical government of Boston has been radical and the conservatives have been in opposition. The first rehearsal and concert under the new regime have reduced things to a state of flux, which, we imagine, will endure for several weeks. When the state of fixity comes again, we imagine, further, it will be found that the parties have been reconstructed. It will not be surprising if the young Symphony rehearsal women shall withdraw in force from the govern-

ment and join the opposition, and that a great many now in opposition from other reasons than a simple desire to be "agin the government" shall espouse the cause of the new conductor.

The reasons for this belief will appear in the course of such a discussion of the new conductor as was made possible by his first appearance. He is Emil Paur, until a few weeks ago conductor at the Stadt Theatre in Leipzig. This theatre, by the way, is the stepping stone by which German conductors mount to American altitudes in their profession. When Anton Seidl was conductor there, Arthur Nikisch was his assistant. Seidl came to America and Nikisch moved up. When Nikisch received his call to Boston, Paur came his successor at Leipzig. Now Nikisch has gone to Buda-Pesth, and Paur succeeds him in Boston.

The newcomer is a conductor of considerable experience. He has wielded the baton at Cassel, Koenigsberg and Mannheim, as well as Leipzig. He is studious, energetic, conscientious and devoted to his work, fond of the music of the forward young composers of today, a Wagnerite from conviction, and professedly a believer that the music of classic writers ought to be read in the spirit of their time. So far as his published creed is concerned, it is unobjectionable, but probably his critics in Boston will sooner believe his acts than his words. He is a man of large frame and large head; his face is covered with a typical Teutonic beard, and in appearance as well as bearing he realizes the German conviction that strength goes before beauty. He is not a graceful man, and he will prove a grievous disappointment to the gushing Symphony persons who doted on Mr. Nikisch by reason of his interesting pallor, his dainty hands and his attitudes. Mr. Paur is built of homelier stuff. His beat is heavy, jerky and angular, and the sight of it does not help one to the enjoyment of the music. Its purpose, however, is unmistakable; it is

Meant for the Musicians.

not the public. He beats time, and he beats dynamics, but he does not try "with waving arms" to suggest the emotional contents of the music to the public.

All of these things will be disappointing to many of the patrons of the public rehearsals, but if they serve to divert attention from the man to the music there will be compensation in that fact. Whatever else he may encourage, Mr. Paur will not encourage affectation. He looks and acts like a man incapable of it himself, and intolerant of it in others. Affectation is the bane of musical culture.

So much for the physical manifestations. The intellectual are more significant. Mr. Paur's program contained only three numbers, but they sufficed to make plain what will probably on longer and better acquaintance prove to be the characteristics of his works. They were Beethoven's symphony in C minor, the Tchaikowsky's serenade for strings in C major, op. 48, and Wagner's overture to "Tannhauser"—three works, each of which bears the stamp of its composer's individuality.

In an interview printed in the BOSTON HERALD last Sunday Mr. Paur disclaimed sympathy with a tendency attributed to Wagner to invest some of Beethoven's symphonies with scenic and dramatic elements which lie outside of purely musical expression. We do not know to which composition he referred, but we do know that a great many sins of interpretation have been laid at Wagner's door for which he was not responsible. It does not follow if a champion of Wagner distorts and abuses a symphony as Mr.

Nikisch and Mr. Thomas distorted and abused Beethoven's seventh at some of their concerts a few seasons ago, and Dr. von Bulow the minuet of the eighth, they do it.

Because Wagner Wished It

to be done. Mr. Nikisch's grievous work with the first movement was simple erraticism, and possibly a seeking after catch-penny effects; Mr. Thomas' innovations were the outcome of pedantic studies in scientific phrasing. They held him captive for awhile and then he frankly abandoned them. Dr. von Bulow's notions were exaggerations of some of Wagner's suggestions, uttered in protest against an abuse in the opposite direction. In each case appeal to Beethoven's printed page and the canons of beauty which had universal validity in Beethoven's day brought out a judgment of condemnation.

Of similar wrong-doing Mr. Paur must be acquitted. He did not strive to impress any novel conception on the C minor symphony. He did mar its beauty, but it was not through any wish to inject into it things that never entered Beethoven's mind. He hurt it by exaggerated emphasis and a detached style of performance, which we have observed as an outgrowth of the Bayreuth influence. It is a good rule to ask the players upon the wind instruments to phrase as if they were vocal performers, but this does not mean that the charm of continuity of idea should be sacrificed in order that every phrase, and occasionally a motive, may stand out from the fabrics in all the sharpness of its outline.

Mr. Paur believes that Beethoven sometimes built his works on a poetical idea. Such a one, a venerable tradition tells us, underlies the C minor symphony. It is not necessary, however, to enforce this upon the attention of the hearers to make such a proclamation of

The Fundamental Theme

of the symphony that only loudness and angularity are to be noted as its characteristics. Even here homogeneity and beauty of tone count for something. This striving after sonority is one of the pitfalls of the fiery, untamed conductor of the present. It leads them to try to build up climaxes by dynamics, instead of musical means.

The Boston Symphony orchestra is a superb band, peculiarly admirable in its string choir. These strings have never had the fullness and richness of tone, the all-compelling and all-satisfying muscularity since Mr. Gericke went away that they had when he was their conductor. Yet Mr. Gericke never forced them any more than he forced the brass choir. There was a great volume of tone at times in the Tchaikowsky serenade last Friday, but it seemed to have been acquired at such a cost of labor that the lightness and grace which are the chief adornments of the work were woefully wanting. It was always strong, capably worked out at times, in respect of the rubato and the treatment of the voices, but not for a moment elegant.

The "Tannhauser" overture threw all of the features of Mr. Paur of which we have been obliged to speak in dispraise, into the boldest relief; but in this music they worked less harm. It was an extremely lively reading, very much like that to which Mr. Seidl has accustomed his audiences, but it showed a masterful hand in the development of climaxes and a superb ability to hold his forces in serried ranks on the top of a dramatic hill so long as it was necessary they should be there.

It ought to be said as bearing upon some

of this criticism that the orchestra was not in such condition as it will soon be after it has got down to regular practice. It was decidedly rusty, in fact, and that this circumstance unquestionably accentuated most of the things which must be pronounced unlovely in last Friday's public rehearsal.

Mr. Paur was most graciously and warmly welcomed by the audience, and while there was no lack of fault finding, neither was there want of encouraging and approving applause.

HENRY E. KREHBIEL.

WEIGHT, DIGNITY, CORRECTNESS.

Qualities Which the New York Times Attributes to Mr. Paur.

[Special Dispatch to the Sunday Herald.]

NEW YORK, Oct. 14, 1893. The Times says of the Boston Symphony's new conductor:

"For the sake of art it is a great pity that the personal element should enter so strongly into the public consideration of artistic matters. Rossini wrote music simply that Patti might sing it; Chopin wrote scherzos only that Paderewski might interpret them; Beethoven composed symphonies that conductors might have 'readings.' Yet, there are cases in which the personality of a single man means much, and one of these is in the direction of an important orchestra.

Four years ago Wilhelm Gericke laid down the baton of the Boston Symphony orchestra and Arthur Nikisch took it up. Already the fame of the organization had grown so wide that it was regarded as a national rather than a local body. Persons from various cities, including, as a matter of course, the metropolis flocking to Boston to attend the result of the new man and to try to foretell the future of the splendid orchestra over which he was to preside. Today Bostonians are called upon to sit at the feet of a new conductor. Nikisch is no longer a name to conjure with. His pale, thoughtful face; his silken, pendent hair; his eloquent, conspicuous hands, and his passionate, erratic readings have all taken wings to themselves. The causes of their flight need not now concern any one. They were not nice.

Of the unavailing efforts of Col. Henry L. Higginson—who is not and never was T. Wentworth Higginson, though many newspapers of high degree have tried to make him so—to secure Dr. Hans Richter of Vienna; of the doctor's willingness to come, and of the inviolability of his contract, the tale has been told.

Emil Paur is the name of the new man who was finally engaged, and whom at yesterday's public rehearsal and tonight's concert all Boston went out to see. The verb "to see" is used advisedly, for even Boston, with all its intellect, is human.

Paur Is an Austrian.

born at Czernow, in the province of Bukowina. He was a fellow-student of Nikisch and Felix Mottl at Vienna. He has been conductor at Cassel, gloried by the memory of Spohr, and at Koenigsburg, at Mannheim and at Leipzig. In all of these places he directed the opera. He also appeared as a violinist and a piano virtuoso. Thus much Boston learned about him through the patient industry of the newspaper scribes, for, painful though it be to admit it no one in Boston had ever heard of him before.

But such information did not go far toward satisfying the heart-hunger of that marvelous production of nature, not unassisted by art, the Boston Symphony matinee girl. Was the new conductor handsome? Was he blessed with a serene countenance, suggestive of an oatmeal diet and early death? Was he not at least poetic and æsthetic? Did he have soulful banes? And did his clothes fit him? What were 20,000 "readings" if he were to turn out to be short, rotund and prone to limpness of the collar?

It is not likely that the matinee girl will soon recover from the dreadful shock which struck her emotional centre when Emil Paur stepped upon the stage of the Boston Music Hall for the first time. If ever there was a plain, prosaic, "Hofcapelmeister" looking conductor, it is Paur. He is not especially short, nor does he run far toward globularity, but his architecture is severely doric. His hair is a dingy brown—long, of course—and his face is conspicuous by reason of the prominence of the cheekbones and the length of his lower jaw.

Paur Is Not Pretty

to look at. As for his manner of conducting, it is certainly rigorous. His down beat is full of conscious rectitude, and the relations of the other beats to it are sanctified by the fundamental truth of trigonometry. It is certain that the remark of Little Buttercup about Dick Deadeye may be fairly applied to the new conductor. "He is a little triangular."

Alas for the palpitating matinee girl! No more graceful curves that seemed to wave the music out of the air, as though they were the summonses of a magician's wand; nothing now but a cold, intellectual, accurately measured beat, for which, perhaps, the members of the orchestra rein secret profoundly grateful; for a good, intelligible beat with the weight of head, hands, arms, back and directorial solemnity behind it, has this one a admirable quality: It will keep an orchestra acquainted with the conductor's wishes as to tempo.

Now, as to that mighty significant, yet mysterious, matter called "reading." Mr. Paur called upon Boston yesterday afternoon and tonight to judge of his quality through the performance of Beethoven's fifth symphony, Tchaikowsky's serenade for strings in C major, op. 48, and Wagner's "Tannhauser" overture. No soloist was permitted to obtrude upon the scheme. The conductor himself furnished enough of the personal element.

It may be prophesied, with a reasonable amount of assurance, that Mr. Paur's readings will never assume what is called a revolutionary tendency. His conception of the Beethoven symphony was one of which even Carl Zerrahn need not have been ashamed. It was one which could not have aroused very greatly the combativeness of Theodore Thomas, an attentive listener. It was thoroughly respectable and eminently respectable. It permitted Tradition to sit with accustomed squareness on her oaken throne, and it diffused

A Mild and Gentle Glow

of general comfort.

But there is such a thing as carrying a reading too far, even though it be one whose correctness is indisputable. It is said to be necessary for the sculptor to study anatomy. It is not deemed essential, however, that he should practice the science of dissecting. Neither is it essential that a conductor should so far impose his process of intellectual analysis upon a performance that the articulation of a symphony should

be exposed. Yet this was what Paur did. That inexorable down beat made late knock at the door with the arsis of every measure, while every phrase came out with neatly-trimmed corners.

In the simple, elementary rhythm of the final march this square-cut manner was decidedly in place; in the sensuous and nte it was quite as decidedly out. Yet here the splendid quality of the Boston strings came to the conductor's rescue and gained for him a result which was not his own.

On the whole, the performance of the fifth symphony was acceptable. To those who are rightly weary of attempts to dramatize Beethoven it must have been a general relief. But it was unleniably a cold, calculated correctness that pervaded it, and some hearers must have been reminded of a Von Bulow piano recital, or a cavan by Judasohn.

However, those who were wondering whether there was any real temperament concealed under the somewhat modest exterior turned with expectancy to the second number, the serenade. Again weight, force, deliberation, ponderosity. The lovely languorous, delicately-treated valse came with heavy steps and affected ritardandi. Where were all the infinitesimal nuances, the dainty lacework of lights and shades, like sunlight shot through forest boughs, that Gericke would have scattered through.

This Sinuous Scherzando

Was there no lightness in the man? Oh, for a single moment of Gallic volatility, poised on tiptoe, and with an airy kiss blown from fingertips! There is a time to laugh, and a time to sing. It is not always time to count three in a bar. Enough of this serenade. Now for the "Tannhaeuser" overture.

Again weight and force, but now also dignity, for the music of the opening measures bears calm, sustained treatment. The end of the "Pilgrim's Chorus" is reached. The strings slip away into the weird mysteries of the bacchanale. Now, now for more passion! Grudfully the agitation of the orchestra grows. There is a grim resolution about the down beat. There is a deep earnestness in the conductor's face at last. There is a glow under this homely exterior. It is not a flash; not a burst of fire; but it is warmth and the climax of the overture is reached in a finely developed, powerfully accentuated crescendo.

And so we came to the end of this first view of the new man from Leipsic. Final judgment as to his ability cannot now be pronounced. But unless nervousness and anxiety wholly changed the habit of the man, it is safe to say that weight, dignity and correctness, rather than grace, poetry and passion, will prove to be the salient qualities of Emil Paur's conducting.

These are by no means qualities to be despised. The classic writers left us a very precious legacy, which is safe from violent treatment in the hands of just such men as Paur. Perhaps the modern romanticists may not seem to be quite so romantic under his beat, but that remains to be proved. From his first concert one would naturally expect to find that his most admirable achievements would prove to be the explication of a Bacchic fugue.

The attitude of the audiences toward the new conductor was not inspiring. The applause was of a conservative nature. Perhaps in the future, when Boston is better acquainted with Mr. Paur he may arouse enthusiasm.

W. G. HENDERSON.

LOCAL COMMENTS.

Opinions of Boston Musicians Upon Mr. Paur's Abilities.

In response to requests made, a number of musicians and composers have presented briefly their impressions of Mr. Paur's abilities, as formed by a hearing of his opening concert last evening. Some curious declinations were received, and it is to be hoped that some of the writers will recall their own words when, in the future, they may read critical opinions formed under the circumstances they were called upon to adapt themselves to in this instance. It may be well, for the benefit of readers unfamiliar with Boston's musicians, to indicate the standing of those who have contributed their opinion upon this subject.

Mr. B. J. Lang is the conductor of the Cecilia and Apollo clubs and director and organist at King's Chapel. Mr. George L. Osgood was for years director of the Boylston Club and subsequently of the Boston Singers. Mr. George E. Whiting is director of music and organist at the Church of the Immaculate Conception. Mr. Carl Faetten is at the head of the New England Conservatory, and a pianist and composer. Mr. Thomas Ryan of the Mendelssohn Quintet club needs no introduction; he is known from Maine to California, and has known every conductor in this country for a generation. Mr. L. S. Thompson represents the younger school of American musicians, and, although known at present most prominently as the composer of "Prince Pro Tem," is generally admitted to be a representative of the best education of today. Mrs. H. H. A. Beach is accepted as the leading woman composer of America at the present time, her compositions and writing having won her a recognition in the world of music which entitles her opinions to the prominence given them.

Mr. B. J. Lang.

To the Editor of the Herald: In response to your courteous request for my impressions of Mr. Paur as conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra, I must declare that the judgment that can be formed after a single concert must be at best rather unreliable. The opinion of any one of the many distinguished musicians in the orchestra who have played under Mr. Paur's conducting for a week or more, must be far more valuable than that of a listener of a single performance. The devoted attention and evidently eager desire of the entire orchestra to respond to Mr. Paur in every indication of his wishes, speaks volumes for the regard and respect that he has already obtained from them. What wonderful changes—thanks to Mr. Higginson—have come over our musical conditions in Boston in these last 20 years!

I have previous to the last dozen years seen the services of two of the three most famous conductors of the world offered to us for the asking, and lost to us for the simple lack of that asking, while now we are eagerly welcoming our fourth new conductor.

Now that our Symphony orchestra is in its teens, let us hope that the illnesses of early youth have all been endured, and that from now on it will thrive in blessed health and vigor. With the warmest welcome to Mr. Paur and the highest anticipations of his success with us, I am yours,

B. J. LANG.

George L. Osgood.

To the Editor of the Herald: There was

a sturdy, wholesome manliness about the whole performance. The figures were always wonderfully clear. The rhythms were magnificent. The conducting was earpest and painstaking. The impression upon the orchestra was positive to the last degree.

In place of poetic license, there was a determined control on given lines.

After a few concerts Mr. Paur will probably get into the full swing of all his forces, and will give us opportunity to see him at his best, hardly possible in a first concert with an orchestra almost new to him.

The conductor himself is a manly fellow.

GEORGE L. OSGOOD.

George E. Whiting.

To the Editor of the Herald: It would be out of the question for me to judge intelligently of Mr. Paur after the performance of tonight. Still, one can give a tolerably shrewd guess that the new conductor belongs decidedly to the old school of capelmeisters—good musicians and capable conductors, but perhaps not brilliant men, especially as regards their attitude toward the new school of composers. It would be exceedingly difficult to find a man to follow Mr. Nikish possessing this brilliant qualities and at the same time the wonderful power of drill which Mr. Gericke had to a superlative degree. Looked at in this light the new conductor's conservatism will be welcome to the musical public I have no doubt.

GEORGE E. WHITING.

Carl Faetten.

To the Editor of the Herald: I attended the rehearsal yesterday, and in my opinion Bostonians are to be congratulated to see again at the head of our Symphony orchestra another excellent conductor. The first impressions of Mr. Emil Paur's work are very favorable in every respect, and I am looking forward with great pleasure and interest toward the continuation of the series. Yours very truly,

CARL FAETTEN.

Thomas Ryan.

To the Editor of the Herald: I was greatly pleased and satisfied with Mr. Paur as a director. Evidently he had full control over the orchestra. The performance of the symphony made that manifest. Each movement was played with great deliberation and repose of manner—fine balance of parts—and with most careful attention to the pianissimo passages. The finale march was an ideal heroic performance.

The Tchaikowsky suite was delightful. The brilliant last movement was well played and showed up the fine string force. To some people the "Tannhaeuser" overture would be the piece to prove ability. Well, his ability was proved. The difference in manner from that displayed in the Beethoven symphony was quite apparent. The nervous, driving, passionate performance was all there. The purely personal part of the conductor is all right. Simple, unaffected, comes on to the stage quietly and attends to the business, and evidently has a human interest in the people who are about him and are to aid him in his future work.

Mr. Higginson and all music lovers can congratulate themselves and feel sure that they have a genuine musician in their new director.

THOMAS RYAN.

L. S. Thompson.

To the Editor of the Herald: There is so much that seems to me entirely new, both in Mr. Paur's style of conducting and in his conception of the music, that I find it almost impossible to form any permanent opinion of him from a single hearing.

The rendering of the Beethoven symphony, especially, seemed to me a revelation, and gave me intense pleasure. On the whole, Mr. Paur appears to me a conductor of remarkable ability in his control of the orchestra and his general grasp of the music.

He seems like a man of intense musical temperament, and one whom we shall like better and better the more we hear him.

L. S. THOMPSON.

Mrs. H. H. A. Beach.

To the Editor of the Herald: A well chosen programme presented a comparative novelty in the serenade and such an exemplification of the classical and romantic schools in the symphony and the overture as would supply a fair and adequate test of the capacity and courage of our new conductor.

Mr. Paur's reading of the 5th Symphony was characterized by dignity, clearness and brilliancy, with the addition in the andante of a reverential tenderness worthy of the highest praise. Exception might be taken to the tempo of this movement, which was played at an extremely slow pace, but the rendering was so consistent and broad throughout that only occasionally was any sense of dragging noticeable. The first movement was presented with fine attention to the slightest marks of the composer; the fermata, especially were treated with rare judgment.

Mr. Paur's firm and decisive beat carried the cellos and basses through the trio of the Scherzo with as near an approach to clearness as the music will permit, and the finale was a genuine triumph of brilliancy.

Many phases of great beauty in regard to shading and refinement of expression might be instanced, such as the leading up to the last movement from the scherzo, where there was a wonderfully steady pianissimo with no crescendo until the exact moment indicated by Beethoven, eight measures before the allegro. The entire interpretation was free from capricious variations in tempo or phrasing, and the playing remarkable for its precision and sincerity.

Tchaikowsky's serenade displayed the sonority of the strings to good advantage, while the "Tannhaeuser" overture received a performance worthy of a high place among the successes of the orchestra.

It is already evident that Mr. Paur is a disciplinarian and executant of a high order. If his manner, to which as yet we are hardly accustomed, appears somewhat rigid, let us hope that the mathematical accuracy, of which it seemed to be a part, accounted for the unusually satisfactory performance of his orchestra after a long vacation and comparatively few rehearsals, promising much for the future of music in Boston.

....Mrs. Emil Paur continues to be interviewed for her husband, who does not speak English. She is indeed a helpmeet.

A HEAD ON ITS SHOULDERS.

Symphony Orchestra Has a Leader.

Director Paur Gives Promise of a Great Success.

Gilbert & Sullivan's Latest Opera, "Utopia."

The head of that superb body, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, has been again placed upon its shoulders and a hand has grasped the helm of its efforts, a strong, skilful hand that will now guide it firmly and surely after its four seasons of drifting in a disabled state before the violence of vagarious tempests. The pilot that has come to the rescue is Mr. Emil Paur—let us rejoice.

The Music Hall on Saturday evening was overflowed with an audience gathered to welcome the new conductor and to satisfy a curiosity and relieve an anxiety regarding his ability that has existed since it was made known who was to take charge of this fine body of musicians that under Mr. Gericke had reached the highest point of perfection in orchestral playing, and under Mr. Nikisch had fallen to a state of indifference, coarseness and sometimes vulgarity of performance that was a disgrace to the band and an undeniable mark of the incompetency of the conductor that incumbered the position so honored by his predecessor.

That Mr. Paur should have accomplished so much under the circumstances, on Saturday evening, as was shown in the results, gave the intelligent and critical listeners the best of reasons to believe that he is master of the situation, and will prove a success as regards his ability to fill the position to which he is elected when he has had the orchestra longer in hand.

Mr. Paur chose for his first programme, the beginning of the 13th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the following works:

Symphony No. 5 in C minor.....Beethoven
Serenade for strings in C major
op 48.....Tchaikowsky
Overture to "Tannhauser".....Wagner
In the interpretation of the symphony Mr. Paur kept to the true spirit of the composer, as indicated in the score.

There was nothing of exaggeration, no attempt to improve Beethoven. In the rendering, and the tempo of the different movements was the traditional one, it perhaps the andante con moto be excepted, which was taken at a rather slow pace. Nevertheless as a whole this movement was a noble conception upon the tempo assumed, and was a revelation of the purity of Mr. Paur's taste, the depth of his feeling and the extreme sensitiveness of his musical nature. So, also, of the first movement, to which he imparted a nobility in the rendering. The Scherzo was taken at a most discreet tempo, and was finely contrasted between the delicacy of the softer passages and the vigor and strength of those founded upon the second theme beginning in the basses. The last movement was surpassing fine in its majesty, perhaps never has it been more satisfactorily given by the orchestra.

The Tchaikowsky "Serenade for Strings" is in some respects an interesting work. It has been played but once before in these concerts, by Mr. Gericke, at the beginning of the season of 1888. It may not be particularly original, and the movements vary materially in musical value, but it displays contrapuntal ingenuity, and with its characteristic melodies and strongly marked rhythms its rather tedious length was less marked than it would have been otherwise. The theme with variations is taken from another Suite of Tchaikowsky's, No. 3 in G. Under the skilful direction of Mr. Paur the orchestra achieved a brilliant success in the playing of this number of the programme.

The familiar overture to "Tannhauser," that closed the concert, was given in a most brilliant and effective manner, and the large audience that had most cordially welcomed Mr. Paur when he first appeared at the beginning of the evening, broke into the most enraptured applause, recalling him again and again with cheers and bravos.

On the whole, it must be admitted that Mr. Paur has made a most satisfactory beginning. He is modest and earnest in his bearing; there is nothing of the *poseur* in his composition; he does not find it necessary to climb up on two or three boxes to exhibit himself; his whole soul is in his work, and he appears to be totally unconscious of the presence of an audience; he has a firm beat and every movement is of significant importance to the players; he has a fine musical temperament, apparently; to all appearances is sensitive and refined to a high degree in his musical nature; he has a just sense of the necessity of contrast, and imparts repose in the renderings. He gives the orchestra more sway than Mr. Gericke, and does not restrict the brass as the latter did. Under Mr. Paur the wood-wind has been restored to a sense of discretion in its use. Mr. Paur produced a fine pianissimo and did not force his fortissimos. That wonderful gradation of tone that made Mr. Gericke's work pre-eminent, was not observable, however, in the playing Saturday night. I mean that acute distinction between *pp* and *p*, *p* and *mf*, *mf* and *f*, and *f* and *ff*. It may seem hypercritical to expect such distinctions, but

The delight that the critical ear has experienced in the realization of these tints and half tints, and minute colorings of Mr. Gericke's renderings leaves the sensitive and keenly appreciative listener always yearning for their reproduction, a sensation so gratifying that its elimination from the memory is impossible; neither has it been blunted in the remembrance by the rough charcoal sketches and undefined masses of color that have been shown upon the canvas during the past four seasons.

But there is time yet for Mr. Paur to accomplish more in the dynamical and technical direction when he shall have had the orchestra longer under his control. All the roughness of the last regime had not disappeared in the playing Saturday night.

There is this yet to be ascertained: Will Mr. Paur exert his authority, and through rigid, inflexible discipline, oblige the players to do their best when, as the season advances, they get tired and careless and heedless of his desires? It seems to me that Mr. Paur is the man who will maintain a high degree of technical perfection and dynamic contrast throughout, but that he will reach that automatic perfection once possessed by the Boston Symphony Orchestra remains to be proved.

Also the all-important feature of catholic taste in selecting music for the programmes and a happy ability in arranging the same is yet to be decided. Also will he begin promptly at 8 o'clock, and make his programmes conform to the limit of one hour and a half. Well, we shall see. In the meantime let us rejoice that we have so good a conductor and so refined a musician, and also so superb an orchestra as has been provided by the noble generosity of Mr. Henry L. Higginson, by whose munificent impulse art and his townsmen are so liberally benefited.

Next Saturday evening the programme will embrace overture, "Richard III.," Volkmann; Rhapsodie No. 2, Dvorak, and Schubert's great symphony in C major. Mrs. Lillian Nordica will be the soloist.

WARREN DAVENPORT.

FIRST SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The Season Opens Brilliantly and Musical Bostonians Seem Delighted with Mr Nikisch's Successor.

The 13th season of the Symphony orchestral concerts has opened brilliantly. Music hall was crowded with fashion and wealth at the Friday afternoon rehearsal and at last evening's concert. Seemingly few of the patrons of former years were absent.

Everybody was glad that the concerts had begun again, and nobody hesitated to express his or her gratification.

Rarely has a symphony gathering been so demonstrative in welcoming the orchestra. As one after the other of the favorite members of the band came upon the stage they were greeted with hearty plaudits, and when it was evident that few if any of the prominent members of last year's organization were missing there was more

and still warmer applause.

The reception accorded the new director, Mr. Emil Paur, was enthusiastically cordial. They wanted him to at once feel that he was among friends and among those who are capable of appreciating to the fullest extent his rare musical attainments.

If Mr Paur does not feel thoroughly at home in Boston today it is not because of any lack of good will on the part of those who listened to his first concert in this city.

Before the Friday rehearsal was over it was evident that the new director would be a great favorite in Boston, and at last night's concert there was still further assurance of his coming popularity. The generally expressed opinion was that Mr Higginson had secured a worthy successor for the two master musicians who have directed this foremost of all orchestral organizations.

In appearance Mr Paur differs essentially from either of his predecessors, and he is as unlike them in his method of conducting. He is of large, solid physique, and his manner of directing is most substantial, if not absolutely heavy.

There is little that is light or graceful in his style. He directs with determination and exactness rather than with enthusiasm.

He does not seem to be possessed of great personal magnetism. He is a leader who will inspire confidence rather than enthusiasm. He makes one feel that he knows absolutely what he is doing, and compels confidence in the correctness of all that he does.

None of his predecessors gave at first hearing such forcible evidence of thorough control over every individual member of the orchestra. Mr Paur's command over all was absolute.

There will surely be no lack of discipline in the Boston symphony orchestra so long as Mr Paur is at its head, and there is every reason for believing that the splendid organization will, under his careful direction, not only maintain its position at the head of all orchestras, but will advance still further towards the goal of perfection.

The program provided for his first offering was characteristic of the man.

It was conservative and substantial. Mr Paur is, from all indications, inclined to classical music, and it is unlikely that anything of a trivial nature will ever be allowed to appear upon his programs.

On the contrary his offerings will likely be of an educational character.

Beethoven's grand fifth symphony, Tchaikowsky's serenade for strings in C and the "Tannhauser" overture constituted yesterday's numbers.

Naturally the greatest interest was felt in his reading of the symphony, for no one who knows anything about music is ignorant of the position occupied in musical compositions by this grand work.

His interpretation of the work was worthy of the cordial praise bestowed upon it. His was a faithful reading, rather more exact than that offered by Mr. Nikisch. He does not seem inclined to innovations of his own, but is content to perform a composition as its writer intended it should be. It is difficult to single out especial excellence, so generally praise-worthy was the interpretation. Particularly delightful, however, was the effect attained in that marvelous transition from the scherzo to the final; it has never been better performed here.

Mr Paur is to be commended for placing the symphony first on his program, and it is to be hoped that he will adhere to this rule.

The Tchaikowsky serenade was given a graceful artistic interpretation, but more

lightness and lightness might have been welcome in the waltz movement. The Wagner overture was very delightful, the softer sentimental passages being given with especially delightful effect.

It is too soon to express a decided opinion as to Mr. Paur's rank among his predecessors, but he has certainly made a splendid beginning for Boston favor.

The program of the next concert is as follows: Volkmann's overture, "Richard III.," Dvorak's rhapsodie No. 2; Schubert's symphony in C major; soloist, Mme Nordica.

THE SYMPHONIES. Journal

The thirteenth season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra began last evening, with the interesting, if not exciting, circumstance of the appearance of a new conductor. The organization that is the result of Mr. Higginson's generous impulse and patient fostering is now surely on a firm foundation. It is a public institution that adds abroad a glory to our town; and there is no doubt that the orchestra is appreciated here, although there may be open discussion of the merits and faults of conductors who come and go, fret for an idle day, or are for lasting benefit as musicians and disciplinarians. So let us all welcome the season now begun, and if there be any shaking of the head at the number 13, *absit omen!*

These weekly concerts are indeed "a sweet boon" to us, as, according to Artemus, the Tower is to London. To many, Saturday evening in winter would not exist without this musical enjoyment, and when there is occasionally a breathing spell, in the absence of the orchestra, the regular goers find time heavy. The theatres are usually crowded Saturday night, and enforced staying at home saddens many victims of the Symphony habit.

Then the appearance of the conductor and the men, the latest gossip concerning some alleged behavior or belief of one of the musicians, the atmospheric condition of the hall, the state of the Saturday evening weather—all these furnish food for conversation at table and in street car for at least two days after the concert. And occasionally there is talk about the music that was played.

This going to Music Hall of a Saturday evening is to many an amusement, a regularly recurring amusement that in certain respects is not unlike dram-drinking. It is a pleasure not without acute excitement, followed, particularly after a long-winded symphony, by a condition of dull lethargy. And yet these good people might be offended seriously, if they were classed as amusement-seekers; they look upon the Symphony concerts as educational, as making for culture. But they might be sorely put to it, if they were required to explain just how and when and where they gained in civilization.

The sense of gratifying a longing for

amusement does not preclude criticism, particularly destructive criticism; nor would it be well perhaps to inquire concerning the foundation for any reasonable criticism to rest upon. Boston is very critical, and it seems occasionally that the only real pleasure of the inhabitants is in the investigation or explanation of this question: Why do we not find pleasure in this or that? It is only at the "Pop" concerts that music is accepted gratefully and sympathetically by the crowd, and there is no doubt that in this case pleasant eating and drinking and smoking pave the way to musical enjoyment.

MR. EMIL PAUR, the new conductor of the Symphony Orchestra, is said to be a trustworthy and excellent musician, but hardly a genius. There is comfort in that thought. Of all the varieties of the human "genius" that which assumes an artistic habit is the most exasperating and, specifically, the musical genius is the most unendurable. The competition between the man of talent and the man of genius is a parallel of the race between the tortoise and the hare, and we all know how that contest ended. Your genius is not without his value. He wakes up people, whether they follow him or not; he has the boldness of his convictions and though he may shock us by his defiance of conventionalities he often serves to show that certain forms have lost their significance, while he illustrates the axiom that there is room in the world for everybody who is decent. The exasperation which the genius often engenders is due to his want of catholicity. He shouts for freedom of thought and action, but makes faces at those who think and act otherwise than he lays down for the correct thing. He demands consideration for the new thought, the new form, and has nothing but contempt for all that has gone before. This is not the sort of man to aid in the development of art in this country. Our large assortment of parentage has made us the most cosmopolitan people in the world and we will no more be satisfied with one phase of an art, whether the limner's, the sculptor's or the musician's, than we will consent to an unchanged bill of fare for a month's breakfasts, though the ingredients be never so nicely cooked and dextrously served. We can be easily persuaded to listen to anything, but prohibition of what we want or dictation of what we ought to want will alike breed rebellion. The man of talent holds his ground, for he knows how to be elastic and tactful; the man of genius mars all by his stiffness and impolitic methods.

EVENTS OF A DAY.

Comer

BOSTON GREETES HERR EMIL PAUR AT THE FIRST SYMPHONY CONCERT.

B. A. A. BICYCLE RACE—CANDIDATE GREEN
HALGE SPEAKS—HARVARD WIPES OUT
WILLIAMS AT FOOTBALL—DINNERS.

The Symphony Orchestra have never played a programme better than they played last night the first of the present season. Indeed, in some respects, they have perhaps never played so well. The rehearsals under Mr. Paur have effected a cordial understanding between him and his men and have established a standard for the maintenance of which they will be held to a strict accountability. Aware, as they could not help being, of the severe but by no means unjust criticism which had been made upon the work of the orchestra in its gradual deterioration under Mr. Nikisch, every man has set himself from the first rehearsal to play for all his worth, in order to assist in proving their right to the praise—always cheerfully accorded them when they did their best—of constituting one of the finest bands in the world. On his part, Mr. Paur, gratified to find an instrument of such strength, ductility and capability for perfect detail under his hand, has been able to use it frankly, without tentatives, reserves, doubts or struggles. The result was splendid, and if the conductor merited the long and loud acclamations with which he was frequently hailed and encouraged, his men also merited the genial, contented look which he cast over them at the end of each movement.

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In general appearance Mr. Paur does not correspond to such expectations as his pictures must have created; because he is not a dark man, but of a reddish-blond type. He suggested to very many people, both in his manner and his temperament, Mr. Baermann, and it is to be hoped that the season will not pass without his conducting some concert for that eminent pianist, who has been too long absent from the Symphony performances. He is not a graceful conductor, inclining a little toward angularity of beat; but his evident manliness, his strength of purpose, his intelligence, decision, vitality and fineness, so far as they can be estimated so hastily, will atone many score times for any lack of Delsartian curves and statuesque attitudes.

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HEARD'S TICKET OFFICE, 43 WEST ST.

70
daintiness and lightness might have been welcome in the waltz movement. The Wagner overture was very delightful, the softer sentimental passages being given with especially delightful effect.

It is too soon to express a decided opinion as to Mr Paur's rank among his predecessors, but he has certainly made a splendid beginning for Boston favor.

The program of the next concert is as follows: Volkmann, overture, "Richard III.," Dvorak, rhapsodie No. 2; Schubert, symphony in C major; soloist, Mme Nordica.

THE SYMPHONIES. Journal

The thirteenth season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra began last evening, with the interesting, if not exciting, circumstance of the appearance of a new conductor. The organization that is the result of Mr. Higginson's generous impulse and patient fostering is now surely on a firm foundation. It is a public institution that adds abroad a glory to our town; and there is no doubt that the orchestra is appreciated here, although there may be open discussion of the merits and faults of conductors who come and go, fret for an idle day, or are for lasting benefit as musicians and disciplinarians. So let us all welcome the season now begun, and if there be any shaking of the head at the number 13, *absit omen!*

These weekly concerts are indeed "a sweet boon" to us, as, according to Artemus, the Tower is to London. To many, Saturday evening in winter would not exist without this musical enjoyment, and when there is occasionally a breathing spell, in the absence of the orchestra, the regular goers find time heavy. The theatres are usually crowded Saturday night, and enforced staying at home saddens many victims of the Symphony habit.

Then the appearance of the conductor and the men, the latest gossip concerning some alleged behavior or belief of one of the musicians, the atmospheric condition of the hall, the state of the Saturday evening weather—all these furnish food for conversation at table and in street car for at least two days after the concert. And occasionally there is talk about the music that was played.

This going to Music Hall of a Saturday evening is to many an amusement, a regularly recurring amusement that in certain respects is not unlike dram-drinking. It is a pleasure not without acute excitement, followed, particularly after a long-winded symphony, by a condition of dull lethargy. And yet these good people might be offended seriously, if they were classed as amusement-seekers; they look upon the Symphony concerts as educational, as making for culture. But they might be sorely put to it, if they were required to explain just how and when and where they gained in civilization.

The sense of gratifying a longing for

amusement does not preclude criticism, particularly destructive criticism; nor would it be well perhaps to inquire concerning the foundation for any reasonable criticism to rest upon. Boston is very critical, and it seems occasionally that the only real pleasure of the inhabitants is in the investigation or explanation of this question: Why do we not find pleasure in this or that? It is only at the "Pop" concerts that music is accepted gratefully and sympathetically by the crowd, and there is no doubt that in this case pleasant eating and drinking and smoking pave the way to musical enjoyment.

MR. EMIL PAUR, the new conductor of the symphony Orchestra, is said to be a trustworthy and excellent musician, but hardly a genius. There is comfort in that thought. Of all the varieties of the human "genius" that which assumes an artistic habit is the most exasperating and, specifically, the musical genius is the most unendurable. The competition between the man of talent and the man of genius is a parallel of the race between the tortoise and the hare, and we all know how that contest ended. Your genius is not without his value. He wakes up people, whether they follow him or not; he has the boldness of his convictions and though he may shock us by his defiance of conventionalities he often serves to show that certain forms have lost their significance, while he illustrates the axiom that there is room in the world for everybody who is decent. The exasperation which the genius often engenders is due to his want of catholicity. He shouts for freedom of thought and action, but makes faces at those who think and act otherwise than he lays down for the correct thing. He demands consideration for the new thought, the new form, and has nothing but contempt for all that has gone before. This is not the sort of man to aid in the development of art in this country. Our large assortment of parentage has made us the most cosmopolitan people in the world and we will no more be satisfied with one phase of an art, whether the limner's, the sculptors' or the musician's, than we will consent to an unchanged bill of fare for a month's breakfasts, though the ingredients be never so nicely cooked and dextrously served. We can be easily persuaded to listen to anything, but prohibition of what we want or dictation of what we ought to want will alike breed rebellion. The man of talent holds his ground, for he knows how to be elastic and tactful; the man of genius mars all by his stiffness and impolitic methods.

EVENTS OF A DAY.

Comer

BOSTON GREETES HERR EMIL PAUR AT THE FIRST SYMPHONY CONCERT.

B. A. A. BICYCLE RACE—CANDIDATE GREEN
HALGE SPEAKS—HARVARD WIPES OUT
WILLIAMS AT FOOTBALL—DINNERS.

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HEARD'S TICKET OFFICE, 43 WEST ST. to [A] 26

Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1893-94.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

II. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, AT 8, P. M.

PROGRAMME.

VOLKMANN.	OVERTURE to "Richard III." op. 68.
BEETHOVEN.	RECITATIVE: "Abscheulicher! wo eilst du hin?" and ARIA: "Komm Hoffnung, lass den letzten Stern," from "Fidelio."
DVOŘÁK.	SLAVISCHÉ RHAPSODIE No. 2, in G minor, op. 45
MASSNET.	RECITATIVE: "Celui dont la parole," and AIR: "Il est doux, il est bon," from "Herodiade."
SCHUBERT.	SYMPHONY No. 9, in C major. I. Andante. Allegro, ma non troppo. II. Andante con moto. III. Scherzo: Allegro vivace. Trio. IV. Finale: Allegro vivace.

Soloist:

MME. NORDICA.

The Second Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the second Symphony concert, given last evening in Music Hall, was as follows:

Overture to Shakespeare's "Richard III.".....Volkmann
 Recitative and Air, "Il est doux, il est bon," from
 "Herodiade".....Massenet
 Slavonic Rhapsody No. 2, in G minor, Op. 45
 (First time,).....Dvorak
 Recitative and Aria, Komu Hoffnung, lass den
 letzten Stern, from "Fidelio,".....Beethoven
 Symphony No. 9, in C major.....Schubert

Volkmann's overture "Richard III" bears the opus number 68, and it was published in 1871; his other music to the tragedy, opus 73, was published in 1882 with a poem for concert use. I do not know whether the whole music has ever been given in connection with a performance of the tragedy.

The first performance of this overture at a Boston Symphony concert was Oct. 18, 1884.

This overture is apparently a musical panorama of the life and the death of Richard III. Now, according to historians, there were two Richards.

Many, as the playwright Shakspeare, follow tradition and are of the opinion that he was an unpleasant individual, low of stature, crook-backed, hook-shouldered, splay-footed, goggle-eyed, of swarthy complexion, and with the left arm withered from birth. They also allege that he came into the world with a singularly complete outfit of teeth, nails and hair. His vices were habits: "his cruelty was not casual but natural; and the truth of his mind was only lying and falsehood."

Others, and they are in a decided minority, call Richard an abused man. To some he is that vague entity known as a "perfect gentleman;" and while it is true that he did not invent the kindergarten system, he nevertheless was not a follower of Herod.

Volkmann wrote his music for Shakspeare's play, and Richard is therefore a bogey-man.

There is no programme attached; there is no "hump-motiv," which, like the placard in the street car, invites the audience to "see that hump." Volkmann might have called his overture "Alva" or by the name of any cruel character, for the introduction of the anachronistic "Campbells are Coming" does not identify the music with Richard.

The music is for the most part appropriately saturnine and truculent; it is almost as unbearably gloomy as Rubinstein's "Ivan." It is episodic. And what, pray, has the finale to do with the rest of the overture? Who mourned Richard? Or is the lamentation general, not particular?

There are compositions by Dvorak that seem saturated with Bohemian blood. Others suggest the innumerable dances of Bohemia, from the Ambit to the Zia. Others again bring to mind forests, the open air, gypsy life and gypsy recklessness. This second rhapsody suggests chiefly hard labor.

Schubert never heard his C major symphony. If he had heard it, he might have boiled it down. It was once the fashion to speak of its "divine length," but modern audiences are impatient. Even when it is cut, and the repeats are not observed, it seems interminable; perhaps its peculiar instrumentation, perhaps the monotony of much of the rhythm is the cause. Still, it contains wonderful passages, passages that have not been written in symphonies since the death of Beethoven.

Mr. Paur showed again his great anxiety for the detail, and his work was the result of elaborate preparation. At times he thus produced exceedingly fine effects; and yet, though it may seem a paradoxical statement, his very zeal sometimes brought about apparent crudeness. Thus the beauty of the andante con moto in the symphony was marred by the fact that in order

to let a particular instrument sing, the rhythm was almost wholly destroyed. And it may be here remarked again that an andante con moto is not an adagio. But, on the other hand, it may be said that the work of this earnest man will undoubtedly be of benefit to the orchestra; for he demands precision and a rigid observance of gradation of tone.

Mrs. Nordica was heard to best advantage in the air from Massenet's opera, although the air admits easily passion. The air from "Fidelio" was too much for her, for, vocally and in conception, she was not satisfactory.

The programme of the concert of next Saturday is as follows: Symphony, F major, Goetz; Serenade, Volkmann; Beethoven's overture, "Leonore," No. 3.

PHILIP HALE.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The Second of the Series in Music Hall
 ---Music Notes.

The second of the concerts by the Symphony Orchestra was given last evening in Music Hall, when the following programme was presented:

Volkmann—Overture to "Richard III.," op. 68.

Beethoven—Recitative and aria, from "Fidelio."

Dvorak—Slavische rhapsodie No. 2, in G minor, op. 45.

Massenet—Recitative and air, from "Herodiade."

Schubert—Symphony No. 9, in C major. Soloist, Mme. Nordica.

The Volkmann overture was interesting from its novelty, for, while it is not new to the patrons of these concerts, it is less familiar than some other selections. It also gave an opportunity of further judging of the methods of Mr. Paur, for the number admits of varied expression and display of musical taste. The overture was given with pleasing effect, particularly the battle scene and the slow movement at the close.

Dvorak's Slavische rhapsodie, a rather gloomy selection, was also pleasantly heard, and the admirable control of the conductor over his forces was shown in more than one instance. Schubert's ninth symphony closed the orchestral numbers. This work is somewhat long and tedious, but is occasionally enjoyed. It was rendered artistically, but was rather heavy food for the spectators after the preceding selections.

Mme. Nordica was the soloist, but she was not in the best voice and several times sang falsely. Her rendering of the selection from "Herodiade" was better than the Beethoven number.

At the concert and rehearsal this week, the programme will be as follows:

H. Goetz—Symphony in F major, op. 9.

Volkmann—Serenade. Solo violoncello,

Mr. Alwin Schroeder.

Beethoven—Overture. "Leonore," No. 3.

SYMPHONY CONCERT, NORDICA.

The second of the season's concerts by the Boston Symphony orchestra, given at Music Hall last evening under Mr. Emil Paur's direction, had an especially attractive feature in the appearance of Mme. Nordica, the programme consisting of the following works and selections:

Overture to "Richard III., op. 68. Volkmann
Recitative: "Abscheulicher! wo eilst du hin?"
and aria: "Komm Hoffnung, lass den letzten
Stern," from "Fidelio," Beethoven
Slavonic rhapsody No. 2, in G minor, op. 45

Recitative: "Celui dont la parole," and air:
"Il est doux, il est bon," from "Herodiade," Massenet
Symphony No. 9, in C major. Schubert

It is apparent that the new conductor has diplomatic tendencies. He evidently proposes to stand upon non-committal ground as to the placing of the symphony, and give even advantage to both those who demand it first and those who are equally positive that it should come last. The hesitations of the adherents who favor the symphony in the middle of the programme may be recognized later on.

Although the great Schubert symphony was put last, it demands first consideration in commenting on the programme, for Mr. Paur fully confirmed all the favorable impressions gained of his ability at his first appearance by his reading of its several movements. He certainly gave this masterly composition a performance eminently in keeping with its grand characteristics, and, without imposing his own individuality, he yet gave a freshness and vigor to his interpretation that was altogether delightful.

The Volkmann overture exhibited the mastery of the conductor over his men in a marked fashion, and the succession of tone pictures which make up the composition were brought out vividly and with a splendid realization of all the wealth of color lavished upon them by the composer. The scenes of strife upon the battlefield could almost be seen, so admirably were the various elements in its construction brought out, and the strong dramatic characteristics of the overture were at all times admirably depicted.

Dvorak's rhapsody had its first hearing here on this occasion and proved an intensely interesting novelty. Its strongly contrasted movements are full of marked originality, both in the themes themselves and their elaboration and treatment, and the dash and fire of the composer's nature shows itself throughout the work. Mr. Paur gave the rhapsody a very brilliant performance and gained a hearty recognition of the merits of the work and its performance.

Mme. Nordica sang with splendid success in the Massenet aria, her nature and gifts as a vocalist appearing to be peculiarly suited to the music of this composer. Her style is so broad and dramatic that she fully realized all the beauties of the aria from "Fidelio," and she gave it with a delightful intelligence and greatly pleased her audience in both her appearance.

It is worthy of note that Mr. Paur extended the courtesy of an escort to the singer upon her entrance and departure, a courtesy that has been sadly neglected by his predecessors.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

Second Symphony Orchestra Program—Tavary English Opera Company—Concerts, Etc.

The second Symphony program contained one novelty, Dvorak's Slavonic rhapsody No. 2, which was given here for the first time. The remaining numbers were Volkmann's overture to "Richard III.," Schubert's ninth symphony, and the vocal solos from Massenet's "Herodiade" and Beethoven's "Fidelio," sung by Mme. Nordica.

No American singer is more popular in this city than Nordica, and her receptions at the rehearsal and concert were enough to inspire the artist to her best efforts. She sang superbly. Salome's aria was given with beautiful devotional fervor and artistic power, and was in marked contrast to the dramatic scene from "Fidelio." The latter was interpreted with notable purity of tone and dramatic expression, the notes of the upper register electrifying her auditors and eliciting several recalls to the platform. It may as well be noted here that Mr. Paur complimented the fair soloist by escorting her to her position on the stage.

Mr. Emil Paur conducted the orchestra in a manner which should receive commendation from all music lovers, although he almost ignored the thousands of listeners in the hall, and paid attention to the performers. His manner evidently inspires confidence in the men, for his directing is firm and decisive, and he does not leave them in doubt about tempos and cues.

Dvorak's rhapsody, one of those hurly-burly Slavonic pieces for which this composer is noted, shows the individuality of the man unmistakably, and it was given with the vigor, dash and dissonance necessary for the effects intended by the writer. Volkmann's overture showed no indications of new readings or interpretations differing from previous performances. It was smoothly given.

Schubert's grand ninth symphony was played with nearly all the repeats. The length and importance of this number should place it at the beginning of concert programs, for few can appreciate the manifold beauties and thoroughly enjoy the composition after a long symphonic feast has preceded a performance of this work.

The wind instruments, which play so prominent a part throughout, were effectively used, although the brasses at times were unnecessarily harsh and seemingly eluded the vigilance of the conductor's eye. The finale was magnificently played. Those who looked for startling innovations in Mr. Paur's readings were disappointed. The conductor interprets his composers with an evident determination to illustrate their ideas as near as possible.

This week's program will be: Symphony in F major, op. 9, H. Goetz; serenade, Volkmann, solo violin and cello, Mr. Alwin Schroeder; overture, "Leonore," No. 3, Beethoven.

MUSIC. *Gardner*

The Symphony Concert.

The programme for the second concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Music Hall, last night, was, Overture, "Richard III.," Volkmann; aria from Massenet's "Herodiade," rhapsodie No. 2, "Dvorak," (first time); aria from Beethoven's "Fidelio," and Schubert's Symphony in C. Mme. Nordica was the soloist. The house was filled to overflowing. A further acquaintance into the conducting of Mr. Paur, developed little, if anything more, than was obtained by our first experience. He is undoubtedly sincerely painstaking, and scrupulously conscientious in his work, so much so, perhaps, as to be almost pedagogic in his scrupulous anxiety for exactness. Every point, important and otherwise, is elaborated with such minute and demonstrative care, that at times, it nearly becomes oppressive, and causes one to wish for something less of rigidity, and something more in freedom of swing. Then, too, there is such an excess of gesticulation on the part of Mr. Paur, especially in indicating to the different players when it is time to "come in," that it distracts attention from the music. Surely, he has an orchestra of intelligent, experienced, and competent players, who are rehearsed sedulously during the week, and who, therefore, by the time that the performance takes place, may be presumed to know exactly what the conductor expects from them. Hence, it seems superfluous that there should be so much waving of the baton, as if they were playing *prima vista*; when a glance of the eye or a slight nod of the head would be sufficient indication as a cue. Mr. Paur's readings are eminently thoughtful, but as yet have been dry and lacking in the desired effect of spontaneity. However, the freedom from trickery, the artistic sincerity, and the frank honesty that manifestly underlie the impulses of the conductor, entitle him to the most respectful consideration. Perhaps, when we shall have seen more of him, we shall lose the impression that we now have regarding his tendency to over-elaborate his readings by emphasizing every possible point, and thus giving a disjointed effect to the music; and regarding also, his lack of a certain grace of poetic feeling. The music does not flow, but moves haltingly, under his method of interpreting it. It would seem as if he desired to treat an orchestra as a solo instrument; but it is too unwieldy to bear such treatment, which deprives it of its characteristic dignity. Not that he himself is wanting in dignity, but that conscientiousness may be pushed too far, to say nothing of the effect of heavy, didactic pedantry that it may produce. The Volkmann overture had been heard here before, when it made no very marked impression. It was broadly and effectively given, but with such an excess in finish of detail, that it seemed longer than ever before, and more tiresome. The Dvorak Rhapsodie was very like the other music we have had from the same composer, so like in fact, that notwithstanding it was given on this occasion for the first time, it seemed to us as if we were thoroughly familiar with it. There is not much that is interesting in it, and it is abundant in the now, almost conventional groping in the dark for something that is never found. The orchestration is often very rich, and sometimes thrilling for the moment, in its vigorous massiveness. It was

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After the overture came the attraction

SYMPHONY CONCERT, NORDICA.

The second of the season's concerts by the Boston Symphony orchestra, given at Music Hall last evening under Mr. Emil Paur's direction, had an especially attractive feature in the appearance of Mme. Nordica, the programme consisting of the following works and selections:

Overture to "Richard III.," op. 68, Volkmann
Recitative: "Abscheulicher! wo eilst du hin?" and aria: "Komm Hoffnung, lass den letzten Stern," from "Fidelio," Beethoven
Slavische Rhapsodie No. 2, in G minor, op. 45

Recitative: "Celui dont la parole," and air: "Hesitons, il est bon," from "Herodiade," Massenet
Symphony No. 9, in C major, Schubert

It is apparent that the new conductor has diplomatic tendencies. He evidently proposes to stand upon non-committal ground as to the placing of the symphony, and give even advantage to both those who demand it first and those who are equally positive that it should come last. The He-schel adherents who favor the symphony in the middle of the programme may be recognized later on.

Although the great Schubert symphony was put last, it demands first consideration in commenting on the programme, for Mr. Paur fully confirmed all the favorable impressions gained of his ability at his first appearance by his reading of its several movements. He certainly gave this masterly composition a performance eminently in keeping with its grand characteristics, and, without imposing his own individuality, he yet gave a freshness and vigor to his interpretation that was altogether delightful.

The Volkmann overture exhibited the mastery of the conductor over his men in a marked fashion, and the succession of tone pictures which make up the composition were brought out vividly and with a splendid realization of all the wealth of color lavished upon them by the composer. The scenes of strife upon the battlefield could almost be seen, so admirably were the various elements in its construction brought out, and the strong dramatic characteristics of the overture were at all times admirably depicted.

Dvorak's rhapsody had its first hearing here on this occasion and proved an intensely interesting novelty. Its strongly contrasted movements are full of marked originality, both in the themes themselves and their elaboration and treatment, and the dash and fire of the composer's nature shows itself throughout the work. Mr. Paur gave the rhapsody a very brilliant performance and gained a hearty recognition of the merits of the work and its performance.

Mme. Nordica sang with splendid success in the Massenet aria, her nature and gifts as a vocalist appearing to be peculiarly suited to the music of this composer. Her style is so broad and dramatic that she fully realized all the beauties of the aria from "Fidelio," and she gave it with a delightful intelligence and greatly pleased her audience in both her appearances.

It is worthy of note that Mr. Paur extended the courtesy of an escort to the singer upon her entrance and departure, a courtesy that has been sadly neglected by his predecessors.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

Second Symphony Orchestra Program — Tavary English Opera Company — Concerts, Etc.

The second Symphony program contained one novelty, Dvorak's Slavonic rhapsody No. 2, which was given here for the first time. The remaining numbers were Volkmann's overture to "Richard III.," Schubert's ninth symphony, and the vocal solos from Massenet's "Herodiade" and Beethoven's "Fidelio," sung by Mme. Nordica.

No American singer is more popular in this city than Nordica, and her receptions at the rehearsal and concert were enough to inspire the artist to her best efforts. She sang superbly. Salome's aria was given with beautiful devotional fervor and artistic power, and was in marked contrast to the dramatic scene from "Fidelio." The latter was interpreted with notable purity of tone and dramatic expression, the notes of the upper register electrifying her auditors and eliciting several recalls to the platform. It may as well be noted here that Mr. Paur complimented the fair soloist by escorting her to her position on the stage.

Mr. Emil Paur conducted the orchestra in a manner which should receive commendation from all music lovers, although he almost ignored the thousands of listeners in the hall, and paid attention to the performers. His manner evidently inspires confidence in the men, for his directing is firm and decisive, and he does not leave them in doubt about tempos and cues.

Dvorak's rhapsody, one of those hurly-burly Slavonic pieces for which this composer is noted, shows the individuality of the man unmistakably, and it was given with the vigor, dash and dissonance necessary for the effects intended by the writer. Volkmann's overture showed no indications of new readings or interpretations differing from previous performances. It was smoothly given.

Schubert's grand ninth symphony was played with nearly all the repeats. The length and importance of this number should place it at the beginning of concert programs, for few can appreciate the manifold beauties and thoroughly enjoy the composition after a long symphonic feast has preceded a performance of this work.

The wind instruments, which play so prominent a part throughout, were effectively used, although the brasses at times were unnecessarily harsh and seemingly eluded the vigilance of the conductor's eye. The finale was magnificently played. Those who looked for startling innovations in Mr. Paur's readings were disappointed. The conductor interprets his composers with an evident determination to illustrate their ideas as near as possible.

This week's program will be: Symphony in F major, op. 9, H. Goetz; serenade, Volkmann, solo violoncello, Mr. Alwin Schroeder; overture, "Leonore," No. 3, Beethoven.

MUSIC. Gazette

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After the overture came the attraction

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which had crowded the hall to repletion—Madame Nordica. The famous air from Massenet's "Hérodiade" ("Il est Doux, il est Bon") suited her style well, yet there was not entire satisfaction in her work, for there seemed to be more of effort in her singing than is usual, and in the high note of the climax there was aberration from pitch, which was also perceptible in the finale of the Beethoven aria given later in the concert. The aria by Leonora from "Fidelio" was, however, sung with much intelligence and its dramatic contrasts well preserved, even if the Materna or Lehmann standard was not attained. Applause, recalls and floral tributes followed the conclusion of the numbers, as a matter of course.

To return to our orchestral topic,—the Slavonic rhapsody by Dvorak was the weak spot of the programme; it is not, in itself, the strongest of works, but its almost Oriental caprice may not be treated as a Beethoven development; the sharpest of contrasts, the freest of tempi, might have been used here. Just this high-flavored modern school has been given, with extraordinary abandon in our concerts for years past, and it is difficult to accustom oneself to a less vivid interpretation. It gave every department of the orchestra an opportunity to display itself, even to muted horns with baleful and ugly tones, and the delicate harp. Our new conductor may break through his reserve in works such as these.

The finest of the Schubert symphonies ended the programme. In every measure the C major symphony shows that Schubert thought vocally; musical ideas come into the mind of a composer through some definite media of tone; thus Schumann thought piano, and one hears the piano even in his great orchestral poems; Beethoven always had the orchestra in his mind's eye, and even his sonatas and string quartettes suggest the orchestra; but Schubert's musical fancies were linked to the human voice, and whether it be a piano work, a string quartette or a symphony, one hears a set of beautiful songs without much thematic development such as would befit an instrumental work. The fact that the development is slight and the themes very striking, may be a full justification for Mr. Paur's omitting the repeat in the performance, before the development. The consensus of modern musical thought is against the repetitions which our forefathers bore with exemplary patience. It may be that in the near future the repeat of the first three divisions (the themes before development) of a sonata-movement may be abolished even in Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven.

The introduction to the symphony was taken quicker than is usual. The horn-player gave his theme without blemish, and the orchestra took it up with good ensemble. The "non troppo" of the chief theme seemed to be disregarded, and it went at a flying pace but clearly throughout. The coda of this movement was splendidly played, especially in the important trombone phrases, which cross each other like the clash of swords. Never was a sterner dialogue written between tenor and base trombones; one can recall a time years ago when the phrases were repressed until they became mere horn passages, but it was not so on this occasion. If ever there was a wood-wind symphony this was one, and the

oboe is almost continually in the foreground; it was splendidly played in this work, especially in the second and fourth movements. Not less commendable was the clarinette work, which abounds with important phrases, amounting to *obbligato* passages.

There were some notably fine points of reading in the symphony; the powerful crescendo just preceding the awe-inspiring pause (a startling rest of one measure) in the second movement was well worked up, and the cello work after it was finely given too; the scherzo was brilliant throughout, but the finale was the crowning effect, for here the conductor threw reserve to the winds, and the fanfares which began the movement sounded like the approach of a victorious army, the chief theme was as brilliant as one could wish (the first violins showed their mettle here), and when it came to those mighty four strokes of the full orchestra, that amazing picture of massive power, picturesque because of its very monotony, titanic in its constant reiteration, the climax of the concert was reached. This movement abundantly proved that it is not to be King Log after King Stork, in our orchestral matters, but one could wish such moments of fire and enthusiasm to come more frequently. Perhaps they will, after conductor and orchestra have fully formed acquaintance.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

THEATRES AND CONCERTS.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the second Symphony concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Volkmann: Overture to "Richard III.," Opus 68.
Beethoven: Recitative, "Abscheulicher! wo eilst du hin?" and Aria, "Komm Hoffnung, lass den letzten Stern," from "Fidelio."
Dvorak: Slavische Rhapsodie No. 2, in G minor, Opus 45.
Massenet: Recitative, "Celui dont la parole," and Air, "Il est doux, il est bon," from "Hérodiade."
Schubert: Symphony No. 9, in C major.
Mme. Nordica was the singer.

The hall was crowded, the side aisles being filled with people standing; we can hardly remember a season that began so early with full houses. And the large audience was generally enthusiastic, too, especially over Mme. Nordica's singing.

The performance of Volkmann's "Richard III." overture showed both conductor and orchestra in the finest light; never before have we heard so much meaning given this overture. It is essentially a dramatic composition, one in which vehemence of expression and picturesque suggestiveness far outweigh what of musical form and development there may be in it. Mr. Paur takes it in a strongly dramatic way, giving its vehemence and dramatic coloring their full value, but without loss of musical distinctness and coherence. The slow introduction and all the "Bosworth Field" business near the middle of the work produced a very striking effect, and the serene mood of the peroration made a fine contrast with what had preceded it; indeed, Mr. Paur's reading of these closing measures in F-sharp major was exceedingly beautiful and expressive; one could well fancy them a musical rendering of Richmond's.

"Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled,
That in submission will return to us;
And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,
We will unite the white rose and the red—
Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction!"
That long hath frown'd upon their enmity!

In a word, this is the first time we have found the overture otherwise than tiresome and weak; Mr. Paur has shown it to us as a poetically imaginative composition wanting neither in coherency nor dramatic force. The orchestra played it magnificently.

In the Dvorak Slavonic Rhapsody we must confess ourselves as sadly disappointed, after the enthusiastic way we had heard it spoken of by members of the orchestra and others who knew it. We cannot see that the work rises above the general level of a Liszt Hungarian Rhapsody; and, though parts of it have undeniably a certain warm emotional charm—an element not uncommon with Dvorak—this hardly makes up for the absence of Liszt's brilliancy and his peculiar touch of genius. The Czech melodies on which it is founded seem to appeal to one more by their quaint, exotic flavor than by their musical beauty, and the construction of the work is as slight and loose-jointed as may be. One point, however, may be spoken of with genuine enthusiasm: the orchestration. Here Dvorak has even surpassed himself; the scoring is not only rich and euphonious, but varied and full of individual aroma. The performance was admirable.

With the Schubert symphony Mr. Paur came upon more ticklish ground. The great work is familiar to all of us; we have been brought up on it, and know its every turning. The orchestra played for the most part splendidly; here Mr. Paur gave good earnest of what he can do as a disciplinarian. Apart from a slip or two in individual solo instruments, such as cannot be laid to the conductor's charge, the performance left little to be desired in a technical way; vigor and precision of attack, excellence of dynamic balance, and a fine blending of the various voices of the orchestra, were the rule; it was a real pleasure to hear the wind instruments make their entries together so evenly and cleanly. Neither was there any lack of fire and expressiveness. Still, it was stretching a point to call the performance of the glorious work an effective one.

To us, at least, Mr. Paur's reading of each one of the four movements seemed to lack totality of conception; there was an immense deal of attention paid to (would-be) effective details, but very little strong general effectiveness. Mr. Paur follows the favorite modern plan of changing the tempo very often, as the character and expression of the music changes; and it must be admitted that his modifications are not excessive in degree, compared with similar things we have heard here before; in fact, he is rather moderate in this matter than otherwise. But somehow his frequent changes have a disturbing effect upon the listener; they continually rouse you out of the mood into which the music has thrown you; they distract your attention from the composition, instead of riveting it still more firmly upon it. If ever there were a long symphonic composition in which the element of strongly marked and pregnant rhythm predominated, this symphony of Schubert's is that one; it and Beethoven's seventh

may be called the "dance symphonies" *par excellence*. Each movement has its own well-defined rhythmic character, and adheres to this character with singular persistency. Of course there are marked rhythmic contrasts; the second theme in the first movement, for instance, is in an utterly different rhythm from the first; a more striking rhythmic contrast than that between the Trio and the Scherzo could hardly be desired. But each theme sticks to and emphasizes its own particular rhythm with great pertinacity throughout its whole development and working out; there is none of that successive presentation of the same theme under various rhythmic aspects that one finds in many more modern compositions. The general aspect of each one of the four movements is one of striking continuity; there is exceedingly little fitfulness of mood, but the music goes on and on, straight toward its goal, with but few interruptions. Now, Mr. Paur's very frequent changes of tempo sadly break up this splendid continuity and make a too merely kaleidoscopic impression; each change, as it comes about, throws cold water upon the enthusiasm aroused by the preceding phrase, instead of egging that enthusiasm on to a higher and ever warmer pitch; the whole effect may be described as that of a perpetual benumbing over again. We will not say that Mr. Paur's tempo did not in every case (with one important exception) fit the particular phrase to which he applied it to a nicety; take each separate phrase by itself, and Mr. Paur's tempo for it was perfectly comprehensible. But it did sever the bond which bound that phrase to its neighbor, and all totality of impression was lost.

The exception to which we have referred was the last movement, almost the whole of which went incomprehensibly slow. This movement has always stood in our mind as a sort of celestial counterpart of Berlioz's "Ride to the Abyss" in the "Damnation de Faust;" it might be called, by analogy, a Ride to the Emyrean. Apart from the intrinsic beauty of its themes, the enormous effect it produces comes from two characteristics—velocity and persistency. It goes like the wind; it is full of ideal galloping, express-train clinkety-clink; anything you please that is associated with speed. That persistent violin figure in the accompaniment means speed, and nothing but speed; and, by the way, this same figure is by no means easy to play at Mr. Paur's slow tempo; it takes consummate virtuosity to make a bow "jump" as slow as that! Now, Mr. Paur seems to do all in his power to knock this idea of speed in the head, and to substitute for it the idea of weight—weight of tone, weight of movement, weight of emphasis. We cannot but think this distorts the movement from its true character.

Mme. Nordica sang the air from Massenet's "Hérodiade" in admirable style and with a purity of feeling very different from the over-sensuous passionateness some singers are too prone to infuse into the piece; we have often heard the air sung with a fervor of passion that might lead the suspiciously inclined to question whether the young Salomé's feelings toward the Prophet were not an exemplification of one of the most regrettable phases of "curatolatry." Mme. Nordica, on the other hand, sang

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it with just the right pure expression. In the over-great "Abscheulicher!" too, she did much that was signally fine; perhaps the scene still overweighs her powers a little—whose does it not?—but she made some exceedingly strong points in it, and her conception of the music is excellent. She was enthusiastically applauded and recalled after both humbers.

THE SECOND SYMPHONY.

Director Paur Cordially Welcomed by a Large Audience.

The second concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place at Music Hall Saturday evening before an audience that occupied every seat and bit of standing room. Mr. Paur was cordially welcomed when he appeared. The programme was as follows: Overture "Richard III." Volkmann; aria from "Herodiade," Massenet; Rhapsody No. 2, Dvorak; aria from "Fidelio," Beethoven; Symphony in C Major, Schubert. Mrs. Lillian Nordica was the vocalist.

The Volkmann overture has been played at these concerts twice by Mr. Gericke and once by Mr. Nikisch. Some one has said that this overture is a "darkly colored and bloodthirsty work, full of relentless and heathenish gloom"—and this estimate is a fair one. Of course there are brilliant passages in the orchestration, but, regardless of this and a few other items of interest, it is, on the whole, tedious and hardly worth the repetitions it has received. To present such a work once is a duty due so able a composer as Volkmann, and one must be thankful for the opportunity of hearing it also.

The Dvorak Rhapsody was played here for the first time, as far as I am informed, and is either labored in its composition or else was played in a heavy, inflexible manner; I think the former was the principal difficulty, for although the scoring in the main is masterly, and there are many happy effects, still it failed to be satisfactory in its effort, and did not please the audience. Dvorak often misses the mark as regards a definite purpose in his compositions.

In the playing of the Schubert Symphony there was somewhat of disappointment, when the results obtained at the first concert are remembered. There was overmuch rasping of the strings, and the brass was overloud and harsh a large part of the time. As for the wood-wind, which was used with so much discretion at the previous concert, on this occasion it was too loud and served often in destroying the delightful effect of the strings, when at times the latter played with delicacy. Take the Andante con moto, for instance. Not once did the wood-wind produce a pianissimo, or hardly a piano, either. Most of the numerous passages which should have been pianissimos were given mezzo-forte, not a bit softer, hence much of the delicacy and sentiment of the movement was lost, and the ending of the movement, which should melt away to a mere breath, was ruined in effect because of

the indiscreet efforts of the wind instruments. Many places could be enumerated, did space allow, where the wood-wind spoiled the effect with its overloud playing. What use for the strings to delicately touch a passage if the wind instruments, which should be equally subdued, blow in a loud manner. Unless Mr. Paur restrains his brass more and obliges the wood-wind to discriminate in dynamics and be more refined in quality of tone, the orchestra will soon sink to that state of coarseness in its efforts that has characterized its playing for the past four seasons. There were finely obtained effects during the playing of the symphony and some exaggerated contrasts, but on the whole the work was roughly played, and in saying this the nobility of the work is remembered and the necessity for a full, sonorous and virile tone in many passages is recognized.

Mr. Paur showed earnestness in his work and kept the time rigidly in hand. He also is to be commended for the rapidity with which he took the movements and for the omission of repeats. He began the opening at a moderate pace, and many must have feared that if that was to be the index of his conception, then indeed was a most tedious task before them. When he began the allegro, *ma non troppo*, however, he took it in so spirited a manner that all doubts were removed and one became at ease again as regards the tempo.

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But the conductor's plan seems to be all right—to work not for himself, but for the music and the musicians. He seems intent on giving the author his clearest possible light; preserving for each component of the score its proper place; insuring its own fair chance for every instrument; encouraging and stimulating the players, but depending on them for the personal enthusiasm which will make the life, spirit, warmth and sentiment of the readings come finally from them, as it should. Those of us who sit in front and see only Mr. Paur's back and the movements of his arms, may judge him to be a little dry and formal; but the orchestra themselves speak of him as no less energizing than manly, a conductor who will, they think, move them to do their best and stand behind them strongly, like a good general, while they are doing it. And they hint that a solid fortnight longer will be needed to get the great machine running smoothly and with its proper power and piancy.

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it with just the right pure expression. In the ever-great "Abscheulicher!" too, she did much that was signally fine: perhaps the scene still overweighs her powers a little—whose does it not?—but she made some exceedingly strong points in it, and her conception of the music is excellent. She was enthusiastically applauded and recalled after both humbers.

THE SECOND SYMPHONY.

Director Paur Cordially Welcomed by a Large Audience.

The second concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place at Music Hall Saturday evening before an audience that occupied every seat and bit of standing room. Mr. Paur was cordially welcomed when he appeared. The programme was as follows: Overture "Richard III." Volkmann; aria from "Herodiade," Massenet; Rhapsody No. 2, Dvorak; aria from "Fidelio," Beethoven; Symphony in C Major, Schubert. Mrs. Lillian Nordica was the vocalist.

The Volkmann overture has been played at these concerts twice by Mr. Gericke and once by Mr. Nikisch. Some one has said that this overture is a "darkly colored and bloodthirsty work, full of relentless and heathenish gloom,"—and this estimate is a fair one. Of course there are brilliant passages in the orchestration, but, regardless of this and a few other items of interest, it is, on the whole, tedious and hardly worth the repetitions it has received. To present such a work once is a duty due so able a composer as Volkmann, and one must be thankful for the opportunity of hearing it also.

The Dvorak Rhapsody was played here for the first time, as far as I am informed, and is either labored in its composition or else was played in a heavy, inflexible manner; I think the former was the principal difficulty, for although the scoring in the main is masterly, and there are many happy effects, still it failed to be satisfactory in its effort, and did not please the audience. Dvorak often misses the mark as regards a definite purpose in his compositions.

In the playing of the Schubert Symphony there was somewhat of disappointment, when the results obtained at the first concert are remembered. There was overmuch rasping of the strings, and the brass was overloud and harsh a large part of the time. As for the wood-wind, which was used with so much discretion at the previous concert, on this occasion it was too loud and served often in destroying the delightful effect of the strings, when at times the latter played with delicacy. Take the Andante con moto, for instance. Not once did the wood-wind produce a pianissimo, or hardly a piano, either. Most of the numerous passages which should have been pianissimos were given mezzo-forte, not a bit softer, hence much of the delicacy and sentiment of the movement was lost, and the ending of the movement, which should melt away to a mere breath, was ruined in effect because of

the indiscreet efforts of the wind instruments. Many places could be enumerated, did space allow, where the wood-wind spoiled the effect with its overloud playing. What use for the strings to delicately touch a passage if the wind instruments, which should be equally subdued, blow in a loud manner. Unless Mr. Paur restrains his brass more and obliges the wood-wind to discriminate in dynamics and be more refined in quality of tone, the orchestra will soon sink to that state of coarseness in its efforts that has characterized its playing for the past four seasons. There were finely obtained effects during the playing of the symphony and some exaggerated contrasts, but on the whole the work was roughly played, and in saying this the nobility of the work is remembered and the necessity for a full, sonorous and virile tone in many passages is recognized.

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a conductor, I am not sure whether I should feel pleased or otherwise if an orchestra took to me with admiration at the outset of my acquaintance with them. I have known many orchestras, but I never met one that did not heartily dislike its conductor after it had served under him for any length of time. I am curious to learn what the Symphony Orchestra thinks of its new conductor. Its opinion is doubtless favorable, but it is as certain to go the other way as it is that to-morrow's sun will shine. This matters very little, however, for Herr Paur's success here does not depend on his orchestra's like or dislike of him. It depends on the ladies. From all the reports that have preceded him hither, it would appear that he is a man eminently fitted for the post he has been called upon to fill. That, however, is not essentially a prime factor in his possible success. All depends on how he begins; on how and by whom he is taken up. Of course, it is understood that an artist occupying so prominent a position as that of conductor of the Symphony Orchestra, must be taken up; and already there is a spirited competition among the usual takers. This eagerness to obtain him is easily accounted for, on the ground that those who succeed in catching him attain a certain distinction as art patrons, and shine by reflected light. The only difficulty in the matter is, that there are rival coteries, little cliques, so to speak, each one of which is at daggers drawn with the others; and the consequence is that, if he permits himself to be caught by one, he makes enemies of the rest. The situation is perplexing; and it is to be hoped that Herr Paur will learn who is who and what is what before he suffers himself to be captured by the lion hunters, who become lions themselves through the larger lions that they capture. After he is once in the toils, he must be careful to remember that he is tethered, and must not strain his rope and get into the next field, if he would not find himself suddenly in disfavor with his capturers. As for his artistic merits, he may leave them safely to the judgment and appreciation of the really musical public and his critics. Still, I await the verdict of the Rehearsal girls; not on his conducting, but on the impression his personality will make. They have admired all of the Symphony conductors in turn, but they raved over Nikisch, despite the peculiar cut of his trousers, and remained loyal to him when nearly everybody else had deserted him. It remains to be seen if they will transfer their admiration in its gushing fulness to his successor. If he knew the intensity of the feeling experienced by Japonicadom to see him, and to pass judgment on him, he could scarcely avoid a painful nervousness until the ordeal was over. Does he realize how much hinges on that first Friday afternoon?

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Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1893-94.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

V. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, AT 8, P. M.

PROGRAMME.

MOZART.	SYMPHONY in C major, "Jupiter."
BRAHMS.	DOUBLE CONCERTO for VIOLIN and VIOLONCELLO
HAYDN.	SYMPHONY in D major.

Soloists :

MR. FRANZ KNEISEL.

MR. ALWIN SCHROEDER.

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Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1893-94.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

III. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, AT 8, P. M.

PROGRAMME.

H. GOETZ.

SYMPHONY in F major, op. 9.

I. Allegro moderato.

II. Intermezzo: Allegretto.

III. Adagio ma non troppo lento.

IV. Finale: Allegro con fuoco.

VOLKMANN.

SERENADE for STRINGS, No 3, in D minor, op. 69.

Larghetto non troppo.

Violoncello Solo; MR. ALWIN SCHROEDER.

BEETHOVEN.

OVERTURE to "Leonore," No. 3, in C major, op. 72

Adagio.—Allegro.

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The Symphony Concert. *Adm.*

There was a decided advance all along the line, in the performance of Saturday's programme. Not only was there a clearness and precision to which we have latterly been strangers, but the reserve and pedagogic character which characterized the reading of some of the works of the first two concerts here vanished altogether; some of the movements were given with a dramatic power that was as welcome as it was unexpected. Mr. Paur evidently believes in giving the symphony while the audience is fresh and full of attention, and therefore, as in the first concert, the largest work began the programme.

Goetz has proved to the world that it is not impossible for a genius to starve even in the present generation. His single symphony is much more than an echo of the Schumann works, and it was an interesting novelty in the repertoire of our concerts. When this same symphony was given in Vienna (Feb. 1875) the composer was unable to accept an invitation to attend the performance because of his inability to bear the expense of the railroad fare! While he did not absolutely perish by starvation, his poverty undoubtedly hastened his end, and he died in the "fatal thirties" as did Mozart and Schubert, and indirectly from a similar combat with the wolf at the door. It would be folly to rank the symphony in F with the masterpieces of the two preceding concerts, but it is graceful, symmetrical, the composer does not stagger under the large form, and in every way it formed a good selection for the programme.

It began with commendable warmth and vigor, and the brilliancy of the orchestra in the rather intricate development gave augury of an excellent concert, a promise that was abundantly fulfilled. The second movement is full of effects for the wind instruments. This department of the orchestra had already shown its mettle in the second concert, in the Schubert symphony, and now repeated the good impression. The woodwind is better than it has been in a long time, and the horns are decidedly improving, although they are not yet at the standard which they held when the eccentric Reiter (he of the Gypsy locks and ferocious manner) was first horn. However, in this movement, all of the wind instruments did splendid work. There was not the suspicion of a break on any of the brasses, the clarinettes did perfect work, and the flute obligato (Mr. Molé) was especially brilliant. This movement aroused especial enthusiasm.

The adagio comes in third place in this work, for purposes of contrast, and has a peculiar charm in its horn duet, which was well played, and in its theme for first violins against *pizzicati* in the deeper strings, which went magnificently. There was a romance in the reading as well as in the orchestral details, and it proved that our new conductor is by no means a one-sided man. The success was continued to the end of the work, and the breadth of the finale was striking. The serenade for Strings (Volkmann, D minor) was, of course, well played, for this part of our orchestra is as fine a body of musicians as can be found anywhere, and Mr. Alwyn Schroeder was the so-

loist, and won great applause in his work; but the work is too long for what it has to say. It begins with a most characteristic theme, elegiac in character, suggestive of Ossianic plaints or mournful Jeremiads. There are some vivid contrasts made by the introduction of bold folk-themes, which were taken by the orchestra with fine ensemble, but as a whole the work presents an intentional monotony of sorrow which at last becomes irritating as a Mrs. Gummidge, being almost as constantly in tears as that lachrymose female.

The best came last. Beethoven's Leonora overture No. 3 is the most dramatic work of its kind. It lost nothing in the reading or in the performance. If it was theatrical it had the full right to be so. The wild rush of strings picturing the fierce Pizarro springing upon the helpless Florestan, the prompt entrance of the distant trumpet call, the glorious contrast of the theme of thanksgiving following this signal of deliverance, the shading of the second, louder, call, showing that the governor is at the very portals, the flute passages of the finale, the syncopations of the coda (especially clear were these) and the almost deliriously brilliant violin passages of the end, these were some of the points of the performance. There was an occasional freedom in tempo, but no distortion, and, with due gratitude be it spoken, nothing that savored of bombast. If this standard can be maintained we may feel absolutely serene when Daniel goes into the lions' den, and our leader is heard in New York.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT. *Review.*

The new conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra gave the season's patrons a delightful concert last evening, and it was quite evident that the feeling of satisfaction with regard to the attainments of Mr. Paur was strengthened by his work at this occasion.

A highly pleasing performance of the Goetz symphony in F major, Op. 9 came first on the programme, and it was played with a degree of refinement, grace and expression that commanded the heartiest approval. The dainty intermezzo was given with faultless taste, and its rare beauties were delightfully interpreted.

The Volkmann serenade for strings, No. 3, in D minor, Op. 69, followed, with Mr. Alwyn Schroeder as the solo cellist. This composition displayed the string band to the best advantage, and Mr. Schroeder surpassed even his own most admirable work in the solo passages. The audience was quick to recognize the merits of both the soloist and the performance of the serenade, and Mr. Paur most courteously shared the applause with Mr. Schroeder.

A splendid performance of the "Leonore," No. 3, overture, ended the programme. Mme. Eames is the soloist next Saturday evening and the symphony will be that by Strauss, in F minor.

TAVERN.

It was a very jolly party that entertained Mr. Paur, the new leader of the symphony orchestra, after the concert Saturday night. Mr. Paur expressed himself as greatly pleased and even flattered at the attention shown him. Those around the board were T. Adamowski, I. M. Gaugengigl, Arthur Foote, Curtis Guild, Jr., Arlo Bates, Isidore Braggiotti and F. P. Vinton.

At the next meeting of the club Mr. Paur will be elected an honorary member.

Third of the Season's Symphony Offerings — Suffolk Musicals — Other Harmonic Happenings.

The third symphony concert given under Mr Paur's direction has strengthened the favorable impression he had already made upon his audiences, and gives assurance that all the promises made in behalf of the Leipzig conductor will be fulfilled. Mr Paur seems now to feel thoroughly at home in his new position, and an excellent understanding seems to be established between leader and orchestra.

Neither of Mr Paur's predecessors so readily gained the good will and esteem of the members of this orchestra. Every member now appears to be devoted to him and to endeavor to faithfully follow his instructions and to do all that is possible to contribute to the success of a performance.

Such evidence of good will is certainly most welcome and should result in Mr Paur being able to raise the orchestra's already very high standard of excellence.

The audiences are also becoming more appreciative of the new director's abilities. The applause at both Friday's rehearsal and last night's concert was much more cordial and general than before.

Although yesterday's program contained little variety and offered slight opportunity for contrast of orchestral effects, the offerings were very enjoyable. The numbers were H. Goetz' symphony in F major, Volkmann's serenade for strings, No. 3, in D minor, and Beethoven's No. 3 overture to "Leonora."

The Goetz symphony is a scholarly composition, and considerable originality is shown in the treatment of themes, which are in themselves rather commonplace. The scoring is elaborate, and offers excellent opportunity for displaying the resources and discipline of an orchestra, but it is not a work calculated to win especial favor from an average symphony concert audience.

The second is the most popular of the four movements, and last evening received rather the best interpretation. Especially pleasing was the work of the horns and clarinets, especially pleasing because these instruments have been known to offend in the past. The other movements were played with very good effect, barring, possibly, a slight suggestion of heaviness in interpreting the elaborately ornamented figures of the rhapsody.

The most enjoyable feature of the program was the thoroughly excellent performance of Volkmann's serenade. A more satisfactory performance of this charming composition has probably never been given by the orchestra, a strong statement to make considering the almost invariable excellence of the work by the string players of this organization.

Much of the enjoyment derived from the interpretation was due to the splendid playing of the solo cello by Mr Alvin Schroeder. His tones were deliciously clear and mellow, giving exquisite effect to the tender, almost mournful melodies of this rarely beautiful work.

There was good reason for the enthusiasm of the audience and the three recalls given director and soloist.

Beethoven's lovely "Leonora" overture received from Mr Paur a faithful and sympathetic interpretation. There was much delicacy of expression in the treatment of the sentimental passages, and the magnificent coda was worked up to with splendid effect.

Mme Emma Eames will be the soloist at the next concert, for which the following

program has been arranged: symphony in F minor, Strauss (first time); aria from "Le Cid," Massenet; symphonic poem, "Le Rouet d'Omphale," Saint-Saens; aria from "Armide," Gluck; overture, "Academic Festival," Brahms.

PLANS FOR THE NEW MUSIC HALL.

Architects Have Been Working at Them for Some Time, but They Are Not Sufficiently Settled to be Announced Yet. *Trans. Sept. 27, 1913*

The plans for the new Music Hall are all in the air as yet. All that is known is that it will be as large as the present, if that is practicable. It will not be any larger, for the present hall is considered as large a one as could possibly be built and furnish either good acoustic properties or good seats throughout its whole extent. The plans have been in the hands of architects for some time, who have been simply working on various ideas, and trying to evolve the best experimental plan they can to submit to the stockholders. When the \$200,000 has been all paid in and the corporation organized the plans will be submitted to them, and until then nothing can be determined as to the architecture or arrangement of the building. There will in any event be only one grand hall. No smaller halls will be provided in the building for any purpose. In order to reproduce Bumstead Hall in the new structure it would be necessary to elevate the main hall some thirty feet above the ground, thereby enormously increasing the expense of construction and reducing the possibility of safe egress in case of fire. The loss of Bumstead Hall will be severely felt.

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The symphony which began the evening was that by Goetze, in F, which was heard under Mr. Nikisch's direction in November, 1889. It is not a great composition, if you will, because its thoughts are simple its development unforced and its sentiment natural. It makes no attempt to overwhelm with power, to astonish by strangeness or puzzle by mystery. It used the full standard orchestra and is therewith well content. It shows melodic invention, contrapuntal skill (particularly in the second and last movements), and has so much alternate gaiety and placidity of temper as to make it a general favorite.

The overture, placed at the end of the programme, was Beethoven's "Leonore, No. 3," which surely needs only a mention to have its magnificently dramatic character recalled to any Boston concert goer.

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The great trouble with the symphony by Goetz is that it is without individuality. It has no cachet. When you hear unfamiliar music, say, by Gounod, to take an example in modern times, you know that the music is by Gounod, even if there is no name attached, even if the music is weak. It is not the music of Saint-Saens, it is not the music of Berlioz. It is that of Gounod. Now in this symphony by Goetz, the last movement is Schumann strained through a sieve.

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The playing of the orchestra was in the main admirable. Mr. Schroeder delivered the solo passages in the serenade in a sympathetic manner. The reading of the overture was dramatic, almost feverish. There were many fine points in it, as, for instance, the mad rush before the first trumpet call. On the other hand, there were moments when the rhythm that should be like a mighty pulse flazged, because there was over-elaboration in a detail.

PHILIP HALE.

Third of the Season's Symphony Offerings — Suffolk Musicals — Other Harmonic Happenings.

The third symphony concert given under Mr Paur's direction has strengthened the favorable impression he had already made upon his audiences, and gives assurance that all the promises made in behalf of the Leipsic conductor will be fulfilled. Mr Paur seem now to feel thoroughly at home in his new position, and an excellent understanding seems to be established between leader and orchestra.

Neither of Mr Paur's predecessors so readily gained the good will and esteem of the members of this orchestra. Every member now appears to be devoted to him and to endeavor to faithfully follow his instructions and to do all that is possible to contribute to the success of a performance.

Such evidence of good will is certainly most welcome and should result in Mr Paur being able to raise the orchestra's already very high standard of excellence.

The audiences are also becoming more appreciative of the new director's abilities. The applause at both Friday's rehearsal and last night's concert was much more cordial and general than before.

Although yesterday's program contained little variety and offered slight opportunity for contrast of orchestral effects, the offerings were very enjoyable. The numbers were H. Goetz' symphony in F major, Volkmann's serenade for strings, No. 3, in D minor, and Beethoven's No. 3 overture to "Leonora."

The Goetz symphony is a scholarly composition, and considerable originality is shown in the treatment of themes, which are in themselves rather commonplace. The scoring is elaborate, and offers excellent opportunity for displaying the resources and discipline of an orchestra, but it is not a work calculated to win especial favor from an average symphony concert audience.

The second is the most popular of the four movements, and last evening received rather the best interpretation. Especially pleasing was the work of the horns and clarinets, especially pleasing because these instruments have been known to offend in the past. The other movements were played with very good effect, barring, possibly, a slight suggestion of heaviness in interpreting the elaborately ornamented figures of the rondo.

The most enjoyable feature of the program was the thoroughly excellent performance of Volkmann's serenade. A more satisfactory performance of this charming composition has probably never been given by the orchestra, a strong statement to make considering the almost invariable excellence of the work by the string players of this organization.

Much of the enjoyment derived from the interpretation was due to the splendid playing of the solo cello by Mr Alvin Schroeder. His tones were deliciously clear and mellow, giving exquisite effect to the tender, almost mournful melodies of this rarely beautiful work.

There was good reason for the enthusiasm of the audience and the three recalls given director and soloist.

Beethoven's lovely "Leonora" overture received from Mr Paur a faithful and sympathetic interpretation. There was much delicacy of expression in the treatment of the sentimental passages, and the magnificent coda was worked up to with splendid effect.

Mme Emma Eames will be the soloist at the next concert, for which the following

program has been arranged: Symphony in F minor, Strauss (first time); aria from "Le Cid," Massenet; symphonic poem, "Le Rouet d'Omphale," Saint-Saens; aria from "Armide," Gluck; overture, "Academic Festival," Brahms.

PLANS FOR THE NEW MUSIC HALL.

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PHILIP HALE.

The Symphony Concert.

The third concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was given in Music Hall last night. The selections were: Symphony in F, op. 9, Goetz; Serenade, Volkmann, of which the 'cello solo was played by Mr. A. Schroeder, and Beethoven's "Leonora" overture, No. 3. It was not a very brilliant programme, nor a specially interesting one. The performances of last night would seem to indicate that Mr. Paur and his orchestra are now in perfect sympathy with each other. On this occasion, as on the others of the season, thus far, the extreme solicitude of the conductor for the most minute attention to details in his readings of the works presented, was again conspicuous. It is, however, open to question if something of spontaneity in effect and something of smoothness in flow is not lost by this excessive elaboration, especially in such a composition as the Beethoven overture, which, under super-conscientious care to emphasize every possible point, takes on a somewhat fragmentary aspect, and becomes a collection of detached effects, rather than a closely-knitted and self-consistent whole. Under the treatment to which it was subjected, especially in the changes made in the time, the phrases seemed to be too widely separated, and the connection of one with the other was often severed; and, if we may use the word, the "oneness" of the work was dissipated. Except for this, the interpretation was one of the most brilliant and stirring the work has ever had at these concerts;—intensely theatrical, it is true; but why not? The overture was written for the theatre. We cannot recall as effective a preparation for the trumpet fanfare behind the scene, as that which Mr. Paur made. The climax of the overture was worked up with splendid fire. The playing of the orchestra was magnificent. It has not been heard to such advantage before, in three years. Everything was so clear, so decisive: there was such unity and precision in the overwhelming rush of string tone, and such broad nobility in effect. The symphony was finely read and played, but we must confess that we find all its worth and all its beauties in the first allegro, and the intermezzo. The latter movement was exquisitely colored. The cello solo in the serenade was gracefully and tastefully played by Mr. Schroeder. The sincerity and the earnestness of Mr. Paur make themselves more and more felt, and with his thoroughly artistic absorption in his work to the avoidance of all posing for effect, intensify the respect that he won for himself at the very outset. The instrumental selections for the next concert are: Symphony in F minor, Strauss (first time); "Le Rouet d'Omphale," Saint-Saëns; "Academy" Overture, Brahms. Mme. Emma Eames is to be the soloist, and sing an air by Massenet, and one by Gluck.

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OCTOBER 30, 1893

THEATRES AND CONCERTS.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the third symphony concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Goetz: Symphony in F major, Opus 9.
Volkmann: Serenade for strings, No. 3, in D minor, Opus 36. (Cello solo: Mr. Alwin Schroeder.)
Beethoven: Overture to "Leonore," No. 3, in C major, Opus 72.

The Goetz symphony is an old friend whom one is glad to meet again, especially as such meetings do not come about often. It is a work of highly cultured talent rather than of genius; yet the line separating it from mere *Kapellmeister-Musik* is sufficiently distinctly drawn. The composer's inspiration flows in a rather tenuous stream, but it is recognizably genuine inspiration, for all that. Goetz was too young, in experience as a composer, if not actually in years, when he wrote it, to impress upon it the stamp of a sharply outlined individuality; he was still in what would have been recognized as his "first period," had he been spared to live and grow in strength and mastery. But it is excellently well written and genial music, albeit one feels that it is not destined to outlive the ages. Except the Intermezzo, there is little in the work that one would care to go to any trouble to preserve; it is all good, but not good enough to take up the room of better things. The Intermezzo, however, is a gem, a bit of real inspiration and not a little originality. Some of us can remember the unbounded enthusiasm it created here when the symphony was first given, some twenty and odd years ago, in the old Harvard Musical days; the more hot-headed were even ready to rank it with the scherzo in Gade's B-flat symphony, or the one in his symphony in C minor. And it is saying not a little for it that it still retains its charm. The performance given the work by Mr. Paur and the orchestra was in every respect admirable; it was highly finished well-shaded, thoroughly artistic playing, giving the clearest idea of just what the music is. Particularly fine was the way in which Goetz's instrumentation was allowed to retain its true flavor, regardless of consequences. The symphony is scored with classic moderation and a delicacy that reminds one somewhat of Gade, Sterndale Bennett, and others of the Leipzig school; it is a sort of orchestration which, for good or evil, is now a thing of the past, and is, moreover, by no means adapted to produce any very striking effect in places like our Music Hall—especially nowadays that our ears have grown accustomed to more boldly sonorous scoring. But Mr. Paur was content to take the symphony as the symphony was meant and let the effect take care of itself; if the hall was too big, that was the fault of the hall and none of his business; he did not try to "modernize" the instrumentation by over-strenuous playing to make it vie in effect with any modern thunderings.

The Volkmann serenade brings to our mind the question once more: Why try to dig up the

poor old composer from his grave and make him revisit thus the glimpses of the moon—not in complete steel, but as a very diaphanous ghost, the stars dim-twinkling through him? He was a hard and sincere worker during a tolerably long life, and an unkind and too careless world rewarded him with starvation; but, now that he is past apologizing to, what is the need of trying to give him a semblance of posthumous popularity? It does him no good and it bores the rest of the world mightily. *Il n'y a que les morts qui ne reviennent pas*,—would that this were true! for Volkmann is dead, dead as a door-nail, and not all the king's horses nor all the king's men can galvanize him into life again. Mr. Schroeder played the 'cello solo very beautifully, indeed the playing of all the strings calls for nothing but commendation.

To Mr. Paur's reading of the great "Leonore" overture we would only apply the pudding test. No doubt his conception of the work is amply defensible—on paper or *viva voce*; but, to the ear, it does not defend itself. It was thoroughly ineffective and, what was still worse, ineffective at the expense of great seeming effort. The trouble was not only that Mr. Paur's frequent changes of speed broke up the composition into small sections, thus destroying all continuity of impression, but that each change, in itself, seemed too purely voluntary, made with a set and conscious purpose, instead of impressing one as the immediate, uncontrollable expression of a momentary emotion. This constant shifting of the tempo seems to work more ruin in Beethoven than in almost any other composer in the whole list; these sudden fits of *piu mosso* and *meno mosso* affect one much like Laputan flappers, intended to act as a fillip to the languishing attention of an audience. The born and bred Laputan, immersed in his own lofty musings, needed the application of the flapper, to remind him that conversation was going forward to which it were well for him to attend; but to us, already interested and absorbed in the conversation, as we are, the flapper is a mere unwelcome interruption, calling our attention to nothing but itself. These effects make a mosaic out of a work that in itself is no mosaic at all, but rather a constant organic development, a growing of something stronger and more vital out of something already strong and vital that precedes it; it is this continuous growth that, as much as anything else, gives the work its enormous dramatic interest and impressiveness. Break it up into disjointed sections, and the music loses all its momentum; every section has to make a fresh start for itself, at an incalculable loss of energy. The advocates of this over-elaborate and mis-called "expressive" style of interpreting Beethoven are fond of speaking of the opposite, to our mind more natural, method as "barrel-organ grinding!" To this we would only oppose the suggestion that "interpreting" Beethoven is at least as apposite a term for what they like so much; for, in listening to a discourse through the medium of an interpreter, one may get an understanding of its meaning, but the process is so laborious that the native flavor, aroma and fire of it are all but inevitably lost.

THE THIRD SYMPHONY.

A Charming Programme Ably Rendered.

The third concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place at Music Hall Saturday evening. The following programme was given:

Symphony in F major, op. 9.....H. Goetz
Serenade for strings in D minor, op. 39

Volkmann
(Cello solo by Mr. Alwin Schroeder.)
Overture to "Leonore," No. 3.....Beethoven

The Goetz Symphony was first performed in this country by the Philharmonic Orchestra at Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, Jan. 8, 1880. Later in the same month the Harvard Orchestra played it in Boston. It has also been played by Gerloke in March, 1887, and Nikisch in November, 1888. This symphony shows the hand of the scholarly composer, for its polyphony is admirable. It is replete with beautiful melodies and is scored in the modern vein. The Intermezzo is the most pleasing and the most original movement of the work. It was delightfully played by the orchestra.

The Adagio comes next in interest and originality, but it is rather prolonged in the working out. The lively poetic theme at the beginning of this movement was too loudly given out by the strings, and its delicacy and sentiment were thus marred. There is contrast in plenty in this movement, but it requires a more delicate touch and a more exacting gradation of dynamics to display its full values in shading than our new conductor has shown thus far in his interpretations. The first movement and the last movement are specimens of the fine musicianship of the composer, and though not particularly melodious at length, are spirited and brilliant in their development. In the last movement one is reminded forcibly of Schumann.

This symphony is of sufficient calibre to cause one to regret that its composer should have died so early in life, which event took place in 1876, in his 36th year, from overwork caused by poverty.

The Volkmann Serenade, which has been heard in Boston several times since its first production by the Philharmonic Orchestra in 1879 is a delightful composition, full of romance, and graceful in its setting for the instruments. The solo was delightfully played by Mr. Schroeder, and the orchestra in its efforts displayed the remarkable delicacy and precision for which it is so justly famous. The audience was enraptured with the performance.

Mr. Paur scored a great success in his conception of the Beethoven overture, and in the magnificent rendering, the result of his masterly conducting of the orchestra in the delineation of his conception was apparent. It was dramatic in the extreme and showed that he is possessed of a musical temperament that must in the course of his career here display some rare qualities and stamp him as a musician of deep emotions. Rarely, if ever, has this noble overture been so wonderfully interpreted in our concert halls. The audience recognized this fact with

The Symphony Concert.

The third concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was given in Music Hall last night. The selections were: Symphony in F, op. 9, Goetz; Serenade, Volkmann, of which the 'cello solo was played by Mr. A. Schroeder, and Beethoven's "Leonora" overture, No. 3. It was not a very brilliant programme, nor a specially interesting one. The performances of last night would seem to indicate that Mr. Paur and his orchestra are now in perfect sympathy with each other. On this occasion, as on the others of the season, thus far, the extreme solicitude of the conductor for the most minute attention to details in his readings of the works presented, was again conspicuous. It is, however, open to question if something of spontaneity in effect and something of smoothness in flow is not lost by this excessive elaboration, especially in such a composition as the Beethoven overture, which, under super-conscientious care to emphasize every possible point, takes on a somewhat fragmentary aspect, and becomes a collection of detached effects, rather than a closely-knitted and self-consistent whole. Under the treatment to which it was subjected, especially in the changes made in the time, the phrases seemed to be too widely separated, and the connection of one with the other was often severed; and, if we may use the word, the "oneness" of the work was dissipated. Except for this, the interpretation was one of the most brilliant and stirring the work has ever had at these concerts;—intensely theatrical, it is true; but why not? The overture was written for the theatre. We cannot recall as effective a preparation for the trumpet fanfare behind the scene, as that which Mr. Paur made. The climax of the overture was worked up with splendid fire. The playing of the orchestra was magnificent. It has not been heard to such advantage before, in three years. Everything was so clear, so decisive: there was such unity and precision in the overwhelming rush of string tone, and such broad nobility in effect. The symphony was finely read and played, but we must confess that we find all its worth and all its beauties in the first allegro, and the intermezzo. The latter movement was exquisitely colored. The cello solo in the serenade was gracefully and tastefully played by Mr. Schroeder. The sincerity and the earnestness of Mr. Paur make themselves more and more felt, and with his thoroughly artistic absorption in his work to the avoidance of all posing for effect, intensify the respect that he won for himself at the very outset. The instrumental selections for the next concert are: Symphony in F-minor, Strauss (first time); "Le Rouet d'Omphale," Saint-Saëns; "Academy" Overture, Brahms. Mme. Emma Eames is to be the soloist, and sing an air by Massenet, and one by Gluck.

7, OCTOBER 30, 1893

THEATRES AND CONCERTS.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the third symphony concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Goetz: Symphony in F major, Opus 9.
Volkmann: Serenade for strings, No. 3, in D minor, Opus 36. (Cello solo: Mr. Alwin Schroeder.)
Beethoven: Overture to "Leonore," No. 3, in C major, Opus 72.

The Goetz symphony is an old friend whom one is glad to meet again, especially as such meetings do not come about often. It is a work of highly cultured talent rather than of genius; yet the line separating it from mere *Kapellmeister-Musik* is sufficiently distinctly drawn. The composer's inspiration flows in a rather tenuous stream, but it is recognizably genuine inspiration, for all that. Goetz was too young, in experience as a composer, if not actually in years, when he wrote it, to impress upon it the stamp of a sharply outlined individuality; he was still in what would have been recognized as his "first period," had he been spared to live and grow in strength and mastery. But it is excellently well written and genial music, albeit one feels that it is not destined to outlive the ages. Except the Intermezzo, there is little in the work that one would care to go to any trouble to preserve; it is all good, but not good enough to take up the room of better things. The Intermezzo, however, is a gem, a bit of real inspiration and not a little originality. Some of us can remember the unbounded enthusiasm it created here when the symphony was first given, some twenty and odd years ago, in the old Harvard Musical days; the more hot-headed were even ready to rank it with the scherzo in Gade's B-flat symphony, or the one in his symphony in C minor. And it is saying not a little for it that it still retains its charm. The performance given the work by Mr. Paur and the orchestra was in every respect admirable; it was highly finished well-shaded, thoroughly artistic playing, giving the clearest idea of just what the music is. Particularly fine was the way in which Goetz's instrumentation was allowed to retain its true flavor, regardless of consequences. The symphony is scored with classic moderation and a delicacy that reminds one somewhat of Gade, Sterndale Bennett, and others of the Leipzig school; it is a sort of orchestration which, for good or evil, is now a thing of the past, and is, moreover, by no means adapted to produce any very striking effect in places like our Music Hall—especially nowadays that our ears have grown accustomed to more boldly sonorous scoring. But Mr. Paur was content to take the symphony as the symphony was meant and let the effect take care of itself; if the hall was too big, that was the fault of the hall and none of his business; he did not try to "modernize" the instrumentation by over-strenuous playing to make it vie in effect with any modern thunderings.

The Volkmann serenade brings to our mind the question once more: Why try to dig up the

poor old composer from his grave and make him revisit thus the glimpses of the moon—not in complete steel, but as a very diaphanous ghost, the stars dim-twinkling through him? He was a hard and sincere worker during a tolerably long life, and an unkind and too careless world rewarded him with starvation; but, now that he is past apologizing to, what is the need of trying to give him a semblance of posthumous popularity? It does him no good and it bores the rest of the world mightily. *Il n'y a que les morts qui ne reviennent pas*,—would that this were true! For Volkmann is dead, dead as a door-nail, and not all the king's horses nor all the king's men can galvanize him into life again. Mr. Schroeder played the cello solo very beautifully, indeed the playing of all the strings calls for nothing but commendation.

To Mr. Paur's reading of the great "Leonore" overture we would only apply the pudding test. No doubt his conception of the work is amply defensible—on paper or *viva voce*; but, to the ear, it does not defend itself. It was thoroughly ineffective and, what was still worse, ineffective at the expense of great seeming effort. The trouble was not only that Mr. Paur's frequent changes of speed broke up the composition into small sections, thus destroying all continuity of impression, but that each change, in itself, seemed too purely voluntary, made with a set and conscious purpose, instead of impressing one as the immediate, uncontrollable expression of a momentary emotion. This constant shifting of the tempo seems to work more ruin in Beethoven than in almost any other composer in the whole list; these sudden fits of *piu mosso* and *meno mosso* affect one much like Laputan flappers, intended to act as a filip to the languishing attention of an audience. The born and bred Laputan, immersed in his own lofty musings, needed the application of the flapper, to remind him that conversation was going forward to which it were well for him to attend; but to us, already interested and absorbed in the conversation, as we are, the flapper is a mere unwelcome interruption, calling our attention to nothing but itself. These effects make a mosaic out of a work that in itself is no mosaic at all, but rather a constant organic development, a growing of something stronger and more vital out of something already strong and vital that precedes it; it is this continuous growth that, as much as anything else, gives the work its enormous dramatic interest and impressiveness. Break it up into disjointed sections, and the music loses all its momentum; every section has to make a fresh start for itself, at an incalculable loss of energy. The advocates of this over-elaborate and mis-called "expressive" style of interpreting Beethoven are fond of speaking of the opposite, to our mind more natural, method as "barrel-organ grinding!" To this we would only oppose the suggestion that "interpreting" Beethoven is at least as apposite a term for what they like so much: for, in listening to a discourse through the medium of an interpreter, one may get an understanding of its meaning, but the process is so laborious that the native flavor, aroma and fire of it are all but inevitably lost.

THE THIRD SYMPHONY.

A Charming Programme Ably Rendered.

The third concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place at Music Hall Saturday evening. The following programme was given:

Symphony in F major, op. 9.....H. Goetz
Serenade for strings in D minor, op. 36.....Volkmann

(Cello solo by Mr. Alwin Schroeder.)
Overture to "Leonore," No. 3.....Beethoven

The Goetz Symphony was first performed in this country by the Philharmonic Orchestra at Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, Jan. 8, 1880. Later in the same month the Harvard Orchestra played it in Boston. It has also been played by Gerike in March, 1887, and Nikisch in November, 1888. This symphony shows the hand of the scholarly composer, for its polyphony is admirable. It is replete with beautiful melodies and is scored in the modern vein. The Intermezzo is the most pleasing and the most original movement of the work. It was delightfully played by the orchestra.

The Adagio comes next in interest and originality, but it is rather prolonged in the working out. The lively poetic theme at the beginning of this movement was too loudly given out by the strings, and its delicacy and sentiment were thus marred. There is contrast in plenty in this movement, but it requires a more delicate touch and a more exacting gradation of dynamics to display its full values in shading than our new conductor has shown thus far in his interpretations. The first movement and the last movement are specimens of the fine musicianship of the composer, and though not particularly melodious at length, are spirited and brilliant in their development. In the last movement one is reminded forcibly of Schumann.

This symphony is of sufficient calibre to cause one to regret that its composer should have died so early in life, which event took place in 1876, in his 35th year, from overwork caused by poverty.

The Volkmann Serenade, which has been heard in Boston several times since its first production by the Philharmonic Orchestra in 1879 is a delightful composition, full of romance, and graceful in its setting for the instruments. The solo was delightfully played by Mr. Schroeder, and the orchestra in its efforts displayed the remarkable delicacy and precision for which it is so justly famous. The audience was enraptured with the performance.

Mr. Paur scored a great success in his conception of the Beethoven overture, and in the magnificent rendering, the result of his masterly conducting of the orchestra in the delineation of his conception was apparent. It was dramatic in the extreme and showed that he is possessed of a musical temperament that must in the course of his career here display some rare qualities and stamp him as a musician of deep emotions. Rarely, if ever, has this noble overture been so wonderfully interpreted in our concert halls. The audience recognized this fact with

Mr. Paur constantly impresses his listeners that he is a musician earnest and serious in his work, of high musical instincts, and a large degree of feeling, with the ability and determination necessary to have the renderings correspond to his conception and desires. His work shows evidence of virility, and is marked by a most careful effort as regards his ideas of the expression of the piece. His beat is firm and intelligent, and the players respond readily to its indications. As a conductor he is infinitely the superior of his immediate predecessor, and when he shall have gained a better defined gradation of dynamics, and more repose at times, the playing of the orchestra will in its effect approach closely the wonderful perfection that marked its efforts under Mr. Gericke.

Mr. Paur has already gained the highest regard of his critical listeners because of his sterling qualities. The concert on Saturday evening was of a most happy length. Next Saturday evening the programme will present the symphony in F-minor, by Richard Strauss: the Symphonic poem, "Le Rouet d'Omphale," Saint-Saens; and Brahms's "Academic Festival" overture. Mrs. Emma Eames will be the soloist. WARREN DAVENPORT.

Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1893-94.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

IV. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, AT 8, P. M.

PROGRAMME.

- | | |
|------------------|--|
| RICHARD STRAUSS. | SYMPHONY in F minor, op. 12.
I. Allegro ma non troppo. un poco maestoso
II. Scherzo: Presto.—Trio: l'Istesso tempo.
III. Andante cantabile.
IV. Allegro assai, molto appassionato. |
| MASSENET. | RECITATIVE. "De cet affreux combat," and ARIA
"Pleurez! pleurez mes yeux!" from "Le Cid." |
| SAINT-SAËNS. | SYMPHONIC POEM. "Le Rouet d'Omphale." op. 31 |
| GLUCK. | ARIA, "Ah! si la liberte," from "Armide." |
| BRAHMS. | AKADEMISCHE FEST-OUVERTURE, in
C minor, op. 80. |

Soloist:

MME. EMMA EAMES.

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.

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tremendous applause.

Mr. Paur constantly impresses his listeners that he is a musician earnest and serious in his work, of high musical instincts, and a large degree of feeling, with the ability and determination necessary to have the renderings correspond to his conception and desires. His work shows evidence of virility, and is marked by a most careful effort as regards his ideas of the expression of the piece. His beat is firm and intelligent, and the players respond readily to its indications. As a conductor he is infinitely the superior of his immediate predecessor, and when he shall have gained a better defined gradation of dynamics, and more repose at times, the playing of the orchestra will in its effect approach closely the wonderful perfection that marked its efforts under Mr. Gericke.

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Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1893-94.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

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IV. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, AT 8, P. M.

PROGRAMME.

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MASSENET.	RECITATIVE, "De cet affreux combat," and ARIA "Pleurez! pleurez mes yeux!" from "Le Cid."
SAINT-SAËNS.	SYMPHONIC POEM, "Le Rouet d'Omphale," op. 31
GLUCK.	ARIA, "Ah! si la liberte," from "Armide."
BRAHMS.	AKADEMISCHE FEST-OUVERTURE, in C minor, op. 80.

Soloist:

MME. EMMA EAMES.

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.

THEATRES AND CONCERTS.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the fourth symphony concert, given in Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Richard Strauss: Symphony in F minor, Opus 12.
 Massenet: Recitative, "De cet affreux combat," and
 Aria, "Pleurez! pleurez, mes yeux," from "Le Cid."
 Saint-Saëns: Symphonic Poem, "Le Rouet d'Omphale," in A major, Opus 31.
 Gluck: Aria, "Ah! si la liberté," from "Armide."
 Brahms: Akademische Fest-Ouverture, in C minor, Opus 80.

Mme. Emma Eames was the singer.

It is not often that a full-fledged symphony, written by a boy of sixteen is published in full score and publicly performed several thousand miles away from home thirteen years after it was composed! No matter what may be thought of the absolute value of this F minor symphony of Richard Strauss's, this much may surely be said of it: that it has had the power to induce an intelligent and experienced conductor to give it before a presumably intelligent and experienced audience as something worth listening to; few boys of sixteen have got so far as this! As for the work itself, it is almost needless to say that it bears many marks of the composer's youthfulness. One feels, in listening to it, that here is a young man, just through with, or still in the midst of, his academic training, anxious to turn what he has learned to practical account, yet ambitious to show that he has artistic aspirations above and beyond mere academic respectability; the former is shown by the immediate and oft-recurring employment of polyphonic, or contrapuntal, devices, the latter by the freedom with which these devices are used and by the generally romantic and emotional character of the themes themselves. Another youthful trait is the evident desire the composer evinces to follow Liszt's not entirely unquestionable advice, "*tachez toujours de faire grand!*"—always try to do things on a large scale!—advice which, when followed, often results in the young composer's putting all his eggs recklessly into one basket. Of that other youthful trait, the highest and noblest of all, the one which led the late Julius Eichberg to cry out in admiration at the young Berlioz's "Fantastic" symphony: "Oh, glorious youth! with all its illusions still intact, and its whole-souled faith in them!"—of this fine youthful audacity, that does not yet know itself audacious, Strauss has shown little, save in the last movement of his work; but in the finale he does grasp at the thunder with a will, and his daring is well rewarded. With all its turgidity, its excessiveness and indulgence in "stunning" effects, the finale is out and out the best of the four movements; it has the most of real vitality, of convincing force; you feel that it was written in the composer's very heart's blood and that he believed every note of it with a belief profounder and more efficacious than comes from mere intellectual conviction. Here, if anywhere in the symphony, is true inspiration; not of the highest, not even of a very high, kind, but genuine, vital, and of a sort to give the young composer a fulcrum whereon to rest the lever of his cleverness. One may smile

at it now and then,—indeed one is impelled to do a good deal of smiling in the course of the whole symphony,—but it is with a kindly and withal sympathetic smile, free from cynicism. Of the other three movements, the Scherzo seems the best; the *Andante cantabile*, on the other hand, is plainly the weakest; that fourth theme, *molto tranquillo e dolce*, with its skips of a tenth and its wild tessings about from violins to basses in a sort of free, double-counterpoint, bespeaks a lacking, or undeveloped, sense of humor in the composer, blinding his eyes to the difference between sentiment and bathos. Upon the whole, this youthful work gives one a rather regretful feeling as one compares it with what Strauss has since given to the world, and considers into what paths the further development of his talent has led him; how, starting from this point, his technique in composition has developed itself almost solely in the more purely physical direction of orchestration, while it has remained stationary or even retrograded in the higher, intellectual matter of thematic development and coherence of musical structure; how that fine youthful enthusiasm that lent life and vigor to his Finale has not become more sane, but has grown rank and overshadowed almost all else in him. This F minor symphony falls far short of being a great work, but it stands at the beginning of a path that should have led to better and more wholesome things than the "Don Juan," "Francesca da Rimini" and "The Tempest."

Saint-Saëns's winsome "Rouet d'Omphale" was admirably played: with life, delicacy and constant effectiveness. But the stroke of the evening was Brahms's Academic Overture; we have been following Mr. Paur carefully and with unfeigned interest from the beginning of the season, and have found much in him to admire: his artistic honesty, his freedom from affectation of any sort, his singleness of musical purpose, his skill in getting technically fine and exact playing out of his orchestra. And now, with the Academic Overture, he has shown that, beside possessing all these good qualities, "*he has it in him!*" By "*it*" we mean the most important, the crowning quality of all, the one which, without the others, does not go far, to be sure, but without which the others have no real artistic significance: Magnetism, vital force, a touch of the divine spark! We suspected him of it in Volkmann's "Richard III." overture, but were not quite sure of our affair; now we are sure of it. Never in our recollection has this overture of Brahms's produced such an effect. Think of it! here was Brahms—and in a not universally admired work, too—played with all due sanity, without any striving after unworthy, meretricious, or merely skin-deep effect yet so played as to be perfectly clear to a general audience and to whirl that audience up to the highest pitch of excitement and enthusiasm! The performance was masterly, and better!

Before speaking more particularly of Mme. Eames's singing, we cannot help dwelling a little on one, as it seems to us, noteworthy feature in her participation in the concert. Here is a young and already famous prima donna—one of a class not noted for self-effacing artistic virtues—coming to sing at a concert at which

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she knows (or might know) she will be the principal, if not the only, attraction in the eyes of the whole "surplus" of the audience, that all the standing room will be filled with people who have come to hear her, and for little else. And what does she do? She chooses two songs that have nothing to recommend them to an audience save their intrinsic musical value; songs to be sung with all sincerity of artistic purpose, with all purity and nobility of style, but upon which no singer's ingenuity could hang one bit of extraneous, unworthy effectiveness, songs which even lack some of the most powerful as well as the most artistically legitimate elements of musical effectiveness. Neither of her two selections ends with the least attempt at a climax,—the Massenet piece even closes with an imperfect cadence,—neither of them give the singer any opportunity for vocal display; moreover, neither of them are at all familiar to our public. To be sure, Massenet's "*Pleurez! pleurez!*" is in a style which has become fairly popular of late years; the public have learned to understand and like that sort of thing. But this can hardly be said of Gluck's "*Ah! si la liberté!*," it has no merely "popular" side whatever; in fact, there are but few cities in the world where any opera of Gluck's has managed to hold the stage, save by the classic artistic plety of a small portion of the public. Now, when an artist like Mme. Eames chooses two such songs for her first appearance before a large general public, and at a concert, too, where there is no hope of an "encore," it looks very much as if she chose them simply because she found them intrinsically fine music, well worth the singing, without regard for what the audience might think of them; no singer could have chosen either of them with an eye to the applause it might reap. Few operatic *prima donnas* will consent to take such a course, even when urged thereto; very few, indeed, will take it of their own free will. In this Mme. Eames has shown that she takes herself seriously, as an artist of high aim. This is as it should be; *bravissima!*

If we cannot quite agree with her admiration for the Massenet song, for, saving the fine outburst of passion near the middle, we can find little in it, we can heartily sympathize with her in choice of the Gluck aria. Massenet wrote his "*Cid*" when he had already entered upon the downward path of half-hearted composing which has since led his remarkable talent into a slough of third-rateness; the "*Pleurez! pleurez!*" seems a most indistinct, desultory piece of writing; it is melodically so vague that one recognizes the return of the theme more by the words than by the music—one forgets what the theme was before the thing is half over. But it is expressive, to a certain degree dramatic, in its musical illustration of the text. It needs great singing to make anything out of it at all. Gluck's "*Ah! si la liberté!*" on the other hand, is divinely beautiful, replete with that warmth which even his rather academic rigidity of expression could not wholly hide. Its expression is too measured, too contained, to allow it to appeal very forcibly to most listeners today; but it is genuine, noble music through and through; there is true genius in it. Mme. Eames sang both songs very beautifully indeed; with admirable "school," purity of style, beauty of voice and feeling.

In a word, she sang them artistically. In the matter of effectiveness something was undeniably wanting; there were moments, such as the passage, "*Tu ne saurais jamais conduire qu'aux chemins glorieux.*" in the song from "*Le Cid*," when you were carried away unresisting; but in others one could not but feel that the music could be more forcibly put. We have heard Mme. Eames a good deal, and think we know pretty well what is in her; to our mind what was lacking of supreme effectiveness in her singing last Saturday evening is to be charged to one thing, and to one thing only: to a want of routine. There is a certain power the long habit of being constantly under fire gives a singer or player, which nothing else will give; it is this peculiar power one finds in most "old stagers," and there is no royal road to acquiring it; no amount of practice away from an audience can give it, genius itself cannot anticipate it. It will come from nothing but years of constant—not merely occasional—facing an audience. This routine-power is just what Mme. Eames as yet lacks; all else she seems to have in pretty generous measure. The audience greeted her singing of the Massenet song with the warmest enthusiasm, and she was thrice recalled; the Gluck aria seems to be more caviare to them.

The next programme (for Friday afternoon, Nov. 17, and Saturday evening, Nov. 18, there is no concert this week) is: Mozart, symphony in C major ("*Jupiter*"); Brahms, double concerto for violin and 'cello; Haydn, symphony in D major. Mr. Franz Kneisel will be the violinist, and Mr. Alwin Schroeder the 'cellist.

AFTER DINNER

Many a person who sat in the audience at Music Hall and applauded the stately looking, beautiful singer, who was the soloist of the Symphony Concert last evening recalled the days when this same woman was a girl here in Boston, just preparing for her career.

Emma Eames's first church position was at the Dudley Street Baptist Church, a tall-spired edifice, familiar to every one who takes the Warren Street route into Roxbury, as it stands high above the street, and approached by a double flight of steps, just at the left of Warren Street as one crosses Dudley.

At that time Charlie Capen, well known as a musical critic, was the organist at that church. They were trying soprano voices to fill a vacancy in the choir, and Emma Eames was one of sixteen candidates. She had a beautiful voice in those days, but she did not read very readily, and, though the organist was somewhat attracted by her singing, the Church Committee had about decided to engage another woman. Capen went out into the vestibule, where the aspirants were waiting, to speak to the singer who had been selected, and to tell her that she was pretty sure of the place, when he was intercepted by Miss Eames. She stepped in front of him, and, smiling, with her young and handsome

face aglow with animation, asked:

"What do you think of my voice?"

"I think it is a beautiful voice, Miss Eames," answered the organist, "but you don't read well, and I am afraid the committee have decided in favor of some one else."

Her face did not fall. With the same bright smile she replied:

"Yes, I know, but I am very anxious to get the position, and I am willing to work. Couldn't you say a word for me, since you like my voice?"

The organist was quite overcome by the presence of the girl and by her voice, as many another man has been since. He turned about. Without saying a word to the singer who had been so near success, he went back to the committee. There he expatiated on Miss Eames's voice. He acknowledged that she did not read well, but he pledged himself to be responsible that she should come to church with the service prepared, though he was a busy man, with his time fully occupied with the teaching and writing that brought him in his livelihood. This characteristic circumstance may be taken as a sample of Emma Eames's irresistible personality even in the days of her callow youth.

Her experiences in that choir were even more characteristic. She had about as much idea of the etiquette of going to church as a frolicksome kitten, and she was perfectly irresponsible. She was afraid of no one, and seemed to laugh at some ideas of propriety. What she thought, she had to speak at once, place and time of no account, or run the risk of bursting. She followed that policy in the choir. In spite of the commands of her mother, who at that time was always with her, in defiance of the prayers of the organist her comments during the service were liberal and amusing, and often disastrous to the propriety of the organ loft.

"I have a fair sample in mind. Right in the midst of a sermon she turned to the organist, who was listening sedately to the minister, and whispered: "I say, Mr. Capen, I've found out what the Baptist belief is."

"Sh," admonished the organist; but it was useless, her discovery had to be ventilated before she could stop, and her next sentence had a very Gilbertian sound to the good deacon who sat near enough to catch her reply.

Of course there was a great row in the church, and Miss Eames's resignation was wanted at once. Again the organist leaped boldly into the breach. He reminded the deacons that the girl was very young; that she meant no harm; that he would himself be responsible for her future good behavior. Then he went to her and tried to put her on her honor to quit nonsense during service. She made no more expositions of her discoveries in regard to creeds, but there were greater breakers than that ahead.

She ceased to be universal in her attentions to the choir, and confined her confidences and her glances to the tenor, simply because he was the man nearest at hand. This was more disastrous still, for, to use the words of the organist, "she mashed every tenor I got." Her youth was running over with buoyant spirits, and her glee and sportive temperament were contagious. As fast

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as a tenor got broken in she broke him up. Twelve tenors had been tried and none could be kept, for this reason, when Capen went to George Lennon, Mathilde Lennon's brother, who wanted a church position, and said to him:

"See here, George, we're in a terrible box up at the church. We've got a soprano who sings very well. I think she has a great voice, and a future, and I want to keep her. But every tenor that sings with her gets rattled. Now do come and be a sensible fellow. Don't let her get away with you, and it'll be a personal favor to me."

Lennon agreed to keep his head.

Then Capen went to his pretty soprano. "Now, Miss Eames," he begged, "please don't flirt with Lennon. Do give the church some show," and she looked as innocent as you please of his meaning, but promised. For several Sundays everything went well. The anxious fellow on the organ bench began to breathe easily. Then came a baptismal service. Miss Eames had never seen anything of the sort, and was all azog. She began her funny talk in short whispers to the tenor, and as a result when they rose for the baptismal hymn the tenor started on the wrong hymn, and the choir were all in a mix. That was bad enough, but worse remained behind. Miss Eames was craning her neck to see the minister and the candidate walk down into the font, and much more interested in that than in her share of the service. When the candidate was tipped back for the dip her mouth opened, and a ripple of soprano laughter swept from the choir gallery over the heads of the shocked congregation. That settled it. The organist shivered. He had done all he could, but there was no apology possible for that.

It had been Capen who put her in the choir. It had been Capen that kept her there. It had to be Capen who would accept the situation. He dreaded it, but it had to be done. She must go. But he set himself to soften the dismissal. It happened that he knew that Bob Clouston was looking for a soprano, and as quickly as he could he went to him and induced him to engage Miss Eames. Then he went to her mother and said: "Madam, your daughter does not behave well enough to sing in a Baptist Church, but perhaps she will be all right in a Unitarian Church." And she was, for she stayed there three years.

I wonder as she watched the beat of Faur last night if any recollections of that other conductor who had believed in her came back. Or if, as she passed the first violins, any vision haunted her of that gifted fellow who so admired the singer, and who, when she first sang at the Symphony, was one of the marked men of the orchestra.

Lichtenberg was a stoic, a philosopher, a woman hater. How deep his regard went for Eames no one knew. He left the Symphony Orchestra under the displeasure of Gericke for an offense committed by another violinist who had not the courage to own up and protect a fellow musician. But there were plenty to believe that at the root of Gericke's displeasure was not that laugh that disturbed the rehearsal, but the fact that the fair Eames had smiled on the violinist, and possibly the recollection of

those evenings when they had tried to sit one another out in that modest little parlor on Mt. Vernon Street.

Lichtenberg was a clever fellow in those days, but when a man of his gifts believes in nothing, not even in himself; when such a man is not troubled with ambition, and does not especially value the God-given gifts he possesses, it is not uncommon that he is forgotten. When Lichtenberg first appeared here as a soloist, there were those who fancied they saw ahead of this lad, who had begun as a street musician and ended as the most magnetic fellow in the Symphony Orchestra, a great future. Though he is still in New York, and devoting himself to teaching at Mrs. Thurber's school, he is well-nigh forgotten here by the very men who once envied him.

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Symphony in F minor, op. 12. Richard Strauss.
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Omphale's Spinning Wheel, Symphonic Poem, op. 31. Saint-Saens
Aria, *Ah! si la liberte*, from *Armide*. Gluck
Academic Festival-overture, op. 80. Brahms

Mrs. Emma Eames was the soloist. The novelty on the programme was the Strauss symphony, abounding in interest, both as regards its construction and the masterly manner in which the composer wields the orchestra. There is a multiplicity of themes in the work, many of which were original and beautiful. The work is bewildering in the variety of its manner, for it avoids the traditional form in its development; that is in the conservative, consecutive form of the working out. It presents, instead, in the most part, alternating characteristics that produce surprising effects, which, at the same time, keep within the bounds of rational development, although of short duration, often.

In the first movement and in the last also, occur, however, some prolonged and complete handling of subjects in a free form that exhibits remarkable resources on the part of the composer as regards knowledge and invention in the matter of the broader forms of composition. It is difficult, however, to speak critically of this long and intricate work at one hearing. The Scherzo is unmistakably original, brilliant and buoyant. The Andante Cantabile also has its beauties, but one's interest flags in the rather tedious length of the movement, for it seems as if the composer could have said all much more briefly and to the point as well. There can be no two opinions among competent mu-

sicians regarding the ability of Strauss in the matter of his employment of the orchestra. He is simply a master of orchestral resources. Mr. Paur is to be thanked for the opportunity of listening to this youthful composer's first symphony.

The only question is will this composer develop as he grows older the high classical model of symphonic writing, or will his tendency be toward the free-fantasy mode of composition. With his originality and wonderful resources it is to be hoped that he will take the former path and thereby make an enduring fame. It is an easy matter for a composer of knowledge and inventive skill to make music in the latter form. To rise above the Cappelmeister and succeed in the former, however, calls for more than a remarkable talent; it demands spontaneous genius. The orchestra played the symphony in the most brilliant manner under the exacting baton of Conductor Paur. The most ardent admirer of Mr. Nikisch could not have asked for a more overloud and violent performance on the part of the brass wind at times, or for a more thundering noise than came from the tympani player. If Conductor Paur will but raise such a din at his debut in New York this week he will be sure to please the critics of that city and establish himself solidly in their favor.

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Mrs. Eames sang her numbers in an artistic and unaffected manner. At the great climax in the Massenet selection she rose to a fine height. Also the simplicity of her rendering of the aria of Gluck is to be praised. The discriminating critic only wishes that her voice-training had been of the kind that would enable her to present her naturally fine voice at its best, and to serve in prolonging her career upon the stage.

The erratic movements that are painfully apparent to the critical ear in the employment of her voice are not encouraging evidences, however. Mr. Paur conducted the accompaniments with skill and discretion. His work generally on this occasion must have encouraged those most in doubt concerning his ability to feel that he is the right man after all for the position he holds. There will be no concert next Saturday evening. On the Saturday following the programme will embrace Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony; Haydn's symphony in D major, and the double concerto for violin and violoncello by Brahms. Mr. Franz Kneisel and Mr. Alwin Schroeder will be the soloists in the latter piece.

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The other instrumental numbers were old friends—Saint-Saens's "Rouet d'Omphale" and Brahms's "Academic" overture, the latter ending the programme, which had begun with the symphony. The playing was admirable all through the concert, and often rose to something closely akin to real enthusiasm, especially in the stronger movements of the symphony and at the end of the overture. The over-firm accentuation of prominent phrases had been greatly modified, and the orchestra showed their nearer approach to the easy elasticity which marks ideal playing. There was surely no lack of finesse in the "Spinning Wheel," and when fire and force were needed they glowed and swelled.

Between these numbers Mrs. Emma Eames-Story sang two large airs of love, grief and desolation, which were the "Pleurez, mes yeux," from Massenet's "Cid," and "Ah, si la liberte me doit etre ravie," from the "Armide" of Gluck. With such melancholy strains she could not expect to procure popular plaudits, although she did obtain appreciative recalls. But the rich quality and even scale of her voice, her smooth perfected style and her dignified quietude, were remarked with pleasure, and one felt that in choosing such music from her standard and classic repertory, she had paid a compliment to the supposed high taste of her audience. If any one term were to be chosen to express the chief element of her singing,

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MUSIC.

The Symphony Concert.

For the fourth concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, last night, in Music Hall, the selections were: Symphony, F minor, op. 12, Richard Strauss; "Pleurez mes yeux," from "Le Cid," Massenet; "Le Rouet d'Omphale," Saint-Saëns; "Ah! si la liberté," from "Armide," Gluck; and Academy Festival Overture, Brahms. The soloist was Mme. Emma Eames. The hall was packed, notwithstanding the unfavorable state of the weather. The Strauss symphony was heard here for the first time at this concert. It is a remarkable work for a young man not yet thirty years old. Its character is purely modern, and yet it is always interesting, despite an occasional tendency in the composer to prolixity. Its themes are very brief, but are strikingly melodious, and in their treatment the charm of tunefulness is never forgotten for any length of time, for even at his most recondite moments the composer recalls that he is not oblivious to the effect of grace and soulfulness. The work, as a whole, is original without having recourse to the current method of reaching that end through the vague and the extravagant. Very often the work suggests Mendelssohn, and sometimes Schumann, subjected to a process of extreme modernizing. The composer has a complete mastery over all the resources of modern orchestration, and his score is affluent in the richest and most impressive orchestral coloring. The opening movement is pervaded by a noble melancholy and holds the attention and the interest from beginning to end. The Scherzo is brilliantly new, and its orchestration is surprising in its intricacy, its piquancy and its effectiveness, while its clearness is delightful. The andante is dignified, but is perhaps something more labored in effect than are the other movements, and is prolonged beyond the capacity of its themes, to interest. It is immensely difficult, but was splendidly played. The finale is fiery and impassioned, and is worked out with great vigor and effect. Taken altogether, the symphony impressed us as among the very best that we have heard from the young composers of the new school. It was finely read and performed, and its interpretation afforded the most satisfying evidence that Mr. Paur has as yet given of his skill as a conductor, and of his command over his orchestra. The Saint-Saëns symphonic poem was exquisitely performed. It was possibly taken at too slow a tempo to bring out its characteristic swing, but the grace and the refinement of the reading and the warmth and beauty of its coloring were fairly fascinating. Mr. Paur continues to grow steadily in estimation, and it now seems beyond all question that he is a conductor who will wear well, and who is an acquisition of great value. Mme. Eames, who was welcomed heartily, sang the Massenet air very beautifully. Her lovely voice, her perfect tunefulness, the finish of her style, and her strong and chaste dramatic feeling made it very satisfying to listen to her. Her enunciation was clear, and the effort stamped her as a finished artist in music of this school. She fairly earned and deserved the applause and the four recalls that rewarded her. Vocally, her rendering of the Gluck air was faultless, but it was not a happy selection for

her, as it requires a singer with a larger and more classic style than she possesses, to do it justice. It is a question, too, if the air is worth the singing. It is hopelessly antiquated, and it is not an example of the composer at his best. The principal fault in the interpretation was the discrepancy between the emphasis the artist gave the music at the expense of the sentiment of the words. She was warmly applauded and recalled after this effort. We must again pay tribute to the perfect and sympathetic manner in which Mr. Paur accompanies singers. The programme for the next concert, which will take place a week from next Saturday night, is, the "Jupiter" Symphony, Mozart; double concerto for violin and cello, Brahms, and Symphony in D, Haydn.

Emma Eames Soloist at the Fourth Symphony—Patti Soon to Sing in Boston.

Emma Eames was the soloist at the fourth symphony concert, and in consequence Music hall was uncomfortably crowded at both the Friday afternoon rehearsal and at last night's concert. Miss Eames is a great Boston favorite, alike in social and artistic circles, and the reception accorded her was demonstratively cordial. She sang three numbers, the recitative "De Cet Affreux Combat," and the aria "Pleurez! Pleurez mes Yeux!" from Massenet's opera "Le Cid," and the aria "Ah! Si la Liberté," from Gluck's opera "Armide."

In all of these selections, Miss Eames' rich and powerful voice was heard to excellent advantage, but it is probable that many in the audience would have been pleased to hear her sing something lighter. There is really no reason why a vocal soloist at the symphony concerts should confine herself to the severer class of music.

Miss Eames' voice is of wonderful purity and surpassing strength. It is smooth and clear throughout its extended range. Her execution is admirable, showing the best of schooling and the most artistic development of the rare gift bestowed upon her by nature. Miss Eames sang the recitative with a distinctness and expression that was thoroughly commendable. The arias were both sung with exquisite taste and expression, as well as strong dramatic effect.

A notable feature of the orchestra's offerings was the first performance here of Richard Strauss' symphony in F minor, op. 12. This is a very interesting work and contains some of the best and most original efforts of its talented composer. There are four movements and they are treated in a distinctly modern style. The orchestration is very elaborate and some strikingly unique effects are gained.

In the first movement heavy demands are made. A splendid interpretation was given by Mr. Paur.

Saint-Saëns' exquisite symphonic poem, "Omphale's Spinning Wheel," was the especial treat of the orchestral selections. The dainty and graceful melodies were interpreted with delightful effect and expression. No work of this class has ever received more artistic performance from the symphony orchestra. Brahms' academic festival overture, splendidly played, was the final number of the very brilliant program.

There will be no concert this week. On Nov. 17 and 18 the program will be: Symphony in C major (Jupiter), Mozart; double concerto for violin and violoncello, Brahms; symphony in D major, Haydn; soloists, Mr. Franz Kneisel and Mr. Alwin Schroeder.

MUSIC.

The Fourth Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the fourth Symphony concert, given last evening in Music Hall, was as follows:

Symphony in F minor, op. 12..... Richard Strauss
Recitative and aria, "Pleurez! pleurez mes yeux!"
from "Le Cid"..... Massenet
Symphonic Poem, "Le Rouet d'Omphale"..... Saint-Saëns
Aria, "Ah! si la liberté," from "Armide"..... Gluck
Akademische Fest-Ouverture..... Brahms

Oh, Richard Strauss, son of the Munich horn-player, what do you mean by this symphony in which you speak for an hour?

Or one might put to you the question of Fontenelle to the sonata.

Had you really so much to say that you could not have expressed yourself in a symphonic poem of from 20 minutes to half an hour?

Your symphony is full of surprising things; there are oratorical graces and flourishes; there is the pessimism seen in your "Don Juan"; there is the virility of stormy youth;—but tell us now, in strict confidence, did you write the music because you could not keep it within you, or did you not often cudgel your brains for a fresh thought, while you padded cleverly here and there?

You write a scherzo characterized by ingenious instrumentation and abounding in sharp contrasts; you write an andante that contains beautiful music; and then you write a finale, where by the side of grand passages is melodramatic music, "sneak music," music that might fit the galloping hoois in "Held by the Enemy."

Your symphony is full of suggestion. To the dreamer it is a delight. But the stern pedagogue might argue with reason, that one of the better waltzes of Johann Strauss would be of greater benefit to the student.

There are forms of music that were once deemed inevitable by all; that are now approved by many; but will another generation of musicians work in these forms? Will the oratorio and the symphony incite the enthusiasm of the coming composers? You are a hyper-modern; you have already tried the symphonic poem; you have a gift of awaking thought in the hearer; but in this symphony you arrest the attention rather by the expression of your thought than by the thought itself.

You are a symbolist in music. Passages in this symphony might illustrate Verlaine, and Ghal, and Gustave Kahn. There are vague ideas, as in the first movement, and I am not prepared to deny that vague ideas full of suggestion are superior to clear ideas of triteness.

Your symphony is so long, so long. Your processions of knights, spectres, strange inhabitants of strange lands, women who would fain join them, but follow far behind, are never ending.

But let us have the symphony again, for you provoke curiosity, and in another mood the hearer might substitute large admiration for moderate rapture.

It was a pleasure to hear Mrs. Eames-Story. It was a pleasure to hear a woman who does not suffer from a severe attack of the German vocal mania; who does not court popular applause by pyrotechnical display; who is modest and dignified on the stage, free from grimaces, heedless of familiar faces while she sings. Mrs. Story sang the air from "Le Cid" in a sympathetic manner, without any affectation, without a trick. Her delivery was admirable throughout. The simplicity of her treatment of the air from "Armide" was equally worthy of praise. Sophie Arnould said of Rosalie LeVasseur, who created the part of Armide, "She has the voice of the people," a bitter speech, for Sophie hated her. She could not have said it of Mrs. Story. It is true that the audience applauded loudly, but the voice of the singer is free from the taint that gave the double meaning to the jest.

The orchestra, under Mr. Paur's direction, played exceedingly well. The charming piece by Saint-Saëns was given with unusual delicacy; Hercules was given with unusual delicacy; Hercules was allowed his gigantic say; Omphale nagged him and mocked him to her heart's desire. The symphony was read dramatically, and passion did not rise superior to precision. The orchestra and the leader may well be congratulated on the work of the evening.

PHILIP HALE.

The Symphony Concert.

In these days, when the music of the future seems to be the ultimate aim of every young composer, and when one often hears the assertion that the new school has superseded the old, or will do so shortly, it is good to see that the classical models of musical form can be effectively used in the expression of modern musical ideas. The Strauss symphony showed that the thematic treatment and orchestration of the present day need not be hampered in any degree by the following out of classical traditions.

The symphony as a whole was very enjoyable, in spite of the length of the work. Its themes were all attractive and interesting, the novel character of the scherzo being especially noteworthy. As might be expected, horns and woodwind are frequently called upon to furnish the romantic coloring that is so much used in modern works. It is needless to say that these instruments were played in a thoroughly commendable manner, with the slight exception of a somewhat poor ensemble in the last few measures of the andante.

The first movement was given with clearness and brilliancy that could not fail to arouse admiration, the coda being given with especial animation. The second and third movements were given appropriate readings, but the finale was hardly agitated enough for the *molto appassionato* that the composer demanded.

Mme. Eames then appeared, and her goings and comings were accompanied by enthusiastic applause. The wonderful richness of her voice was well shown in the mournful pathos of the aria from Le Cid, and she sang the number with a good deal of dramatic feeling. Her phrasing and expression were admirable, both in the Massenet selection and in the aria from Gluck's Armide, which came later in the concert.

The performance of Le Rouet d'Omphale was creditable as to delicacy, but it might have been given with more swing. The programme-music character of the work demands vividness and animation; the figures of the story stand forth in life-like manner, so there must be life in the rendering of the piece. This fervor is what has been customary in such pieces at the concerts of the past few years.

The Academic Overture of Brahms, given with appropriate heartiness and force, ended the concert. It is a fact worthy of notice that with one exception the works were all by living composers. The programme was well calculated to show the different phases of the modern school. The Strauss symphony, besides being of great value intrinsically, is noteworthy in that it shows how modern material can be effectively used in the traditional manner; Massenet's symphonic poem is worthy exponent of the large school of programme music; while the Academic Overture proves that the folk-song can still be worked up by master minds to form great and noble productions.

ARTHUR ELSON.

MUSIC.

The Symphony Concert.

For the fourth concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, last night, in Music Hall, the selections were: Symphony, F minor, op. 12, Richard Strauss; "Pleurez mes yeux," from "Le Cid," Massenet; "Le Rouet d'Omphale," Saint-Saëns; "Ah! si la liberté," from "Armide," Gluck; and Academy Festival Overture, Brahms. The soloist was Mme. Emma Eames. The hall was packed, notwithstanding the unfavorable state of the weather. The Strauss symphony was heard here for the first time at this concert. It is a remarkable work for a young man not yet thirty years old. Its character is purely modern, and yet it is always interesting, despite an occasional tendency in the composer to prolixity. Its themes are very brief, but are strikingly melodious, and in their treatment the charm of tunefulness is never forgotten for any length of time, for even at his most recalcitrant moments the composer recalls that he is not oblivious to the effect of grace and soulfulness. The work, as a whole, is original without having recourse to the current method of reaching that end through the vague and the extravagant. Very often the work suggests Mendelssohn, and sometimes Schumann, subjected to a process of extreme modernizing. The composer has a complete mastery over all the resources of modern orchestration, and his score is affluent in the richest and most impressive orchestral coloring. The opening movement is pervaded by a noble melancholy and holds the attention and the interest from beginning to end. The Scherzo is brilliantly new, and its orchestration is surprising in its intricacy, its piquancy and its effectiveness, while its clearness is delightful. The andante is dignified, but is perhaps something more labored in effect than are the other movements, and is prolonged beyond the capacity of its themes, to interest. It is immensely difficult, but was splendidly played. The finale is fiery and impassioned, and is worked out with great vigor and effect. Taken altogether, the symphony impressed us as among the very best that we have heard from the young composers of the new school. It was finely read and performed, and its interpretation afforded the most satisfying evidence that Mr. Paur has as yet given of his skill as a conductor, and of his command over his orchestra. The Saint-Saëns symphonic poem was exquisitely performed. It was possibly taken at too slow a tempo to bring out its characteristic swing, but the grace and the refinement of the reading and the warmth and beauty of its coloring were fairly fascinating. Mr. Paur continues to grow steadily in estimation, and it now seems beyond all question that he is a conductor who will wear well, and who is an acquisition of great value. Mme. Eames, who was welcomed heartily, sang the Massenet air very beautifully. Her lovely voice, her perfect tunefulness, the finish of her style, and her strong and chaste dramatic feeling made it very satisfying to listen to her. Her enunciation was clear, and the effort stamped her as a finished artist in music of this school. She fairly earned and deserved the applause and the four recalls that rewarded her. Vocally, her rendering of the Gluck air was faultless, but it was not a happy selection for

her, as it requires a singer with a larger and more classic style than she possesses, to do it justice. It is a question, too, if the air is worth the singing. It is hopelessly antiquated, and it is not an example of the composer at his best. The principal fault in the interpretation was the discrepancy between the emphasis the artist gave the music at the expense of the sentiment of the words. She was warmly applauded and recalled after this effort. We must again pay tribute to the perfect and sympathetic manner in which Mr. Paur accompanies singers. The programme for the next concert, which will take place a week from next Saturday night, is, the "Jupiter" Symphony, Mozart; double concerto for violin and cello, Brahms, and Symphony in D, Haydn.

Emma Eames Soloist at the Fourth Symphony—Patti Soon to Sing in Boston.

Emma Eames was the soloist at the fourth symphony concert, and in consequence Music Hall was uncomfortably crowded at both the Friday afternoon rehearsal and at last night's concert. Miss Eames is a great Boston favorite, alike in social and artistic circles, and the reception accorded her was demonstratively cordial. She sang three numbers, the recitative "De Cet Affreux Combat," and the aria "Pleurez! Pleurez mes Yeux!" from Massenet's opera "Le Cid," and the aria "Ah! Si la Liberté," from Gluck's opera "Armide."

In all of these selections, Miss Eames' rich and powerful voice was heard to excellent advantage, but it is probable that many in the audience would have been pleased to hear her sing something lighter. There is really no reason why a vocal soloist at the symphony concerts should confine herself to the severer class of music.

Miss Eames' voice is of wonderful purity and surpassing strength. It is smooth and clear throughout its extended range. Her execution is admirable, showing the best of schooling and the most artistic development of the rare gift bestowed upon her by nature. Miss Eames sang the recitative with a distinctness and expression that was thoroughly commendable. The arias were both sung with exquisite taste and expression, as well as strong dramatic effect.

A notable feature of the orchestra's offerings was the first performance here of Richard Strauss' symphony in F minor, op. 12. This is a very interesting work and contains some of the best and most original efforts of its talented composer. There are four movements and they are treated in a distinctly modern style. The orchestration is very elaborate and some strikingly unique effects are gained.

In the first movement heavy demands are made. A splendid interpretation was given by Mr. Paur.

Saint-Saëns' exquisite symphonic poem, "Omphale's Spinning Wheel," was the especial treat of the orchestral selections. The dainty and graceful melodies were interpreted with delightful effect and expression. No work of this class has ever received more artistic performance from the symphony orchestra. Brahms' academic festival overture, splendidly played, was the final number of the very brilliant program.

There will be no concert this week. On Nov. 17 and 18 the program will be: Symphony in C major (Jupiter), Mozart; double concerto for violin and violoncello, Brahms; symphony in D major, Haydn; soloists, Mr. Franz Kneisel and Mr. Alwin Schroeder.

MUSIC.

The Fourth Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the fourth Symphony concert, given last evening in Music Hall, was as follows:

Symphony in F minor, op. 12.....Richard Strauss
Recitative and aria, "Pleurez! pleurez mes yeux!"
from "Le Cid".....Massenet
Symphonic Poem, "Le Rouet d'Omphale".....Saint-Saëns
Aria, "Ah! si la liberté," from "Armide".....Gluck
Akademische Fest-Ouverture.....Brahms

Oh, Richard Strauss, son of the Munich horn-player, what do you mean by this symphony in which you speak for an hour?

Or one might put to you the question of Fontenelle to the sonata.

Had you really so much to say that you could not have expressed yourself in a symphonic poem of from 20 minutes to half an hour?

Your symphony is full of surprising things; there are oratorical graces and flourishes; there is the pessimism seen in your "Don Juan"; there is the virility of stormy youth;—but tell us now, in strict confidence, did you write the music because you could not keep it within you, or did you not often cudgel your brains for a fresh thought, while you padded cleverly here and there?

You write a scherzo characterized by ingenious instrumentation and abounding in sharp contrasts; you write an andante that contains beautiful music; and then you write a finale, where by the side of grand passages is melodramatic music, "sneak music," music that might fit the galloping hoois in "Held by the Enemy."

Your symphony is full of suggestion. To the dreamer it is a delight. But the stern pedagogue might argue with reason, that one of the better waltzes of Johann Strauss would be of greater benefit to the student.

There are forms of music that were once deemed inevitable by all; that are now approved by many; but will another generation of musicians work in these forms? Will the oratorio and the symphony incite the enthusiasm of the coming composers? You are a hyper-modern; you have already tried the symphonic poem; you have a gift of awaking thought in the hearer; but in this symphony you arrest the attention rather by the expression of your thought than by the thought itself.

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Your symphony is so long, so long. Your processions of knights, spectres, strange inhabitants of strange lands, women who would fain join them, but follow far behind, are never ending.

But let us have the symphony again, for you provoke curiosity, and in another mood the hearer might substitute large admiration for moderate rapture.

It was a pleasure to hear Mrs. Eames-Story. It was a pleasure to hear a woman who does not suffer from a severe attack of the German vocal maul; who does not court popular applause by pyrotechnical display; who is modest and dignified on the stage, free from grimaces, heedless of familiar faces while she sings. Mrs. Story sang the air from "Le Cid" in a sympathetic manner, without any affectation, without a trick. Her delivery was admirable throughout. The simplicity of her treatment of the air from "Armide" was equally worthy of praise. Sophie Arnould said of Rosalie LeVasseur, who created the part of Armide, "She has the voice of the people;" a bitter speech, for Sophie hated her. She could not have said it of Mrs. Story. It is true that the audience applauded loudly, but the voice of the singer is free from the taint that gave the double meaning to the jest.

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The symphony as a whole was very enjoyable, in spite of the length of the work. Its themes were all attractive and interesting, the novel character of the scherzo being especially noteworthy. As might be expected, horns and woodwind are frequently called upon to furnish the romantic coloring that is so much used in modern works. It is needless to say that these instruments were played in a thoroughly commendable manner, with the slight exception of a somewhat poor ensemble in the last few measures of the andante.

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ARTHUR ELSON.

Of course all the world was at the Symphony rehearsal on Friday afternoon and at the concert Saturday evening, not only to hear the fine program offered them by Mr. Paur (whose lack of poetic personality is fast being forgotten by even the matinee girls in his ability as a musician and conductor), but to see and hear Emma Eames. And she was well worth seeing and hearing. Her selections were rendered with a musicianly and artistic appreciation simply surprising in so young a singer. Personally she was a picture in her beautiful gowns on both occasions. The evil fairy we heard of in our childhood as presiding at births to keep one from being too liberally gifted, was absent at hers, I am sure.

Symphony Concert.

The fourth concert in the series was given in Sander's theatre, on Thursday evening, with this programme—Strauss, Symphony in F minor; Op. 12 Brahms, Variations on a Theme by Haydn; Beethoven, Overture, "Lenore," No. 3. The burden of the evening's entertainment fell on the orchestra, as there was no extraneous aid in the way of a soloist. This innovation might be welcome occasionally, but requires a more highly seasoned programme than the one given above. The symphony by Richard Strauss, written thirteen years ago, when the composer was only sixteen, bears undoubtedly the stamp of youthful genius, with many of its veritable shortcomings. It was played in Boston some weeks ago when it made a good impression, which was not heightened by the repetition in Cambridge. We doubt if it can ever produce the effect of a great work although to us it is far beyond any of Strauss' later efforts. The principal theme on the first movement will suggest Mendelssohn, while the Andante is at times a very earnest reminder of Schumann. This is by no means derogatory, however, as the plagiarisms of many of the modern composers are more interesting than their original ideas. The Scherzo is pleasing and melodious, but the Finale is by far the strongest movement of the work. It is thought out on a much larger scale, and although the thunder of the drum is at times sensational, the themes are so musical and inspiring and developed with such convincing force and vigor that the hearers cannot fail to have a profound belief in the enthusiasm of the young composer. The Variations by Brahms upon a theme by Haydn (Op. 56) for wind instruments, are among the most celebrated of Brahms' achievements in the manner of variations. His mathematical bent, or perhaps as one writer has said, his "brooding earnestness and abstraction," must have chosen this outlet at the very first of his career, for at the age of fourteen, on his first public appearance as a pianist, he played some variations on a folk-song of his own composing, perhaps the same theme which afterwards so ingeniously appears in the Academic Overture. The variations on Haydn's theme are nine in number, each delightfully distinct and individualized, the beautiful orchestral coloring never completely obscuring the principal theme. The Finale especially is superb, with its grand

phrase for 'celli and basses taken up by the other instruments, and afterwards reaching a glorious climax in the return of the theme, with the addition of piccolo and triangle. The great Beethoven Overture to "Lenore" No. 3, is to us, one of Mr. Paur's most magnetic performances. In spite of his fluctuations of tempo, he grasps the great central idea with such sureness and fire, and the dynamic shading had so much more variety than in the previous numbers, that the effect was like a ray of purest sunlight. The audience, as usual, was large and enthusiastic. The next concert will be on Thursday evening, January 4.

C. R.

Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1893-94.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

V. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, AT 8, P. M.

PROGRAMME.

MOZART.	SYMPHONY in C major, "Jupiter."
BRAHMS.	DOUBLE CONCERTO for VIOLIN and VIOLONCELLO
HAYDN.	SYMPHONY in D major.

Soloists:

MR. FRANZ KNEISEL.

MR. ALWIN SCHROEDER.

104

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V. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, AT 8, P. M.

PROGRAMME.

MOZART.

SYMPHONY in C major, "Jupiter."

- I. Allegro vivace.
 - II. Andante cantabile.
 - III. Menuetto: Allegretto.—Trio.
 - IV. Finale: Allegro molto.
- (First time in Boston.)

BRAHMS.

CONCERTO for VIOLIN and VIOLONCELLO, in A minor, opus 102.

- I. Allegro.
- II. Andante.
- III. Vivace non troppo.

GLUCK.

OVERTURE to "Iphigénie en Aulide," in C major.
(In Richard Wagner's arrangement.)

Soloists

MR. FRANZ KNEISEL.

MR. ALWIN SCHROEDER.

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THE SYMPHONY CONCERT. *adv.*

The printed programme was rather misleading at the concert of Saturday, a most unusual matter, for not only were the numbers given in reversed order (without any notice), but the time-honored Jupiter symphony was announced as being performed for the "first time in Boston," and a symphony by Schumann in the very unusual orchestral key of B was announced for the next concert. The last error is one that calls attention to the rather absurd German nomenclature of two notes in the scale. To call B flat "B," and to give B the name of "H" as is done in Germany, is simply perpetuating a clerical error made in the 11th century; there is no valid reason why Germany should deviate from the nomenclature of England or America as regards B natural, and B flat might be called "Bes," according to the rest of the German nomenclature. That concert may be called exceptional where the errors are confined to the printing, and in this case even these were so self-evident and unimportant, that it is only the rarity of such slips that leads the reviewer to chronicle them.

The overture to Gluck's "Iphigenia In Aulis" in the Wagnerian arrangement was finely performed. The touches of the modern master are quite in line with the thought of the father of dramatic music, and in such a score as this Wagner shows that he had a keen sense of fitness. The superficial observer imagines that Wagner revelled in dissonances, was not happy unless he had a ponderous orchestra, and was forever chromatic in style; if such a person will study the fidelity of the additions in this overture, or the diatonic church mode used in the Theme of Faith in "Parsifal" he will see that the composer knew when to use complexity, and when simplicity.

The Brahms concerto for violin and violoncello received its first performance in Boston at this concert. It is a difficult task to do full justice to two different instruments in a single work of this kind. Beethoven's triple concerto, in which he used the above instruments with the addition of piano, is the weakest of his concertos, and the reviewer must confess that the new work, at a first hearing, did not seem to rival the second piano concerto of Brahms. Yet in one point Brahms is the greatest, perhaps the only, follower of Beethoven in this field; one never thinks of his concertos as mere solos with orchestral accompaniment. The care with which the orchestral touches were managed in this work was evident, and they so blended with the solo themes that it was impossible to think of the composition save as an orchestral work with solo threads interwoven through the fabric. It shows a certain degree of self-abnegation to play such a work, for the soloists must needs disappear in the ensemble. It is pleasant to record that Messrs. Kneisel and Schroeder played with the high musicianship that regards the composer's intention above all personal display, and it was gratifying to see that they nevertheless received abundant recognition at its close.

The first movement showed Brahms as the intellectual giant in the domain of development; in this he treads close upon the heels of Beethoven himself, yet there is this

great distinction between the two masters—Beethoven was deeply emotional even in the midst of his intellectuality, while Brahms is phlegmatic. Every touch seems carefully calculated, the composer never seems to yield himself wholly up to the inspiration of his thought, he is playing a game of musical chess with the public. After all, the composer's life must in some degree influence his music; a pleasant burgher existence in Vienna is not the highway to intensity; as well expect glorious marine pictures from a painter who has never seen the ocean, as portrayals of emotion from the composer whose life has been entirely free from rude shocks of adversity or from the torments of passion. Brahms' one great sorrow, the loss of his mother, crystallized into his greatest work, the German requiem, and then the heart went into the background and the brain resumed its absolute supremacy. Therefore, while paying due tribute to the development, the symmetry, the unity, and the logic of the great first movement of this composition, the reviewer must add that he was not moved or excited any more than he would have been by some intricate demonstration of mathematics. Brahms' intellectuality overbalances what emotional power he possesses.

There were many strong touches of tone-color in the second movement, chiefly in the lower register of the strings, and there was a quaintness in some of the themes that sustained the interest. The finale offered far more of contrast than any other part of the work. There was a Hungarian flavor here, and a certain dash that had its charm. Altogether, one is disposed to consider this the most successful, the most inspired, portion of the work, although the first movement is much more elaborate, ambitious and extended.

As if the programme itself had been a rondo, it returned at its end to the style of its beginning. The modern concerto was followed by another specimen of the older style of dramatic treatment, but finer than that of Gluck, in the shape of the "Jupiter" symphony by Mozart. The conductor occasionally made this a symphony in which Jupiter Tonans was the chief character, and this thundering Jove launched some thunderbolts that were heavier than Mozart had thought of. There was an evident desire that not a scrap of the work should go to waste, and the contrasts were somewhat too palpably forced, but the delicious andante of the second movement was charmingly given by the muted strings, and the contrast with the intricate concerto, made it seem like delicious rest after a severe task. It may be that some day our music will turn back to such a style as this; it is possible that the composer of the future may combine the melodic grace of a Mozart with the tone-coloring of a Wagner.

The fugal passages of the finale were most clearly read. Mozart was probably the only composer who could construct a fugue, or a fugato, so that it should win the heart of the general public, innocent of all knowledge of the intricacies of counterpoint. Such a finale as this, or such a fugato as the chief theme of the "Magic Flute" overture, prove that the severely classical and the tunefully popular can be made to shake hands and fraternize.

Next Saturday the musical wayfarer will be guided along more modern paths, and the road will lead from Schumann to Liszt.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

At last evening's Symphony concert Director Emil Paur brought forward Gluck, Brahms and Mozart as the composers of the occasion, the works chosen being Gluck's overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis" in C major, Brahms' concerto for violin and violoncello in A minor, op. 102, and Mozart's symphony in C major ("Jupiter").

The interest of the evening centred in the appearance of Messrs. Kneisel and Schroeder as the solo players in the Brahms concerto, and, although to those who question the policy of admitting the absolute value of everything written by Mr. Brahms the wisdom of the expenditure of time and trouble in the performance of this work was open to question, it was evident that the superior analytical powers of the audience, as a whole, discovered rare beauties in the construction of the work and enjoyed its performance immensely. Both the players of the solo parts commanded the applause which rewarded their efforts by their admirable work.

The Mozart symphony was heard with immense gratification after the concerto, as the beauty of its flowing melodies made its hearing a continued source of pleasure. Mr. Paur gave the work a magnificent interpretation, and brought out the grand features of the final movement with masterly effect.

The arrangement of the Gluck overture used was that by Richard Wagner, and the reading of this classical overture displayed the sterling worth of Mr. Paur's abilities as a conductor to the greatest advantage.

Mrs. Emil Paur makes her American debut as a solo pianist at the concert next Saturday evening when the programme will consist of Schumann's symphony in B major, No. 1; the Schubert-Liszt "Wanderer" fantasy for piano and orchestra; Berlioz's three movements from his symphony "Romeo and Juliet," and Liszt's symphonic poem, "Fest-Klaenge."

Symphony Concert. Globe

Mr Franz Kneisel and Mr Alwin Schroeder were the soloists at the fifth symphony rehearsal and concert, at which conductor Paur offered the following program: Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony, Brahms' A minor concerto for violin and cello, and Gluck's overture to Iphigenia. The grand symphony was grandly played, the rich orchestral ornamentation and elaborate development of themes being clearly and brilliantly set forth. The famous finale, so characteristic of the wonderful tone master, was the feature of fine interpretation of Mozart's work. Gluck's overture, which was finished for concert performances by Wagner, was daintily played, and but little fault could be found with the tone of the string contingent, or the excellent work of the wood, wind and brasses.

The Brahms concert introduced Mr Kneisel, violin, and Mr Schroeder, cellist. These artists charmed their audience by an almost faultless execution of their number. Their intonations were pure and sympathetic, and they gave pleasing evidence of the result of long artistic association by the beautiful ensemble displayed throughout the whole work. The solo instruments were in perfect sympathy, and the two soloists were recalled at the close of their performance, and Mr. Paur appeared

as well pleased with his fellow artists as were the auditors. At this week's concert Mrs Emil Paur will be the soloist. The program will be as follows: Schumann, symphony in B major, No. 1; Schubert-Liszt, "Wanderer," fantasy for piano and orchestra; Berlioz, three movements from symphony "Romeo and Juliet;" Liszt, symphonic poem, "Fest-Klaenge."

MR. PAUR'S FIRST TOUR.

Mr. Emil Paur has made his first tour in America during the last week, having conducted the first of the season's series of concerts announced by the Boston orchestra in the cities of New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington.

Not a little interest was felt in the reception which the Boston orchestra should meet with in the cities named with its new conductor, for it is one thing to meet the demands of an audience inclined to favor a home undertaking, and others having no interest beyond the actual artistic results of a performance.

Mr. Paur's merits as a conductor having been frankly and freely admitted by the Boston public, and it is now a pleasure to be able to add that the cities visited during the tour have confirmed the verdict of the home audiences and shown a practical appreciation of the Boston orchestra under its new conductor by buying all the tickets offered for sale in the several cities.

The concert given on Monday evening in Washington called out an audience limited in numbers only by the size of the hall. The matinee on Tuesday at Baltimore was more largely attended than any before given in that city, and on Wednesday evening the audience at Carnegie Hall, New York, filled that great house to overflowing, every one of the 64 private boxes being fully occupied. The records of former seasons in Philadelphia were more than maintained in the concert given at the Academy of Music on Thursday evening, as the audience numbered over 3500, and hundreds of persons had to receive their money back because they could not gain admittance. The concerts given in Brooklyn Friday afternoon and last evening were attended by equally gratifying results, as both audiences showed a gain over any in that city during last season.

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THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

At last evening's Symphony concert Director Emil Paur brought forward Gluck, Brahms and Mozart as the composers of the occasion, the works chosen being Gluck's overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis" in C major, Brahms' concerto for violin and violoncello in A minor, op. 102, and Mozart's symphony in C major ("Jupiter").

The interest of the evening centred in the appearance of Messrs. Kneisel and Schroeder as the solo players in the Brahms concerto, and, although to those who question the policy of admitting the absolute value of everything written by Mr. Brahms the wisdom of the expenditure of time and trouble in the performance of this work was open to question, it was evident that the superior analytical powers of the audience, as a whole, discovered rare beauties in the construction of the work and enjoyed its performance immensely. Both the players of the solo parts commanded the applause which rewarded their efforts by their admirable work.

The Mozart symphony was heard with immense gratification after the concerto, as the beauty of its flowing melodies made its hearing a continued source of pleasure. Mr. Paur gave the work a magnificent interpretation, and brought out the grand features of the final movement with masterly effect.

The arrangement of the Gluck overture used was that by Richard Wagner, and the ringing of this classical overture displayed the sterling worth of Mr. Paur's abilities as a conductor to the greatest advantage.

Mrs. Emil Paur makes her American debut as a solo pianist at the concert next Saturday evening when the programme will consist of Schumann's symphony in B major, No. 1; the Schubert-Liszt "Wanderer" fantasy for piano and orchestra; Berlioz's, three movements from symphony "Romeo and Juliet," and Liszt's symphonic poem, "Fest-Klaenge."

Symphony Concert. Globe

Mr Franz Kneisel and Mr Alwin Schroeder were the soloists at the fifth symphony rehearsal and concert, at which conductor Paur offered the following program; Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony, Brahms' A minor concerto for violin and cello, and Gluck's overture to Iphigenia. The grand symphony was grandly played, the rich orchestral ornamentation and elaborate development of themes being clearly and brilliantly set forth. The famous finale, so characteristic of the wonderful tone master, was the feature of fine interpretation of Mozart's work. Gluck's overture, which was finished for concert performances by Wagner, was daintily played, and but little fault could be found with the tone of the string contingent, or the excellent work of the wood, wind and brasses.

The Brahms concert introduced Mr Kneisel, violin, and Mr Schroeder, cellist. These artists charmed their audience by an almost faultless execution of their number. Their intonations were pure and sympathetic, and they gave pleasing evidence of the result of long artistic association by the beautiful ensemble displayed throughout the whole work. The solo instruments were in perfect sympathy, and the two soloists were recalled at the close of their performance, and Mr. Paur appeared

as well pleased with his fellow artists as were the auditors.

At this week's concert Mrs Emil Paur will be the soloist. The program will be as follows: Schumann, symphony in B major, No. 1; Schubert-Liszt, "Wanderer," fantasy for piano and orchestra; Berlioz, three movements from symphony "Romeo and Juliet;" Liszt, symphonic poem, "Fest-Klaenge."

MR. PAUR'S FIRST TOUR.

Mr. Emil Paur has made his first tour in America during the last week, having conducted the first of the season's series of concerts announced by the Boston orchestra in the cities of New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington. Not a little interest was felt in the reception which the Boston orchestra should meet with in the cities named with its new conductor, for it is one thing to meet the demands of an audience inclined to favor a home undertaking, and others having no interest beyond the actual artistic results of a performance.

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struck us that the orchestral moments, when the soloists are at rest, are the strongest and most interesting portions of the concerto. Mr. Kneisel and Mr. Schroeder were the soloists, and they acquitted themselves of their difficult tasks with their familiar skill in regard to perfection of technique and solidity of style. The programme for the next concert is: Symphony No. 1, Schumann; "Wanderer" Fantasy for piano and orchestra, Schubert-Liszt; three movements from the symphony "Romeo and Juliet," Berlioz; Symphonic Poem, "Festklänge," Liszt. Mrs. Emil Paur is to be the soloist.

IN THE MUSIC WORLD.

The Symphony Orchestra in New York—Other Matters of Interest.

The large Carnegie Music Hall in New York was filled to overflowing last Wednesday evening by an audience gathered to welcome Conductor Paur and the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the occasion being the first of this year's series of concerts to be given by this organization in that city. Conductor Paur was warmly received and throughout the evening was enthusiastically applauded. The enthusiasm exhibited left no doubt respecting a very favorable opinion of Mr. Paur's merits on the part of the audience, both as regards his conducting and his interpretations, and its voice was unanimous in the opinion expressed.

The critics, however, did not seem to agree. It may be interesting for our readers to know what these gentlemen thought of our new conductor.

The writer in the New York Times speaks of Mr. Paur as a scholarly, sound, intelligent and energetic conductor, but to him it seems as if the gods had not made him poetical.

The Tribune finds Mr. Paur's conducting much better in the effect than in its appearance, and regards the playing of the first and second movements of the fifth symphony of Beethoven as tedious, but praises the playing of Dvorak's "Slavonic Rhapsody" No. 2, and the "Benvenuto Cellini" overture of Berlioz, describing it as a most brilliant rendering of these compositions.

The New York Sun comments upon Mr. Paur's attractive personality, his manly appearance, the charm of his lack of self-consciousness, and admires his frank and dignified manner. It says also that Mr. Paur proved himself to be a master in the art of leading an orchestra as well as an interpreter of music, from whose *ipse dixit* there can be no appeal.

The New York Herald does not like Mr. Paur's conducting. He is very jerky; there is a perceptible hesitation in his attack, and it is difficult to tell upon which beat the accent lay. Mr. Paur has not dramatic instinct; he is of a dreamy, poetic nature; he is desperately in earnest, but he makes one nervous by his unmeaningly emphatic gestures, and he lacks the ability to work up and effect a climax.

The New York Recorder says Mr. Paur looks as if he hailed from the Quaker city; he is very Teutonic; earn-

est, awkward, angular, sincere, dry, scholarly and absolutely devoid of magnetism; there also are about 5000 such conductors in this country and 50,000 in Europe. Sanity, sobriety and solemnity were the three grave qualities of the playing of the orchestra on this occasion. Mr. Paur's readings are more muscular than musical; he is virile, but lacks imagination; he is more pedantic than Gericke, but lacks that conductor's exquisite taste and finesse. Mr. Paur is a great director; he carries out the phrases for you with astonishing patience, but the bloom, the poetry, the profound meanings, where are they? His frigidity would chill Theodore Thomas, even when the latter is below zero.

Perhaps a little later on these gentlemen will be more agreed in their opinions. In the meantime we shall keep right on thinking here in Boston that we have got a conductor whose ability far excels Mr. Nikisch's as well as that of any conductor in New York, and as long as the concerts are crowded with eager listeners the management will be quite content with the prevailing conditions.

In the other cities visited the attendance was phenomenally large. In Baltimore the audience was the largest ever seen at the concerts of this organization. The concert in Washington saw an attendance that was limited only with the size of the hall. At the two concerts given in Brooklyn the attendance was the largest yet seen in that city, while in Philadelphia 300 people were crowded into the Academy of Music, and hundreds were turned away unable to gain admittance.

When we consider how hard the times are, this great success away from home is most gratifying, and the financial gain will naturally serve in lessening the great burden Mr. Higginson has to bear in pursuing his noble enterprise. *W.D.*

MUSIC.

The Fifth Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Two composers of world-wide reputation died lately, Gounod and Tchaikowsky.

It is a matter of surprise and regret that the Boston Symphony Orchestra has not recognized this fact in any way whatsoever.

In certain towns of Europe, where music is regarded as an emotional art, it is the custom when a composer of great reputation dies to honor his memory, sometimes by exposing his bust or picture in concert hall or opera house, often by playing reverently one of his compositions.

But we are conservative in Boston, and music is regarded here chiefly as an intellectual pursuit, something that makes for educational righteousness. Besides, neither Gounod nor Tchaikowsky was a German.

Or Mr. Paur may say "Gounod was a maker of operas; he was not a writer for orchestra alone. How can we honor his memory in a symphony concert?"

You have heard of the town of Leipsic, Mr. Paur; you have heard of the Gewandhaus concerts, and you are aware of the character of the said concerts. You also know how conservative musically are the good and the bad people of Leipsic.

Now I read in the Signale, No. 56 of this year, that at the Gewandhaus concert, given Nov. 2, one number of the programme was dedicated to the memory of Gounod. A march, described as "Feierlicher Marsch," by Charles Gounod, was played in honor of him. This may or may not have been the "Marche Romaine;" the point is immaterial; the fact remains that the death of the Frenchman was noticed fitly in Leipsic, in the very temple devoted to the worship of "classical" composers.

And even Mr. Bernsdorf, who is generally ill at ease when he is obliged to hear modern music or write about it, paid the memory of Gounod a handsome tribute in his critique of the concert.

Gounod never visited this country, but Tchaikowsky was our guest. It is true that he conducted no one of his works in Boston. There was apparently no desire here to even see the illustrious composer. Yet, why should not his remarkable overture to "Hamlet" or to "Romeo and Juliet," or one of his symphonies be played in Music Hall to remind us of the world's loss?

As for that matter, it might not be uninteresting to hear the second symphony of Gounod or his nonetto for wind instruments.

Others thought of remembering, according to their capacity, the death of Gounod, even if you, Mr. Paur, did not, you who have the resources of the Symphony Orchestra behind you, you who have the opportunity of inviting singers to join you in your work.

Such a tribute to the memory of the composer of "Faust" did not escape the thought of Mr. William Heinrich, the Manager of the New England Conservatory, or certain Roman Catholic Churches in this town.

The programme of the Symphony concert of last evening was as follows:

Overture "Iphigénie en Aulide," Gluck; Double concerto for violin and cello, op. 102. Brahms; Symphony C major ("Jupiter") Mozart.

Brahms' "Double Concerto" was first played in public, October 18, 1887, by Joachim and Hausmann, if I am not mistaken. It was then played at Cologne. Its first performance in America was by Max Bendix and Victor Herbert, January 5, 1889, at a Thomas Symphony concert in New York.

The concerto is in many respects a disappointing work. First of all it seems labored. The themes are neither fresh nor interesting. The thematic development is often ingenious, at times unreasonably intricate, as though the composer was so interested in the solution of a puzzle that he forgot that he was a musician. If there are occasional passages that are suggestive and almost beautiful, there are other passages in the first and third movements that are disagreeable without justification, and almost hideous. The *andante* is more endurable, and portions of it are charming.

The concerto is singularly arranged. Let us waive the question whether Brahms's choice of solo instruments was fortunate. The question here is, What employment did he make of them? He, first of all, favored the cello. The violin part is extremely thankless, and it swarms with difficulties which seem needless and without any effect, even when they are conquered by such an admirable violinist as Mr. Kneisel. But neither the violin nor the cello is so used individually, nor are they so used together that the hearer is able to listen to one dominating voice or to two voices that compel attention. It is as though the orchestra had invited two guests to listen to the stranger's words of wit and wisdom; but afterward the members of the orchestra forgot good breeding and insisted on showing their guests how clever they themselves were and how much they knew.

The great fault, however, is that this concerto shows a poverty of imagination. There is technique galore; but there is little genuine music. Messrs. Kneisel and Schroeder performed their arduous task with skill and courage.

PHILIP HALE.

THEATRES AND CONCERTS.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the fifth symphony concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Gluck: Overture to "Iphigénie en Aulide," in C major (In Richard Wagner's arrangement.)

Brahms: Concerto for Violin and Violoncello, in A minor, Opus 102.

Mozart: Symphony in C major ("Jupiter"). Mr. Franz Kneisel was the violinist and Mr. Alwin Schroeder the cellist.

The overture to "Iphigénie" was beautifully played, and quite according to Wagner's ideas. One hardly knows what to think of Wagner's arguments regarding the proper *tempo* of this overture; they are extremely plausible, they are based on a genially artistic idea, and are backed up by far more credible documentary evidence than, for instance, his reasoning about the sudden *piano* in the coda of the "Freischütz" overture—felicitous though his suggestion in this latter case is. And yet one can not wholly escape the feeling that his arguments about the "Iphigénie" have a flaw in them somewhere. He throws great stress upon the fact that the overture is marked "*andante*" at the beginning, and that this indication of *tempo* is cancelled by no marking of "*allegro*" over the twentieth measure in the original Paris edition of the score; he furthermore refers to the fact that

one of the themes of the overture reappears in the opera itself in a different notation. In the chorus of mutinous Greeks in the first act it is written in eighth-notes and marked *allegro*; in the overture it is written in sixteenth-notes, and Wagner argues that, by retaining the marking "*andante*" of the beginning, the same rate of speed would be attained in both cases; that is, *allegro* in eighth-notes equals *andante* in sixteenth-notes. His whole argument tends to combat the rapid tempo at which the overture (from the last up-beat of the nineteenth measure on) was traditionally played in Germany, and the "*allegro*" mark over the twentieth measure in many German scores, which last he considers an unwarrantable and gratuitous intercalation. On the other side may be advanced that Mozart's coda to the overture (for concert performance) evidently assumes an exceedingly rapid tempo as taken for granted; Wagner himself admits this tacitly, for he says "it would not bear listening to at all so soon as it was played in (what he considered) the right tempo of what preceded it in the composition." This is tantamount to saying that a slower tempo made nonsense of it at once. Now, it seems not a little curious that Mozart, a contemporary of Gluck's, a man of the highest genius and musical culture, and of very exceptionally keen insight into the works of other composers, should so totally have misapprehended the character of Gluck's overture as to mistake the tempo at which it should be played. Again, it may be urged that Wagner's tempo has all the characteristics of the modern, now fashionable, "*slow allegro*," something that belongs almost distinctively to our own day and reflects a characteristic phase of our modern musical feeling; it did not belong to Gluck's day at all. Had Gluck really meant the main body of his overture to go at this rate, it would have shown a spirit of "modernism" in him such as would throw his other musical innovations quite into the shade; a "*slow allegro*" in a composition by Gluck would have been quite as much of an anachronism as, say, the B-naturals in the violins (against the C-sharps in flute and bassoon) in the twelfth and thirteenth measures of the *Allegro* of Mozart's overture to "Don Giovanni," which are still retained in some editions, but which the best authorities agree were misprints, or slips of the pen, for B-flat. By this we by no means mean to say that Wagner's slower tempo in the overture to "Iphigénie en Aulide" is nor thoroughly welcome to modern ears; it certainly is delightful—quite as much so as his sudden *piano* in the "Freischütz" overture, and of decidedly deeper import—and we could not find it in our hearts to wish the composition played otherwise; only its *authenticity* does not seem to us quite conclusive. By no means the least remarkable feature in last Saturday's performance of the work was the exquisite way the first violins played that little turn and mordent in the second theme—playing the turn clearly and smoothly, and just hinting at the mordent—it was the acme of grace!

The royal "Jupiter" symphony was grandly played. Mr. Paur, to be sure, monkeyed a little with the tempo in parts of the first movement

in a way with which we could not sympathize; but the great work was given with splendid force, brilliancy and all due delicacy, and made a stupendous impression. It was interesting to compare it in one way with the "Iphigénie" overture: both this and the Finale of the symphony show frequent reflections of Handel. But, with Gluck, you cannot help feeling when he suggests Handel that the Halle giant would have been stronger, more interesting and impressive, whereas, with Mozart, you feel that he is every inch up to the height of his great model. If we have a criticism to make on the performance, it is that the trumpets and drums seemed rather too subdued almost throughout; what Mendelssohn said of Handel: " * * * when he brings up his kettledrums and trumpets towards the end, and thumps and batters away to his heart's content, as if he meant to knock you down, no mortal can remain unmoved," seems to us to apply equally well to Mozart; trumpets were trumpets in his day, and he never heard of wadded drumsticks! The uncompromising crackle of the trumpets in Mozart's symphonies and overtures (not to mention Haydn and Beethoven) is one of the good traditions of the old Leipzig Gewandhaus.

The Brahms concerto brings us back once more to our old song. One cannot but think that Brahms must have written this work (and one or two others perhaps) mainly out of gratitude to certain virtuosi who were true to him through thick and thin in the days before he was crowned King of Music; all other explanations are unsatisfactory. Brahms can in no just sense be called a conservative; if he continues to write in the traditional musical forms, it is plainly because he finds them congenial, and not from any merely conservative predetermination. He treats these forms with a freedom that precludes all notion of merely academic reverence for them; in spirit he is a modern of the moderns. This being so, one can hardly conceive of his spontaneously choosing to write for a combination of instruments (solo violin and 'cello with orchestra) that stands in the strongest imaginable antagonism to the modern musical instinct; willingly to force himself to write passages to be faintly *whispered* by solo instruments, when it would take the largest orchestral utterance to show their full purport, is to do a thing which is inconceivable on purely musical grounds. And note also that modern orchestration, what might be called the modern orchestral touch, has become so habitual and inveterate with Brahms that he can hardly touch the mighty complex instrument without making it resound twice as sonorously as the older composers did; he can hardly write for a single flute and clarinet without making them sound stronger than Mozart or Beethoven would—all of which is to the detriment of his solo instruments. In this concerto one feels inevitably, as and still more than one did in his violin concerto, that he is really fighting with one hand tied behind him, is attempting a task not congenial to his genius, a difficult and well-nigh impossible *tour de force*. Save in one or two passages, the solo violin and 'cello seem very like those royal personages who raise their small-

pipine voices in a weighty debate, and to whose fatuous utterances grave men must listen with every outward token of respect, because of the speaker's rank. Except that here the solo instruments really have something important to say, but say it so ill, so pallidly and impotently; they carry no conviction with them, and you heartily wish them in Jericho. How freely, brilliantly, and convincingly Brahms here speaks in his *tutti*! and how the constant necessity he is under of allowing his violin and 'cello to be heard lames his hand in the solo passages! One feels sure that, had he been left to himself and his orchestra, he would have made something quite different out of this work, with its glorious themes, so full of titanic energy, beauty and power. The conditions in which he has placed himself even go far to paralyze his usually so convincing power of musical development. The concerto stands as a work full of sublime and beautiful moments, full of flashes of commanding genius, rather than as a wholly great work, as one steady flame. Mr. Kneisel and Mr. Schroeder played wonderfully. They did what might be done with their respective parts; effective they could not be! Once more we repeat it: the modern violin, or 'cello, concerto, when written by a true modern master, is not and cannot be the throne from which the virtuoso rules over a willing public; it is rather the gallows on which he publicly hangs himself!

The next programme is: Schumann, symphony No. 1, in B-flat major, opus 61; Schubert-Liszt, "Wanderer" fantasia in C major, for pianoforte and orchestra; Berlioz, three movements from the "Roméo et Juliette" symphony, opus 17; Liszt, symphonic poem, "Festklänge." Mrs. Emil Paur will be the pianist.

THE FIFTH SYMPHONY.

An Interesting Programme Artistically Given.

The fifth concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra took place at Music Hall, Saturday evening. The following was the programme:

Overture—Iphigénie in Aulis. Gluck
Concerto for violin and cello, in A-minor, op. 102. Brahms.
Symphony, in C-major "Jupiter." Mozart.

Mr. Franz Kneisel and Mr. Alwin Schroeder were the soloists. The Gluck overture, to which Richard Wagner has added an ending for concert purposes, was played in a careful, and, perhaps, a little over-elaborate manner, a characteristic of Mr. Paur's interpretations, his endeavor evidently being to bring out all that can be obtained from the music. This is a commendable effort, and when there appears a better gradation of dynamics, and a more continuous flow in displaying as well the breadth of outline of the composition, then we shall have a higher order of renderings.

The conscientious and musician-like qualities of Conductor Paur are to be praised, and the now more flexible and less emphatic manner of his conducting are features that look towards an improvement over his efforts on the occasion of his debut here.

The lovely Mozart symphony was read with great attention to the detail of the expressions, the rendering only wanting in a more marked definition of dynamics than was shown.

It is folly to elaborate or to attempt to romanticize the classics. To display the real value of these immortal compositions they need only to be played with precision, good intonation, discretion as regards overloud fortissimos, and an absolutely perfect gradation in the various degrees of power. The charming melodies, the melodious counterpoint, the simple but effective harmonies, the rational contrasts in tempi, and the degrees of power are the elements that characterize their beauty and effectiveness. Such characteristics render them independent of the necessities of the complicated strivings of modern works, which, lacking the inspiration and purity of the form of the classics, must resort to devices of invention, in order to make effective what would be a poverty-stricken display otherwise.

The Greek statue adorned with modern habiliments is ruined. To attempt to color the classics with exaggerated contrasts is to rob them of their intrinsic value.

I do not wish my readers to think that in my reasoning above I infer that Mr. Paur, like Mr. Nikisch, tries to *improve* the classics; not a bit of it; only if his great care would result in a more marked definition between *pp* and *p*, *sf* and *f*, and in not turning *f* into *fff*, he would at once become a most satisfactory interpreter of the old composers' works. The writer might be called hypercritical, or unreasonably fault-finding, had not Mr. Gerike for five years held up the model of perfection, that is advocated in these columns so frequently as the standard that should be preserved by his successors.

Anything that Brahms may produce is worthy of the careful attention of the musician, for in the science of music he stands pre-eminent.

It might be well at this time when such a statement is made to add also that here in our own city lives a master of composition in its every form, the equal of Brahms. If there is a musician who has proceeded upon the exalted forms of composition as exemplified in the works of Beethoven and Schumann it is Prof. John K. Paine. And yet how little is known of his works here among his own townsmen owing to the partisan spirit and foreign control that have existed in the dictation of the affairs of our home organization. But to return to the concerto of Brahms, a composition so difficult, so strange in its construction and so intricate withal that one must have a good knowledge of its characteristics to be enabled to speak critically of its value. At one hearing it seems as if the solo parts were merely accessory, for displaying at intervals the tremendous difficulties that can be put upon the instruments, rather than that they should stand as integral parts of the work as a whole. The first movement has some noble themes, and is elaborated in rather strict form of development, the most gratifying portions being the orchestral

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The first movement is in the extreme. The second movement is charming in its reposed and melodious character, and the finale, *viva e non troppo*, shows Brahms in his greatest capacity, breadth and power being displayed in the working out of the themes in the composer's noblest style.

Mr. Kneisel and Mr. Schroeder overcame the difficulties of their separate parts in that artistic manner that marks all their efforts. They were recalled two or three times by the audience. Under the skilful conducting of Mr. Paur the orchestra played this number magnificently.

At the concert next Saturday evening the orchestra will play Schumann's No. 1 Symphony; three movements from Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet" symphony, and the Liszt Poem, "Fest-Klaenge." Mrs. Emil Paur will make her debut at these concerts on this occasion in a performance of the "Wanderer-Fantasy," Schubert-Liszt.

WARREN DAVENPORT.

Notes.

In yesterday's edition of the Journal, Mr. Philip Hale takes Mr. Paur to task for failing to suitably remember the deaths of the two world-wide famous composers Gounod and Tschakowsky. As Mr. Hale reasonably remarks Mr. Paur has all the material at hand with which to pay tribute to the memory of these distinguished musicians. Even in conservative Leipzig it was considered necessary to play something of Gounod's, in honor of that eminent Frenchman, and to mark the ending of a great career in musical art. If we had here such Americans as Mr. Walter Damrosch or Mr. Vander Stucken, the native born musicians and conductors of New York, whose taste is not limited by any nationality and whose progressive spirit grasps the best of the works of the young and ambitious composers at home and abroad, we should no doubt have placed our community on record as one alive to the musical virtues and universal distinction of the eminent French and Russian composers who have so recently passed on to another life.

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Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1893-94.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

VI. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, AT 8, P. M.

PROGRAMME.

SCHUMANN.	SYMPHONY in B major, No. 1.
SCHUBERT-LISZT.	WANDERER FANTASY FOR PIANO AND ORCHESTRA.
BERLIOZ.	THREE MOVEMENTS FROM SYMPHONY. "Romeo and Juliet."
LISZT.	SYMPHONY POEM. "Fest-Klaenge."

Soloist:

MRS. EMIL PAUR.

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tutti. These periods are masterly in the extreme. The second movement is charming in its reposeful and melodious character, and the finale, *viva e non troppo*, shows Brahms in his greatest capacity, breadth and power being displayed in the working out of the themes in the composer's noblest style.

Mr. Kneisel and Mr. Schroeder overcame the difficulties of their separate parts in that artistic manner that marks all their efforts. They were recalled two or three times by the audience. Under the skilful conducting of Mr. Paur the orchestra played this number magnificently.

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Soloist:

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Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1893-94.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

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VI. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, AT 8, P. M.

PROGRAMME.

BERLIOZ.

THREE MOVEMENTS FROM SYMPHONY.

"Roméo et Juliette," op. 17.

Part II. ROMÉO SEUL. — — TRISTESSE: Andante malinconico e sostenuto. CONCERT ET BAL — — GRAND FÊTE CHEZ CAPULET. Allegro.

Part III. SCÈNE D'AMOUR: Adagio.

Part IV. LA REINE MAB, OU LA FÉE DES SONGES; Scherzo: Prestissimo. — — Trio: Allegretto.

SCHUBERT.

GRAND FANTASIA in C major. "Wanderer," op. 15.

(Symphonically re-arranged for Piano and Orchestra by Franz Liszt.)

I. Allegro con fuoco, ma non troppo.

II. Adagio.

III. Presto.

IV. Allegro.

SCHUMANN.

SYMPHONY No. 1, in B flat major, op. 38.

I. Andante un poco maestoso.—Allegro molto vivace.

II. Larghetto.

III. Scherzo: molto vivace.

Trio I. Molto più vivace.

Trio II. Tempo primo.

IV. Allegro animato e grazioso.

Soloist:

MRS. EMIL PAUR.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Symphony Concert.

Berlioz's symphonic setting of "Romeo and Juliet" is probably the most successful musical outcome of Shakespeare's tragedy. No literary work except Goethe's "Faust" has ever brought forth so much music. All the world loves a lover, and here was a pair of them ready to the musician's hand; as a consequence, overture, symphony and opera have been built upon the theme. Yet it is safe to say that the Shakespearian ideal has never been attained in the last-named form, spite of the efforts of Gounod, Bellini and a host of others. Berlioz had suffered the agony of love for an actual Juliet (the actress whom he subsequently married), and certain parts of his musical setting must have been almost auto-biographical; however this may be, it is certain that in the third part of his "Romeo and Juliet" symphony he attained a spontaneity which is far beyond that exhibited in his other works. The "balcony scene" is here presented in a picture to the ear as graphic as any painting that appeals to the eye. It is the idealized personification of instruments.

The absence of chorus and soloists made it impossible to present more than parts II., III. and IV., and the work began with the picture of Romeo in his solitary meditation, with the Ball of the Capulets in the distance. The picture was most clearly drawn, although the dance rhythm which formed the background could have been more elastic. There was a tendency to bring out the details *en silhouette*, which did not quite suit to the vague outlines which Berlioz has drawn. But it meant much to give so difficult a score so clean a performance, and both the technique of the orchestra and the intelligence of the conductor were well displayed in the movement. The oboe work was something exceptionally artistic, and Mr. Sautet deserves especial mention. The "balcony scene" was perfectly given and the tender dialogue of the lovers, the abrupt calls of the nurse, entire action, in short, was as dramatic and fully as poetic, as if the scene had been enacted by personages, which is an auspicious indication of the emotional capacities of Mr. Paur.

"Queen Mab" is one of those movements which Berlioz occasionally dragged in by the ears (as the death of Child Harold among brigands or the sending of Faust to perdition) to show his orchestral technique. Such movements are their own sufficient *raison d'être*, and the composer always shines in them. It was a technical triumph for all concerned, and if not as capricious as it has been heard here, was certainly clearer than we have had it in recent times.

Now came Schubert's piano fantasia, op. 15, magnified into a very free concerto by Liszt, with the piano part played by Mrs. Paur. This is the work which, like the creation of Frankenstein, overthrew its own maker, for Schubert was unable to play it; once he attempted it before an audience, and after three failures, sprang from the piano exclaiming, "Das Zeug mag der Teufel spielen!" Mrs. Paur did not follow

Schubert's example, but played the movements in a very clear and intelligent manner. There was a trifle of formality in the presentation of the theme of "Der Wanderer," and there was more of precision than of *abandon* in other parts of the work, but the beautiful embellishments of the song, by the piano, while the melody appeared upon the 'cello and the horn (both played exquisitely) were worthy of praise, and the contrapuntal touches of the finale were brilliantly done. As yet we have found more of intelligence and musicianly fidelity in Mrs. Paur's playing, than of fire or enthusiasm. It is to her credit that she is not in the least sensational and attempts no tricks either personal or musical, to catch the multitude. The contrapuntal effects of the finale of the fantasia at once call to mind that in some respects Schubert was at the very beginning of his career when he died. Had he studied counterpoint (he made arrangements to take lessons of Sechter the week before he died) he might have been a greater composer than any of them all, except Bach, and would probably have reconciled contrapuntal complexity with melodic beauty more thoroughly than any other composer.

The concert ended with that outburst of spring and sunshine called "Symphony in B flat" by Schumann, but which narrowly escaped the deserved title of "Spring Symphony." There was something of timidity in the first horn and trumpet call, but these instruments were excellently played after this. Schumann originally wrote this call a third lower, a totally impracticable passage for the natural horns and trumpets which he employed, but as today we use the keyed horn and trumpet (ventil-horns in F are the only ones generally found in the modern orchestra) it might be well to restore the passage as it stood originally, using the notes B flat, G and A. As regards the trumpets this would be easy enough as they are at present. In this connection one may express the hope that we may yet have two natural trumpets in our orchestra. We were the first to abolish the desecration of substituting the cornet for the trumpet, why not make a step further in artistic progress in the same direction?

The symphony was beautifully played, with a sufficiency of energy yet without any suspicion of exaggeration, and became a pure delight from beginning to end.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

Tonight the members of the Symphony Orchestra will attend the performance of "L'Enfant Prodigue" at the Boston Museum by invitation of the managers of the enterprise, and in recognition of Mr. Charles A. Ellis's courtesy in affording to members of the pantomime company an opportunity to hear the orchestra at a public rehearsal.

How little talk there is concerning Mr. Emil Paur. Like "Guvener B.," Mr. Paur

"Is a sensible man;

He stays to his home an' looks arter his folks;
He draws his furrer ez straight ez he can,
An' into nobody's tater patch pokes."

But if the excellent conductor of the Symphony concerts were just a little bit of a charlatan, would it not be better for the business?

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

A conductor who can play the "Romeo and Juliet" of Berlioz in a way to satisfy a Frenchman, who can read the Schuman Symphony No. 1 in a manner to satisfy the strongest admirer of this great German writer, and who can conduct the orchestra in a performance of the Schubert-Liszt "Wanderer" Fantasia in a way to meet the approval of his wife, is a conductor to be proud of. This is what Mr. Emil Paur did last evening at Music Hall, and it is entirely safe to say that the great audience present were entirely satisfied with the newcomer in the work of the Symphony orchestra on this occasion.

Such a performance of the second movement of the Berlioz Symphony depicting the fete at the Capulets' house has never been heard here, and the audience was carried from one stage of enthusiasm to another until the excitement at the finale found vent in applause which must have surprised the new conductor. He certainly discovered from the impression created by this remarkable orchestral performance that a Boston public can always be relied upon to show its appreciation of good work done. His performance of the love scene was an exquisitely sentimental effort, the delightful Queen Mab Scherzo was played with a fascinating brilliancy and delicacy. It is questionable if any one present enjoyed this performance more than the conductor, and he showed his appreciation by the efforts of his men in the most emphatic fashion. Among the good work done by the leading instruments that of the first oboe deserves especial commendation. The purity of the tone and the skill shown by the player deserving the warmest commendation.

Following the Berlioz symphony came the appearance of Mme. Paur, who on this occasion took the piano part in the famous "Wanderer" fantasia. Her playing on this occasion confirmed the estimate made of her abilities upon the occasion of her recent appearance with the Kneisel quartet. She is a most enjoyable pianist, and in her playing she shows a warm musical nature, thorough skill, and absolute command of the key-board, and withall an intelligence that gives an especial charm to all her work. She recalls in many ways the playing of Mme. Schiller, although she lacks somewhat the force of her predecessor, and has not the strong personality which so distinguishes Mme. Schiller's playing. Her touch is delightfully pure and clear, and the beautiful theme of the second movement was sung upon the instrument in a most expressive manner. She met the demands of the finale with good success, and, altogether, created a most favorable estimate of her value as an orchestral player. She was most heartily received and recalled repeatedly after her conclusion of the fantasia. The great first symphony of Schumann ended the programme, and the masterly fashion in which it was interpreted met the severest criticism. Altogether, Mr. Paur emphasized his success in this concert in an unusual degree. Next Saturday R. Timothy Adamowski will be soloist, and the programme will include the Tchaikowsky concerto, Brahms' First Symphony, "The Magic Flute" overture and Smetana's symphonic poem, "Vitava."

CONCERTS AND LECTURES.

Mrs Paur the Soloist at the Sixth Symphony Concert—Past and Coming Events in the Musical World.

Mrs Paur, the wife of the highly esteemed director of the Symphony orchestra, was the soloist at last night's concert. Her appearance was looked forward to with much pleasurable anticipation, and it can be said that she fulfilled all the kindly expectations awakened in her behalf.

The cordial plaudits which greeted her appearance were repeated with many times multiplied fervor at the conclusion of her playing of Liszt's arrangement for piano and orchestra of Schubert's charming fantasia in C major. There were four recalls, and there was no question as to the honesty of the enthusiasm displayed.

She can scarcely be called a brilliant player, brilliant in the sense of marked individuality, great force or showy accomplishments, but she is a pianist whose playing affords much pleasure.

She does not seem possessed of much physical strength, and her tone is slight, even for a woman. There were times yesterday when she could scarcely be said to have held her own with the orchestra, admirably as it was controlled by conductor Paur.

But her touch was sure, and the tone brought forth clear and exact, so the effect was never otherwise than pleasing. Her technique seems equal to all requirements. She plays with delightful ease. There is nothing of an ostentatious character about her work. She gives a faithful, unassuming reflection of the composer's writing.

In the softer passages of the fantasia her playing was altogether delightful. Then there was sufficient delicacy of expression, grace and finish of execution to fairly compensate for the shortcomings in the more forcible and showy movements.

The other numbers constituting the program of yesterday's concert were three movements (second, third and fourth) of Berlioz' symphony "Romeo and Juliet" and Schumann's No. 1 symphony. Although the advisability of placing practically three symphonies on one program may be questioned, Mr Paur's selections

were of such a varied character and all were so splendidly interpreted that one cannot find fault with him.

The Berlioz symphony, one of the most novel, interesting and brilliant orchestral works ever written by this wonderful composer, was charmingly performed. Especially delightful was the interpretation of the third movement, or love scene, as it is termed. The Schumann symphony was given with intelligence and artistic effect.

The program for the next concert will be as follows: Symphony in C minor, No. 1, Brahms; overture, "Magic Flute," Mozart; concerto for violin, Tchaikowsky; symphonic poem, "Vitava," Smetana; soloist, Mr T. Adamowski.

Mrs. Paur made her debut as a full concert pianist at the Symphony last night, and it was successful, an unusually large number of recalls testifying both to her merit as an artist and her interesting personality. It cannot be denied that she has not the solid strength or the resplendent technique for rising with ever crescent life and light to a great climax and her best field will probably be ultimately decided upon as lying within the limits of pure chamber music. For clear and even as is her touch, just and symmetrical her phrasing, skillful and knowing her use of the pedal, direct and legitimate her employment of her means, she cannot keep the solo instrument quite to the fore in the larger ensembles nor can she make its embroideries flash out above and around the formal orchestral demonstration of a subject. But she has the sensitive spirit to her finger-tips, so that her work shows *quality* always and is not unsatisfactory in its intellectual or artistic presentment, however much we may feel that it would be enhanced in value by more ardor or even by a little more sheer weight of force. Yet much praise is due to her also because she plays according to her own nature and her physical constitution and falls not into the common error of attempting to simulate a passion which is foreign to her or to supplement her proper strength by factitious noise. Her work with the orchestra followed the same plan which she outlined in previous concerts, and was unostentatious, fair-minded, interested, proportionate and equitable. Her selection was the rarely heard but admirably compounded orchestral arrangement made by Liszt from Schubert's "Wanderer" fantasy.

The other numbers on the programme were two—the usual orchestral excerpts from Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet" music and Schumann's great first symphony in B flat. The performance of these powerfully contrasted works showed that conductor and orchestra are getting into close rapport, and that the fears that he might prove a formalist—or "a d—d Austrian drill-master," as Johnny P— called him—may take to themselves wings and set out fast upon their flight. In the rendering of the Berlioz were romance, soft sensitiveness and subdued feeling for the scenes of despondency, hope, love and grief, while for the revelry of the festal night there were clangor, flash and swing, and for the fairy fancies of Mercutio's Queen Mab imaginings an airy lightness of fluttering flight crossed by the distinct figures of the various visions. The Schumann, on the other hand, was broad, firmly knit and resonant—a little qualified, indeed, by Mr. Paur's disposition to hold and mould passing phrases, but as a whole noble and earnest.

Next week's programme is this: Brahms' first symphony; Mozart's "Magic Flute" overture; Tchaikowsky's violin concerto, with Mr. Adamowski to play it, and Smetana's poem, "Vitava."

HOWARD MALCOM TICKNOR.

MUSIC. *Saxette*

The Symphony Concert.

The programme for last night's concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in Music Hall, was, parts 2, 3 and 4 of the "Romeo and Juliet" Symphony by Berlioz; Schubert's C-major Fantasia, rearranged by Liszt, and Schumann's Symphony No. 1, in B-flat. Mrs. Emil Paur was the soloist. The playing of the orchestra was up to its very best standard from the beginning to the end of the concert. The movements from the Berlioz work were read with rare beauty of conception, and more was made out of them, and a clearer and more interesting understanding was had of them than we can remember to have been vouchsafed at any earlier performance of them here. The "Love Scene" was exquisitely colored, and the "Queen Mab" scherzo was given with fascinating delicacy, and with a precision and a finish that displayed the technique of the orchestra to the finest advantage. The Schumann symphony was interpreted along conventional lines, and with brilliant and satisfying effect. In fact, in these two works Mr. Paur did his best work of the season thus far, and increased the respect for his abilities which he had hitherto won. Mrs. Paur's performance of the Fantasia was marked by much delicate technical finish, accuracy, and frank straightforwardness. She seemed to be wanting in physical power in the more vigorous moments of the work, and her reading of it was somewhat colorless; but her execution was very neat, and her style, if somewhat cold and formal, was refined. She was warmly applauded and received three recalls. The selections for the next concerts are: Symphony No. 1, Brahms; Overture "Magic Flute," Mozart; Concerto for violin, Tchaikowsky; Symphonic Poem, "Vitava," Smetana. The soloist is Mr. T. Adamowski.

THE SYMPHONY.

The sixth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place in Music Hall Saturday evening. The programme was as follows:

Symphony, "Romeo and Juliet" (2d, 3d and 4th movements). Berlioz
Grand Fantasia in C major, "Wanderer" Schubert
Symphony No. 1 in B flat major. Schumann
Mrs. Emil Paur was the soloist.

The work of the orchestra throughout the evening was excellent, for only in the last movement of the Schumann Symphony was there any discrepancy observed. An exact precision was wanting in the wind instruments at the beginning of this movement, but this may have been because of the slower tempo that was taken by Conductor Paur, slower than that of any of his predecessors, the players not being quite prepared for so slow a pace. The shortcoming in the playing was immediately remedied, but I don't think that the slower tempo improved the movement.

The Berlioz number was admirably performed. Mr. Paur's conception of the great Frenchman's composition is to be commended and one observes with gratification the manner in which Mr. Paur devotes his whole soul to his work. The delicacy with which he touched the scherzo has never been surpassed in these concerts.

The "Wanderer" fantasia, which Liszt symphonically rearranged for pianoforte and orchestra, gave Mrs. Paur the opportunity to display her refined, classical taste and facile, clean technique. Within a certain scope Mrs. Paur plays admirably, but her apparently impassionate nature and lack of power rather subject her to limita-

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...that serve in keeping her within the circle of effective concert artists in the broader sense. Mrs. Paur's capacity seems to be rather that of an excellent chamber music performer, or a salon player, if one does not demand warmth of temperament in the latter.

Mr. Paur was not as discreet in directing the accompaniment in this number as he should have been. Almost always it was too loud, and even boisterous sometimes. It was rather a surprise that he should have offended in this manner, for his accompanying has generally been quite judiciously managed.

Next Saturday evening, if the programme be not rearranged in the meantime, we shall hear Brahms's Symphony No. 1; overture to "Magic Flute," Mozart, concerto for violin, Tchaikovsky, and "Vltave," a movement from a symphonic poem by Swetana, entitled "My Fatherland." Mr. T. Adamowski will be the violinist.

WARREN DAVENPORT.

The Boston Symphony Orchestral Concert. Nov 15/93

WE have heard the new conductor, Mr. Emil Paur, of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and we are bound to confess that our opinion of him coincides perfectly with that expressed by our Boston colleagues. The first concert this season of the superb organization from Boston took place last Wednesday night at Music Hall, the auditorium of which is vastly more suitable for orchestral concerts than Chickering Hall. When Mr. Paur made his appearance to conduct Beethoven's immortal Fifth symphony he was accorded a hospitable, even a warm reception, and it did not stop there. He was called out several times in the evening and at the close of the performance. In a word, Mr. Paur was given a fair hearing, and although one concert has probably not revealed all of his possibilities as a conductor, he nevertheless gave us a taste of his quality and a very fair idea of his potentialities.

Mr. Emil Paur is a respectable but by no means a great conductor. He is no virtuoso, though very vigorous, and at first blush seemed more muscular than musical. He has, however, many excellent qualities to recommend him to our attention. There is no mistaking his beat. It is precise to harshness. His rhythmical feeling overbalances his poetic conception; he literally hews out his phrases and leaves you no doubt as to his intentions. But he is reverent, earnest and sincere to a fault. He has been trained in a very severe school—a school in which a sort of traditional truthfulness, even realism prevails at the expense of beauty.

In a word, Mr. Paur is hard, reserved to coldness and personally unsympathetic. Indeed, of the personal magnetism of his predecessor, Mr. Nikisch, he possesses absolutely nothing. He has the unyielding temperament of the Teuton. He would sacrifice all to the letter of the law, and let poor poetry knock in vain at the outer gate of our hearts. Europe has many such conductors, particularly in Germany. There they bear the respectable name of "Kappellmeister." America is not without their representatives, although they are by no means so many as a

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morning paper declared last week.

Mr. Paur is musicianly.

Mr. Paur is a great student. He gives you less of a "reading" than what might be called an anatomical demonstration in phrasing. You hear everything when he conducts, even if it does not sound beautifully. The cold, white light that he sheds over Beethoven does not warm you. It is too wintry; too scholastic. All the finesse and good taste which were the dominant traits of Mr. Gericke's conducting, Mr. Paur knows not, but he impresses you as having mastery over his men and getting from them what he wants. The only trouble about this is, that what he wants is not what we want. We should be tired, at least we have been told so by Boston critics, of magnetic conductors, of conductors who use the tempo rubato, of exaggerated and romantic readings, but nevertheless we cannot help drawing a fatal comparison between Mr. Paur and Mr. Nikisch. Mr. Nikisch is quite as much of an analyst as Mr. Paur. He may have sinned against the eternal verities of the classics, but he fascinated you by his warmth, luminosity and fiery temperament. Mr. Paur does not fascinate at all; to tell the truth he comes dangerously near boring one.

To give a new reading to the C minor symphony of Beethoven without violating its structural contents would be nowadays almost an impossibility; as great an impossibility as to dig a delve for a new interpretation of "Hamlet," so we had a conventional performance of the symphony, except that it was played in rather a leaden, spiritless fashion with its phrases detached, the whole lacking in sweep and spontaneity. In the second movement the andante was mechanically well balanced as far as tone, and absolutely without poetry. The scherzo was respectable, while the last movement was the best played of the four. Its honest, straightforward themes suited Mr. Paur's style. Naturally a Dvorák composition would not be within the ken of this conductor, so the "Slavonic Rhapsody" No. 2, in G minor, op. 45, was given without abandon or variety of moods and without color. It is a charming work, full of the fine, bold, free rapture of the Bohemian composer. The same may be said of the last number on the program, Hector Berlioz' overture "Benvenuto Cellini."

Mr. Paur has been spoken of as an excellent conductor for a male singing society. This is a one-sided criticism. To conduct a male singing society is no mere facile thing, as Mr. Van der Stucken will testify. But that Mr. Paur should be at the head of that superb band of Boston is we think a mistake in judgment on the part of Colonel Higginson.

We learn there has been no contract consummated between the new conductor and Colonel Higginson. This is lucky, for ten years of Paur would not only reduce the clientèle of this orchestra, but would also reduce the orchestra to a barrel organ condition of mechanical perfection and hard musical playing. Emma Eames was the singer on this occasion. She gave us Jules Massenet's aria, "Pleurez

tions that serve in keeping her without the circle of effective concert artists in the broader sense. Mrs. Paur's capacity seems to be rather that of an excellent chamber music performer, or a salon player, if one does not demand warmth of temperament in the latter.

Mr. Paur was not as discreet in directing the accompaniment in this number as he should have been. Almost always it was too loud, and even boisterous sometimes. It was rather a surprise that he should have offended in this manner, for his accompanying has generally been quite judiciously managed.

Next Saturday evening, if the programme be not rearranged in the meantime, we shall hear Brahms's Symphony No. 1; overture to "Magic Flute," Mozart, concerto for violin, Tchaikovsky, and "Vltave," a movement from a symphonic poem by Swetana, entitled "My Fatherland." Mr. T. Adamowski will be the violinist.

WARREN DAVENPORT.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra

Mar. 15/93 **Concert.** *Nov 15/93*

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mez yeux," from "Le Cid," not a very interesting or inspired composition, and an aria from the "Marriage of Figaro." She sings with her old-time finish, and with more flavor. Her voice has lost none of its freshness, while it has gained considerably in volume and musical quality. She is more beautiful than ever. The consensus of opinion as to the merits of the new conductor is that he is an excellent musician, a sober and uninteresting leader. It may be that his angularity and awkwardness will wear off in time. Let us hope so at all events. The personnel of the orchestra is comparatively unchanged, Mr. Kneisel being at the first desk as usual, and even Mr. Paur's uncompromising beat could not rob the playing of the band of its elasticity and brilliancy. The second concert occurs December 14.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the sixth Symphony concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Berlioz: Three Movements from the Symphony "Roméo et Juliette," Opus 17.
Schubert: Fantasia in C major ("Wanderer"), Opus 15, symphonically rearranged for Piano-forte and Orchestra by Liszt.
Schumann: Symphony No. 1, in B-flat major, Opus 38. Mrs. Emil Paur was the pianist.

A delightful programme, if ever there were one. The three movements—"Romeo alone, Fête at Capulet's house;" "Love-scene;" and "Queen Mab" from the "Roméo et Juliette" symphony, lose a good deal by being given out of their proper surroundings in the work; it is with them much as Berlioz himself said it was with the Pilgrims' March in his "Harold en Italie" symphony; "whenever the whole symphony was played, the March was always encored; but when the March was given by itself, it hardly got a hand!" Of the three movements in question the Love-scene undoubtedly suffers most. The "Romeo alone and Fête at Capulet's house" is the best adapted to stand by itself as an independent movement; in form it is very like a concert overture, with its slow introduction and long *Allegro*, and makes a fair pendant to the composer's overture to the "Carnaval Romain," with which it has much in common. To be sure, its exceedingly quiet and rather vague beginning makes more effect when it comes immediately after the solemn A minor chords that end the Prologue; still it finds little difficulty in standing on its own legs. But the Love-scene, beginning with those mysterious, soft 5ths on the flutes and clarinet, comes very strangely after the resounding closing climax of the "Fête at Capulet's," and much needs the little intervening scene of the young Capulets passing through the garden on their way home from the ball to put the listener into the right mood for it. The "Queen Mab" scherzo, on the other hand, loses nothing; it follows the Love-scene quite as when the whole symphony is given. Yet half a loaf is better than no bread, and it is better to hear these three scenes even at a slight disadvantage than not to hear them at all.

They were, one and all, wonderfully played; the performance *per se* left nothing to be desired. Here Mr. Paur's frequent modifications of the *tempo* were exactly in place and consequently wonderfully effective; the music needs them, and can not well do without them. Hans von Bülow once said, on being asked what sort of a conductor Berlioz was, that "he was absolutely superb, when conducting his own works, but that in the classical repertory he was a mere metronome." Bülow is a well known advocate of great rhythmic elasticity in orchestral performance, and his praise of Berlioz's *conducting his own works*—when taken together with his slighting remark upon his conducting of other things—plainly implies that he intended his own compositions to be played with considerable rhythmic freedom. With Berlioz the musical form is, in general, so loose-jointed and the development often so erratic that one does not feel the need of preserving that unity of *tempo*, without which a movement by Haydn, Mozart or Beethoven loses much of its unity of form. Berlioz seldom wrote impersonally; he treated the orches-

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tra much as he would a solo instrument, as the medium through which he expressed his own personal emotion in a perfectly personal and individual way; his style was largely what the Germans call *freiphantasierend*, bound to no typical forms of expression, but reflecting every slightest momentary change in his own mood. One can imagine him standing at the head of his orchestra, as a pianist sits improvising at the pianoforte: letting his fancy carry him whither it will. His inspiration seldom crystallized into that closely knit and stoutly organic form we find in the works of the classic masters, which always has something of the elemental and impersonal in it. Accordingly his music is to be treated in a different spirit from theirs: in it the impulse of the moment rises superior to the general predetermined plan. Thus Mr. Paur's modifications of the *tempo* all seemed natural, they all responded to an inner necessity and vindicated their own reason of being; they never seemed obtrusive nor out of place. In a word, the playing of the three "Roméo et Juliette" movements was one of the finest triumphs of Mr. Paur and the orchestra.

Schumann's symphony, on the other hand, seemed to us to go less satisfyingly; the playing was generally clear enough and certainly lacked nothing in vigor and animation; but it was not always highly finished, and one felt that there was more in the work than the performance showed. It would be folly to call this symphony of Schumann's less exciting, even in a merely physical sense, than Berlioz's "Roméo et Juliette,"—not to mention other comparisons that might be drawn between the two works—but there was no place in any of the four movements in which the orchestra produced so magnetic and overwhelming an effect as it did in the Coda of the "Fête at Capulet's"—from the point where the ascending scales in triplets begin, up to the end. And there is not a little in the Schumann symphony that ought to be quite as maddeningly effective as that.

Mrs. Paur made an exceedingly favorable impression in the Liszt-Schubert fantasia. That she is not physically quite strong enough to play with orchestra in the Music Hall must be admitted. This is fair criticism; no artist can claim immunity from criticism on the ground that her short-comings are not her own fault. Neither can it justly be said in this case that the orchestra unduly covered her playing; the orchestra played just right, it played the music as it was written. But, apart from this lack of physical strength, Mrs. Paur played the fantasia very beautifully indeed. In sentiment, conception, facility and clearness of execution, beauty of tone, and vitality of accent, she left nothing to be desired. Her concentration, not upon herself, but upon the music she is playing, is absolute; and how delightful this pure, musical, honest playing is! How it shows you the music, and nothing but the music! The charm of her playing may be thus summed up: she plays, as Brillat-Savarin would say, *pour faire briller le compositeur*—so as to let the composer shine!

The next programme is: Brahms, symphony No. 1, in C minor, opus 68; Mozart, overture to "Die Zauberflöte;" Tchaikowsky, concerto for violin; Smetana, symphonic poem, "Vltava." Mr. T. Adamowski will be the violinist.

Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1893-94.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

VIII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, AT 8, P. M.

PROGRAMME.

RUBINSTEIN. DRAMATIC SYMPHONY.

BRAHMS. VARIATIONS.

SCHUMANN. OVERTURE, "Manfred."

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Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1893-94.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

VII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, AT 8, P. M.

PROGRAMME.

BRAHMS.

SYMPHONY No. 1, in C minor, op. 68.

- I. Un poco sostenuto.—Allegro.
 - II. Andante sostenuto.
 - III. Un poco Allegretto e grazioso.
 - IV. Adagio.—Allegro non troppo, ma con brio.
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MOZART.

OVERTURE to "Die Zauberflöte," in E flat major.

TSCHAIKOWSKY.

TWO MOVEMENTS from the CONCERTO for
VIOLIN, No. 2, in D major, op. 35.

- II. Canzonetta: Andante.
- III. Finale: Allegro vivacissimo.

SMETANA.

SYMPHONIC POEM. "Vltava."

Soloist :

MR. T. ADAMOWSKI.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Symphony Concert.

Mr. Gericke, who had very pronounced ideas on the subject of programme making, generally placed the symphony last upon his programmes, saying "the effect of a masterpiece should not be lessened by hearing anything after it;" Mr. Paur evidently proceeds on a different theory, holding that the audience can best appreciate a long symphony while unfatigued by other music, and he therefore places the large instrumental epic first on his list. There is truth in both views, and certainly there seemed to be an advantage in hearing Brahms' most complex symphony at the outset. Shakespeare's apothegm that music is "to refresh the mind of man after his studies or his usual pain," is certainly not sustained by Brahms' C minor symphony, for its every measure demands active mental effort on the part of the auditor. The first movement especially is full of "life's endless toil and endeavor," and there are few passages suggestive of repose in its deeply intellectual scheme. It is sufficient praise to say that it was clearly played, and, excepting a preponderance of kettle drum, with excellent balance of parts. The two interior movements were admirably shaded and the woodwind did excellent work. The finale is, to the reviewer at least, the finest part of the work; here one finds an epitome of all the movements, an idea possibly suggested by the instrumental part of the finale of Beethoven's ninth symphony. This movement was played with great breadth, but there were certain points in the reading which differed from the interpretation of any of the three preceding conductors. The striking effect of the *accelerando* in the pizzicato passage was avoided altogether, the phrase being taken with a deliberation which was new and scarcely advantageous. On the other hand, the majesty with which the theme upon the brasses was played deserves commendation. It was a welcome surprise to find the public becoming enthusiastic over this, and the critic can join in the popular verdict, even while recommending a restoration of the accelerated style of the *pizzicati* spoken of above.

The "Magic Flute" overture was taken at a breakneck speed, once the introduction was passed. Mr. Paur has plenty of precedent here, and even the cautious and conservative Mr. Gericke used to give this fugato (the most beautiful fugal exposition in the world) at a presto pace. It is wrong, though, for all that; Mozart marked it "allegro" and the beauty of its subject, the exact relation of its answer, and the effect of the wind passages, are all lost by an exaggerated speed. A thousand precedents would not justify this tempo.

Mr. Adamowski, the soloist of the concert, came rather late upon the programme, with two movements of Tchaikowsky's violin concerto in D major. What wonderful effects this Russian achieved with the wind instruments! They formed a most impressive background to the sadness expressed by the violin in the slow movement. Perhaps the only fault of the work as a composition, however, is that the orchestra is too often kept as a background. Beethoven

and Brahms have taught the world what a true concerto should be—an orchestral composition with a thread of solo running through its warp and woof. This the work in question was not, for it gave constant prominence to the soloist, and often in passages of greatest virtuosity. In the slow movement Mr. Adamowski played with great expression and with absolute surety. Russian sadness is the deepest melancholy to which a musical composer can ever attain; the Slav goes to extremes in his tonal emotions. When he is glad he is very, very glad, and when he is sad he is horrid. Mr. Adamowski was best in the melancholic side of the question, for in the allegro he seemed over-weighted at times. There is scarcely a technical point of difficulty which does not appear here (except double harmonics). Following the example of Mendelssohn the composer has the cadenza long before the close. Skips, double stopping in chromatic passages, harmonics natural and artificial, and a host of other difficulties were overcome, but not with absolute ease. One felt a trifle anxious at times, a feeling not conducive to the full success of the work. There were, however, no important slips to condone, and the artist was most heartily applauded, and deserved to be.

After the Southeastern Slav came the Western branch in the shape of a Czech, and Smetana's river picture "Vltava" brought the concert to a close. This was a very changeable musical panorama, but through it all there ran the ripple of the stream, and there was coherency even in the midst of contrast. There were moments when the effect would have been enhanced by a slower tempo, and the dance rhythm seemed too ponderous and inelastic, but as a whole the work was effectively performed and it was evident that even the *outré* touches of this and the preceding number were by no means Caviare to the general.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Symphony Concert, Soloist Mr. Adamowski.

Farewell Concert by the German Bands Tonight—Marie Decca's Re-appearance—Continued Success of "Venus"—The Handel and Haydn Season—Events of the Week—Notes.

The programme of the seventh of the season's concerts by the Boston Symphony orchestra, given at Music Hall last evening, had as its leading features a performance of the first of the Brahms symphonies, and the appearance of Mr. T. Adamowski as soloist.

In his reading of the first of the symphonic conundrums propounded by Brahms, the new conductor made its meaning as clear as any of his predecessors, and he had the satisfaction of having his efforts in elucidating its mysteries fully appreciated. The

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beauties of the last movement were given with rare clearness, and the finale was worked up with splendid fire and energy. The performance of the symphony added another to the former triumphs of the new conductor.

Mr. Adamowski selected for his annual appearance as soloist in these concerts two movements—the canzonetta and the finale of the violin concerto No. 2, op. 35, by Tchaikowsky. He had his usual hearty reception as he stepped to the soloist's place, and his popularity with his public was as distinctly shown as in former years. In the canzonetta his playing had all the delightful characteristics which made and have maintained his favor with American audiences—the purity of his tone, the sympathetic quality of his playing and the feeling and expression with which he interpreted this movement giving great satisfaction. In the finale his success was equally great. Mr. Adamowski is not altogether suited to the demands of such a composition, as he lacks the freedom and dash of the virtuoso, but he gave the movement with fine finish and great brilliancy despite this characteristic of his play. He was warmly commended by his audience for his performance.

A highly artistic reading of the "Magic Flute" overture and a very satisfying performance of Smetana's symphonic poem "The Moldau" completed the programme.

Echoes from the Symphony—Several Benefit Concerts Tonight—Coming Events.

The program offered by director Paur for the seventh Symphony concert consisted of Brahms's first symphony, the overture to Mozart's "Magic Flute," Friedrich Smetana's symphonic poem "The Moldau," and the second and third movements of Tchaikowsky's No. 2 concerto for violin, with Mr. T. Adamowski as soloist.

The Friday afternoon performance was more suggestive of its name of rehearsal than is often the case with this splendid band, but the shortcomings of the orchestra were such as to be noticed only by comparison with its generally almost perfect work.

It was, however, surprising that the soloist should have proved so unfamiliar with, or forgetful of, the music selected for interpretation that it became necessary for him to receive assistance from the score on the conductor's desk. This break might have demoralized a less perfectly trained orchestra, and resulted disastrously to a soloist who had less command of himself.

As it was the incident probably passed unobserved by many in the audience, for there were demonstrative plaudits and three recalls for Mr. Adamowski after he had played the concerto.

Mr. Adamowski is such a strong social favorite that it is probable a majority of the Friday afternoon gathering would have been thoroughly well satisfied with a much less meritorious performance than he did give.

An extended review of his playing is not necessary. He is, of course, an intelligent musician and possesses more than common talent, but there are so many violinists of great ability that there seems no reason for going into raptures over his performance.

He played the Tchaikowsky concerto with refinement and good taste, and brought out its delicious melodies with good effect. His tone was not always clear, however, in the passages where a high degree of skill in technique was required.

The Brahms symphony received splendid interpretation from Mr. Paur. A more intelligent or satisfactory reading of this truly grand composition has seldom if ever been given here. The symphony is severely scholarly in style, and that its performance should have awakened so much enthusiasm is certainly very complimentary to Mr. Paur, and this is said without any intentional reflection upon the musical intelligence of the audience. The second and third movements, the latter especially, might have been better played at the Friday rehearsal, but the brilliant final movement was superbly interpreted.

The Mozart overture was gracefully and artistically performed, and a genuine treat was offered those of the audience who profess to know more about melody than harmony by the exceedingly dainty and expressive interpretation given Smetana's lovely little poem, "The Moldau."

The program announced for the eighth symphony concert is as follows: Dramatic symphony, Rubinstein; variations, Brahms; overture, "Manfred," Schumann.

MUSIC.

The Seventh Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the Symphony concert given in Music Hall last evening was as follows: Symphony No. 1, C minor, Brahms; Overture, "The Magic Flute," Mozart; First two movements from concerto for violin, D major, Tchaikowsky; Symphonic poem, "The Moldau," Smetana.

Brahms still excites discussion, and all are not yet ready to bow the knee to the son of the double-bass player of Hamburg. The discussion is protracted and often hot, because the followers of Brahms insist that you must take the works of "the Master" in bulk. Everything is "wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping!" These worshipers are not unlike Brahms himself, as described some years ago by Beauty-Kingston: "Loud, dictatorial, a little too obviously penetrated with a sense of his surpassing greatness." What marvel then that he who cannot admire or love honestly such a work as the C minor symphony is tempted to imitate the conduct of Count Laurencin in discussing Wagner, and is apt "to foam slightly at the mouth and to grind his teeth in a highly alarming manner."

After many hearings of the C minor symphony of Brahms I am almost reconciled to the Wagner of the Nibelungen period.

For if Wagner is constantly striving to make an effect on the public, Brahms seems to parody a phrase of Grillparzer, to be very busy in making an effect upon himself. The Ego of this symphony is not sympathetic; and whether this Ego is affected or not by the endeavor is of little importance to the outsider.

Joncières once said of one of Brahms's more popular symphonies that it was too full of brushwood. The phrase is expressive, and it may be applied more justly to the first than to the second symphony, which in comparison with the former is clearness itself. For the C minor symphony is obscure, wilfully obscure; and if, as some think, obscurity is synonymous with greatness, then the symphony is sublime. Let us admit cheerfully that there are fine passages; passages of an austere nobility; but how much spontaneous music is there in the work from beginning to end? Or is there one honest, or, dishonest dramatic appeal to a human emotion? But music must be emotional, or it is not genuine music. The chief pleasure inspired by such a work of Brahms seems to be the effort of

the brain to detect wherein the pleasure lies. Such pleasure then implies a real or feigned intellectuality in the person who is or pretends to be pleased. It is not surprising that such works of Brahms are fashionable and heard with a petrified smile of rapt enjoyment, even when the work lasts an hour. And yet "how enduring life would be, were it not for its pleasures!"

In this symphony of Brahms the players seem to wander in a forest imagined by Maeterlinck. The forest is dark, although it is high noon, and the sky is clear. No birds sing in this forest. There are no wild-flowers in this forest; nor in this forest are there any trees of beauty. The trees, indeed, seem dream trees, seen in restless sleep. The players wander blindly. Alarmed, they call to each other; they sound their alarm together. They try to weep, but terror forbids tears. They try to be gay; but their jests fall without laughter. They suspect the presence of winged things. The air grows dull and heavy. Suddenly they come into clear ground, and they see a canal with green water. Beyond is a hospital, with the sick people looking out of the windows. A boat is dragged along, and queerly-dressed men and women sing a tune that sounds like unto a travesty of the hymn in Beethoven's 9th symphony. Then all is dark. The dreamer wakes. There is darkness. There is the remembrance of a dark dream.

Perhaps it was not the fault of conductor or orchestra, but the concert as a whole seemed dull. The marvelous overture of Mozart was taken at such a rapid pace that passages for the wood-wind were inaudible. I admit that there has been much discussion concerning the proper tempo of this allegro. But Mozart did not write certain passages for the wood-wind as a mere stop-gap; and when that which should be clear is muddy, and when the players are men of skill, the fault lies surely in the tempo chosen by the conductor.

How delightfully clear, however, is the design of this overture. Perhaps on account of this very clearness, and on account of the classic beauty of theme and development, the overture failed apparently to please as much as did the reading for one hour of the gospel of Brahms.

Mr. T. Adamowski played portions of the concerto for violin in D major by Tchaikowsky. Mr. Adamowski is not without the gift of awakening pleasing emotions. He often plays admirably; still, when he is at his best he is too apt to suggest a room hung with heavy tapestry, perfumed with pastils and tuberoses. He was applauded warmly, but Tchaikowsky called for a more heroic player.

PHILIP HALE

THEATRES AND CONCERTS.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the seventh symphony concert was as follows:

Brahms: Symphony No. 1, in C minor, Opus 68.
Mozart: Overture to "Die Zauberflöte."
Tchaikowsky: Two movements from the Concerto for Violin, in D major, Opus 35.
Smetana: Symphonic Poem, "Vltava."
Mr. Timothee Adamowski was the violinist.

The great Brahms symphony, greatest of the four, seemed to us taken too slow all through, save perhaps in the third movement. The first and last movements suffered especially from it. That the first theme of the first *Allegro* is no very sure guide to the tempo, of and by itself, may be readily conceded; but so much of the development of the movement runs on plain chords (two to the measure) that any over-slowness in the tempo is exceedingly liable to efface the whole *Allegro* character of the music and

make it sound like an *Andante*. To be sure, the modern "slow *Allegro*" is in general peculiarly applicable to Brahms; it might almost be called his natural gait. Still there is such a thing as over-doing it, even with Brahms, and making it come dangerously near to being no *allegro* at all. Apart from this, the symphony was played with great force, and was most enthusiastically received by the audience. The time seems pretty distant now when this symphony was looked upon by audiences as a thing of terror merely.

The playing of the bright and beautiful "Zauberflöte" overture was of fair average excellence; but the orchestra covered itself with glory in Smetana's "Vltava"—which outlandish word means the river Moldau. This symphonic poem of Smetana's was a delightful surprise; so much of the Czech and Russian music we hear nowadays is of a sort to strike terror into the ears of the average listener who has no Slavic blood in his veins that one may well be pardoned for feeling a touch of surprise at anything so natural, easily flowing, and perspicuous as this "Vltava" coming from the pen of a thoroughbred Czech. It is by no means great music; the themes are perhaps rather commonplace than other wise,—one of them bears a terribly close resemblance to the tune of a little Austrian nursery ditty about a fox stealing a goose—but the music is all so sunny, the development so natural and coherent, the poetic suggestiveness so unforced and genial, and the orchestration so masterly at every point, that one listens to it with unfeigned pleasure. As a piece of scoring the work is especially remarkable in that it never lapses into mere eccentricity of color, never even reaches that point of super-refinement and, so to speak, orchestral dandyism some of the modern French masters have been guilty of; there is no affectation about it; it is simply the sort of scoring that insures a constantly beautiful quality of tone, rich without being cloying, enormously powerful and sonorous in the stronger passages, without ever being noisy. The orchestra played the poem to perfection.

The two movements of Tchaikowsky's second violin concerto played by Mr. Adamowski—*Allegro* and *Andante*, the second movement being played first—do not show the composer in a very characteristic or very brilliant light. The *Andante* is a pretty little canzonetta, graceful in melody and not without a certain sensibility; but it is in no wise superior to hundreds of pretty salon pieces for violin, with which the market is flooded. Perhaps, after all, it may conceal some virtue that appeals strongly to the Slavic sense; but music must have something more than "national" merit to be considered seriously on a concert basis. With the best will in the world, we cannot find the first movement otherwise than commonplace and dull; the themes lack distinction, the working-out for the solo instrument does not rise above the old Alard or De Bériot passage-work, and nothing in the movement gives one a very convincing reason for its having been written at all. Mr. Adamowski's playing was rather uneven; reaching the highest pitch of beauty of sentiment and elegance of phrasing in the broader cantilena, but falling somewhat short of due

effectiveness in the more brilliant passages. In short, what we have heard of this concerto of Tschalkowsky's does not seem calculated to induce the goddess of Music to take down the bill she has had up in her window for some time: "Wanted—an effective Violin Concerto!" The next programme is: Schumann, overture to "Manfred"; Brahms, variations on a theme by Haydn; Rubinstein, "Dramatic" symphony, No. 4, in D minor, opus 95.

Acquaintance with the now almost familiar first symphony of Brahms cannot yet make its almost confusedly composite opening movement lucid or agreeable to many ears. Its tremendous vigor and determination, its unrelaxing persistence in pushing its fierce way along, its power and grasp of the means of thematic development must be felt at once and they have a great weight of influence. But this is chiefly the influence of an immense volume of energetic tonal figures forcing themselves onward in an excited and closely banded mass, and does not reconcile one to the strange and clamorous dissonances, the complications of counterpoint and the apparently conflicting cries which arise here and there in the musical tumult. But if one can get safely through this, then comes relief and balm in the succeeding movements. The serious suavity of the second movement, the lilting gayety of the third and the variety of the fourth come welcome with contentment, transparency, poetry and a sufficiency of vehemence and demonstrativeness to bring out the finale with the utmost sonority of which a band is capable. Mr. Paur's rendering, at last night's Symphony, was admirable in attention to the moods as well as the manner of the composer, and was received with great evidences of satisfaction, the applause—as was to be expected—being lightest after the first movement and most decided after the last.

The programme continued well with Mozart's "Magic Flute" overture, which offered a charming contrast. Its opening adagio, with those few grand chords which give it solemnity, bridged well the distance between the potential stratus of the symphony and the merry themes, the rippling buoyant fugal passages and the airy fancies of the main body of the overture. The audience were quick to appreciate this, and their attention was close and their recognition immediate and emphatic.

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The Brahms Symphony, which has been given previously in these concerts, three times by Henschel, three times by Nikisch and once by Gericke, is a noble specimen of its author's great scholarship. It is great in a scientific way, although the second movement is gracefully melodious and spontaneous, and the listener must, generally speaking, seek pleasure in following the masterly contrapuntal treatment of the composer upon the basis of an exercised intellectuality, rather than upon a stirring of the emotions. Consequently it is that the only performance in this city of this remarkable work that has done its author full justice was the one that Gericke conducted. The themes treated in an almost overelaborate manner, in the first movement in particular, need the infinite variety of the exact expression marked by the author, if the effect is to be relieved of an otherwise dryness that becomes wearisome in the working out. Mr. Gericke succeeded, in his acute conception of the author and with his marvellous ability as a drill master, in bringing forth the characteristics of this symphony, being thereby as eminent in his success, as the others named, including Mr. Paur, have been unsuccessful in displaying the work in its most favorable light. The audience Saturday evening became excited over the thundering of the last movement and recalled Mr. Paur again and again with loud applause.

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MUSIC. Gazette

The Symphony Concert.

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"The Moldau," the second of six symphonic poems by Smetana entitled "My Fatherland," was played for the first time in this city and as far as I know for the first time in this country. The No. 1, "A Bohemian fortress," was played in New York some time since, these performances being probably the only ones that any of the series have received in this country. "The Moldau," which is supposed to describe a forest brook that flows on through Bohemia's valleys and ending in a mighty stream vanishes in the distance, contains within its pages much that were it developed in the playing as clearly as the composer has indicated in his score would prove a most interesting composition. It was, however, so roughly rendered that the brook became a rushing torrent and the mighty river a foaming and roaring Niagara. The constantly undulating figures in the strings that should represent the surface of the hurrying river were so submerged by the overloud playing of the wind instruments that they might as well have been at the bottom of the ocean as far as any opportunity was offered for their becoming a feature in the characteristic delineation intended by the composer. So constantly overloud was the whole performance that the grand fortissimo climax, just before the final pin moto, was without contrasted effect, utterly ruined, for there was nothing left to do except to make a little more noise at the *ff*. As for the following arpeggios in the strings they might as well have been omitted, for all the effect they had. It was hoped that this overloudness and coarseness had departed with Mr. Paur's predecessor. It would be interesting to hear "The Moldau" played with a due regard for the demands of the composition.

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Mr. Adamowski played the second movement and the first movement in succession, of the Tschalkowsky violin concerto, No. 2. This concerto was played in its complete form by Mr. Adolf Brodsky at a Damrosch concert at the Tremont Theatre early in this year. Its performance at that time excited much comment regarding its real value as a musical composition. The last movement militates the most against the acceptance of the work as a whole, and maybe Mr. Adamowski consequently substituted the *allegro moderato* for the *finale*. When Mr. Brodsky first played this concerto in Vienna, Dr. Hanslick, the eminent critic, severely criticised both the barbarity of the music and of the player's efforts, admitting, of course, the tenderness of the "Canzonetta." Without discussing whether the doctor was or was not a little too severe in his remarks, it is pleasant to note that Mr. Adamowski played the tender and melancholy canzonetta with fine feeling and great delicacy. So also did the player overcome the difficulties of the first movement without the rasping and fury that marked Brodsky's efforts, and with marked excellence in expression, technical facility and good intonation. Mr. Adamowski was warmly applauded and recalled. Great credit is due Mr. Paur for the delightful manner in which he accompanied the soloist.

The distressing manner in which the first clarinet played the theme in the andante of the Brahms Symphony, where it is taken up just as the oboe ends, both as regards bad intonation and inartistic style was not an agreeable feature of the playing on this occasion. Add to this the bungling manner in which this player executed the figure for clarinet and flute in unison at the beginning of the last movement of Schumann's B-flat symphony a week ago Saturday night, and it must be admitted that it is not creditable that such inability should be observed on the part of one holding a principal position in a first-class orchestra.

The following numbers are announced for next Saturday evening's programme: "Dramatic Symphony," Rubinstein; Variations, Brahms; Overture, "Manfred," Schumann.

WARREN DAVENPORT.

Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1893-94.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

VIII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, AT 8, P. M.

PROGRAMME.

SCHUMANN.	OVERTURE to "Manfred," op. 115.
BRAHMS.	VARIATIONS on a THEME BY HAYDN, in B flat major, op. 56A.
RUBINSTEIN.	"DRAMATIC" SYMPHONY, No. 4, in D minor, op. 95. I. Lento.—Allegro moderato. II. Presto. III. Adagio. IV. Largo.—Allegro con fuoco.

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.

THE SYMPHONY. Sym.

The eighth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place in Music Hall Saturday evening. The following was the programme:

Overture to "Manfred". Schumann
 Variations and Finale on a theme by
 Haydn Brahms
 Dramatic Symphony, No. 4, in D
 minor Rubinstein

The overture to "Manfred," which has been given many times at these concerts, is a work of deep emotion and great beauty. If one does not exact the nicety of detail that goes so far towards enhancing the value of such passionate music, but is willing to accept the rendering in the light of a strong drawing in outline, then it must be said that the overture was effectively played.

The Brahms variations, show the unlimited resources of the author as a musical scientist, and although they may not appeal to the sentimental listener, to the musician they are interesting in the variety of the treatment of the theme, which often appears in a most ideal form. Here again the playing lacked in fineness of expression, although there was much to commend in the precision and rhythmic excellence with which the number was read.

The "Dramatic" Symphony of Rubinstein, which occupies 45 minutes in the playing, has been given in this city but once before to my knowledge, and that was in January, 1876, by Theodore Thomas's orchestra. Perhaps no one of the symphonic compositions of its eminent author shows his masterly genius in so vivid a light as this symphony, which he has pleased to entitle "dramatic." It is more fantastic, and in some portions sentimentally emotional, than strange, and far from dramatic, either in the older or more modern sense. The general character of the composition is certainly far from any resemblance to the mighty Wagner's modes of dramatic display, and does not in the least encroach upon that great innovator's forms of orchestral scoring.

The spontaneous genius, the masterly skill and the wide and deep emotional nature of Rubinstein are displayed, however, throughout this symphony, which is classical in its intention, if the pendulum does swing wide with its author's well-known fiery impulsiveness.

A want of space forbids an analysis of its movements, but it is sufficient to say that, regardless of its length, it is intensely interesting and commands the attention of the musical listener from beginning to end, even though the latter be not a profound musician, and this fact does not in the least detract from its value as a composition of deep and noble proportions.

The orchestra played the symphony with fine effect and Mr. Paur deserves great praise for the able manner in which he conducted the band through the difficulties of the composition. There are but two horns in the scoring of the symphony and they are used with fine effect. The horn solos by Mr. Harkenbarth, the first horn player of the orchestra, calls for especial mention, they were so delightfully and artistically rendered. So also in the Brahms "variations" this player took

advantage of the many opportunities offered to display his beautiful tone and marked skill. The orchestra is to be congratulated upon the possession of such a rare performer.

Mr. Paur has not yet shown himself a master in programme making. He should also remember that he is no longer confined within the narrow limits of a Conservatory Leipsic, but is now upon the broad and expansive continent of America, that looks forth over the whole musical world for the best specimens of composition that exist in the musical repertoire of individual communities of every nation represented in high musical art. He should certainly acquaint himself with the works of worthy American composers and lend a hand in the encouragement of our native authors by producing in fair proportion the results of their artistic labors.

Mr. Higginson in his noble undertaking in the cause of art should manifest his patriotism in requiring that the foreign conductor who comes here to enjoy the financial benefits arising from the position accorded him, to say nothing of the fame to which thereby he may ascend, should exert himself in the advancement of American musical art by being liberally disposed towards a performance of the works of our best native composers whose ability, be it known, is sufficiently great to demand such recognition.

There will be no concert next Saturday evening. For the evening of Dec. 22 the programme announced is: Beethoven's Symphony No. 1; "Serenade," Mozart, with violin obligato by Mr. Kneisel; overture, "Rosamunde," Schubert. Mr. Carl Baermann will be the soloist.

WARREN DAVENPORT.

THEATRES AND CONCERTS.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the eighth symphony concert, given in the Music Hall on Saturday evening, was as follows:

Schumann: Overture to Byron's "Manfred," Opus 115.

Brahms: Variations and Finale on a Theme by Josef Haydn, in B-flat major, Opus 56a.

Rubinstein: "Dramatic" Symphony, No. 4, in D minor, Opus 95.

A pretty serious programme! The "Manfred" overture to begin with, which disputes with Beethoven's to "Coriolan" and Cherubini's to "Medea" the claim of being the most profoundly tragic overture in the world; then the Brahms variations, which show that the composer, as Wagner once said of him, was certainly not writing in joke; and, to conclude, the Rubinstein symphony, which is perhaps the toughest morsel our audience has had to chew on this winter.

The Schumann overture was admirably played; some points in it were taken differently from the way we have commonly heard the overture go, but the general effect was grandly inspiring. The second theme was given more passionately, with less pathos of expression than we have usually heard it, and that other theme which comes in (in the violas, 'celli, and bassoons) towards the end of the working-out, in C sharp minor, was given with greater tragic breadth and less of passionate, despairing fury than we have heard it before. This latter theme has always seemed to us to justify what a certain enthusiastic violinist once said of it, after taking part in a performance of the overture: "*Ja! das wütht!*" (Yes, that rages!); Mr. Paur gives it another expression, but we are by no means sure it loses thereby. As for the second, the so-called "Astarte" theme, we could not but feel that the passionate expression imparted to it by Mr. Paur's adhering unflinchingly to the "*leidenschaftliches Tempo*," at which Schumann has marked the whole movement, detracted a little from its feminine grace, beauty and appealing pathos—here, for once, we should have liked the *tempo* held back a little—but, *per contra*, this stronger and more fervid reading of the passage made the last dying return of the theme, when the flute just hints at it over the mournful harmonies in the other wind instruments, seem doubly beautiful and pathetic by contrast. In a word, Mr. Paur's conception of the whole overture is admirably self-consistent and proclaims its own reason of being quite unmistakably; it is in some ways new to us, but that is nothing against it. The performance was simply masterly.

The Brahms variations seem clearer, more masterly and instinct with genius every time one hears them; one feels little hesitation in calling them a truly great work. With all the learning and ever-growing elaboration with which Brahms has treated the theme, there is a great deal in the work that is wonderfully poetic and imaginative; the not infrequent allusions to the sacred character of the theme, the "*Chorale Sancti Antoni*," both in the style of writing and in the instrumentation, are exceedingly beautiful. And how satisfyingly and

inspiringly the composer shows at moments that classic, "old Hellenic" serenity of mood which he alone of all modern writers has known how to preserve in music in all its beauty! In these variations, too, the orchestra was in its best form; the performance was admirable at every point.

The Rubinstein "dramatic" symphony is unquestionably a huge dose; yet one can easily understand and agree with many musicians in recognizing it as the composer's best symphony. That the quality of its thematic material nowhere places it on the high level of the first movement of the "Ocean" symphony may readily be conceded; but nowhere either does it suffer from such careless, slipshod, impotent working-out as does that otherwise great movement. The themes themselves in the "dramatic" symphony can not in general be called remarkable, even with the best will in the world; the development in all four movements is excessive, prolix, and more than the themes will bear; the terrible persistency of the key of D minor is exceedingly monotonous and provoking; after hearing the work, even those persons who have the faintest imaginable perception of absolute pitch ought to be able to recognize the key of D minor whenever they hear it. Then, too, the composer has not invariably steered clear of the trivial and tawdry; what he puts forth as "dramatic" sometimes bears an all too marked family resemblance to the "Meyerbeer-operatic."

Yet, with all these imperfections, which sorely mar the pleasure with which one listens to the work, one cannot but treat the composition with a certain respect. Here Rubinstein has shown for once that he was thoroughly in earnest, that he took himself quite seriously; he has evidently *willed more* in this symphony than in any other orchestral work of his we know. He does not give the impression of shirking anything, but writes on and on in the grimmest earnest. The very character of the orchestration is serious and restrained; Rubinstein has scored the symphony for the old Beethoven orchestra, with the usual pairs of wooden wind instruments, only two horns, with trumpets and drums, the three trombones appearing only in the Finale. Likely enough this moderation in the use of orchestral resources may have been prompted by a certain anti-Wagnerian bravado; but the orchestration is in general excellent and often exceedingly brilliant; it is far finer than the instrumentation in the "Ocean" symphony. In short, here is a work one can respect; could the composer cut it down by one-half, one might even wish to hear it again. The performance was very fine indeed.

The next programme is: Beethoven, symphony No. 1, in C major, opus 21; Beethoven, concerto for pianoforte, No. 4, in G major, opus 58; Mozart, serenade with violin obligato; Schubert, overture to "Rosamunde," opus 26. Carl Baermann will be the pianist, and Mr. Franz Kneisel the violinist. The concert comes on Dec. 23: there will be no concert this week.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

Events of the Coming Week —Symphony Concert.

The Boston Theatre Populare Begin
Tonight—Interesting Programmes
at the Columbia and Hollis Street
Theatres—Attractions in the Enter-
tainment Courses—Notes

The element of frivolous enjoyment was carefully eliminated from the first half of last evening's symphony programme.

There were probably those who revel in a performance of the "Manfred" overture by Schumann, and those who are characterized by this peculiarity had their liking appealed to very successfully in Mr. Paur's performance of that unemotional composition. The tendencies of the audience in this direction were not shown to any considerable extent upon this occasion, but no exceptions can be taken to the reading of the work by Mr. Paur or its performance under his direction.

Following this tedious opening of the programme came Johannes Brahms' variations and finale upon a theme by Joseph Haydn, opus 56 A. The theme itself was delightfully played by the orchestra, and the men under Mr. Paur's direction were equally successful in dealing with the various treatments of the subject by Mr. Brahms, but just why Mr. Brahms should treat Mr. Haydn's theme in such a way, and why the audience should be compelled to listen to its performance, are questions for discussion.

The final work of the evening was Rubinstein's dramatic symphony No. 4, opus 95. The depression which had taken good hold upon the audience up to this time was not relieved by the lento and the largo of the opening movement, in which the mechanical side of the composer is made so prominent. With the beginning of the presto came a well appreciated relief from the monotony of the evening's work up to that point, and from that on to the grand finale of the symphony the performance was both entertaining and instructive. Better work has rarely been done by the players under Mr. Paur's direction than in the last three movements of this symphony, the beauties of the lovely adagio and the brilliant characteristics of the final allegro being brought out in splendid fashion.

The orchestra makes its occasional tour next week, and for Saturday evening, Dec. 23, Mr. Carl Baermann will be the soloist, and Beethoven's first symphony will be played.

THE LISTENER.

The most important concern which Boston has had thus far this season has been its music. To say that the musical season has opened brilliantly is to make a very mild statement of the case. And the best part of it is that it promises to become better and better. So far as the Listener is able to get at the general sentiment, the patrons of the symphonies are greatly pleased with Mr. Paur. It was a severe requirement—to give satisfaction from the first moment, after Mr. Nikisch and Mr. Gericke. The new conductor must, of course, have the exactitude, the thoroughness, the steadfastness of ideal, the dissatisfaction with anything short of perfection which characterized Mr. Gericke, and the enthusiasm, the grace, the mobility, the poetry, of Mr. Nikisch. And yet, in the nature of things, Mr. Paur could not be both men, any more than the conductor who used to say to his orchestra on Friday afternoon, "Today I have read this symphony as you have just played it; tomorrow night I shall very likely read it quite differently," could also be the conductor whose orchestra showed not a hair's breadth of variation in the playing of a piece this month and the playing of the same piece next month. Between the two conductors there may be room for another who is as great a genius as either one. It is certainly not a disheartening circumstance to learn that Mr. Paur has his own reading of a symphony of Beethoven. We have got away from the notion that the musician is accursed who adds to or takes from the traditions in the matter of playing Beethoven by so much as a jot or a tittle.

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Mr. Paur has another difficulty to contend with, so far as his instant appreciation is concerned, in the common expectation which prevailed for a time that Mr. Richter was to succeed Mr. Nikisch. Some of our people had heard Mr. Richter conduct an orchestra in London, and they had brought home such extravagant accounts of the wonderful nature of the performances that unquestionably our symphony-goers were agog for something ineffable. Mr. Paur may be as good a conductor as Richter, but he had not, when he came, the fame which Richter has among Americans. But supposing that Mr. Paur is not as great a genius as Richter, is it likely that any large number of patrons of the symphony concerts could tell the difference between a piece conducted by Mr. Paur and one conducted by Mr. Richter, if they could not see the stage?

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ABOUT MUSIC.

Concerning the Foot as a Means of Beating the Time.

Should Not Earnest Conductors Wear Boots of Fur?

The Cause of Much Sentimentality in Church Music.

A most estimable acquaintance told me the other day that his pleasure at the Symphony Concerts was often disturbed by Mr. Paur. It seems that the new Conductor, a man of sincerity, one who puts his soul in the appointed task, is inclined to show openly his earnestness and zeal in the service of his employer by beating time lustily with his foot. As a result, the sitters in the front seats hear the creaking of the orchestral machine; and one of them, my friend, is likely to be a sitter in the seat of the scornful, for, just as he is prepared to dilate with the proper emotion,

"He hears a foot begin to stomp,
Thump! thump!
Thump! thump!
Like the spectre in 'Don Giovanni!'"

And yet nothing could more clearly show the honesty of Mr. Paur than this same beating the floor with a foot. It is not his fault if the players go astray. With his arms he cuts all manner of geometric figures in the air until he becomes a series of living diagrams; he is an atlas of conductorial charts; with his fingers he picks nuances off the orchestra; his face is constantly in action; and then there is his foot! Stolid and sodden must the musician be who can fail to understand the sign boards, admonitory, prohibitive, encouraging, that are thus set up before him.

Then, too, there is a simplicity about this manner of marking time that commends the man. Years ago in our choir lofts, perhaps even now in some, the man with the strongest voice beat time with the heaviest foot.

Mr. Paur would certainly be horrified if he knew that his habit disturbed anyone prepared to admire him. The habit, if unconscious, is probably confirmed. Now what shall be done?

When Mr. Nikisch was here great pains were taken for his comfort. He was exalted on high by the aid of platforms, and rugs of texture and design that suited his Oriental fancy did homage to his noble feet.

Why should not Mr. Paur be presented with a pair of thick fur boots with felt soles? With them might be given the subscription list of "patrons and patronesses of music;" and the list might be headed with the motto, "Sunter

in modo," or "Do good by stealth." Rubber boots are cheaper; but they would chafe the conductor in his more impassioned moments; they yield an unsavory smell; they have a cold, wet noise of their own, even when they are perfectly dry.

Or there might be a return to a habit long ago in Italy, where the conductor beat time with a handkerchief.

Beating with the foot was a well-established practice years ago in many countries. Among the ancients the Corymbans wore sandals made heavy by wood or iron, and as he stamped he struck the hollow of his left hand with his right hand. Sometimes he clashed together shells. Before Lullu ruled in France, a roll of paper served as a baton.

It was Lullu, by the way, who struck his foot violently with the conductor's stick and died from the resulting wound—an awful warning to all magnetic and fiery leaders of orchestras. Lullu's stick is said to have been five feet long.

After Lullu, conductors used a thick piece of wood, and they hammered the desk with it. Grimm compared the conductor at the Opera to a wood-chopper. Rousseau claimed that without this noise the time could not be determined; "the ears are shocked," said Rousseau, "by this disagreeable and continuous noise, but the evil is inevitable." In this connection read the story by Berlioz, "Une victime du tact."

One of those learned men who apparently have nothing else to do save writing to the newspaper, which serves them as a "wastepipe to the intellect," claimed lately that the stick dated back only to the end of the 18th century. But in Dom Le Clerc's treatise on Plain Song, 1673, we find an allusion to the churches of the East and the West, in which the directors of the music employed a stick for the proper performance of the mass.

Deldevez, excellent musician and conductor of the Société des Concerts at the Paris Conservatory for at least a dozen years, believes that the ideal conductor should be a violinist and should direct with a fiddle-bow, not with a stick.

Choirmasters are even now at work in preparation of the Christmas music.

I understand that Mr. O'Shea's new mass will be sung at the Immaculate Conception. Mr. Kotli's mass will not be sung at St. James until Easter.

The choirmasters of Protestant churches should examine Mr. H. W. Parker's "The Holy Child," a cantata for Christmas tide. Many churches persist unfortunately in the use of a quartet without chorus; portions of this cantata will not therefore be available. But the "Cradle Hymn," a duet for soprano and tenor, will undoubtedly be heard Christmas and enjoyed by many congregations.

Much music appears yearly for the Christmas service, but how little of it is really worthy of serious attention. The English composers of to-day are apt to echo the Christmas music in "The Messiah," and when there is originality the anthems of the past five or six years are not equal in dignity or beauty to the music written by men of the last generation. The American composers are inclined to err in the direction of sentimentality. Then, here and in England, there is so much music composed for Christmas that seems perfunctory, around-out, manufactured, and paid for by the page.

In Unitarian churches the organists would apparently be restricted in the choice of texts. Yet, to their relief, more license is granted at Christmas, and words are then sung that refer directly to Trinitarian beliefs.

It is not to be denied that the story of the Incarnation, the Passion, and the Resurrection furnishes richer material to the composer of imagination than do the ethical teachings of modern philosophers and the abstract principles of morality. I merely state a fact. Glorious anthems with words taken from the Old Testament have been written; but the emo-

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tions of the hearer are stirred more deeply by a musical recital or description of the circumstances attending the birth or the death of the Holy One. The element of mysticism that must inevitably enter into such music is a most potent stimulant to the composer of fine or quick temperament.

I spoke a moment ago of sentimentality in music for Christmas. Sentimentality is the one great curse of nine-tenths of music written today for religious service in the Protestant churches of this country. The composers who write it and the choirmasters who choose it are not to be condemned ruthlessly; nor are the publishers largely at fault. The chief offender in the whole matter is the congregation. Religious music, as it is understood by many churchgoers, is something which they would describe as "sweet and soft." They would not admit that dramatic expression has any place in the choir loft. Joyful music that accentuates the exultation of a psalm of praise is to them a stumbling block. It disturbs their meditation on divine, or, possibly, worldly things. An unexpected harmonic progression, or a striking rhythmic device that italicizes some particular emotion of the hymn writer startles them, and they talk of the "operatic tastes of the choir," the "love of personal display shown by singers." When they are aroused to sarcasm, they say, "We are not educated up to that kind of music. Give us something we understand."

The choirmaster does not wish to lose his position. The publisher wishes to sell to the choirmaster. The composer must sell to the publisher. The ignorance, or the false, wretched, irreligious taste of a congregation is thus responsible for the musical crimes that are applauded only by those who instigate them. There are few choirmasters in the town who do not have cause to blush or laugh at the selections they are thus obliged to make.

There are churches of one Protestant denomination, the Episcopalian, where far better music is sung and appreciated. In the larger churches of this denomination the music is almost always dignified, and appropriate to the particular occasion.

Organists suffer in a similar fashion. Do they not often play pieces by the great masters of the organ solely for their own pleasure? Do they not find that an arrangement of some such familiar tune as, say, Braga's "Serenata" gives genuine satisfaction to the people down stairs, while the same people can see nothing in the exquisite slow movement from Salomé's sonata, and nothing in a moving choral setting by Bach?

I know of a church in this town where the organist was accused of a lack of religious feeling because on a festival occasion he played the B minor prelude and fugue of Sebastian Bach; and yet in that same church an arrangement or rather a disarrangement for quartet of a well-known operatic tune excited lively delight, although the music was suggestive necessarily of sensuous thoughts, recalling as it did to any opera-goer an amorous scene.

PHILIP HALE.

Echoes From the Eighth Symphony —Concerts and Entertainments Tonight—Musical Notes. *Sche*

The principal number on the program of last week's symphony concert was Rubinstein's dramatic symphony No. 4, given for the first time in this city. The peculiarities of the celebrated Russian composer and pianist are shown in his orchestral work. There is a wealth of melodic forms and suggestions running through the four movements, but the lack of development, either intentional or otherwise, is marked. Rubinstein, although one of the foremost pianists and composers of the day, is uneven in his work, a fact plainly evident to those who have heard him at the piano.

Moods govern him. At times he plays superbly and then he has spells of relapsing into carelessness. This contrast appears in his symphonic work. It is a beautiful composition, judged in its entirety, but marred by passages and orchestral treatment which are annoyingly inartistic when the abilities of the writer are considered.

The work opens with a familiar, moaning rhythm, frequently employed by Rubinstein, which leads up to a minor theme, introduced and developed by a strikingly curious orchestration for double basses and horns. New themes appear in the fantasia, at first lively, then of a military character, and after a strange bit of instrumentation the true fantasia really begins; and in this finale the genius of the composer is clearly shown. The dramatic climax is thrilling and worthy of his name and fame.

In the second and third movements a long scherzo and a dramatic ending of a majestic four-part harmony are excellent examples of contrasted writing of a high character. In the finale of the fourth movement occur several careless methods of working out thematic ideas which gives to the closing number the appearance of an unfinished composition.

Much of the orchestral work was very fine. The double basses gave the arpeggi in the first movement splendidly. The climax of the fantasia was forcefully and smoothly played. The cello and basses in the coda of the third movement, and the rondo in the finale were also worthy of special praise.

The symphony as a whole is interesting because it is a Rubinstein composition, but the excellences of the writing are somewhat overshadowed by the defects which appear throughout the work.

Schumann's great overture to "Manfred" was performed admirably, the beautiful deviations in the third part being notably delicate in shadings and crescendo variations. Brahms' variations on a theme by Haydn was the gem of the program, the excellent team work of the orchestra showing plainly in the numerous changes of tempo and treatments of the original motif. The precision of the men was marked and the brilliancy of the performance was appreciated by the auditors most heartily.

The next symphony concert will be given Dec 22. The program includes Beethoven's first symphony, a serenade by Mozart, and Schubert's overture to "Rosamunde."

MUSICAL MATTERS. *adv.*

The Symphony Concert.

The heaviness of the programme of Saturday's concert was in some degree counterbalanced by the excellence of the performance. Viewed from a technical standpoint, this was the best performance of the season, and Mr. Paur and his orchestra may well be proud of it. It began with Schumann's "Manfred" overture, which is perhaps the most even of all the orchestral compositions of this master. The subject seems to have appealed to Schumann's nature with especial force, and it was natural to expect that the composer who came nearest to the poetic ideal in the setting of "Faust" should also be very successful in so kindred a subject as "Manfred." Schumann was a veritable magician of rhythms, and always revelled in syncopations, and here these shifting of natural rhythm are peculiarly appropriate as picturing the distorted soul of the weird hero, and their contrast with the clear yet pathetic theme which represents Astarte is one of the most impressive of pictures. The shading of the close was most delicate, the contrasts were strongly brought out, and the trumpets were most effective in their soft passages. Altogether then, a notable performance.

But the interpretation of the Brahms variations of a Haydn theme went beyond even this standard. With many composers of the modern school orchestral variations mean a display of separate instruments; there is generally a flute variation, a chance for the bassoon, a bit of pyrotechnics for the violin, etc., etc. Brahms will have none of this; he goes back to the grander school of Beethoven for his model, and his variations not only have a true symphonic ring in their scoring but frequently cross the border-line between variation and development. To make this technical point more clear it may be explained that in variation the organic shape generally remains the same, in development it is usually altered; in variation it is the whole theme that is treated, in development its figures; in variation the composer merely redecorates the house in various ways, in development he builds entirely anew with the old material. The process in this case led to something quite different from the pretty villa which Haydn had built, but the rich tonal palace which Brahms made out of it was its own sufficient *raison d'être*. The orchestral combinations here were a study, and the clearness of the performance made the study an especially valuable one. The contrapuntal passages were marvellously clear-cut, and in every respect the performance was something to awaken enthusiasm.

The concert ended with Rubinstein's "Dramatic Symphony." It would not be a misnomer to entitle this work the "spasmodic symphony," for seldom has passion been torn into minuter tatters than in this work. It would be folly to deny that there are great moments in the composition, but there are also moments of dulness, much repetition, not of themes, but of ideas and of style, and the symphony is far too long for what it has to say. Rubinstein seems to be a musical Narcissus who takes leave

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of himself with great regret. He is also the most unequal of composers: at one moment he is scaling Olympus, and for the next half hour he is giving the auditor a geological survey of the route. The first movement is long enough for an entire symphony, and does not attain the grandeur of the immortal first movement of his "Ocean Symphony." There is plenty of combat in it, a good use of the strange Oriental scales, plenty of mystery, some touches of spectral horror on the chalumeau register of the clarinette (Weber has told some better ghost stories on this instrument in this deep register), but at the end one feels like echoing the question of Southey's young Peterkin—"Now tell us what 'twas all about?"

The performance was especially fine, beyond any that the work has yet received here. The horn, clarinette and oboe in the first movement, the crisp effect of the march-like theme of the second, the cellos in the theme of the adagio, the violin fury of the finale, the oboe in the adagio, and the brio of the figure which runs through the wood-wind from bassoon to flute near the close of the work, these were but a few of the excellent points of execution. The ensemble was without noticeable flaw, spite of the appropriately capricious *tempi* which the conductor employed. But while heartily congratulating the conductor and performers on the brilliant accomplishment of the arduous task, at the end one could not help wishing that if Rubinstein achieved Schubert's "heavenly length" he had also achieved his charming coherency.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

MUSIC. *Paul*

The Eighth Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The program of the Symphony concert of last evening was as follows:

Overture, "Manfred" Schumann
Variations on a theme of Haydn Brahms
Symphony No. 4, D minor Rubinstein

The overture to "Manfred" was played finely, with a full appreciation of its passion, beauty, despair. The variations by Brahms were read carefully, but the work was sandwiched injudiciously between the overture and the symphony. Mr. Paur has yet to prove that he is a master of the difficult art of arranging a program.

Rubinstein's "Dramatic" symphony has not been heard here for some time. The composer is fond of it. When he played the E flat major concerto of Beethoven in Berlin in November, 1883, he was asked by Wüellner, the conductor, which of his symphonies he would direct at the same concert, and he chose the fourth without hesitation. There is no denying the ingenuity or the power of certain passages of this work. The scherzo is captivating throughout. There is tender beauty in the slow movement, and alas! there is also sentimentality. But as an organic whole the symphony cannot be called consistently great. Too many people are introduced into the drama who have no connection with the development of the plot, and they take up a great deal of time with their chatter. There is a waste of ingenious elaboration in the instrumentation. Many of the figures of the wood-wind are ineffective against the strings,

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and endurance. Not only full strength is constantly demanded, but the ability to show this while executing very difficult passages at top speed, and the further capacity to enthuse and be authoritative. The playing was, however, almost always remarkable for accuracy, vigor, sonority and regard for form; and if an occasional phrase sounded a little weak, thin or reluctant or some small individual slip was noticeable, this certainly was not to be wondered at.

The concert began with a good reading of Schumann's "Manfred" overture, broad and smooth in the introduction, urgent and decided afterwards, with a moulding toward softness in the Astarte allusions. And, by the way, we could hardly help feeling that the beginning of the fourth movement in the symphony had for a few moments a temperament and form closely akin to the opening of this overture.

The intermediate number was Brahms's opus 56 A—the variations upon a serious, ecclesiastical theme by Haydn, known as the Chorale of St. Anthony. Variations are unquestionably caviar to the general, especially when, as in the present case, their connection with the nominal theme is so remote that the musician with score and pencil in hand can hardly find and follow it. But in this set Brahms has not confined himself to contrapuntal and figurative exercises. He has given his fancy free rein to choose keys, rhythms, tempi and orchestral combinations. So, with two or three dryer exceptions, these separate studies interest and almost divert by their varieties of movement and of tone color, until the finale comes to cap the climax with its martial swing, its keen accentuations and its lively orchestration brightened by the flurry of the piccolo and the jingle of the triangle. The whole got good playing and two or three of the variations were particularly brilliant, distinct and inspiring.

A delightful announcement is made for the next concert, which does not come until the 23d inst. Mr. Carl Baermann, whose long absence could be attributed to nothing but Mr. Nikisch's freakishness, is to be the soloist. His choice of music is not yet made known, but the programme includes Beethoven's first symphony; a serenade by Mozart, Mr. Kneisel giving the violin obbligato, and Schubert's "Rosamunde" overture.

PHILIP HALE.

If to do is to be dramatic, then the Rubinstein symphony—No. 4, in D minor, opus 95—certainly deserves that title, which is indeed the one which it bears. For if ever an orchestra had to be up and doing for a good solid hour and the most of the time playing as if their lives depended upon the amount of sound they produced, this composition gives them the occasion. Nobody gets any let-up, except the three trombone players, who are kept in reserve for the last movement; but they, unless they were of wood or stone, could not get any real rest, backed up as they are by that merciless and judgmentless kettle-drummer, who has been coming out of late with more than his former muscularity. It is really time that he should be put into his place in relation to the rest of the band. The instruments of percussion are meant to emphasize only, not to overpower.

But there is a good deal more than noise and bustle in these exceedingly protracted movements. Indeed, if there were not, their vehemence, nervous excitement, clangor, hot haste and eager insistence, would wear out the hearer utterly long before the end was reached. But if there be power most to excess, there is also poetry and there is fancy as well as fury. One can interpret the symphony in detail as his notions rise under its influence; but, considered in a general way, it may suggest to many a scheme something like this: The first movement, with varying phrase and mood, might present the tense, hard, combative spirit of life, rising from ignorance and gloom to struggle with hand and head to accomplishment and independence; the second, life's comedy, ranging from the rude, heavy-footed mirth of clowns to quieter and less earthy gaiety; the third, a sense of possible repose and rest and gentle pleasure; the fourth, a recapitulation of the past experiences and states, concluding in the fulness of assurance and content. In the course of these expositions there are many passages wherein single instruments speak reflectively, beautifully, persuasively or pungently; but generally the mass of the orchestra is at work, and energetically if not always to the satisfaction of the professional examiner who looks for logic and for adherence to customary systems of development. The themes are many and often as graceful as they are original; there are odd shifts of rhythm and sudden, sharp syncopations, and one often seems to feel a kind of impatience on the composer's part that, with all his forces at work, he cannot get more out of them.

This symphony, which was placed judiciously at the end of the programme, was the hardest test of the season thus far of the orchestra's attention

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HOWARD MALCOM TICKNOR.

Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1893-94.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

IX. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, AT 8, P. M.

PROGRAMME.

BEETHOVEN.

SYMPHONY No. 1, in C major, op. 21.

- I. Adagio.—Allegro con brio.
- II. Andante cantabile con moto.
- III. Menuetto: Allegro molto e vivace.—Trio.
- IV. Finale: Adagio.—Allegro molto e vivace.

MOZART.

SERENADE No. 7, in D major, "Hoffner".

- I. Allegro maestoso.—Allegro molto.
 - II. Andante.
 - III. Menuetto.—Trio.
 - IV. Rondo: Allegro.
 - VIII. Adagio.—Allegro assai.
- Violin Obligato; MR. FRANZ KNEISEL.

BEETHOVEN.

CONCERTO for PIANOFORTE, No. 4, in G major, op. 58.

- I. Allegro moderato.
 - II. Andante con moto.
 - III. Rondo: Vivace.
- Cadenzas by Mr. Baermann.

SCHUBERT.

OVERTURE to "Rosamunde." op. 26.

Soloist:

MR. CARL BAERMANN.

and at times they are unheard. Indeed, it may be said that this instrumentation appeals often more to the reader of the score than to the hearer of the instruments. At the same time there are many striking effects, as in the strange chromatic progression of clarionets and bassoons shortly after the beginning of the first allegro. The symphony is long enough to outlast a night in Russia. It is as long and as unequal as one of Dostoevsky's later novels. But with all its faults, and there are many, the claw of the lion is visible. The symphony, which swarms with technical difficulties, was played with spirit and, generally, with accuracy. Mr. Paor was inclined in the first movement to abuse freedom of tempo, when any instrument had a fugitive solo; but in the main his reading was eminently satisfactory.

There will be no concert this week. The program for the 23d will be Beethoven's First Symphony, Mozart's Serenade, Schubert's "Rosamunde" overture.

PHILIP HALE.

If to do is to be dramatic, then the Rubinstein symphony—No. 4, in D minor, opus 95—certainly deserves that title, which is indeed the one which it bears. For if ever an orchestra had to be up and doing for a good solid hour and the most of the time playing as if their lives depended upon the amount of sound they produced, this composition gives them the occasion. Nobody gets any let-up, except the three trombone players, who are kept in reserve for the last movement; but they, unless they were of wood or stone, could not get any real rest, backed up as they are by that merciless and judgmentless kettle drummer, who has been coming out of late with more than his former muscularity. It is really time that he should be put into his place in relation to the rest of the band. The instruments of percussion are meant to emphasize only, not to overpower.

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PROGRAMME.

BEETHOVEN.

SYMPHONY No. 1, in C major, op. 21.

- I. Adagio.—Allegro con brio.
- II. Andante cantabile con moto.
- III. Menuetto: Allegro molto e vivace.—Trio.
- IV. Finale: Adagio.—Allegro molto e vivace.

MOZART.

SERENADE No. 7, in D major, "Hoffner".

- I. Allegro maestoso.—Allegro molto.
- II. Andante.
- III. Menuetto.—Trio.
- IV. Rondo: Allegro.
- VIII. Adagio.—Allegro assai.

Violin Obligato; MR. FRANZ KNEISEL.

BEETHOVEN.

CONCERTO for PIANOFORTE, No. 4, in G major, op. 58.

- I. Allegro moderato.
- II. Andante con moto.
- III. Rondo: Vivace.

Cadenzas by Mr. Baermann.

SCHUBERT.

OVERTURE to "Rosamunde." op. 36.

Soloist:

MR. CARL BAERMANN.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the ninth symphony concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Beethoven: Symphony No. 1, in C major, Opus 21.

Mozart: Serenade No. 7, in D major ("Haffner").

(Violin obligato by Mr. Franz Kneisel.)

Beethoven: Concerto for Pianoforte, No. 4, in G major, Opus 58.

(Cadenzas by Mr. Baermann.)

Schubert: Overture to "Rosamunde," Opus 26.

Mr. Carl Baermann was the pianist.

A programme that made one think of the late John S. Dwight! A little over-long withal, but then so delightful. Beethoven's first symphony was admirably played. How Mozartish the work is in many points! The character of the themes, the construction, the very instrumentation, all recall Mozart, which is by no means common with Beethoven, by the way, for, if he in his earlier manner remind one of anybody else, it is generally of Haydn.

The five movements from Mozart's "Haffner" serenade—the whole work comprises eight—are full of beauty and were splendidly given. Mr. Kneisel's playing of the solo violin part, with occasional dainty cadenzas interpolated by himself (?) at just the right points, was simply exquisite. One might almost say that, for magical beauty of tone in double-stopping, he seeks his fellow. It was good to find the audience enjoying this music as they did; the public palate has not yet become so jaded by indulgence in "decadent" instrumentation and highly spiced harmonies that it cannot take delight in pure, natural, wholesome beauty.

Nine, not always short, movements already, and the whole great G major concerto still to come! It was almost too much of a good thing. Mr. Baermann played the wonderful work very beautifully indeed. At moments one felt a touch of nervousness in him, that prompted him to forge ahead, as if trying to leave the orchestra behind, but as a whole his playing was admirable in thorough soundness of conception and clearness of execution. In the poetic *Andante con moto* it rose to a very high pitch of expressive beauty. It is not often that one hears this greatest of all concertos so satisfyingly played. Mr. Baermann's cadenzas struck us as excellent at every point; brilliant without triviality, musically conceived and carried out; yet in no wise smelling of the lamp; in a word, just what cadenzas to a great classic work should be.

The over lovely "Rosamunde" overture brought the concert to a delightful close. It is not uninteresting to trace the influence of Rossini, for whom Schubert had at one time a sincere admiration, in this light, brilliant and taking overture. We doubt if many other instances can be found of a great German composer writing an overture in this easy-going and rather trivial Italian form—three themes developed at some length, with their subsidiaries, for a first part, and then repeated in another key for a third part, without any intervening working-out, and then a flashy coda to end off with! But for the absence of the Rossinian "*crescendo*" on the third theme—which, by the way, Beethoven had anticipated sixteen years before in his overture to "Leonore," No. 1—Rossini himself might have written it. It was capitally played.

That reminds me, even musicians neglect some branches of their education. Occasionally one of them is reminded, by making some awful break, that to be perfectly familiar with his chosen instrument is not all.

For example: One of the leading violinists in the Symphony Orchestra was lately engaged to play at the morning service at the fashionable high church by Boston's society leader, who takes a very practical interest in the music there. In the retirement of the organ gallery the violinist tuned his violin during the service, and, in the words of the song, "he'll never go there any more." Now if he had taken a course in the proper behavior of a musician at a church service that could not have happened.

Carl Baermann, the Symphony Soloist—Handel and Haydn Society —Varied Events Tonight.

The symphony concert program last night was attractive in many ways, and yet if it had not been for the Schubert "Rosamunde" overture, the last number of the evening, many of the listeners would have gone home rather tired than otherwise.

It is possible to have too much solid, substantial food just as it is to have too much of a light nature. The first three numbers on the program were long and absorbing. In order to appreciate them fully one had to listen with his ears wide open and watch with all his eyes.

This exercise kept up for almost two hours is exhausting, consequently it is safe to say that almost every person in the large audience was glad to hear the "Rosamunde" overture, for that can be understood and enjoyed without very close attention. As it was, people went home satisfied.

The program was made up of Beethoven's symphony No. 1 in C major, Mozart's serenade No. 7 in D major (Haffner), Beethoven's concerto for pianoforte No. 4 in G major, and Schubert's overture to "Rosamunde" in C major. Mr. Baermann was the soloist, and Mr. Kneisel played the violin obligato in the Mozart serenade.

Mr. Baermann played the piano with his usual smoothness and general excellence of execution. The piano obligato, however, seemed too far away from the orchestral parts and occasionally the soloist and the other players seemed to be at a little variance in regard to time.

Mr. Kneisel played beautifully. The tone of his violin seemed even better than ever and he performed with a depth of feeling well suited to the character of the composition, which is pervaded with something akin to religious fervor.

The work of the orchestra as a whole was satisfactory, although precision in tempo was sometimes wanting. Mr. Paur conducted with great gusto and manly enthusiasm.

The program of this week's concert will be as follows: American symphony, MSS. Dvorak, first time in Boston; concerto for violin, Beethoven; overture, "1812," Tchaikowsky, first time; soloist, Mr. Franz Kneisel.

Symphony Concert, Soloist Mr. Carl Baermann.

The Christmas "Messiah" by the Handel and Haydn—Last Times of of "Venus"—The Return of Mar-teau—The Cadets in "Tobasco"—News and Gossp.

The annual appearance of Mr. Carl Baermann, the pianist, made the event of last evening's concert by the Boston Symphony orchestra at Music Hall, under the direction of Mr. Emil Paur. The programme was not a happy effort in this line, being singularly lacking in contrast and somewhat wearisome.

With the first of the Beethoven symphonies to begin with, followed by five movements of the "Haffner" serenade by Mozart, the pianoforte concerto No. 4, in G major, op. 58, by Beethoven, and Schubert's overture to "Rosamunde" as a finale, the list of works had little to stir the audience to enthusiasm, however much respect was felt for the several compositions.

Mr. Baermann's presence, however, largely atoned for any lack of interest in the several parts of the programme, and his entrance was made the occasion of a welcoming ovation which conclusively proved his continued popularity with the Symphony concert patrons. His performance of the great concerto, with his own cadenza, was what was to be expected from an artist of his sterling worth, and his thoroughly satisfying interpretation of its movements was recognized in the most complimentary manner. He has never been more successful in his appearance with the home orchestra, and his value in this yearly scheme of concerts has at no time been more pronounced.

A very delightful interpretation of the first, second, third, fourth and eighth movements of Mozart's "Haffner" serenade was given by Mr. Paur, the solos for the violin being charmingly played by Mr. Kneisel.

Mr. Paur's reading of the familiar first of the Beethoven symphonies was in keeping with the conservative tendencies he has shown since he assumed his position, and he was highly successful in bringing out all the manifold beauties of the work, free from exaggeration or excessive contrasts. The equally familiar "Rosamunde" overture made a pleasing ending to the evening's programme.

Mr. Paur will give an "up to date" character to his programme by bringing out the "From the New World" symphony by Dr. Dvorak next Saturday evening, when, with Mr. Franz Kneisel as soloist, the programme will also include the Beethoven violin concerto and Tchaikowsky's "1812" overture.

MUSIC.

The Symphony Concert.

The programme for the ninth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, last night, was, Symphony, No. 1, Beethoven; Serenade, No. 7 (Haffner), Mozart; Concerto for piano-forte, in G-major, Beethoven; and overture, "Rosamunde," Schubert. Mr. Carl Baermann was the soloist. The concert was too long to be listened to without experiencing a sense of fatigue. It was not judiciously arranged, for before the concerto there were two long works, nine movements in all. The symphony was given with that minuteness of detail, in regard to making every possible point in it, which we have now learned to recognize as the weakness of Mr. Paur's conducting. The reading was pre-eminently conscientious; but it was too conscientious, and the result was that a work that is essentially genial in itself, and is peculiarly spontaneous in effect, seemed labored, owing to the excess of emphasis that was laid on it wherever opportunity served, in and out of season. Another consequence of so much elaboration was that the climaxes were anticipated, and when they arrived they were shorn of their impressiveness. The Mozart serenade was interpreted in a much better spirit, though even here there was a tendency to find something in the music that it did not say freely of itself, and its broad simplicity was often marred by this over-study in the direction of making it say more than is discoverable on its surface. Mozart, of all composers, is the one that bears a pedantic interpretation the least. However, this work has become somewhat passé, and could well have been spared. The re-appearance of Mr. Baermann at these concerts was welcomed with great heartiness, and his reception was of a warmth that must have been gratifying to him as an evidence of the affectionate esteem in which he is held. His performance of the concerto was an example of Beethoven playing at its very best, and after the long reign of sensational piano playing through which we have passed, it was a genuine pleasure to listen again to an artist of Mr. Baermann's solid and sterling qualities. In its delightful freshness, its thorough devotion to the composer, in its clearness as an interpretation, its clean-cut finish of technique, and its true musicianly qualities, it may justly be ranked as one of the most perfect and satisfying readings and performances of the work that has ever been heard here. It was a comfort to listen to such thoroughly honest and manly playing again as an antidote to the flood of sophisticated sentiment and affected femininity of style of which we have had so much of late. It met with the enthusiastic approval of the large audience, the artist being rewarded with tremendous outburst of applause after the first movement, and receiving three stormy recalls at the close. The programme for the next concert is: American Symphony, Dvorak; Concerto for Violin, Beethoven; Overture "1812," Tchaikowsky. Mr. Franz Kneisel is to be the soloist.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Symphony Concert.

Although the programme of Saturday had some superb numbers, it was by no means well arranged, its length was abnormal, even with an excision from the printed list which made Saturday's concert considerably shorter than Friday's rehearsal, and before the soloist came upon the scene the audience had been fed even to tonal dyspepsia upon movement after movement, all in the same general vein—the early classical school. That with such a handicap Mr. Carl Baermann was able to win a great success proves his power in the most decided manner, but scarcely excuses the monotony of the first two thirds of the programme.

Beethoven's first symphony began the concert. It is the weakest sister of the nine, but it shows that Beethoven began where Haydn ended. Had Beethoven died at the age that Schubert did, this symphony would have been the chief indication of his genius, and the biographers would have classed him as a worthy exponent of the Haydn school. Schubert's C major symphony, written at about the same age that Beethoven was at this epoch, stands much higher, and it is one of the "ifs" of musical history whether Schubert might not have gone beyond the Beethoven heights had he lived longer. But even in this work one can perceive the giant tugging at his chain and striving to break his fetters; this is notably the case in the third movement, for here Beethoven achieved a minuet that Haydn would not have attained in a century. Nothing seems so typical of Haydn as the graceful and melodious minuets which he wrote in such profusion, and nothing shows the sturdy Beethoven more clearly than the manner in which he at once tried to give ruggedness and virility to this form; there is more of the spirit of the Scherzo in this movement than in any other minuet ever written, more even than in the first symphonic Scherzo which came in Beethoven's next symphony. To the present writer this movement is the gem of the symphony, and Mr. Paur read it with just the right spirit and dash. The finale drops back into the exact vein of Haydn, and the light rollicking style reminds one of the fact that the ending of the Suite (the Gigue) had a decided influence upon the conclusion of the early symphonies. It was played in a clear and definite manner, and the toying with the tempo of the fragmentary scale-work of its introduction was not ineffective. Time was when German conductors ridiculed this short prelude and some even omitted it altogether.

The Mozart Serenade, even in a twice abbreviated state, was *de trop*. It only repeated the style of what had been presented in the preceding symphony. It gave Mr. Kneisel a chance to do some commendably pure violin work, showed an excellent dialogue between violins and horn, and ended with some most brilliant passages for the violins, a sort of *perpetuum mobile*.

Now followed the real Beethoven, and a real Beethoven player, too. From the very beginning Mr. Carl Baermann was in his

element in this work, a concerto which is not a whit inferior to, although so different from, the "Emperor," which succeeded it. The performance was dignified and manly, capricious enough to give the subtle changes of expression, but far removed from trickiness or sensationalism. The cadenza of the first movement, composed by the pianist, although somewhat long for the continuity of the work, was a fine development of preceding matter and never became irrelevant. In the last movement Mr. Baermann obeyed the composer's injunction ("La cadenza sia corta") and gave a brief but brilliant display of virtuosity. Spite of the fact that the audience had listened to almost an entire concert before this work, they were aroused to a pitch of enthusiasm and recall followed recall in a most spontaneous outburst of approbation.

The melodic Schubert closed the concert with that strange compound of blood and thunder, of heavy brasses and tender song-themes,—the overture to "Rosamunde." This was splendidly performed, and its strong contrasts were made without the slightest lapse from perfect ensemble. The irreverent auditor could not be impressed with the fact that one of the most important themes was first cousin to "Way down upon the Suwannee River," but that only showed that folksong has a kinship all the world over, and that Foster's work is to be classed with the genuine inspirations in this school. Next Saturday we shall have an entire symphony founded upon such cis-Atlantic themes, for Dvorak's new work, idealizing our typical music, is to receive its first performance in Boston.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

MUSIC.

The Ninth Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The program of the Symphony concert given last evening was as follows:

Symphony, No. 1.....Beethoven
Serenade, No. 7, ("Haffner").....Mozart
Concerto for piano, G major.....Beethoven
Overture, "Rosamunde".....Schubert

Once on a time there lived in Salzburg a man named Sigmund Hafner. He was a wholesale merchant and a burgomaster. He was fond of music, and when there were festivals in his house he summoned the musicians of the town. This "worthy and public-spirited" citizen had a daughter, known as Elisabeth, who, after the manner of her sex, fell in love, and with a certain Mr. Spaeth.

In Germany a betrothment is a serious matter, as fickle-minded Americans have found to their surprise and cost. Some say that for the betrothment of Miss Hafner, the great Mozart wrote the serenade played here last evening. Others say that the serenade was composed for the joyous celebration of her marriage. For a later festal gathering in the house of Hafner, Mozart wrote a symphony in D major, a work well worth hearing to-day.

Now the word serenade in Mozart's time was loosely applied to evening music. The lover who sang beneath a balcony and turned about only to see the pale face of a rival with drawn sword or dagger sang a serenade. Serenades

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were played or sung on Venetian canals. Serenades accompanied the clinking of glasses and the low laughter of coquettes. Serenades tickled the vanity of illustrious visitors, whose fine plumage glittered in the light of torches. And Elisabeth Hafner looked at her lover and pondered her fate while the musicians played the serenade of Mozart.

There are eight movements in this particular serenade; and they were not all played last evening. The first allegro might have given the pitch to rejoicing, or to the play of knife and fork. The andante with the charming violin obbligato, was for tenderer moments, moments of confidences, vows and promises. And the other numbers were for merriment and pledging of toasts.

It is delightful music, this serenade of Mozart: old fashioned, quaint, at times formal, at times full of a gracious and courtly tenderness unknown in the days of nervous depression or exaltation. And it was played by orchestra and Mr. Kneisel delightfully.

There are some who only recognize in Beethoven, the strange giant of the mysterious latter musical years. They look askew at the young Beethoven. They do not find the lion. But it is a pleasure to see the cub at play.

In the first Symphony of Beethoven, there is no marked departure from the symphony of the time. Perhaps in the minuetto there are suggestions of the future scherzo; but there is nothing revolutionary in the symphony. There are the voices of Haydn and of Mozart; but although we recognize them—see, for instance, how Figaro enters in the finale—they somehow speak with an accent that seems a little foreign.

But the Beethoven of the G major concerto is another man. In the concerto there is but one voice, and that is the voice of Beethoven.

Mr. Carl Baermann gave an admirable performance of the solo part. It was pure, without exaggeration, without caprice, without the slightest symptom of the feverish desire for personal display. The concerto, with Mr. Baermann at the piano, was a homogeneous work. There was no apparent rivalry between orchestra and piano. The hearer thought of Beethoven, and not of the pianist, and, after all, this is the highest praise. But after the last chord sounded through the hall there was spontaneous and grateful thought of the pianist who had assisted so artistically in giving unalloyed pleasure, and he was applauded most heartily.

Such concerts as that of last evening are not only a musical delight; they are a liberal education. It is well, it is indeed necessary that modern works of every school and nationality should receive prompt and due attention. But it is also well to escape from the hot air of the modern palace of art, and meditate calmly and serenely in the temple of the ancient masters. There were brave men before Agamemnon. There were great composers before Brahms and Wagner.

PHILIP HALE.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Ninth Symphony Concert. Handel and Haydn.

The ninth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place in Music Hall Saturday evening. The following was the programme:

Symphony No. 1.....Beethoven
Serenade, No. 7 (Haffner).....Mozart
Concerto for pianoforte, No. 4, in G major.....Beethoven
Overture, Rosamund.....Schubert
Mr. Carl Baermann was the soloist.

It can be seen at a glance what a fatiguing demand this programme made upon the attention of the listener, both as regards its length and the monotony of its material. The Beethoven symphony, in its author's first period, reminds one constantly of the immortal Mozart, and it was unnecessary to play the five movements of the Mozart Serenade immediately following in order to impress this characteristic similarity upon the audience. Neither is the "Serenade" a work of sufficient importance to warrant putting it upon such a programme. It of course is charming in its simplicity, and would, if properly contrasted, be of educational value to the student in the classics of orchestral writing.

Then came the concerto of Beethoven, a specimen of the author's advanced period, replete with the unrivalled genius of its immortal composer. If Mr. Paur sought to display the first and last period of the great master's composition, the symphony and the concerto would have served well in accomplishing his desire. If he wished to make plain how much the symphony resembled Mozart and also how far removed from the characteristics of his eminent predecessor was the music of Beethoven's concerto, then again Mr. Paur was successful in the framing of his programme.

But in these days it is unnecessary to dwell so practically in an exposition of such historical facts, of which the student, even, is well aware through the ample means at his disposal, in the piano arrangements of the works of both these classic composers.

Neither is it necessary that Mr. Paur should demonstrate these facts with his orchestra, an organization whose function should be more than that of an adjunct in a conservatory course of education.

If it was not for the reasons given that the audience was dosed with monotony of the first and second numbers on the programme, then it would seem as if the ability of Mr. Paur to arrange programmes successfully must be doubted. To the connoisseur, nothing could be more stupid than this programme of Saturday evening. In the days of the Harvard orchestra, 25 years ago, it would have dragged on the attention of its audience.

As far as the performance of these works was concerned, it is gratifying to say, that the orchestra has not, since Mr. Gericke retired, played with so much expression and precision, with so much regard for the dynamic demands of the score and with so little roughness as on this occasion. The firm and earnest endeavors of Mr. Paur brought out the

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characteristics of each work to a great degree and it only needed a little more freedom in the swing of the playing and a more acute definition in the matter of tone gradation to have made the playing extremely excellent.

The passages for violin solo in the Mozart piece were played by Mr. Kneisel in his usual highly finished and artistic manner.

The event of the evening was the reappearance in these concerts of Mr. Carl Baermann, the eminent pianist of this city. It is as long ago as the first year that Nikisch enumerated the conductor's position since Mr. Baermann has appeared in any programme of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Not since the playing of the Beethoven concerto in G by the renowned Anton Rubinstein in 1872 has such a highly artistic and eminently noble rendering of this work been heard in our concerts as was vouchsafed by Mr. Baermann on this occasion. Mr. Baermann is justly celebrated for his remarkably fine interpretation of this great master, but in every respect he surpassed all former efforts in the masterly manner in which he brought forth the beauties of this marvellous composition. It was gratifying to observe this fine musician and accomplished performer devoid of all affectation and engrossed only in a true and conscientious revelation of the composer's genius, and we must thank Mr. Paur for his selection of such a genuine artist.

There was an evident sympathy between the performer and the conductor as regards a conception of the composer's intentions, and it is seldom that so complete a unit is experienced as existed between the soloist and the accompaniment. Mr. Paur deserves great praise for the skilful manner in which he conducted the accompaniment.

Next Saturday evening, Dvorak's latest orchestral work just produced for the first time at a Philharmonic concert in New York will be given in Boston for the first time. It is entitled "American Symphony." The overture "1812" by Tschalkowsky will also be played for the first time at these concerts. Mr. Franz Kneisel will be the soloist, and he will be heard in the concerto for violin by Beethoven. This will be a programme of great interest.

The eminent feature of the ninth Symphony concert was Mr. Carl Baermann's re-entrance after an absence of several seasons. Mr. Paur had provided a preposterously long programme, and more than an hour had been occupied with Beethoven's first symphony and five selected movements from Mozart's seventh serenade for orchestra, before Mr. Baermann's number—which was Beethoven's G major concerto—was reached. But the audience had been waiting too many years for that fine artist's reappearance to begrudge now a trifling half hour or so of unnecessary delay, and it is safe to say that no person left the hall before the conclusion of the concerto whom some exigency like an early-departing train did not summon away. Mr. Baermann could not but feel flattered at the great cordiality of his reception, the at-

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tentive interest with which he was followed and the earnest applause which called and recalled him when his task was done. A truly catholic musician, a student of far wider range than that of his own profession, and a pianist who comprehends and illustrates many schools, Mr. Baermann is especially delightful, strong and authoritative in the classics. His limpid style and his elegant simplicity become the unaffected beauty and delicate detail of Mozart, while he has also the geniality, the humor and the emotional sensitiveness without which the best executant can give only the form of Beethoven without his spirit. His reading of this great concerto, which dates from that productive period when its author was preparing the fifth symphony and *Fidelio*, was at all points noble, true and sympathetic. The busy energy of the first movement, the quiet melancholy of the second and the buoyant vitality of the third, were expressed in turn with lucidity of phrasing, ample technical resource and variety and with sensitive feeling. The cadenzas were of Mr. Baermann's writing—the first of their kind which he has given to Boston—and admirably adapted to their places. Sufficiently elaborate and difficult to satisfy that expectancy which the professional man no less than the dilettante encourages in himself at such points, they were not written to display *tours de force*, but to develop ideas, and their consonancy with the movements into which they were incorporated was at once apparent. The orchestra took both pains and pleasure in supporting the piano, and Mr. Paur directed them with elastic conformity to Mr. Baermann's intention and interpretation.

The reading of the symphony was easy, bright and charming, rarely modified from a steady tempo into any moulding of individual bars, and there was clear portrayal of the dawning tendencies which the master was soon to heighten into the most resplendent noon which has ever illuminated and warmed the world of music. The Mozart movements, which should not have been intruded into a programme necessarily long otherwise, were enjoyed upon the whole, although many persons were trying to save themselves for the event of the evening. They are of diverse natures and the choice made of them was favorable to contrast and relief, but some (especially the *andante*) are protracted and would sound best to fresh ears. Four of the five had either an *obbligato* or a *cadenza* for a solo violin—some, indeed, had both. These passages, often almost co-extensive with the movements themselves, were beautifully played by Mr. Kneisel, who was much applauded therefor. A commendable reading of Schubert's "*Rosamunde*" overture ended the programme.

For the next concert two novelties are announced—Dvorak's "*American*" symphony, which

has just been heard with favor in New York and Tchaikowsky's "*1812*" overture. Between these Mr. Kneisel will play from Beethoven a violin concerto.

HOWARD MALCOM TICKNOR.

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Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1893-94.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

X. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, AT 8, P. M.

PROGRAMME.

DVOŘÁK.

SYMPHONY No. 8, in E minor, "*Z nového světa*,"
op. 95. (MS.)

- I. Adagio.—Allegro molto.
- II. Larghetto.
- III. Scherzo: Molto vivace.—Trio.
- IV. Allegro con fuoco.

BEETHOVEN.

CONCERTO FOR VIOLIN, in D major, op. 61.

- I. Allegro, ma non troppo.
 - II. Larghetto;
 - III. Rondo.
- Cadenzas by JOACHIM.

TSCHAIKOWSKY.

OUVERTURE SOLENNELLE, "*1812*." (Der heilige Krieg), op. 49.

Soloist:

MR. FRANZ KNEISEL.

THEATRES AND CONCERTS.

[See Page Six.]

Trans:

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the tenth symphony concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Dvorák: Symphony No. 8, in E minor, "From the New World," Opus 95 (MS.)

Beethoven: Concerto for violin, in D major, Opus 61. (Cadenzas by Joachim.)

Tschaikowsky: Overture, "1812," in E-flat major, Opus 49.

Mr. Franz Kniesel was the violinist.

The new Dvorák symphony has already made no little noise in the world. Not very long ago the following announcement appeared in, we now forget what paper:

It appears that Dr. Antonín Dvorák, the famous Bohemian composer, has reached the conclusion that the future music of America must be founded upon what are called the Negro melodies, and that these must be the basis of any serious and original school of composition to be developed in the United States. He says that these are the folk-songs of America, and that all great musicians borrow from the songs of the common people. He further states that in the Negro melodies he discovers all that is needed for a great and noble school of music.

In this symphony Dr. Dvorák has taken a pioneer step in the direction indicated in the above quotation; a great deal of the thematic material of the work is either taken directly from negro music, or written in clever imitation thereof. Before considering the symphony itself,—which a single hearing gives but little opportunity for doing to much purpose,—let us first consider the general principle Dr. Dvorák has been anxious to establish in regard to an American school of composition. Certainly the question is an interesting one.

That all schools of composition whatsoever are to be recognized as the result of a process of evolution from one or the other of two primordial musical facts, hardly anyone will be inclined to deny today, for it is generally established as true. These primordial musical facts are the old, ritual Ambrosian or Gregorian chaunt, and the popular folk-song. Leaving the old church chaunt out of the discussion, as not touching the case in hand, we have the folk-song (which includes what might be called the folk-dance) as the germ from which by far the greater part of modern music, especially instrumental music, has been evolved. And judging from experience and by analogy, it seems more than probable that, if any specially characteristic and individual school of composition is to grow up in a country which does not as yet possess one, it must be evolved in the same way from a similar germ. With this principle itself we cannot quarrel, for it seems inevitable. But let us see for a moment, looking at the matter equally from the point of view of experience and analogy, what its practical application seems likely to involve.

Let us not go too far back in the history of the art of music; it will be enough to consider modern schools of composition, going at most no

farther back than Haydn's and Mozart's day. Germany and perhaps not quite so far in other countries. We can count today about six different schools of composition, each one of which can lay just claim to possessing certain sharply marked national characteristics: the German, Italian, French, Magyar, Slavic and Scandinavian schools. If anyone miss the English or Anglo-Saxon school from this list, let its absence be explained by the fact that England and the Anglo-Saxon race in general have not as yet done anything in the higher and more developed musical forms in which any specially national or racial traits are to be recognized; the English school, if such school there be, has in no wise differentiated itself from the rest of the world. Again, if anyone is inclined to subdivide the Slavic school into the Russian, Polish and Czech, he is quite at liberty to do so; but these three sub-schools present marks of affinity amply sufficient to make it fair to lump them together under the general head of Slavic.

Now, in studying these six schools, as they are represented in modern music, we can hardly avoid taking one step further in classification, based on certain distinctive characteristics in the use made of "national" material by each of them, and in this very "national" material itself. From this point of view, we find these six schools fall naturally into one or the other of two larger and more comprehensive classes, or orders; the German, Italian, and Magyar, French into one; the Slavic, and Scandinavian into the other. Let this larger classification of ours not be misunderstood. No doubt there are certain points in which the present Slavic and Scandinavian schools exhibit a stronger affinity with the German than either the Italian or French does; but this does not affect our classification one whit; it is based on quite a different principle. We base it principally on a certain marked difference in character to be described in the "national" or "folk-song" material of which the music of these several schools is respectively built up.

Comparing the general run of German, French and Italian folk-songs, on the one hand, with the generality of Slavic, and Scandinavian folk-songs, on the other, we find that the former belong in one respect to a different class from the latter. The general melodic and rhythmic character of the German, Italian and French songs stamps them as examples of a higher stage in musical evolution. They are for the most part based on the modern tonal (major or minor) scales, which scales represent in themselves a higher stage of evolution than the old Church modes or the incomplete, quasi-barbaric scales on which much of the Slavic and Scandinavian folk-music is based. Be it remembered also that the whole development of modern harmony is inseparably connected with the evolution of the modern tonal scales; and that all melodies based on "barbaric" scales prove to be in the end rather recalcitrant subjects for harmonizing. In harmonizing such melodies, one must either employ normal, tonal harmony, which effaces much of their specific character, or else have recourse to a sort of abnormal, more or less barbarous harmony, which only gives additional prominence to what was

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already barbaric and rude in the melodies themselves. The folk-song raw material on which German, French and Italian music is based was, in a sense, already "civilized" in itself; the folk-song material on which characteristically Slavic and Scandinavian music is based was and is essentially of a more or less barbaric quality, and thus less amenable to "civilized" treatment.

No doubt many German composers, notably Beethoven, have often taken such "outlandish" themes for musical treatment; but notice that Beethoven in almost every case so treated them that they lost almost all of their native "outlandish" flavor; that he "civilized" them, so to speak, before using them. The Russian themes he used at times do not sound in the least characteristically Russian, as he uses them. Now, it is hopeless to found a characteristic national school of composition on characteristic national folk-songs, if the whole distinctively characteristic flavor of such songs is to be eliminated in the process of musical development; the school can be recognizable as distinctively national and characteristic only in so far as it preserves the special flavor of the material it works with. And if this material is barbaric, the music made from it must be to a greater or less extent barbaric too.

And this is just what we find nowadays in the higher forms of Russian, Czech, or Scandinavian music, in the works of men like Tschaiowsky, Rimski-Korsakoff, Smetana, Dvorák, Grieg and Svendsen. In so far as it is characteristically Slavic or Scandinavian, in so far as it preserves its specifically "national" flavor, it is essentially barbaric and outlandish. You may talk as much as you please about its strongly marked character, piquancy, zest and "melancholy expression." One may reply—as we do most heartily—that its piquancy and zest are in nine cases out of ten sheer musical ugliness, its strongly marked character that of stunted and half-developed musical growth, and that "tender melancholy" is but a poetic-sounding name which the morbidly inclined are fond of applying to what the more healthy and eupeptic among us prosaically call "blue devils." To our mind, the great bane of the present Slavic and Scandinavian schools is and has been the attempt to make civilized music by civilized methods out of essentially barbaric material. The result has in general been a more apotheosis of ugliness, distorted forms, and barbarous expression. We gladly admit exceptions; but this seems to us to be the general rule.

And, to arrive at last at our point, our American Negro music has every element of barbarism to be found in the Slavic or Scandinavian folk-songs; it is essentially barbarous music. What is more, it sounds terribly like any other barbarous music. If no one had known that Dr. Dvorák's symphony last Saturday evening was based on Negro material, we think that every man jack of us would have swallowed it unhesitatingly as characteristically Czech. Upon the whole, few of us are at all familiar with Negro music; perhaps the Negro melodies ought to be our folk-songs, but the uncomfortable fact is that they are not; they sound as strange and unaccustomed in our

ears as the Czech or Russian melodies do; our intimate musical associations lie elsewhere. How many people in the Music Hall, think you, thought the Dvorák symphony "sounded like home"? Very few, we imagine!

It has been objected that all the music of the higher sort hitherto written in America has been but a reflection of Leipzig, Munich or Paris. This is true enough. But what if we start fresh on a negro basis, according to Dr. Dvorák's plan? Is this basis really original and individual enough to prevent our music seeming like a mere reflection of Moscow and Prag? Of the two alternatives we prefer the former. If we are to have a mere copy in either case, let us at least have a copy of a civilized model! To our mind this whole "negro" scheme seems terribly like going wilfully out of the way in search of originality; and the pursuit of originality is very like what the philosophers tell us the pursuit of happiness is: a hunt in which the fox is never killed.

Of Dr. Dvorák's symphony itself we could form no very definite idea; the first movement was interesting in its development, and to a certain extent pleasing, at a first hearing; but we should much like to hear the work once or twice again before saying anything of the rest of it.

Tschaiowsky's "1812" created more *furor* than we have seen in the Music Hall for a great while; it was literally cheered to the echo. It is a work which, in spite of its outrageousness—perhaps because of it—takes hold of you strongly and irresistibly. We hardly believe that so much noise was ever heard in the Music Hall before; before this overture the united German bands sink into insignificance, and Wagner's overture to "Rienzi" seems a mere bit of muted-string "Träumerei." And we did not have quite the whole of the score, either; the two insignificant items of a whole brass band and a park of artillery were omitted. But what was left was loud enough. The work is immensely exciting and stirring, and does not owe this quality to its volume of tone merely; it is recognizably in the symphonic form and worked out with a very sure hand; its themes, one and all, are rather insignificant in themselves, but they tell for what they were meant to. Since the B-flat minor pianoforte concerto we have heard nothing by Tschaiowsky we have liked so much.

Mr. Kneisel played the great Beethoven concerto simply gloriously. Saving that the final rondo might have gone with a little more dash and force of accent, we cannot see how his rendering of the great work could have been improved. It was great playing at every point.

The next programme is made up wholly of works by Richard Wagner and is as follows: Prelude to "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg"; prelude and "Love-Death" from "Tristan and Isolde," Siegfried-Idyll, "Eine Faust-Ouvertüre," last scene from "Götterdämmerung." Mme. Amalia Materna will be the singer.

MUSIC. Journal

The Tenth Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The program of the Symphony Concert given last evening in Music Hall was as follows:

Symphony No. 5, E minor (MSS).....Dvorak
Concerto for violin.....Beethoven
Overture "1812".....Tschaiowsky

The question is not: Where did Dvorak find the thematic material for this new symphony?

The question is this: What did Dvorak do with the material after he found or invented it?

It is immaterial whether this symphony "From the New World" is American, Bohemian or Celtic. The question is this: Is the music good or bad?

Dvorak has here written a pleasing work, a work that abounds in melody, that shows the ingenuity of the trained musician, that is brilliant in color. It is a work that will undoubtedly be popular, and deservedly popular.

He has succeeded in the main task and he has thus won glory enough.

But what is all this wild talk about the invention at last of "American" music?

Here is an excellent Bohemian composer. He is imported by the patroness of a music school, and at considerable expense. His dwelling in our country is undoubtedly, in a certain sense, an honor to us. He suddenly makes the discovery that "American" music must be built on negro and Indian airs. He writes this symphony to prove his theory and found "American" music.

But let us ask a few questions. If this symphony were played without any advance and explanatory notice in any European city, would a German, or Italian, or Russian, or Scot, or Frenchman say at once, "Why, this is American music!"

Would he not find any and all music but American?

Would he not find Scandinavian hints, Hungarian rhythm, Bohemian thought, Scotch melody; would he not find tributes to all nations; would he not admire the workmanship and leave the concert hall without a thought of negro, Indian or native born white citizen of the United States?

The rhythm of the first phrase of the first movement is partly suggestive of the Southern steamboat and the plantation; but the rhythm is also partly European. The larghetto is full of Scotch and Scandinavian suggestion. The scherzo is anything you please; but, this may be said, as an exhibition of American characteristics real or alleged, "as a musical exhibition of dash, "smartness," lack of reverence, and general devil-me-care, it is not to be named in the same breath with Mr. Chadwick's symphonic scherzo. As for the finale, that, too, is what you will: there is a hint at "Yankee Doodle," but the temporary use of a transplanted tune does not make an "American" symphony.

Nor can you expect a Bohemian composer to throw off suddenly his nationality and forget it when he writes.

But there is much that is beautiful in this same symphony. First of all, it is cheerful and agreeable music. There is no touch of pessimism. There is no struggle with the Infinite. The composer has the simple faith of a healthy child. There is the spirit of Nature. There is a thought of woods and fields. Simple and pleasing thoughts are expressed intelligibly. At

times the thoughts are clad gorgeously in instrumental colors; but the beauty of the thoughts does not suffer thereby, nor is it puffed up or distorted. After one hearing, the slow movement seems to me the gem of the work.

The overture of Tschaiowsky abounds in "alarms within and without." The plaintive church hymn is at first frightened by the triumphant Marseillaise, but the French conquer only for a moment. Cossacks scour the plain. There is the Russian General with the terrible name. There is the fire; there is the snow. The Marseillaise is heard no more. There is the exultation of a delivered nation. Such music as this overture of Tschaiowsky is perhaps panoramic, or even cycloramic. It would not do as a weekly dose. But it is a good thing to hear such music once in a while, to have the pulse stirred, to feel the consciousness of the raging animal that is in the body of even the most smug and exemplary citizen, although he may not know it.

Mr. Kneisel played his part in the concerto by Beethoven with infinite care and taste. The fine characteristics of his performance have always received full praise in this city. While it is only justice to this admirable violinist to praise, at length, his accuracy, his usually faultless intonation, his elegance and general finish, it may also be said that his temperament is such that he does not appear to complete advantage in such a work as the Beethoven concerto, which demands a player of more heroic mold.

The playing of the orchestra was excellent. Mr. Faur conducted with authority, sympathy and skill. The program was too long. The second and third movements, or at least the third movement of the concerto, might well have been omitted.

PHILIP HALE.

ABOUT MUSIC.

The Hunting Expedition of Antonin Dvorak.

How He Went A-Gunning After Genuine American Music.

What Certain People Think of His Musical Game Bag.

Inasmuch as Mr. Dvorak's symphony "From the New World" is considered by some as "an historical event," let us look at its origin.

According to the New York Herald, it was Mr. Thurber's "fixed plan to persuade the composer to attempt a bold exploration into the musical material of America and lay the foundations for a national school of composition.

For this exploration and for incidental services as Director of the National Conservatory of

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Thurber agreed to pay Mr. Dvorak \$15,000 a year.

And what did Mr. Dvorak do?

According to the New York Herald, the said Mr. Dvorak began to study native music after his arrival in New York. Unfortunately for the future historian, we are not told how he studied it, or whether he disguised himself in his exploration so that the music would not become suspicious, frightened, and then escape. It would be a pleasure to read of his wanderings in the jungles of the Bowery and in the deserts of Central Park. It would be interesting to know precisely his first thought on seeing the Harlem goat, an animal now rare. The composer is a modest man, and he has not even hinted at his perilous trips on the elevated railway or the Belt Line.

But what a book he could write! For, according to the New York Herald, "there is no more impressionable man in the world than Dvorak. His moods vary with the hours. He is as sensitive as a child. His imagination will take fire instantly. He absorbs color, form, sentiment, everything from his surroundings."

At the end of his first year in America the intrepid explorer determined to visit Spillville, Ia., not for the purpose of treeing or shooting national music. He wished to take a vacation in this Bohemian village. Besides, he had made up his mind; he had bagged his game. Just before his departure he gave his conclusions to the New York Herald. These conclusions were as follows:

"I am now satisfied," he said, "that the future music of this country must be founded upon what are called the negro melodies. This can be the foundation of a serious and original school of composition to be developed in the United States. When I first came here I was impressed with this idea, and it has developed into a settled conviction. These beautiful and varied themes are the product of the soil. They are American. They are the folk songs of America, and your composers must turn to them. All of the great musicians have borrowed from the songs of the common people. Beethoven's most charming scherzo is based upon what might now be considered a skillfully handled negro melody. I have myself gone to the simple, half forgotten tunes of the Bohemian peasants for hints in my serious work. Only in this way can a musician express the true sentiment of a people. He gets into touch with the common humanity of the country. In the negro melodies of America I discover all that is needed for a great and noble school of music. They are pathetic, tender, passionate, melancholy, solemn, religious, bold, merry, gay, gracious, or what you will. It is music that suits itself to any mood or any purpose. There is nothing in the whole range of composition that cannot find a thematic source here."

Now, strange to relate, the American composer did not cut out at once this Dvorakian paragraph and paste it in his hat. As a rule, he was inclined to contradict the eminent Bohemian. There was pother for a time. The views of celebrated Europeans who knew little or nothing about America were cabled over at considerable expense and read at length by the idle of cultivated taste.

Then Mr. Dvorak went to work on his opus 95. He first took the precaution of announcing, and it was in the New York Herald, that he would write a symphony based upon American negro and Indian melodies "to prove that his position was sound and sincere."

Mr. Krehbiel states that this symphony, the fifth, was written in New York last spring, but revised and probably completed in its orchestration in the course of the composer's summer vacation, which he spent in Spillville, Ia.

The symphony was first played at the second public rehearsal and second concert of the Philharmonic Society, New York, Dec. 15 and 16, under the direction of Mr. Seidl.

It is of interest to note that the title on the manuscript of this American Symphony is in Bohemian.

This American Symphony is conducted in Boston by a German, who speaks little or no English.

And how many men in the orchestra that plays here this American Symphony were born in this country?

It will be observed that the folk-songs of America are, according to Mr. Dvorak, peculiar to either the negro or the Indian. The American, as an American, has no national music, no folk-song.

Why should not this symphony then be called "The Negro-Indian Symphony," if it must have a special name.

Mr. Krehbiel is now inclined to believe that at last we really have a great national piece of music. In an interesting article, published lately in the New York Tribune, he reviewed the symphony from the standpoint of nationality, and, although he finds many things in the symphony, he finds also large quantities of Americanism.

But hold. How does Mr. Krehbiel deal with the fact that the American, in the modern sense of the word, is without folk-song? Hear him:

"He (Dvorak) recognized, too, what his critics forgot, that that music is entitled to be characteristic of a people which gives the greatest pleasure to the largest fraction of a people."

By this process of reasoning either Irish or German folk-song might be called properly the characteristic music of the city of New York.

Mr. Krehbiel finds an American tune in a phrase of four measures announced by the horn in the first allegro. It is "American," because it has a rhythmical construction "characteristic of the music which has a popular charm in this country;" and this rhythmical construction is what? Why, the Scot's snap, "a device common in Scottish music," and "it is found in Hungarian music, too." Therefore, it is American.

The phrase, this American phrase, "is built on the pentatonic, or five-note, scale, which omits the fourth and seventh tones of our ordinary diatonic series." Now, this scale, according to Mr. Krehbiel, is Scotch, Irish, Chinese, "for the old music of these peoples and many others is marked by this peculiarity." Therefore, it is American.

Then the subsidiary melody "gives a somewhat Oriental tinge to the movement." There-

fore it is American.

Let us quote again from Mr. Krehbiel:

"Here is the melody which will cling most pertinaciously to the memory of those who hear the symphony, and which they will most quickly recognize as containing the spirit of the music which the people, as a whole, like best. It is Irish, it is Scotch, it is American."

The next specimen of Americanism discovered by Mr. Krehbiel is in the larghetto where, to use his language, "we are estopped from seeking forms that are naive and thrown wholly upon a study of the spirit. It is Dr. Dvorak's proclamation of the mood which he found in the story of Hiawatha's wooing, as set forth in Longfellow's poem." Hiawatha was an Indian. Therefore the symphony is American.

In the finale Mr. Krehbiel finds a paraphrase of "Yankee Doodle." Here at last by association is something American. But the tune "Yankee Doodle" is of English origin.

Some, with Mr. Krehbiel, regard this symphony as an "American" work. Others, with that brilliant and accomplished writer, Mr. James G. Hume, think that the symphony is delightful and not "American."

But let Mr. Hume speak for himself concerning the symphony:

"The themes are simple and understandable, their exposition enjoyable, and the lustre and brilliancy of the instrumentation, the many delightful rhythms, all conspire toward making the symphony a popular work. And it has that unmistakable ring of the folk song which will endear it to all nationalities. Yet the American symphony, like the American novel, has yet to be written. And when it is, it will have been composed by an American. This is said with all due deference to the commanding genius of Dr. Dvorak. * * * Its (the symphony's) extremely Celtic character was patent to numerous people, and the general opinion seemed to be that Dvorak had not been long in discovering what a paramount factor the Irish were in the political life of this country. Said one: 'Why not call it the "Tammany Hall" Symphony? That is, Indian and Irish, and are not Indian and Irish American?'"

The discussion of other topics suggested by this word "American" in connection with music must be deferred for the present. A review of the symphony as performed last evening in Music Hall will be found in another column of this Journal.

PHILIP HALE.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Symphony Concert, Soloist Franz Kneisel.

Dvorak's "From the New World" Symphony Played—The Coming Sivicinski Recitals—Tonight's Concerts—Final Nights of "Venus"—The D'Arville Benefit—Notes.

Director Emil Pauor is to be sincerely thanked for his action in giving so early a hearing in this city of Dr. Dvorak's new symphony "Z Nového Sveta" ("From the New World") which is still in manuscript, and had its first hearing only two weeks ago at the New York Philharmonic concert. It is not often that a work arouses so much criticism as this has on account of the pronounced views expressed by the composer soon after his arrival in America, to occupy his present position at the head of the National conservatory. It will be remembered that in a newspaper interview (which, it may be well to say in passing, correctly represented his views) Dr. Dvorak at that time expressed his opinion that the American folk songs had been singularly neglected by the composers in this country, and that in these native melodies could be found subjects worthy of symphonic treatment.

A great many writers have undertaken to explain what Dr. Dvorak meant in expressing these opinions, but no one has given such a satisfactory explanation as he himself has done in the symphony heard last evening.

It is doubtful if many musicians or music lovers in the North appreciate the native ability of the southern colored people for originating such melodies as form the basis of the folk songs of the northern nations of Europe. Those who visited Richmond and the large southern cities shortly after the war had the best opportunity of becoming acquainted with this peculiar faculty of the native southern darkey. In the large tobacco factories of these cities at that time could be found representatives of nearly all the southern states, and their custom of weaving together the tunes, with which they were familiar in their old southern homes, afforded to Northern visitors an unusual opportunity of becoming acquainted with the real negro music of the South.

In one of the big shops of Richmond at that time there existed a gang of some 20 darkeys who had gained almost a national reputation for their skill in constructing these composite songs. Each one contributed to them and by constantly repeating them for their own gratification and that of their visitors they acquired a repertoire which gave this particular shop an enviable reputation throughout the South.

Dr. Dvorak has been singularly successful in portions of his symphony in catching the spirit of this class of southern melodies, and the first and second movements, an adagio and larghetto, are particularly suggestive of the music the northern visitors used to hear in their trips to Rich-

Solo:

MME. AMALIA

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more. These two movements are by all odds the most interesting portions of the work—the scherzo and the final allegro being less interesting and having fewer of the characteristics which are naturally to be expected in such a symphony.

As a whole, however, the new work commands the warmest praise, and the fashion in which Dvorak has thrown down the gauntlet to the modern school of writers, and substituted tunes for harmonies, is a subject for sincere congratulation.

The work is of heroic proportions, and the masterly fashion in which the composer has treated his subjects cannot fail to impress any audience the world over. The beautiful themes which are made to reappear with such fascinating skill in the opening movement are well worthy the ornamental treatment given them, and there can be but one opinion regarding this portion of the work, and that one the highest praise for its ideas and construction.

The larghetto will attain the greater popularity doubtless on account of the singular beauty of the song upon which it is based, the melody being one easily memorized and recalled with rare satisfaction. In the marvellously ingenious orchestral combinations of this movement are shown the master's hand in the most unmistakable fashion and the weird character of the song gives a still further source of enjoyment to the hearer.

The scherzo is more in the familiar style of the composer than any other movement, and although it lacks the new idea of the preceding portions of the work, it is vastly enjoyable. In the final movement the opening is so broadly dramatic that the expectation is raised to a pitch that is not fully justified by the remainder of the movement, and, by contrast, this is the least satisfactory portion of the symphony.

Mr. Paugave the work his best efforts, and no composer could ask for better treatment than that which "From the New World" symphony got on this occasion. The audience were keenly alive to both the merits of the work and its performance, and gave evidence of their approval by as enthusiastic applause as has been bestowed upon any of the season's performances.

Following the symphony came the appearance of Mr. Franz Kneisel as the soloist in Beethoven's violin concerto in D major, opus 61. Familiar though this concerto is, and coming in such strong contrast with the new symphony, there was much to enjoy and heartily appreciate in the treatment given it by Mr. Kneisel and the orchestra on this occasion. When the soloist stepped to his place beside the leader's desk he was not left in doubt as to his popularity with the Symphony audiences, for the reception given him was one of which any artist might be proud. His playing was characterized by the same purity of tone and exquisite delicacy he has at all times been noted for, and his merits were again rapturously applauded as he completed his task.

It was left for the famous overture by Tchaikowsky, "1812," to show what the new conductor is capable of in the class of compositions to which this belongs. There was a good deal of noise, but it was musical noise, and the effects were so grandly worked out by the men under Mr. Paug's baton that the audience was wrought to the highest pitch of excitement, and it only needed for the conductor to give them the signal to have had them join en masse in the "Marseillaise," which forms the basis for the grand climax of the composition. The instrumentation calls for about everything known in orchestral or military band combination, the ordinary instruments of strings, wind

and percussion are reinforced by triangles, bells, cannon, and probably musketry, and the amount of noise in the finale is limited only by the physical ability of the musicians engaged in its performance. Possibly the late lamented P. S. Gilmore could have done more with this show piece than Mr. Paug; but the audience were evidently satisfied with the effects produced in its performance, and not a little fun was caused by observing the vim with which the back row of the orchestra engaged in their duties. The gentleman who was made responsible for the cannon effects is to be congratulated upon the strength of his drumhead and upon his own excellent physical condition.

Next Saturday evening Mme. Materna will be the soloist, and the programme will be made up of Wagnerian selections.

First Performance in Boston of Dvorak's "New World" Symphony—Other Harmonic Happenings.

Last night's symphony concert audience had the pleasure of listening to the first performance in this city of Antonin Dvorak's symphony "The New World." Much interest has been taken in this work, as it is the first important composition by Dvorak since he has become a resident of this country, and one which it was promised would prove the foundation for a school of music to be distinctly characteristic of American folk songs.

Mr Dvorak came to this country about a year and a half ago, and it was shortly after his arrival here that he announced his intention of writing the symphony heard yesterday. It was generally understood that he intended to construct his "New World Symphony" out of negro and Indian melodies on the supposition that this is the only style of music native to the new world. A good many people had believed, and probably do still believe, that there is no folk music in America, that what passes for such is an imported article, and in no sense characteristic of the section of the country or the class of people it is supposed to represent.

Mr Dvorak maintained that there was American folk music, if not that of the whole people, yet expressive of certain distinct phases of American life, climate, domestic conditions and historical events. From this folk music he believed that the American school of music must draw its inspiration, so began his task of writing an American symphony.

It seems to have been a delusion to suppose that Mr Dvorak intended to build his symphony on melodies such as "Down on the Swanee River" and "Yankee Doodle," which are popularly accepted as the nearest approach to American folk songs. He meant to go further back than the birth of these songs, in other words, to the original music of the new world.

With full knowledge of these intentions on the part of Mr Dvorak yesterday's audience gave rapt attention to the performance of the symphony and waited expectantly for the appearance of melodies characteristic of America. It is fair to presume that these expectations were not generally fulfilled.

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Indeed, to be honest, it must be said that were it not for the title one would not be inclined to suppose that this symphony was any more characteristic of America than of France, Germany, Ireland or the South Sea islands.

But the "New World" symphony is a magnificent composition. Whether or not it is American in character it is certainly the grandest symphony yet written in this country. Its performance was a genuine delight, and the audience expressed its pleasure in a manner that was cordial far beyond custom.

The symphony is in four movements and written for the ordinary orchestra. It is a brilliant work from first to last and is full of melody and variety. The orchestral scoring is superb. Mr Dvorak has long been acknowledged a master of orchestration but he has done nothing better than his latest work.

The first movement, adagio, is suggestive of tremendous energy and vivacity, at times it is tragic and might very properly be considered as characteristic of the first savages of America or any other country.

The second, a slow movement, was received with the greatest favor. It is, indeed, an exquisite composition. The statement has been made that this movement of the symphony was written as the expression of certain moods found in American poetry and definitely embodied in Longfellow's "Hiawatha."

The scherzo is written in a forceful and effective manner, and is notable for its originality in treatment. The final movement is a grand climax of a splendid work.

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The final number played by the orchestra was Tchaikowsky's overture, and the melodious work received satisfactory interpretation.

Dvorak's "American" symphony, first heard in public by the Philharmonic audience of New York, about a fortnight ago, had its second formal presentation at the Symphony concert last night. Since its author expressed his opinion that fit subjects for symphonic treatment might be found on this side of the Atlantic, curiosity and discussion have been busy,—now inquiring what he could possibly have meant, and now asserting that he must have meant this, that or the other. Of course the idea most frequently attributed to him was that either the "hoe-downs" and "spirituals" of the Southern negro or the mild, mellifluous melodies of Stephen Foster must supply the themes. So imagination expanded itself upon his own probable utilization of such material, while contempt elevated its nose at the thought of such trivialities and platitudes serving as the bases for even a modern and unclassical symphonic development. Nobody seems to have thought of a symbolic, aesthetic, poetic and psychological composition, designed to suggest to ap-

preciative perception the broad moods and deep impressions induced in a sensitive and perhaps rhapsodical nature by the sight of a vast continent, a strange conglomeration of manifold human elements, a brief, eventful history, and a swift, vehement development whose chief tendencies and whose ultimate goal cannot yet be so much as divined.

This is what Dvorak presents us in the four movements of his superb and beautiful symphony. He has wrought it out with a fervor which can be felt and is manifested no less in tenderness than in might. He has clung close to the tradition and the form of the classic period and while his bold and diversified use of full instrumental means, his skill in scholastic contrasts and his artful evolutions and blendings of chief subjects and of subsidiary episodes will gratify and content the musician, the average auditor will find his thoughts simple and distinct and his exposition of them so lucid and natural that they are never lost in the mazes of phrase or obscured by the invention of counterpoint and technical figuration.

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theme, with its clear cut phraseology, is maintained to the close, not only in the temper, but in the turns of expression. Yet this state of mind is not monotonous and its digressions, diversions and episodes are many and make themselves apparent now in devices of orchestration and now in secondary thoughts and side issues, as when one recognizes a bit of "Yankee Doodle" threading itself into the inner tissues of the last movement.

There was another new work on the programme—Tschalkowsky's "1812" overture, which signifies the attempt of Napoleon to conquer his way to the heart of Russia and his defeat in that herculean but impossible attempt. The sturdy, unconquerable, ponderous Russia is represented by the large, steady and solid introduction; then comes the conflict of France, as suggested in the Marseillaise against the hordes of Russian troops and the whirling, withering tempests of the turbulent writer; and finally over the broken fragments of the French song rises in amazing strength and splendor of triumph the Russian music which was heard at first so reserved and calm. Every possible orchestral instrument is used in this climax, and the composer even wanted cannon to help in the stupendous clangor.

The performance of these two works was splendid at all points. In the larghetto of the symphony Mr. Paur obtained *pianissimi* of which even Mr. Gerlicke might have been proud, while in the overture he evoked a tonality that lacked little of raising the roof.

Between these Mr. Kneisel played Beethoven's violin concerto to perfection in tone, style and detail of execution, and he had his full share of the enthusiastic and spontaneous applause which the whole programme elicited.

Next week's programme will be all Wagner, comprising the usual orchestral selections from the "Meistersinger," "Tristan" and the "Götterdämmerung," together with the "Faust" overture and the "Siegfried Idyl." Mme. Materna will sing in the "Tristan" love music, and add Brunnhilde's lament over Siegfried.

HOWARD MALCOM TICKNOR.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Symphony Concert.

The concert of Saturday, although of inordinate length, had points of especial interest which prevented anything like tedium setting in. For the first time since music began, a great composer, one of the modern masters, has taken up our folk-song and built a classical work upon this new foundation. The first presentation of such a work was sufficient to make the occasion historical, and to dignify the concert beyond any of its predecessors. One may acknowledge this without conceding absolute success to the work itself. Brilliant as music, the new symphony by Dvorak, founded on native themes, does not achieve a distinct nationality. It is not more clearly American than Bohemian or Russian. The formation of certain passages upon a scale with a flat seventh is more European than American, for if such scales exist here they come from a remote antiquity in other climes.

The work began with a strange mixture of kettledrum explosions and brooding. When the chief theme was ushered in, however, it proved to have something of the lilt of the plantation, and suggested that accentuation of hand and foot which belongs to Afro-American melody. Yet, for the matter of that, the same characteristic can be traced as far back as scriptural music, and the singing of the psalms in ancient Jerusalem was not widely different from the free improvisation and emphatic rhythm of a Southern camp-meeting, a fact which can easily be proved by references to "clapping of hands" in the Old Testament, by Egyptian pictures of contemporary date, and by a study of the character of the poems as they have come down to us.

Nevertheless we may be permitted to call this lilt and rhythm "American" since it is a characteristic of part of our Southern folk-song.

The development of the phrase which contained the gist of this theme was remarkable and its varied orchestral coloring was full of interest. This first movement seemed, at a single hearing, the finest part of the work, and it was the only portion which gave to the reviewer the impression of being typical.

The slow movement which came next was given over to vagueness and dreamy melancholy. The tone-color was well-chosen, and a tender theme for English horn and a delicate use of woodwind effects made a picture of much beauty, which however, was not of any especial nationality, although a bold episode of lively character and with a drone bass, made some attempt at local color.

The Scherzo was a disappointment, for here at least one might have expected the folk-dance, the break-down, or some flavor of plantation life, just as Mendelssohn threw the Gaelic spirit into the Scherzo of his Scotch symphony. Instead of this one had a reminiscence of the figure with which Beethoven began the Scherzo of his Ninth Symphony, a March-like trio of strong contrast and intrinsic beauty, but very much more of Dvorak and his genius than of America.

The finale presented a bold theme full of dash and *brio* with dissonances that were still more courageous at the coda. That Europe will play this symphony as a contribution to music from a new quarter, may be confidently predicted, but if transatlantic critics accept it as a portrayal of the spirit of American folk-song they will go far astray. Yet the attempt made in this work will be worth something in the development of our musical resources, and others will dig where Dvorak has done surface mining.

Now followed Beethoven's violin concerto, with Mr. Kneisel as soloist. It was a most satisfactory performance, absolutely free from flaw or fault. That Mr. Kneisel does not give all the breadth that the composition (at least the titanic first movement) can bear, may be conceded;—neither does Sarasate. In intonation, in absolute surety in the midst of the greatest difficulties, in musicianly intelligence in making every point in line with the composer's intention, the performance was a great one, and in the matter of power of tone, too, the artist seems to be advancing. Mr. Kneisel was received with great enthusiasm by the audience and recalls in profusion followed the conclusion of the work. It might have been as well to have ended the composition with the first movement. Spite of the beautiful touches in parts of the second movement, the concerto is overshadowed by the grandeur of its beginning, and the finale lags superfluous upon the stage. Not even the genius of Beethoven could animate the dry bones of this old rondo form, and the strength of the development of the allegro only emphasizes the triviality of the end. This same work was Mr. Kneisel's visiting card when he first came to Boston, and at that time criticism was most anxious to find a flaw in the armor, for he had replaced a long-established concert master of much riper years; it found no weak spot then,—it finds none now.

At this point Mr. Paur "cried 'Havock' and let slip the dogs of war"; at least he gave a composition which it is difficult to review seriously. It was as unfair to bring Tschalkowsky to memory by his "1812" overture as it would have been to commemorate Beethoven with his battle symphony ("The Battle of Vittoria"), and such a racket has not been heard in Music Hall, not even in the days of the cat shows.

The "Marseillaise" attacked an innocent Russian folk-theme, and the result was terrible. The two themes coalesced very much as the Kilkenny cats did, or as the blue paper does with the white in a seidlitz powder. Auditors clung to their seats in excited enthusiasm as the Russian trombones and the French bass drums met; amidst the tumult one could see the brave conductor standing undaunted in the centre of the contending forces; then came the clangor of bells; the writer does not know whether they were the triumphant tones of festival chimes, or whether a general alarm had been turned in from the fire at Moscow, but they were out of tune in either case. Finally the work culminated with a varied assortment of thunderbolts, and now the ear doctors of Boston are with Mr. Paur, to a man.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

MUSIC. *Sarita*

The Symphony Concert.

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The programme for last night's concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in Music Hall, was: "American" symphony, Dvorak; Concerto for violin, Beethoven; Overture, "1812," Tschalkowsky. There was a large audience, and the chief interest was in the new symphony. We may state at the outset that never has the orchestra acquitted itself more brilliantly than it did on this occasion; and we may add that since Mr. Paur's advent here, never did he give such convincing evidence of his skill and power as a conductor as he vouchsafed at this concert. He made it perfectly clear that he is the right man in the right place, and though we may quarrel with him, now and then, for a certain over-elaborations in his readings of the older masters, there can be no question that he has his orchestra under complete control, and that it has never played better than it has under his direction. Under no previous conductor has it achieved finer results than attended its performances last night, and decidedly no such splendid orchestral playing has been given by the organization, for at least three years, as was heard on this occasion. Technically, the orchestra is up to the very highest point it has reached, and Mr. Paur should receive full credit for the certainty and the rapidity with which he has restored and improved its efficiency. The symphony is a genial work, abundant in graceful melody; is perfectly clear on a first hearing, and is, on the whole, the most interesting of its composer's works in kind. That it is American in any sense, or that it would be suspected as typifying anything American, musical or otherwise, without its suggestive title, we do not believe. In fact, though there is less of the Bohemian color in this music than there is in Dvorak's other compositions, its character is, nevertheless, indicative of the composer's nationality. It is understood that he saturated himself with the songs of the Southern negroes, and that his themes in this work are founded on them; but there is nothing in the symphony that evidences this. Now and then there is a fragment of rhythm that recalls a bit of some long-forgotten "Christy melody," but on the whole it has a thoroughly old-world flavor. The opening adagio is very beautiful, very impressive and is lovely in its orchestral color, but it is genuine Dvorak in conception and treatment. The allegro that follows is fascinating in its gay flow, its brightness, the grace of its themes, but it has nothing that is essentially American in color. In fact, it is not possible that it should have, for we have no music that can be called distinctively American; nothing that is to be singled out as national in style, no peculiar turn that can be recognized as smacking of the soil in the sense that we can say that this or that tune in English, or French, or Italian, or German, or Scandinavian; nothing that carries the mark of its nationality on it as the mark is borne by a Scotch or an Irish tune. It is clear then that Mr. Dvorak's symphony must be judged from a purely musical standpoint and without reference to a national color that it cannot possess. The slow movement is founded on a broad and charming theme, and is full of poetic feeling. It is somewhat over long, and here and there are some dry and labored moments, but its interest is admirably sustained to

the end. The scherzo is, from beginning to close, Dvorak, pure and simple! It is frolicsome, bizarre in harmonies and orchestral effects, and fairly astonishing in its vivacity; but is redolent of Bohemia. The finale is a marvel of ingenuity, as far as construction is concerned; its fire is overwhelming; and as it approaches its close the composer rises to an exciting power that has not been surpassed, if equalled, by any modern musician. Its passion is immense; but it is Slavonic passion, not without a touch of genuine Wagnerism, its only suggestion of America being a remote and exceedingly vague suggestion of "Yankee Doodle," which, after all, is no more nor less than a perversion of an English tune known as "Kitty Fisher's Hornpipe." Of the workmanship of the symphony too much cannot be said in the way of admiration. The work, which was received with great admiration, is delightful in its tunefulness, its frankness, its freedom from unmeaning pedantry, its effect of spontaneity and freshness, its healthy tone. Its orchestration throughout is fascinating in its richness, its brilliancy and its well ordered variety of effect. That it will become one of the composer's most popular works seems inevitable; but it will be because of its musical worth and not because it does or does not typify anything American. Some day or other the American symphony will doubtless be written, but when that feat is accomplished it is not likely that it will be by a foreigner thoroughly impregnated with the folk-song of his native land, no heed how much a master of his art he may be. The Tchaikovsky Overture is scarcely worth discussing seriously. In Russia, it doubtless may seem a fitting and a stirring tribute to the triumph of that country over France; but, listened to without any sentiment of patriotism, it is a barbarous jargon of noise; an apotheosis of drum banging, and a glorification of musical sensationalism generally. The ear-deafening close of the work is almost comical in its blatant earthquakiness of effect. However, the audience went fairly wild over it. The soloist was Mr. Franz Kneisel, who gave an exceedingly finished and elegant, if not a very virile, performance of the violin concerto. He was applauded with great enthusiasm, and was three times recalled. The programme for the next concert is to be devoted entirely to Wagner, with Madame Materna as the soloist.

THE TENTH SYMPHONY.

First Time of Dvorak's Misnamed "American Symphony."

The 10th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place in Music Hall Saturday evening, presenting the following programme:

Symphony No. 5, in E minor, "From the New World".....Dvorak
Concerto for violin, in D major, (Cadenzas by Joachim).....Beethoven
Overture, "1812," in E flat major.....Tchaikowsky.

Mr. Franz Kneisel was the soloist.

The great interest of this occasion centred in the performance for the first time in these concerts of Dvorak's latest symphony which has been advertised extensively, but misleadingly, as an "American Symphony."

The idea of writing this work was probably brought to the mind of Dvorak through a suggestion of Mr. James G. Huncker, the eminent critic of the New York Musical Courier, to which suggestion Dvorak listened attentively and evidently with interest in the idea advanced. Dvorak then studied some of the characteristic melodies of the American negro, and possibly some Indian phrases, and out of this musical digest evolved the themes that appear in this symphony. These themes are presented in the form of simple folk-song, being striking in character and adaptable to a symphonic treatment. That any of these themes are nationally American cannot be claimed, for with a slight stretch of the imagination they could be accepted by most any nationality of the Old World, being quite as oriental as occidental in their flavor.

There is a strong resemblance in the first and principal theme of the opening movement of the symphony, to the nigger tunes sung to the twanging accompaniment of the banjo and the tap of the heel, by the older minstrel composers, the "Alleghenians," the "Christy Minstrels," etc., but otherwise there is nothing that can be recognized as a familiar air of the American people. The slight burlesque on Yankee Doodle in the violas that occurs in the final movement will not serve in modifying this statement in the least.

This symphony was first played at the second concert of the New York Symphony Society under the direction of Mr. Seidl, Dec. 16, being heard of course at the rehearsal of the afternoon previous. On this occasion it was extensively boomed in the New York Tribune in an elaborate article from the pen of Mr. Krehbiel, as well as through a most extraordinary panegyric by Mr. Steinberg in the New York Herald. The latter was something ridiculous in its conclusion.

It matters little what the claims may be of those who see in the composition of this symphony the foundation of an American school of symphonic writing, for time will prove the folly of such conclusions, but it is with gratification that every critical listener recognized in Dvorak's work a composition of fine proportions. Whatever may have stimulated this eminent composer, it is sufficient that his inspiration has never brought forth more spontaneous results.

If it possesses little or nothing that is distinctively American in color, it is none the less an intensely interesting and charming work. The adagio and the scherzo, which are without a suggestion of anything American in their conception, are movements of characteristic value in their respective modes. The depth of poetical feeling that marks the adagio, and the vivacity, the brilliancy and the unique instrumental effects that characterize the scherzo are the outcome of the genius of Dvorak unbridled by any attempt at the delineation of any national music.

There is a fine display of ingenuity in the working out of the last movement; so also has the composer displayed his masterly hand in the first movement. Best of all in this symphony, however, is the simplicity and clearness of the themes and the elaboration also. The polyphony is never obscure; it is easily followed. Neither does it lose in value musically because of this clearness. It is a reproach upon the mysticism and cacophony of many of our modern writers. When one remembers this clearness, as well as the variety and piquancy of the rhythms, the beautiful color of the instrumentation, and the fine contrasts in the dynamic expression, it is easy to bespeak for this work a popularity that will become world wide.

Perhaps of greater importance to us locally was the manner in which the orchestra performed this composition. It settled at once any doubt as to the capabilities of Mr. Paur as a conductor worthy of the position so successfully sustained by Mr. Gericke.

Mr. Paur was alert to every demand of this remarkable symphony, and holding his orchestra in a firm grasp revealed thereby every nuance of the composition. That inflexible and careful carving of the phrases that has caused some to complain when criticizing Mr. Paur's renderings was entirely absent on this occasion, and the music had its rhythmic swing uninterrupted. Also there was a surprising advance in the matter of gradation of tone.

Such splendid results as were made manifest in the playing of this work must have satisfied the cravings of the most exacting of critics. If this is the standard that is to be maintained throughout, then will the patrons of these concerts rejoice and praise the good fortune that has sent us so able a conductor as Mr. Paur. How gratifying it is for the critic to acknowledge such masterly conducting.

When Mr. Kneisel appeared to play his solo he was welcomed so warmly that he was obliged to bow many times before the applause ended. Then followed a most finished and technically accurate performance of the Beethoven concerto. There is always a classical purity to whatever Mr. Kneisel presents in his artistic efforts. His taste is exquisite. He was recalled several times at the end of the concerto. Mr. Paur conducted the accompaniment with great discretion; a difficult task indeed.

The Tchaikowsky overture was replete with the characteristics of its eminent composer. The invasion of Russia and the repulse of the French were depicted in this composer's well known realistic manner. The ending was without doubt the

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most tremendous din ever heard within the walls of the Music Hall. When one says that it took six players to "man" the percussion instruments, and that not one bass drum but two were brought to bear in the moment of rejoicing, to which was added a chime of bells, nothing more could seem to have been asked to intensify the din, unless the whole audience had joined in hurrahs! and a climax gained by the explosion of a dynamite bomb, could it have been accomplished without other effects than its terrific detonation. I have always declared that nothing pleased the symphony audience so much as a tremendous noise (Nikisch proved that time and time again), so on Saturday evening at the termination of Tschalkowsky's din this cultured aggregation burst forth with shouts and uproarious applause. It is to be hoped that Mr. Paur will not too frequently encourage this latent tendency upon the part of his audience, that merely sleeps to be awakened at a trumpet call or the sound of the stirring drum. Next Saturday evening the programme will be made up of Wagner selections. Mrs. Materna will be the soloist.
WARREN DAVENPORT.

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Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1893-94.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

XI. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, AT 8, P. M.

WAGNER PROGRAMME.

PRELUDE to 'Die Meistersinger von Nuernberg,' C major.

VORSPEIL UND "LIEBESTOD" (Prelude and "Love-death") from "Tristan und Isolde."

Isolde: MME. MATERNA.

SIEGFRIED IDYL.

A FAUST OVERTURE.

"SIEGFRIED'S FUNERAL MARCH, from "Götterdämmerung." Act III., Scene 2.

BRÜNNHILDE'S DYING SPEECH OVER SIEGFRIED'S BODY, from "Götterdämmerung," Act III, Scene 3.

Brünnhilde: MME. MATERNA.

Soloist:

MME. AMALIA MATERNA.

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Brünnhilde: MME. MATERNA.

Soloist:

MME. AMALIA MATERNA.

THE ELEVENTH SYMPHONY.

A Wagner Programme with Mme. Materna as Soloist.

The eleventh concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place in Music Hall Saturday evening. Mrs. Amalia Materna was the soloist. The programme was as follows:

Prelude to "Die Meistersinger von Nuernberg," C major.
Vorspiel und "Liebestod" (Prelude and "Love-death") from "Tristan und Isolde." Isolde; Mme. Materna.
Siegfried Idyl.
A Faust Overture.
Siegfried's Funeral March, from "Götterdämmerung," Act III., scene 2.
Brunnhilde's Dying Speech over Siegfried's Body, from "Götterdämmerung," Act III., scene 3.
Brunnhilde; Mme. Materna.

A Wagner programme is almost always sure to attract a large audience and on this occasion the hall was filled to overflowing with an interested gathering of listeners that remained intact until the end of this quite lengthy programme. The playing of the orchestra was of the first quality, and Mr. Paur really achieved a triumph. It was plainly evident that he was familiar with the scores, and to his credit it must be said that Wagner has never before been so satisfactorily presented in Boston. There was a gratifying degree of repose at the proper moments in Conductor Paur's interpretation of the selections chosen that intensified the effect of the performance when the highly dramatic passages appeared.

The playing of the "Siegfried Idyl" was indescribably beautiful. Better playing has seldom been heard from this superb orchestra. One can praise equally the entire performance.

Mr. Paur's conception of Wagner is remarkably comprehensive, and at the same time so wonderfully happy in the working out of the detail, so delicate, and so sensitively refined in all the nuances of the composition, that it renders the coarse interpretation we have had from such noise dispensing and inferior conductors as Seidl and Nikisch appear as a satire on the intentions of this great master of modern musical forms. Seidl and Nikisch can both sit at the feet of Conductor Paur and learn much to their advantage.

Mrs. Materna encompassed the spirit and intention of the author, and delineated to the best of her vocal ability the demands of the situation. It was an inspired effort upon her part, and if it failed of effect always it was because no human voice is capable of effectively meeting such extraordinary demands. This is one of the incongruities of the Wagner music-drama.

The audience did not appear to appreciate the marvellous manner in which Mr. Paur revealed either the beauties of the "Siegfried Idyl" or the fanciful ideas of "A Faust Overture." Perhaps, after the four years that its taste has been vitiated by the coarse and vulgar interpretation of every class of music that came from the baton of Mr. Paur's immediate predecessor, it is not to be wondered that it failed to recognize the highly artistic and refined efforts of Mr. Paur in

his masterly presentation of the pieces named.

But the tremendous effect gained with the ending of the last number upon the programme brought the audience to its feet and it indulged in the most enthusiastic applause.

This was the cause of Mrs. Materna returning many times to bow, but finally someone with a lusty shout called for Paur! Paur! Then modestly appeared the hero of the occasion to receive a most tumultuous applause, with shouts of bravo! bravo!

This praise was modestly received by Conductor Paur. And how genuinely modest is this man—how simple, how frank and how earnest! That sort of an appearance of hangdog affectation that Nikisch often showed is entirely foreign to such a nature as Conductor Paur possesses.

Mr. Paur deserved every bit of the praise that was accorded him on this occasion, and more besides. It must be said that his success with the programme was greater than even his most ardent admirers had expected.

There will be no concert next Saturday evening. On Saturday evening, Jan. 20, the following programme will be performed: Suite in B minor, for string orchestra and flutes, Bach; Symphony No. 3, in A minor, "Scotch," Mendelssohn, and overture, "King Lear," Berlioz.

WARREN DAVENPORT.

THEATRES AND CONCERTS.

[See Page Six.]

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the eleventh symphony concert, given last Saturday evening in the Music Hall, was made up wholly of selections from the works of Richard Wagner, and was as follows:

Prelude to "Die Meistersinger von Nuernberg."
Prelude and "Isoldens Liebestod" from "Tristan und Isolde."
A Siegfried Idyl.
"Eine Faust-Ouverture."
Siegfried's Funeral March, from "Götterdämmerung," Act III., Scene 2.
Brunnhilde's dying speech over Siegfried's body, from "Götterdämmerung," Act III., Scene 3.
Mme. Amalia Materna was the singer.

All these selections are pretty familiar here, having been frequently heard at concerts and, with the exception of the scene from "Tristan," at least once or twice on the stage. Curiously enough, they are all examples of Wagner's third manner; the "Faust-Ouverture," to be sure, was first written in 1840, thus dating from the "Rienzi" period; but it was remodelled from beginning to end in 1855, about a year before the completion of the music of "Die Walküre," so that, in its present shape, it fairly belongs to the composer's third manner. The programme was very well arranged, saving that it was a little long; we think the "Faust-Ouverture" might well have been left out; it, as well as the two succeeding numbers, is essentially tragic in character, and thus helped to make the second half of the concert rather grimly serious.

The orchestra played admirably almost throughout, falling short of perfect finish in execution only in parts of the closing scene from "Götterdämmerung." In one place in the "Siegfried Funeral March" the absence of two of the required tubas made some havoc with the phrase, but the want of them was in general not seriously felt. We have a suspicion, however, that some of the wind parts in both the selections from "Götterdämmerung" were not strictly in accordance with the original score, but belonged to a condensed concert version for smaller orchestra; but in this we may be wrong.

Mr. Paur's reading of the several numbers, barring an occasional tendency to over-slowness, was admirable. We have seldom heard the "Meistersinger" prelude go so well, and the "Siegfried Idyl" was given to perfection. Mme. Materna, whom one was heartily glad to welcome back here once more, sang wonderfully. Her voice has lost very little, if any, of its commanding beauty of quality, and in the matter of perfect accuracy of intonation her singing left nothing to be desired. But above all this her warmth, depth and beauty of feeling and dramatic force of expression were what gave her performance its superb character. In the matter of correct tradition, derived from the fountain head itself, she is still impeccable; her absolute mastery over and sympathy with Wagner's idea, and her rich, receptive artistic nature enable her fully to incarnate and realize this idea; her singing of the scenes from "Tristan" and "Götterdämmerung" is not only *mustergiltig* (model-worthy), but instinct with the finest dra-

matic power. We cannot remember anyone artist's creating such a furor at one of our symphony concerts as she did last Saturday evening. The audience simply went wild with enthusiasm, and had the best of reasons therefor. The next programme is: Bach, suite in B minor for strings and flutes; Mendelssohn, symphony No. 3, in A minor ("Scotch"); Berlioz, overture to "Le Roi Lear."

MUSIC.

The Symphony Concert.

The programme for the eleventh concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in Music Hall, last evening, was devoted wholly to Wagner, as follows: Prelude to "Die Meistersinger"; Vorspiel and "Liebestod" from "Tristan und Isolde"; the Siegfried Idyl; the "Faust" overture; Siegfried's Funeral March and Brunnhilde's lament over Siegfried's body, from "Götterdämmerung." This is a very large dose of Wagner for one evening, but there were doubtless many in the audience who enjoyed every bar of it. However, to others, who were not enthusiastic worshippers of Wagner, it proved somewhat cloying, not to say wearisome. All the selections had been heard frequently at these concerts, and Mr. Krehbiel kindly came on from New York, on several occasions, to explain to us the meaning of several of them, in order that we might be enabled to palpitate with the right emotion, anent them. It might have added interest to the occasion if he could have been induced to enlighten us regarding them at this concert, but the chances are that he would have found serious objections, owing to the fact that a hearing of the Dvorak American Symphony caused him so much discomfort that he cryptographically pronounced the orchestra to be "N. G." There is nothing new to be said about the music. Of the performances we feel justified in writing in the warmest terms of commendation. Mr. Paur's readings were masterly throughout, and the playing of the orchestra was faultless. The "Meistersinger" overture had never been given here with the perfect clearness that attended its interpretation by Mr. Paur, last night. The Idyl was also beautifully read and played. The soloist was Mme. Materna, who sang the Liebestod from "Tristan," and Brunnhilde's lament. She acquitted herself with all necessary robustness of style, and doubtless with thorough fidelity to the composer's intentions. She certainly declaimed with great dramatic fervor. For singing, pure and simple, the music affords slight opportunity; and it must be said that the voice part in the score has little meaning or interest without its proper stage surroundings. In fact, it has little meaning under any conditions. The words are of the chief importance, and these can only seldom be heard through the din of the orchestra. Madame Materna's voice sounded worn in its middle notes, and her high notes alone were effective. These she shouted forth with penetrating effect, and doubtless achieved all that could be achieved under the circumstances. She was applauded with furious enthusiasm, which proves that musical noise is not without appreciation. The programme for the next concert is: Suite, B-minor, Bach; Scotch Symphony, Mendelssohn; Overture, "King Lear," Berlioz.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Symphony Concert Soloist, Mme. Materna.

Josef Slivinski's Boston Debut—The
New Music Hall Site Bought—A
Grand Opera Season Promised—This
Evening's Attractions—Events of
the Coming Week—Notes.

Conductor Emil Paur evidently pleased himself, and certainly gratified his patrons of the symphony concerts, last evening, by presenting them with a programme exclusively confined to excerpts from the Wagner music dramas.

Whatever opinions may be held as to the desirability of concert performances of such programmes, there can be but one opinion in regard to such interpretations of the several numbers as were given by Conductor Paur last evening. His readings showed a thorough familiarity with the Wagnerian repertoire, and were characterized by a dramatic treatment of the several selections eminently in keeping with their characteristics. Without striving for sensational effects, he gave to all the selections a life and freshness that showed him to be a master in the treatment of this school of music.

The prelude to the "Meistersingers," which made the opening number of the programme was magnificently played, its ever varying movements being brought out with splendid strength and dramatic feeling. The "Siegfried" idyl was given with a beauty and delicacy that has rarely been equalled in former performances, and the "Faust" overture had a broadly dramatic reading which was very satisfying. Conductor Paur was equally successful in the great funeral march from "Götterdämmerung," which completed the list of strictly instrumental selections, and was played with magnificent effect.

Mme. Amalia Materna was the soloist of the evening being heard in "Isolde's Love Death" and Brunnhilde's "Dying Speech." This great artist has been absent from Boston for many years, and it was very gratifying to find that time had dealt very gently with her vocal abilities. She will be recalled as one of the principal singers in the German opera seasons of some years ago, and also as the prima donna of the notable Wagner festivals which created such a sensation throughout the country some 10 years ago. She is a great dramatic artist, and her treatment of such numbers as those in which she was heard last evening may well be taken as a standard. The severe tests put to the singer were met with splendid success by Mme. Materna, and she contended with the orchestra in a way to arouse the greatest respect for her physical endurance. Her reception upon her entrance showed that her earlier triumphs were still fresh in the minds of many of the

audience, and she was repeatedly recalled to acknowledge the applause which followed each of her numbers.

As a whole Mr. Paur is to be heartily congratulated upon the success of his first Wagnerian programme. It is to be hoped, however, that he will not assume that such programmes are desired often by the patrons of these concerts.

The usual concert and rehearsal will be omitted next week, and on the evening of the 20th inst. the programme will consist of Bach's suite in B minor for flute and strings, Mendelssohn's symphony No. 3 in A minor, and the "King Lear" overture, Berlioz.

THE ELEVENTH SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The program of the Symphony Concert given last evening in Music Hall was as follows:

Prelude to "The Master of Singers of Nuremberg"
Prelude and "Isolde's Love Death," from "Tristan and Isolde"
A Siegfried Idyl
A Faust overture
Siegfried's funeral march, from "Götterdämmerung"
Brunnhilde's dying speech over Siegfried's body, from "Götterdämmerung"

Wagner.

These pieces have been played and sung on many occasions and there is no need now of extended criticism. The Wagner of theory would not have allowed such excerpts from his works. The Wagner of practice, no doubt, would have joined heartily in the applause. It may be said that the "Siegfried Idyl" was the feature of last evening's program, and it was played superbly.

In the prelude to the "Master Singers" and in the "Faust overture" the brass was blatant. The string orchestra throughout the evening was most excellent. If the "Faust" overture was omitted, the program would have given greater satisfaction.

Mrs. Materna was not heard in the excerpt from "Tristan and Isolde." She seemed to recognize her inability to cope with the orchestra in this number. In the scene from "Die Götterdämmerung" she was more effective; but the weakness of her middle register in this speech was so noticeable that it precluded full enjoyment.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Symphony Concert.

A Wagner programme, with a famous Wagnerian singer, was sufficient to crowd Music Hall at the concert of Saturday. The prelude to "The Mastersingers" began the programme. It received a good reading, Mr. Paur being exactly in his element in preserving the clearness of the polyphonic strands of the intricate web; not a sub-theme or a motif was lost, although there was something of rigidity in the presentation of them. Those who imagine that Wagner is formless can study this prelude to advantage, for in its way it is as logical as any overture, and even the violations of contrapuntal laws find extenuation in coherent leading of the voices.

The death scene from "Tristan and Isolde" brought Madame Materna back to our concert platform after a long lapse of years. It is pleasant to be able to say that time has dealt gently with the singer. A trifle of explosive force instead of sustained power, a slight inequality in middle register, that is all that the severest critic is able to animadvert upon, and against this one must balance a perfect understanding of the music, an artistic intelligence of highest rank and years of earnest service to art rather than to mammon. The ensemble was excellent, and the surety of the singer led to a sense of security on the part of the audience that added not a little to the enjoyment of the number. The heartiest enthusiasm followed the conclusion of the work, and Mme. Materna was recalled with most spontaneous applause. The orchestra did excellently, both in this and the prelude leading up to it.

The "Siegfried Idyl," which followed, proves two points definitely—firstly, Wagner was able to present his ideas with a small orchestra when necessary. The intertwining of the two phrases, "Siegfried, treasure of the world," and the "Peace-theme," is a great effect, although produced by simple means and slight orchestral resources. Secondly, one finds in this a complete refutation of Rowbotham's statement that Wagner did not actually believe in his own theories, for here, in a work intended only for the family circle, a composition celebrating his wife and son, we find all the essential theories put in practice. The Germans have playfully called this work "Treppemusik" ("stairway-music") because it was first performed on the stairway leading to Madame Wagner's chamber in Villa Tribschen near Luzerne. That the sense of the work may be fully comprehended a translation of Wagner's poem, which he gave to his wife just before the performance, (which took place on her birthday) is appended:—

Thy sacrifices have shed blessings o'er me,
And to my work have given noble aim.
In the dark hour of conflict they upheld me,
Until my labor reached a sturdy frame.

Oft in the land of legends we were dreaming,
Those legends which contain the Teuton's fame,
Until a son upon our lives was beaming;
Siegfried, must be our youthful hero's name.

For him and thee in tones I now am praising,
What thanks for deeds of love could better be?

Within our souls the grateful song upraising
Which in this music I have now set free.

Within its cadence I have held united
Siegfried, our dearly cherished son, and thee,
And all the harmonies I now am bringing.
But speak the thought which in my heart is ringing.

There has never been a better performance of the "Faust Overture" than was given upon this occasion. Probably no subject in poetry has been set to music so frequently as the great poem by Goethe, and the diverse treatments could scarcely be described in a volume. Gounod's and Wagner's treatments of the theme mark the extreme limits, and are in a degree opposites. Gounod discarded all the philosophical part of the work, and made the love episode with Gretchen the central point of his endeavor, so that in Germany his opera is not unjustly called "Margarethe;" Wagner renounced the feminine element altogether and gave a philosophical tone-picture of Faust, the self-tormenting, the yearner after the infinite. Begun in the dark days of Wagner's early Parisian experiences, in 1840, one can readily imagine that the poet's line,

"Forego thou must, thou must forego,"

would speak with especial force to his imagination, and this would seem to give the keynote to the imagination better than the motto which Wagner attached to it when he rewrote the work in Zurich fifteen years later. This motto is:—

Der Gott der mir in Busen wohnt,
Kann tief mein Innerstes erregen;
Der ueber allen meinen Kraeften thront,
Er kann nach aussen nichts bewegen,
Und so ist mir das Dasein eine Last,
Der Tod erwuenscht, das Leben mir verhasst
The last lines

And so I live on, weary of my breath,
Yet life I hate, and wish and long for Death,
are, however, palpably present even from the first remarkable phrase upon the contrabasses and tuba.

The Siegfried funeral march is not so definitely a march as a Bardic recital of history. The orchestra tells the story of Siegfried's life and death. Chopin's funeral march may be the noblest specimen of its school upon the piano. Beethoven's heroic symphony may present what Coleridge called "A funeral march in purple," but this Wagnerian reproduction of ancient heroic recital overtops all the mortuary music ever written, in fitness to the situation, in grandeur of conception, in sublimity of working-out. Every leit-motif was given with clearness, so that the tale lost nothing in the telling.

Every number of the programme was well chosen, so that Wagner was heard in many different moods, and no effect of monotony was produced. No better ending to the concert could have been found than the finale to the "Götterdämmerung." What a bold departure from old usage it is in itself! No chorus standing around with perfunctory expressions of stereotyped woe, no grouping of the chief singers for a *tour de force*, but the expression of mortal sorrow from a woman that had been immortal, a climax of grief without weakness. The writer recalls a performance of this finale by this same artist at Villa Wahnfried on the day after the first performance of "The Mastersingers" in Bayreuth; Mottl was at the piano, Stavenhagen, Lamoureux, Prince

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Alexander of Hesse, and a whole host of the Wagnerian inner circle were among the auditors; then and there Materna made that number her own by right of conquest, almost by right of discovery, for she brought a heroism into it that one could not realize from the score. At the concert of Saturday there was something of this heroism, much was achieved, and yet more suggested, and it was a worthy tribute to a veteran in Wagner's music, the lingering of the audience after the last number of the programme, to recall the singer (and the conductor, too) again and again.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

CONCERTS AND LECTURES.

Wagner Music Sung and Played at the Symphony—Benefit Concerts Tonight—Other Events.

The program of yesterday's symphony concert, the 11th of this season, was composed entirely of selections from the writings of Richard Wagner, as follows: Prelude to "The Master Singers of Nuremberg," in C major; prelude and "Isolde's Love-death," from "Tristan and Isolde;" a Siegfried idyl, in E major; a Faust overture, in D minor; Siegfried's Funeral march, from "Gotterdammerung," act 3, scene 2; Brunnhilde's dying speech over Siegfried's body, from "Gotterdammerung," act 3, scene 3.

The soloist was Mme Amalia Materna, a singer who has often won praises here in the past for admirable interpretation of Wagner music.

The audience was one of the largest of the season at the Friday afternoon rehearsal as well as at last night's concert. It is notable that the attendance is always increased when a vocal soloist is to be heard, which would indicate that the exceeding popularity of director Paur would be even greater were he to more frequently have vocalists upon his programs.

The playing of the orchestra yesterday was so generally excellent that it is unnecessary to single out any one selection for special praise. Each was played with superb effect; no more forcible, intelligent or sympathetic reading of Wagner's writings has ever been given by this orchestra. It is very gratifying to note that the Boston symphony orchestra's past standard of excellence has not only been maintained, but has actually improved under Mr Paur's direction.

Yesterday's program may have seemed rather heavy to many in the audience, and it could have been wished that some of the German master's earlier and more melodious compositions had been included in the selections, but everybody must have enjoyed the work of orchestra and soloist.

Mme Materna's robust personality and resonant voice is well adapted to interpreting the weighty music with which Wagner has laden his dramas. Very few singers would be able to hold their own against the volume of tone brought forth by the heartiest efforts of 60 symphony orchestra players. That Mme Materna's voice could be heard above all was evidence of the splendid vigor of her vocal organs. Her voice is of excellent quality, a clear soprano of good range and remarkable power. In the recitative pas-

sages the words were clearly enunciated and sung with much dramatic effect. There will be no public rehearsal or concert this week. For the concert on Jan 20 the program will be: Suite in B minor, Bach; Symphony No. 3, in A minor (Scotch), Mendelssohn; overture, "King Lear," Berlioz.

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It is interesting to watch the conductor as he sways his potent baton. Every nerve is tense with feeling, every fibre thrills with the music spell. No cool, impassive man is here, with calm, intellectual deliberation, seeking "effects," but a musician with brain, soul and body all on fire with the music and intent only on uttering what it says to him. Mr. Paur is evidently a rarely gifted director and with the superb body of musicians under his control there is no limit to the musical possibilities of the next few years.

RENE S. PARKS.

MUSIC AND DRAMA. Jan 14/94

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Dr. Hans von Bülow once conducted a Brahms symphony in one of the German capitals. It evoked so little applause that at the close he turned towards the audience and said: "Ladies and gentlemen! I think you do not understand this symphony; I will therefore repeat it." And he repeated it. At the close the applause was deafening—for the audience feared still another repetition. May be some such fear caused the audience at Music Hall last evening to applaud so vigorously the last movement of Brahms's first symphony as played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, for the preceding three movements were followed by the faintest applause conceivable at such a gathering. There was, however, another reason why that last movement should have been so well received. Not only was it remarkably well played, under Mr. Paur's direction, but it is well known that its thematic material is boldly stolen from the Hymn of Joy in Beethoven's last symphony. Give Brahms a good musical idea and he never fails to be interesting; the trouble is that he very rarely has any definite, tangible ideas of his own. We have heard that first symphony at least twenty times, and at every repetition we are more disagreeably affected by its ugly orchestration, its dryness, and its utter lack of melodic charm and originality. Brahms is usually supposed to be very deep, but as a matter of fact he is extremely shallow. He is a sort of musical Hegel, whose bombastic, pretentious style and wordiness give the impression that there must be a deep meaning behind it all; but in truth it is nothing but words, words, words. Brahms, however, has his ardent champions, just as Hummel had in his day. These champions are erudite, but their sense of humor is not always keen. One of them, for instance, in speaking of that stolen theme, says: "One cannot call it plagiarism; it is two men saying the same thing." Here is solid comfort for pilferers and pirates!

Fortunately there were better things on Mr. Paur's programme—although it may be remarked here that, for some obscure reason, the Brooklyn programmes of the Boston Orchestra are always better than those made up for New York. Mme. Nordica has never appeared to better advantage than she did last evening in arias from "Fidelio" and from Massenet's "Herodiade." Her beautiful voice and refined style made so deep an impression on the audience that she was clamorously recalled half-a-dozen times.

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Mr. Emil Paur reminds me of the man commended by the compiler of "The Proverbs;" he is diligent in his business. Unlike his illustrious predecessor, he does not appear to seek constantly notoriety. Paur has not, therefore, a street car fame, and passengers who do not care for music are no longer disturbed by young women discussing the personal appearance of the conductor of the Symphony concerts, conjecturing about his private domestic relations, or inquiring passionately into the possibility of a secret grief. When Mr. Paur appears in public, it is Mr. Paur the musician, not Mr. Paur the man; and when he conducts the orchestra he is evidently more concerned with the composer than with himself.

Mr. Nikisch was a Byronic hero. When Schumann's "Manfred" was given under his direction, he should have read the text as well as swung the stick. It is true, he would not have read as well as Mr. Riddle, but his melancholy pallor, romantic eyes and arrangement of hair would have lent local color as it were.

But Mr. Paur is no Manfred, no Lara. He is an honest, intelligent, experienced German musician, who is performing conscientiously his duty to his employer, to the public and to himself, without personal vanity, without desire to ride triumphantly on the crest of a sensational wave.

I am unacquainted with his habits and his life at Jamaica Plain, but I fancy that, when the symphony concert is over, he goes home and puts on a loose, comfortable jacket, exchanges his boots or pumps for slippers, fills a pipe and enjoys peace and privacy; and I am sure that, before he goes to bed, he looks at his children asleep. For the face of Emil Paur is simple and kindly, as well as intelligent and strong.

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Paur and the Matinee Girl.

It is true that there is a great variety of opinions entertained by the self-wise ones of the body fashionable that attend the concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra, in regard to the "correctness" (according to their estimates of that quality) of the new conductor Herr Emil Paur. While some reject him, and others accept him on the grounds of tolerant indifference, and others are not quite sure of their own minds in the matter, but are willing to take the new comer on probation, the most disappointed "Athenian" of all, according to accuated observation, is that type of femininity, "so fearfully and wonderfully made," known as the Boston matinee girl. Upon this phase of the new symphonic dispensation a writer in the *American Art Journal*, after alluding to the fact that Herr Paur was a fellow student of Nikisch and Felix Mottl, at Vienna, that he had been a conductor at Cassel where once the great Dr. Spohr reigned supreme; and had also been a knight of the baton at Konigsberg, at Manheim and at Leipsic, at all of which places his professional efforts were attended with a full measure of success and honor, says:

"But such information did not go far toward satisfying the heart-hunger of that marvellous production of nature—not unassisted by art—the Boston Symphony matinee girl. Was the new conductor handsome? Was he blessed with a seraphic countenance, suggestive of an oatmeal diet and early death? Was he not at least poetic and esthetic? Did he have soulful hands? And did his clothes fit him? What were twenty-thousand "readings," if he were to turn out to be short, rotund and prone to limpness of the collar?

It is not likely that the matinee girl will soon recover from the dreadful shock which struck her emotional centre when Emil Paur stepped upon the stage of the Boston Music Hall for the first time. If ever there was a plain, prosaic, "hofcapelmeister" looking conductor, it is Paur. He is not especially short, nor does he run far toward globularity, but his architecture is severely Doric. His hair is dingy brown—long, of course—and his face is conspicuous by reason of the prominence of the cheekbones and the length of his lower jaw. Paur is not pretty to look at.

As for his manner of conducting, it is certainly rigorous. His down beat is full of conscious rectitude, and the relations of the other beats to it are sanctified by the fundamental truths of trigonometry. It is certain that the remark of Little Buttercup about Dick Deadeye may be fairly applied to the new conductor: 'He is a little triangular.' Alas for the palpitating matinee girl! No more graceful curves that seemed to wave the music out of the air as though they were the summonses of a magician's wand; nothing now but a cold, intellectual, accurately-measured beat, for which, perhaps, the members of the orchestra are in secret profoundly grateful. For a good, intelligible beat, with the weight of head, hands, arms, back, and directorial solemnity behind it, has this one admirable quality; it will keep an orchestra acquainted with the conductor's wishes as to tempo."

No, the matinee girl cannot so easily relinquish her little dapper directorial divinity who used to perch upon a telescope arrangement of platforms when he conducted; who used to wear his fore-hair *a la bang*; pose, and twirl his moustach whenever a short wait occurred, and rest his left hand by thrusting the thumb thereof into the side pocket of his irreproachable pants. No, she cannot forget her idolized ideal.

Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1893-94.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

XII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, AT 8, P. M.

PROGRAMME.

BACH.

SUITE No. 2, in B minor, for STRING ORCHESTRA and FLUTE.

- I. Overture.—Largo.—Allegro.—Largo.
- II. Rondeau.
- III. Sarabande.
- IV. Bourrée I., alternately.—Bourrée.
- V. Polonaise.
- VI. Double.
- VII. Badinerie.

BEETHOVEN.

OVERTURE. to "Coriolan," in C minor, op. 62.

MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY. SYMPHONY No. 3, in A minor, (Scotch.) op. 56.

- I. Introduction: Andante con moto.—Allegro un poco agitato.
- II. Vivace non troppo.
- III. Adagio.
- IV. Allegro vivacissimo.—Allegro maestoso assai.

BERLIOZ.

OVERTURE to "King Lear." in C major, op. 4.

THE TWELFTH SYMPHONY.

The Work of the Orchestra Evidences the Admirable Skill of the Director.

The 12th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place Saturday evening in Music Hall. The following numbers were performed:

Suite No. 2, in B minor.....Bach
Overture to "Coriolan".....Beethoven
Symphony No. 3, in A minor (Scotch), Mendelssohn
Overture to "King Lear".....Berlioz

This programme, which was quite in contrast to that of the preceding concert, was played with fine effect. The orchestra seems to have become rehabilitated under the admirable conducting of Mr. Paur. The loose, slovenly manner that was so dominant a feature under Mr. Nikisch, has entirely disappeared, and the work of the orchestra is fast approaching the precision and general excellence that made this superb body of musicians so famous under the conducting of that eminent leader, Wilhelm Gericke. The Bach suite, which gets really monotonous during the one half hour interval that it lasts in its performance, was finely rendered by the orchestra, its polyphony being brought out with remarkable clearness, while the character of each movement was well marked and a happy degree of contrast obtained, thereby producing all possible effect in the rendering. The tutti flute passages were played by three flutes in unison, and the solo passages were artistically rendered by Mr. Mole. The audience warmly applauded its performance.

There has never been heard a more noble and exalted interpretation of Beethoven in Music Hall than the playing of the "Coriolan" overture on this occasion. Mr. Paur's conception of Beethoven commands the highest praise. It is a good index of the purity of his taste, and is an indication of the depth of musical feeling that he possesses. Equally commendable was his reading of the Mendelssohn symphony.

Mr. Paur showed at a previous concert, when the "Romeo and Juliet" selection of Berlioz was given, that he was master of this great French composer's manner, and so one was prepared for a fine rendering of the "King Lear" overture on Saturday night, although the composition is not one of the better of its fanciful author's works.

The playing of this overture was a most excellent performance on the part of the orchestra, if we except the infernal pounding of the drums. But then, as Mr. Paur has now the orchestra in his grip, it is chargeable upon him that the drummer is allowed to create such a din.

Mr. Paur should also see to it that this Ajax of the sheepskins should have more regard for the normal diapason. In the "King Lear" overture the tympani has much important work to do, and it is as necessary that the drums should be correctly tuned as that the other instruments should be. But this disturber of the peace defied the directions of Berlioz, and instead of having his upper drum tuned to the pitch of C, had screwed it up to C

sharp nearly, and oblivious to the discord he created, revelled in his herculean efforts.

Of course this fury and false intonation have ruled for the past three or four seasons, but then no matter how coarse the performance or how badly out of tune anything was, it never seemed to disturb Mr. Nikisch. We have, however, a more exalted idea of Mr. Paur's direction as well as his acuteness in the matter of correct musical pitch. If this percussion thunderbolt could hear the curses that are heaped upon his head he would modify his gymnastic exhibitions. Let him learn to tune his drums first, and then, Mr. Paur, please make him draw it milder, and thereby receive the blessing of a large number of listeners who cannot understand this incongruity upon your part, who otherwise are so sensitively musical, evidently. Yesterday's Courier administered a deserved rebuke to this pounding nuisance.

The concert next Saturday evening will present the following programme: Overture, "Euryanthe," Weber; Concertstück, Weber; Symphony No. 4, Schumann; Spanish rhapsody, Liszt; Rakoczy March, Berlioz. The soloist will be Mr. F. Busoni. WARREN DAVENPORT.

THEATRES AND CONCERTS.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The twelfth symphony concert was given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, the programme being as follows:

Bach: Suite No. 2, in B minor, for strings and flute.
Beethoven: Overture to "Coriolan," Opus 62.
Mendelssohn: Symphony No. 3, in A minor ("Scotch"), Opus 56.
Berlioz: Overture to "Le Roi Léal," Opus 4.

It is so good to hear almost anything by Sebastian Bach that, when one of his works figures on a programme, one inclines somewhat to take it as a gift horse, not to be looked in the mouth. Yet there are considerations which should not quite be passed over in silence. A whole suite by Bach, whether for pianoforte or orchestra, is a pretty large dose to take at once. With all that is great and immortal in the master's works, there are also things in them which time and the development of music since his day have thrown into obsolescence; and even the sincerest Bach lover, perhaps he more than anyone else, ought to wish these things wholly obsolete, buried for good and all. We should not forget one important element in the relations between his music and the public—the enormous leisureliness of life, both social and artistic, in his day, compared with the push and bustle of our modern life. His was the time when people could stand, and were glad to enjoy, huge doses of one and the same thing; they had time and to spare, and no doubt a good deal of it lay heavy on their hands; the comparative absence of acute excitement from their lives made them proportionately impervious to boredom; two-hour sermons, well-nigh endless arias, suites of seven or eight numbers all in the same key, did not make them think of yawning. But we of today are otherwise constituted; we cannot well stand so much of the same thing at a sitting; our artistic sense craves more variety and contrast. We may take just as keen delight in a Bach aria as listeners did a hundred years ago; but enough is as good as a feast, and we resent that eternal *Da capo*, in which a long first part is repeated without variation. We cut down Bach's and Handel's *Da capo* nowadays to its smallest practicable limits, and with no injury either to the form or spirit of their airs.

In the same way, a suite of seven or eight pieces, connected together by no link of internal musical necessity, no one of them growing out of nor ideally developed from any of the others, and all of them in the same key—this sort of thing is a direct slap in the face, not only to our present musical habits, but to our highest and best musical instincts. It is the musical counterpart of the old two-hour sermon; we do not enjoy it. We remember one of the most ardent, whole-souled and enlightened Bach-lovers the world ever knew, saying one day that he "could imagine no more infernal bore than listening to the whole of a Bach suite at a sitting." And what a high-priest of the Bach-cult rejects as too much is hardly wholesome food for the musical public at large. Of the seven numbers composing the B minor suite Mr. Paur cut out the minuet (one page of

full score); but he gave all the rest unflinchingly, and it certainly was too much of a good thing. Three numbers would have been enough.

Another consideration of unspeakable importance in the present case is the condition in which Bach left his scores. The *continuo* of the B minor suite is very elaborately figured all through, showing that every number was intended by the composer to have an organ or clavichord accompaniment. In some places an accompaniment in full harmony is absolutely indispensable; passages here and there in the fugue of the first movement, in the second bourrée and the whole *double* of the polonaise need to be filled out. The suite was given without any accompaniment whatever, the bare places above referred to sounding as unlike Bach as possible. Otherwise the plan on which the suite was given—with two and sometimes three flutes to counterbalance the large mass of strings—was excellent. The performance was in general rather rough and lacking in finish, at times vacillating; Mr. Molé played the flute solo in the *double* of the polonaise beautifully, but the effect of that duet between flute and basses, without any middle parts, was too bare to make the movement enjoyable.

The "Coriolan" overture, too, was given without much real effectiveness, and not always quite clearly; those strong, nervous passages in dotted quarters and eighths where the violins and violas follow the 'celli and double basses at half a beat's distance, did not "register" exactly, as the chromo lithographers say, and did not give the ear the definite impression of groups of four eighth-notes.

The ever beautiful "Scotch" symphony was given very effectively indeed, if, like the rest of the programme, somewhat roughly; one seldom found in it that beauty of tone that comes legitimately from Mendelssohn's orchestration. But the tempi were, one and all, admirably taken and the performance full of fire and spirit.

Berlioz's "Roi Léal" overture missed fire almost completely; for one thing, the second theme—as also the second theme in the "Coriolan"—seemed to us taken decidedly too slow. Has the modern slow *cantilena* become so naturalized here that we are never to hear a *passionate* second theme again?

The next programme is: Weber, overture to "Euryanthe;" Weber, Concertstück for pianoforte and orchestra, in F minor, opus 79; Schumann, symphony No. 4, in D minor, opus 120; Liszt, Spanish rhapsody, arranged for pianoforte and orchestra by F. Busoni; Berlioz, Rakóczy March, from "La Damnation de Faust." Mr. F. Busoni will be the pianist.

loist:

BUSONI.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Symphony Concert— Glimpses of "Tobasco."

The Cecilia's Concert—The Opera Season—George Grossmith's Return—The Graham Entertainment This Evening—Slivinski's Second Recital—The West Point Band—News Notes.

With Bach at the top, Berlioz at the bottom and Mendelssohn and Beethoven for the filling, there was no lack of variety in last evening's Symphony concert programme. The new director, Emil Paur, is somewhat uneven in his success at programme making, but upon this occasion he succeeded in arranging a list of works which appealed with equal success to many classes of music lovers.

The Bach suite No. 2 in B minor, for strings and flute, introduced the evening's selections, and its several short movements were played with splendid precision and taste under the baton of Mr. Paur. In the playing of the string section of the band it was manifest that the conductor has succeeded in bringing back to these players much of the precision which characterized their work under Herr Gericke, and at the same time retaining the freedom of the Nikisch regime. The grand body of tone given out by the strings told with great effect in the stronger movements of the suite, and there was a delicacy and refinement in the performance of the work which was very delightful. M. Mole, master of the flute that he is, has never done better work than on this occasion, and although there was something of monotony in the seven movements, they were at all times enjoyable and thoroughly appreciated by the audience.

Beethoven's overture to "Coriolan," in C minor, made the next work on the list, and the dramatic characteristics of the composition were fairly brought out in its performance.

The symphony No. 3 of Mendelssohn (Scotch) made the principal feature of the programme, and the reading given this work, while being thoroughly conservative and in keeping with the traditions of its earlier performances here, was full of interest to even those to whom it was a familiar composition. The adagio was especially effective as played on this occasion, and the brilliant allegro vivacissimo was also a strikingly enjoyable portion of the symphony. The grand finale was played in the broad style that gave all its characteristics with splendid effect, and made a marked impression upon the audience.

The overture to "King Lear" by Berlioz ended this most admirably arranged pro-

gramme, and in the performance of the series of tone pictures so grandly portrayed by the composer Mr. Paur displayed the abilities of his orchestra in a fine fashion. Altogether, the programme was decidedly one of the best of the season.

Next week Mr. F. Busoni, the pianist, will be the soloist, and will play the Weber concertstuck and Liszt's Spanish rhapsody. The programme will also include the "Euryanthe" overture, Schumann's fourth symphony and the Rakoczy march.

Echoes from the Twelfth Symphony Program—Sunday Musical Offerings—Notes.

The 12th symphony concert at Music Hall began with Bach's suite in B minor for strings and flute, and late comers were obliged to wait in the lobby nearly half an hour until the seven numbers comprising the composition were finished before they could gain admission to the hall, conductor Paur evidently not wishing to mar the performance of the delicate work by the bustle and confusion of belated ones. The unfortunates missed a delightful interpretation of the dainty composition which, beginning with a stately introduction, impressively performed by Mr Paur's men, leads up to the free and livelier rondeau and dance measures of the sarabande, bourree, polonaise and minuet. The work of the strings and flute calls for high commendation. In the fourth movement and the finale of the fifth the flute phrasing was specially effective.

Mendelssohn's famous and familiar "Scotch" symphony was finely played. Probably it never has had a more artistic or smoother performance in this city. The wealth of minor details was not overshadowed by the broad treatment of the fortissimo passages, and the development of themes by the different contingents was refreshingly crisp and harmonious.

The second movement, with its merry bagpipe dance, was a capital illustration of musical humor, which brought smiles to the faces of the men and the conductor as well as to the auditors. The spontaneous applause which greeted this number evidenced the hearty appreciation of the audience.

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The injudiciousness of the programme had one mitigating circumstance—it was pretty soon over, the proper ninety minutes not being exceeded. The reading and playing were good and commended at many points with substantial applause.

Whether the approbation which followed the suite were because an end had at last come to its apparently interminable meandering or because being Bach, the well-behaved did not dare to applaud, one would like to be informed. Probably the latter reason counted for something, because there are people who profess to be musical who still dwell under the shadow of the influence of Otto Dresel and the Bach Choir. But before leaving the concert we cannot help reiterating that Mr. Paur does himself small credit in allowing such coarse violence to the kettle-drums, which are constantly operated (one cannot say played) not as instruments of mere emphasis, but as obstreperous, selfish and monstrous overriders of sense and proportion. From their very position they dominate all the band, and the enforcement of their loud clangor by inconsistent and egotistic muscularity is a shame and a deformity.

For Saturday evening next the programme offers no originality whatsoever. The orchestra will play Weber's "Euryanthe" overture, Schumann's fourth symphony and Berlioz's "Rakoczy" march, which was long ago relegated to brass bands and popular concerts. Mr. F. Busoni, the pianist, will be the soloist. He, too, promises no addition to the stock of musical knowledge or entertainment, except so far as his mere performance goes, for he has chosen Weber's "Concertstuck" and Liszt's "Spanish" rhapsody. *Conit*

The Symphony Concert. *Scout*

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HERR PAUR HAPPY IN HIS NEW JAMAICA PLAIN HOME.

The Symphony Orchestra's Leader a Most
Courteous and Agreeable Man to Meet—
How His English Grows—He Has Two
Boys in the Roxbury Latin School.

I spent a very pleasant half hour with Emil Paur, leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, yesterday afternoon. Herr Paur lives at 28 Burroughs st., Jamaica Plain, in a comfortable looking, spacious two and a half story frame house, a plain structure without any modern architectural frills, in the centre of a large yard. There is plenty of breathing space here, and it is in one of the prettiest parts of this charming suburban districts, just off Centre st. and not far from the beautiful Jamaica Pond. And Herr Paur likes it.

He has lived in Boston but a few months, but he is delighted with his new home and with America and has no desire to exchange them for Leipzig, where he made the reputation that was the cause of his being sought after as the successor of Arthur Nikisch.

The house is modestly furnished, and when I was ushered into what was constructed as the parlor to the left of the hallway, I found the famous director seated before a grand piano rendering a solo that would have filled Music Hall. The other furniture in the room bespoke the man's profession, for, besides the piano, there was an organ, and a cabinet of books and musical compositions, while a violin case was conspicuous on the floor beneath the piano. Sheets of music were scattered about everywhere. Marble busts of Mozart and Beethoven occupied stands in two of the corners, and from one of them depended a great collection of white satin sashes of honor which have been bestowed on Herr Paur for his achievements on numerous notable occasions abroad. On the walls are two framed souvenirs which their owner justly prizes very highly, bits of autograph compositions by Beethoven and portraits of the great musical masters.

Herr Paur was very cordial as he turned and rose to greet his visitor. He wore a plain gray house jacket closely buttoned up beneath his shaggy, sandy beard and his heavy head of hair tumbled down over his forehead in a truly artistic fashion. Altogether the director of the first orchestra in the country has a very agreeably Bohemian, distinguished appearance. He is very interesting to talk with, perhaps not less so because his mastery of English is not quite complete yet, so that the interviewer has to help him out occasionally by suggesting the word he wishes to use.

His inability to speak English fluently, in fact, he used at first as an apology for not expressing himself more freely, but he has

made great progress since coming to Boston, when he could not speak a word of our language. He has a teacher, he says, who comes once or twice a week, and the pupil seems to think it a great joke that a man grown should be obliged to learn the rudiments of the language just as a child would do.

Herr Paur has two boys, Hans, aged 11, and Kurt, aged 9. "One of them," said the father, "is in the Roxbury Latin School and the other goes to the grammar school. Oh, they can talk English very well! Sometimes they correct me," and the speaker smiled mischievously.

"Are you going to make musicians of them?"

"Oh, no! They do not like it. They are—what you call it?—so impudent!" This was not just the word Herr Paur wanted, but his eyes twinkled and he laughed as if he had got somewhere near the idea he wished to express, at any rate.

"Well, how do you like Boston, now that you have got acquainted with it?" I asked.

"I am delighted with it, and I like Jamaica Plain so much. But I have not gone about much, nor got acquainted with many people. I have not gone into what you call society. I have no time. I spend all my time at home in study. But the Art Club, that is very nice, isn't it?"

"Do you not take any exercise at all?"

"No, I am not so fond of sports, though I like to walk in the garden in the summer time and play billiards," with the accent strong on the last syllable.

Herr Paur is enjoying in anticipation the new music hall, the plans of which he heartily approves, and rejoices in the prospect of getting into the splendid structure which he hopes will be ready next Nov. It is to be a vast improvement over the old music hall, though he grows enthusiastic over the acoustic properties of the latter.

"It is the best in this country that I have seen," he says, "though the hall in Philadelphia is very good. That in New York is bad. I did not like it at all."

He has not heard the New York Symphony and naively inquired if that were a good orchestra. Then he was asked how the Boston Symphony compared with the orchestras of Europe. He became interested at once and replied frankly, with a sort of unconscious mingling of enthusiasm and modesty:—

"Oh, there is nothing like our orchestra, nothing in the world, not in Berlin or Vienna or anywhere!" and he laughed as much as to imply "What else could you expect me to say?"

"How about Strauss?" I suggested.

"Ugh! Strauss!" and Herr Paur held up one hand deprecatingly, as if Strauss were not to be considered in the category of musicians for a moment, much less be mentioned in the same breath with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. "Strauss! Strauss!" he exclaimed. "That is worse yet. He cannot play the classical music at all!"

Herr Paur has not been West yet. He expects to take the symphony orchestra to Chicago, however, in May for a three weeks' sojourn, where they will play nightly.

He has found Boston a different place

from Leipzig, though the fact that he followed Nikisch here took the edge off the strangeness for he was with the latter in Germany four years before coming here. "It was all Nikisch in Leipzig," says he, "and it was the same in Boston."

He has noted a great difference in the temperature here from that to which he has been accustomed, and he has been surprised at the frequent changes in the weather during the winter season, which in Leipzig remains uniformly cold. But he has enjoyed excellent health, he declares, since coming to America, his relations with the orchestra of which he is the director have been harmonious and pleasant, and he is happy. He is certainly a most agreeable man to meet.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Symphony Concert.

After a dozen concerts presenting music in many different schools, and giving time for the conductor to become well acquainted with his men, one can form a tolerably accurate opinion of Mr. Paur and his merits and limitations, and the concert of Saturday seemed almost an object lesson in these. He is not a man who loses himself in the music, who has perfect abandon or bold caprice, and this may be recorded as one of his merits. He works loyally at the technique of the orchestra and does not despise routine work; the days of personal temperament in reading and ragged ensemble in performance are happily over. He is somewhat of a precisian, but he knows perfectly what he wants and is able to make his orchestra understand it. He is not afraid of a strong crescendo or a fortissimo, but more often attains loudness than breadth in such effects, as witness the blatancy of the noble theme of the coda in the finale of the Scotch symphony. In brief, it is certain that the orchestra is again on the up track, and the new conductor has been a decided gain to the organization.

Bach's suite No. 2, in B minor, for flute and strings, began the programme. It was carefully read and the balance of parts was perfect, but, after all, this vein of performance by a great modern orchestra gives but a slight idea of the quiet intention of the old composer, who would have been well-content to have such a suite given by less than a score of performers. A very small orchestra in Bumstead Hall would come nearer to the composer's original ideal. The succession of movements all in the same key, is not an advantage; it was however a point of tonality on which all the old composers insisted, probably on account of the lute, which was very troublesome to retune, and therefore was given its suite movements in a single key, a custom afterwards extended to the orchestra. The work presented Bach in his most melodic and least intricate side; the stately Sarabande was full of appropriate dignity; Bach seems to have appreciated this old Spanish religious dance (it was formerly danced in the cathedrals in Spain on Holy Thursday) and gives some of his most modern effects in this form. The Polonaise was charmingly played and

brought the auditor much nearer to the old processional style of the lofty dance than the fiery effusions of Liszt or Chopin can do. The double, or variation, gave good opportunities for the flute, and Mr. Mole played the elaboration of the theme excellently. Altogether the contrasts of style made amends for the lack of contrasts in key.

The Coriolanus overture was not only one of the best bits of Beethoven reading that has recently been heard in Boston, but the ensemble of the orchestra was something

to lavish laudatory adjectives upon. Then came the Scotch symphony, by far the most inspired and the most effective of Mendelssohn's symphonies. There was something of over-boldness in the reading of the chief theme of the first movement, but the performance of the coda with its weird chromatics and great crescendos was most impressive. The spectral touches of clarinette in deepest register (chalmers), were a novelty when Mendelssohn wrote them. Although Mozart had done much for the instrument before this time, it was Mendelssohn and Weber who first discovered the full powers of the noble instrument. In this symphony the clarinette has very much to do (especially in the Scherzo), and its work was excellently done on this occasion.

Mendelssohn caught the spirit of the Scherzo better than any other composer, and this is his best Scherzo. Not only is it symmetrical and melodious, but it is emphatically Scotch without plagiarizing any national tune. In this again Mendelssohn stands paramount; Beethoven, Schumann, Franz, Bruch and a host of other masters have endeavored to represent the Scotch style in some of their music, yet none but Mendelssohn has entirely succeeded. The Scotch flavor is in every movement (least in the third), but it dominates everything in this Scherzo. If Dvorak had succeeded in giving a tenth part as much national flavor to his American symphony it might have been classed as a typically native work. The poetic beauty of the third movement, (not unlike in shape to the slow movement of Beethoven's fifth symphony) was done full justice to by violins and cellos. Then came the Ossianic power of the finale. There was a bold, fierce style in the performance of the chief theme which suited the subject well, and the pensive charm of the counter-theme was well preserved; only in the coda was there more noise than breadth. Such a symphony shows that the ultra-modern reviewers have been celebrating the obliteration of Mendelssohn a few centuries too soon.

Berlioz's "King Lear" overture did not sound well (although splendidly played) after the clearness of the symphony; it seemed spasmodic, forced and artificial. One could imagine almost anything in the alternate wailings and thunderings, in the wild rushes to nowhere in particular, and the sudden pauses and syncopations. Berlioz achieved something really great in his interpretation of the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet," but as a general thing Shakespeare strained through a French mind is unsatisfactory, whether the result is given in tones or in Gallic rhymes. It was a great technical triumph for the orchestra to overcome the difficulties which abound in the work, but beyond this it seemed but a severe attack of musical hysteria.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

THE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

This was the program of the Symphony Concert given last evening in Music Hall:

Suite No. 2, B minor, for string orchestra and flutes, Bach
Overture, "Coriolan".....Beethoven
Symphony No. 3, A minor.....Mendelssohn
Overture, "King Lear".....Berlioz

It is a doubtful experiment to bring out in modern concert halls the orchestral music of Sebastian Bach. This just man passed his life in writing counterpoint, and his works are many. In his compositions for the organ, in his well-tempered clavier and in some of his choral music he reached sublime heights; but, incredibly industrious, he wrote much that served the passing occasion and now is only of interest to the student. To fall down and worship any page that bears his name is rank fetishism; and yet much that is absolutely stupor from the purely musical standpoint is accepted by blind devotees as the work of inspiration. Now in the Suite played last evening how much was there that was honestly enjoyed by the hearers? I am not denying the supreme excellence of the workmanship, but is there not an absence of genuine musical beauty in some of the numbers of this suite? There are fugues in the "Well-Tempered Clavier," short as they are, that are worth the whole of such bewigged compositions for strings and flutes. There are charming passages in this very suite, but as a whole the work seemed monotonous.

The program book contained a learned note on the Sarabande, and the conclusion drawn from the note is that the characteristic of the dance was a certain stateliness. Now originally the Sarabande, as known in Spain, was a voluptuous dance, so voluptuous that the priests thundered against it from the pulpit. When it was brought into France the Sarabande became a favorite. Ninon de l'Enclos danced it in the 17th century to the great delight of young men. Cardinal Richelieu did not disdain to beat out the steps and flourish in gestures that he might attract the attention of Anne of Austria. And it was Yvetaux, who, at the age of 80 years, asked for a Sarabande tune that his soul might slip away with greater ease.

After the labor of Bach, the family man, came the "Coriolan" overture, which was read in a frank, manly fashion and finely played. Indeed, the work of the orchestra throughout the evening was of a high order of excellence. The familiar symphony of Mendelssohn gave pleasure and it was read most sympathetically by Mr. Paur.

The overture, "King Lear," has not been played at a Symphony concert since the spring of '87. Certain admirers of Berlioz claim that this overture is the greatest of his purely orchestral compositions. I cannot agree with these admirers.

To me this musical version of "King Lear" is not only inadequate from the purely imaginative standpoint; it is not of marked musical interest either in thematic treatment or in instrumentation. Let it be granted that the "Cordelia theme," so called, has a pathetic tenderness and a modest, shrinking beauty; but in this overture there is not the volcanic passion of the old man Lear. The recitative-like opening phrase seems without real meaning, without genuine power. And there is no overwhelming burst of orchestral fury that paints or even suggests the crazed King defying the elements.

Music has its limitations. It is not interchangeable with passionate poetry or with such sonorous prose as that dreamed by the Opium Eater, or with an immortal painting, or with the view of the awful glacier track. This music of Berlioz, when all has been said in its praise, and you take it at its highest valuation, sinks far below the famous pages written by Victor Hugo in his admiration—say, rather, in his worship—of "King Lear."

And yet many have written music suggested by this tragedy. There are operas by Gobati (1881), Reynaud (1888), Sémcladis (1854) and Solowiew (1885). There is incidental music to the tragedy by André (1778), von Blumenthal (1828) and J. L. Hatton (1858). There are the overtures by Berlioz (1831), Leidegabel (1851) and Balakireff (about 1865).

This overture by Balakireff, the Russian, is said to be a remarkable work. Its "Cordelia theme" is said to be of exquisite beauty; the "Lear theme" is "grand and simple," and the instrumentation is of "great discretion and classic accuracy." Shall we ever hear this overture in a Symphony concert?

PHILIP HALE.

Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1893-94.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

XIII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, AT 8, P. M.

PROGRAMME.

WEBER.	OVERTURE to "Euryanthe."
WEBER.	CONCERT-STÜCK for PIANOFORTE and ORCHESTRA in F minor, op. 79. I. Larghetto affettuoso.—Allegro passionato. II. Tempo di Marcia. III. Presto gioioso.
SCHUMANN.	SYMPHONY No. 4, in D minor, op. 120. I. Ziemlich langsam.—Lebhaft. II. Romanze: Ziemlich langsam. III. Scherzo: Lebhaft.—Trio. IV. Langsam.—Lebhaft.
LISZT.	RHAPSODIE ESPAGNOLE, rearranged as a CONCERT-STÜCK for PIANOFORTE and ORCHESTRA by F. BUSONI. (MS.) (First time.)
BERLIOZ.	RÁKÓCZY MARCH, from "La Damnation de Faust," op. 24.

Soloist:

MR. F. BUSONI.

THE THIRTEENTH SYMPHONY

A Brilliant Programme Given With Great Technical Excellence.

The programme of the 13th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, given in Musical Hall Saturday evening, was as follows:

Overture, "Euryanthe".....Weber
Concert-stück, for piano and orchestra. Weber
Symphony No. 4, in D minor.....Schumann
Spanish Rhapsody.....Liszt
Rakoczy March.....Berlioz
Mr. F. Busoni was soloist.

The Spanish Rhapsody is a re-arrangement of Liszt's piece by F. Busoni, its new form being that of a concert piece for piano and orchestra; it was played from manuscript, and for the first time on this occasion.

This programme taken altogether was a brilliant one and of reasonable length. The orchestra played magnificently as regards volume of tone, precision and general technical excellence. Mr. Paur had it well in hand, and was eminently successful in making it obey the dictation of his intention. He however gave too robust a touch to about everything performed, thereby failing to gain repose and to obtain sufficient contrast in strictly orchestral numbers always.

The playing of the Schumann Symphony was consequently a disappointment, for it was too noisy, generally speaking. One might object to the slow tempo in the melodic episodes that occurred, and reasonably so, also, especially in the "Euryanthe" Overture, but, if this modern failing or fad be excepted, and the robustness of the renderings be overlooked, then it must be said that the playing throughout the evening showed many excellent qualities. The drummer, however, made it dismal for the acute ear with the false intonation of his instruments, but he did not pound so terribly as at the previous concert. His fury can still be modified with beneficial results.

What a noble work is Schumann's Symphony No. 4. It stands upon the highest plane of symphonic writing. As broad and massive as it is, it demands, however, a more gentle touch than Mr. Paur gave it, at times, to do justice to the depths of its composer's emotion. The accompaniment to the Concert-stück of Weber, was played with fine effect.

The orchestral part of the Spanish Rhapsody, however, was a matter of considerable anxiety to both the conductor and the players, but they got through without accident.

As excellent as was the playing of the "Euryanthe" Overture, it did not cause the listener to forget the more refined, highly artistic and superbly effective renderings that this and the other Weber overtures have received in these concerts under the baton of Mr. Gericke. The Rakoczy March was played in a loud and brilliant manner. All of the orchestral numbers called forth the most enthusiastic applause.

When Mr. Busoni came forth to play his first number he was warmly welcomed. What amazing technical resources this player possesses. There seems to be no limit to his faculty in the matter of execution. There is a lack of warmth in his temperament, however, that often is felt

in places requiring sensitive expression, as in the larghetto affettuoso of Weber's Concert-stück. This was the case Saturday evening in his rendering of that movement. He also took the last movement at a tremendous pace that caused it to suffer somewhat in clearness. In the Liszt number Mr. Busoni shone in his most brilliant light. The greatest technical difficulties were accomplished with the utmost facility; in brilliancy and power the rendering was simply marvellous. The audience was wildly enthusiastic over the display, and recalled the player many times.

There is a constant improvement in the playing of the orchestra under Mr. Paur's conducting. It is to be hoped that with his many excellences Mr. Paur will yet show a finer sense of the gradation of tone, and impart more repose to his renderings. A higher form of expression will thus be secured and more effective contrasts gained. The effect will be heightened, the climaxes made more powerful, and the monotony of constant over-loudness will be remedied. If, however, Mr. Paur's musical nature is too robust, then probably we shall not experience this refinement in orchestral renderings, and he will never gain that high standard that Mr. Gericke established.

The programme next Saturday evening will include Beethoven's Eighth Symphony; Morceau Fantastique for cello and orchestra, C. M. Loeffler; ballet music, "Feramors," Rubinstein; and overture to "Esther," D'Albert.

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MUSIC.

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It would not have been easy, even for the being most oppressed by the standard Music Hall atmosphere, to get in much of a nap during the thirteenth symphony concert. In the first place the programme was comfortably short, although it had five numbers; and in the second place, those numbers were all good lively, demonstrative, insistent pieces, in which the band grew bigger and noisier as at each remove the lengthening chain of harmony was dragged.

For a beginning there was Weber's familiar overture to "Euryanthe," in which there is no weak spot, although there are a few soft ones. It begins with a dash and a decision which make one sit up in his seat at once with expectancy, if he knows the work, and with a lively curiosity if he does not. The latter will be interested to find out if Weber "can hold out as he has begun," to use the homely New England phrase. But he can; and although he has to toy a little with those gloomy tone-combinations of which he seemed to have the patent—a patent upon which nobody has successfully infringed—and to indulge in a brief, poetic reverie, he soon comes back to his splendor and vitality for his finale. The overture had a well considered and very effective rendering.

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Schumann's noble fourth symphony followed, his injunction that the several movements should proceed without interruption being obeyed by Mr. Paur, who also attended carefully and agreeably to the proper presentment of each according to its mood and form. The opposition between the soft pensiveness of the romance and the burly, heavy-footed gaiety of the scherzo was well discriminated, and the climax of the final allegro brought up ably to the vehement presto of the finale.

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Seattle

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of ingenuity and ability in this arrangement, and the performance elicited a great deal of applause. But we may reasonably doubt if the result were worth the trouble of composition and rehearsal. The rhapsody is augmented in size; but is it enhanced in value? There are a host of sudden little fits and starts of phrasing,—isolated spurts of piccolo, short rattle of castanets, tap of drum or collision of cymbals, which may be supposed to imply a fitful, feverish, irregular and emphatic excitement, and therefore to suit with the kind of terpsichorean exercise which the lumbering Carmencita has so often illustrated to the ecstasy of the Four Hundred in its boudoirs and studios and to the admiration of the average citizen in theatres and music halls. But is the adaptation expressive and just? This queer, erratic—and often uncanny and gruesome—orchestration suggests to us a revel of gnomes or a spree of ghosts far more than an ardent, sensuous, expansive and amatory ebullition of sunlit, fervid Spain. We do not deny the cleverness and a certain kind of effectiveness, deriving chiefly from the oddities and the difficulties of the score; but we are not prepared to praise the labor as well devoted or to think that the time of the orchestra and the audience was at all well bestowed upon an experiment of this kind, when so much music of approved worth, dignity and beauty lies unnoticed and unknown. Nor was the performance very commendable. Mr. Busoni was too anxious about the outcome to give himself freely to his share, and the fragmentary nature of much of the score kept the orchestra on the tenterhooks all the time and made their attacks uncertain and their reading ragged.

Mr. Busoni wanted the extra percussion instruments to fill up his quota of noise; and so, as they were on hand, it seemed economical to utilize them further. Therefore the concert ended with a pretty loud and showy performance of the Rákóczy march, which has now about as much right to appear on a Symphony programme as the Anvil Chorus, or the Kermesse from Faust.

Next Saturday night will be played Beethoven's Eighth Symphony; the ballet music in Rubinstein's "Feramors," and Eugene d'Albert's overture to Grillparzer's drama, "Esther," together with a manuscript work which is sure to be worth the hearing—a "morceau fantastique" for violoncello and orchestra, by Mr. C. M. Loeffler.

Why would it not be a wholesome thing for the Symphony management just to print a neat little edition of Berlioz's effusive prose writings—or at any rate of the "A Travers Champs"—and present copies outright to its patrons, instead of doling them out, a half a dozen pages at a time through three or four years of programme books? There might then be a chance for some other essayist on music to be heard from.

THEATRES AND CONCERTS.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the thirteenth symphony concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Weber: Overture to "Euryanthe."

Weber: Concert-Stück for pianoforte and orchestra, in F minor, Opus 79.

Schumann: Symphony No. 4, in D minor, Opus 120.

Liszt: Rhapsodie Espagnole, rearranged as a Concert-Stück for pianoforte and orchestra by F. Busoni.

Berlioz: Rákóczy March from "La Damnation de Faust," Opus 24.

Mr. F. Busoni was the pianist.

The "Euryanthe" overture was given with great spirit and effect. The performance of the Schumann symphony was, in many respects, one of the finest we have heard; it was marked by noteworthy painstaking in the matter of following the composer's expression marks, the *tempi* were in general admirable, and the whole thing was played with great fire, force and effectiveness. Now and then, to be sure, one regretted to note the cropping-up again of an old tendency, and one that has been complained of more than once before, in past years; a disposition on the part of the strings, and at times of the wood-wind also, to play expressive *cantilena*, marked "*piano, dolce*" in the score, too passionately and with too much tone. The temptation to imitate the old 'cellist, in the amateur orchestra, who replied to the conductor's reiterated cries of "*piano!*" with "Oh! don't bother me; if you only knew what a delight it is to bring out that big full tone!" is doubtless great in such cases; but giving in to it does not bring about the best artistic results. Another defect of the same sort was a tendency to begin too loud on *cantabile* phrases, marked "*crescendo*." Bülow's paradoxical-sounding rule has, after all, much truth at the bottom of it: "*Crescendo* means *piano*; *diminuendo* means *forte*!" We have said that Mr. Paur's *tempi* were generally excellent; we might say more than this, that his slight modifications of the *tempo* in the first movement were as finely artistic as possible. Only in the last movement did we find one exceptionable point: the sudden, and to us wholly unaccountable, slackening of the *tempo* on the third theme,—the one that first enters in A major in the first violins, flute, and oboe, and is worked up with characteristically Schumannesque persistency. The point of view from which this theme can be regarded as a *sentimental* phrase is to us inconceivable; with all its "*piano, dolce*" marking, it is to our mind a phrase that pushes irresistibly forward and onward, not one that tends to hold back. The little *sforzando* accent on the second beat, the omitting the first beat in the violins, the dotted-eighths and sixteenths on the third and fourth beats, all point to lightness, buoyant grace, perhaps even to something of coquettishness, but in no wise to sentimentalism; had the phrase been one of sentimental purport, the third beat of the measure would have had two eighths, not a dotted eighth and a sixteenth—and it was noticeable on Saturday evening that some of the orchestra instinctively felt this; some of the wind players, evidently entering

into the spirit of Mr. Paur's slow *tempo*, could not help now and then giving the sixteenth-note of the third beat almost the full value of an eighth. If the modern musical mind could only grasp the fact that *every* bit of lyric *cantilena* is not of necessity slow! But for the few exceptions mentioned, the performance was exceedingly fine, and was heartily recognized as such by the audience.

Berlioz's Rákóczy March was given with all due fire and vim, and with a certain appreciation for telling details that would have been immensely effective, had the ensemble-playing been more exact; as it was, the performance was rather ragged. For one point, what could have been the idea of omitting the cymbals throughout the first half of the march? The bass-drum strokes "simulating far-off cannon shots," were all too feeble; we doubt if anyone heard them who did not know beforehand that they were there.

It is a long time since Weber's Concert-Stück has been heard in Boston; Mr. Busoni is much to be thanked for reviving it once more, for it is a composition quite unique in its way, and has in it the stuff of which immortality is made. Mr. Busoni played it superbly, with true sentiment in the first part, and with infinite dash and verve in the final rondo. It was great playing! We can not but think, however—Liszt and almost all modern pianists to the contrary notwithstanding—that it is a mistake to add a pianoforte part to the orchestral march *intermezzo*; Weber's orchestration is here so absolutely delicious that the superadded strumming of the pianoforte does more harm than good. It is also noticeable how none of the more or less ingeniously devised substitutes for Weber's *glissando* octaves produce any really satisfying effect; to be sure, no pianist need be asked to tear his fingers to pieces by sliding octaves on a modern concert-grand; but we have heard these scales played *glissando* in single notes with more telling effect than comes from any of the Liszt or Bülow devices.

Mr. Busoni's arrangement of Liszt's Rhapsodie espagnole for pianoforte and orchestra is about as brilliantly done as could be imagined; indeed, it is so enormously effective as to be really worth while. His playing was one of the most stupendous exhibitions of pianoforte virtuosity we have ever witnessed, and was, moreover, admirably artistic at every point. Anyone anxious to learn how the pianoforte can be made to scintillate and corruscate against a background of the most gorgeous orchestral coloring, should hear Mr. Busoni play this piece. The audience went fairly wild with enthusiasm over it, as indeed it did over his playing of the Weber Concert-Stück; he was repeatedly called out after both pieces.

The next programme is: Beethoven, No. 8, in F major, opus 93; C. M. Loeffler, *morceau fantastique pour violoncelle et orchestre* (MS.); Rubinstein, ballet-music from "Feramors;" d'Albert, overture to Grillparzer's "Esther." Mr. Alwin Schroeder will be the 'cellist.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Symphony Concert, Soloist Mr. F. Busoni.

Beauties of "Tobacco"—Mr. George
Grossmith to Talk About America—
The West Point Band's Visit—Plans
for Opera—Slivinski's Recitals—News
Notes and Gossip.

Conductor Emil Paur needs a word of
caution.

Another concert like that of last evening
will go far to make the symphony syno-
nym for a popular event rather than an
educational one.

The programme was modelled after those
with which Mr. Heus bel est blished these
concerts, and it is a model that can hardly
be improved upon.

Such, at least, was evidently the opinion
of the audience last evening, and as it was
one of the largest of the season its prefer-
ences have some right to be respected.

The soloist was Ferruccio B. Busoni, a
pianist who has already established him-
self in the favor of Boston auditors, but
has never received such a recognition of
his abilities as that given him last evening.
His great achievement was the perform-
ance of the "Spanish Rhapsody" by Liszt,
which he had rearranged for pianoforte and
orchestra. The work done by Mr. Busoni
in the arrangement of this concert piece
commands the sincerest commendation, for
in the use of the orchestra he has equalled
the master Liszt in his arrangements of his
own and other composers' works for the
orchestra. Mr. Busoni's work at the piano
was nothing more or less than stupendous.
Such an exhibition of a complete mastery
of this instrument has seldom been heard
in this city within the present generation.
He rose to the demands of his own great
score in a way that aroused the enthusiasm
of his hearers, on both sides the stage line
the musicians of the orchestra vied with
the patrons of the concert in expressing
their admiration for the work done by the
pianist. Such a scene of enthusiasm has
seldom attended the appearance of the
pianists of the day, and it can be honestly
said that Mr. Busoni deserved the great
compliment paid him.

Mr. Busoni's earlier appearance was made
in the familiar concertstucke by Weber in
F minor, op. 79. In his playing of the first
movement of this piece Mr. Busoni ap-
peared at some disadvantage, his interpre-
tation having certain mechanical charac-
teristics which are at times noticeable in his
playing. In the march movement, how-
ever, this characteristic entirely disap-
peared, and throughout the second and
third movements he played in a fashion
to satisfy the most critical. Altogether,
Mr. Busoni is to be congratulated upon
having reached the climax of his career in
this city on this occasion.

Mr. Paur introduced the programme with a
delightful performance of the "Euryanthe"

overture, and in the middle of the pro-
gramme came the Schumann symphony
No. 4, which has seldom had a more thor-
oughly gratifying performance than that
given it on this occasion. The four move-
ments were played without pause, and the
entire work was given with the brilliancy
and fire that realized all its beauties in the
most complete manner.

When the great "Rakoczy" march was
reached at the end of the programme the
audience had well nigh exhausted itself in
the way of enthusiasm, but such a perform-
ance of this composition would quicken
the pulses and stir the blood of the most
blase concertgoer. This is what it
did on this occasion, at least, and the
magnificent fashion in which this stupen-
dous composition was read and played sent
the audience out of the hall full of a mira-
tion for the new conductor and the men
over whom he has gained such a mastery
control. The concert will not soon be for-
gotten by those who heard it.

Next Saturday evening's programme in-
cludes the eighth Beethoven symphony,
the ballet music from Feramors, Eugene
D'Albert overture to Esther, and a mor-
ceau fantastique for the 'cello and orches-
tra by C. M. Loeffler.

Thirteenth Symphony Concert.

The feature at the symphony rehearsal
and concert was the superb piano playing
of Mr. Ferruccio Busoni, his numbers being
a Weber concert piece and Liszt's "Spanish
Rhapsody" arranged by the pianist for or-
chestra and piano. The other numbers on
the program were Weber's overture to
"Euryanthe," Schumann's symphony No. 4
and Berlioz' Rakoczy march from "The
Damnation of Faust."

Mr. Busoni's performance was refined,
scholarly and without a trace of sensa-
tionalism or display to catch the eyes of
the auditor. In the Weber number, the
preliminary theme and development were
broadly treated, the fragmentary parts
being clear and effective. The arpeggios
and the coda ending the first movement
were brilliant, the march in the second
part was finely and firmly marked, and the
difficult glissandos in octaves, played as
written, were very smooth and regular.

In arranging the Liszt rhapsody Mr.
Busoni has given the orchestra some diffi-
cult work to do, the transitions and breaks
being ingenious and very frequent. The
characteristics of the two dances forming
the composition have been well preserved,
and save a slight deviation in tempo be-
tween the pianist and orchestra in some of
the more rapid passages, the work was
finely performed. The applause at the
close of Mr. Busoni's numbers was hearty,
and he was recalled several times to the
platform.

The orchestral numbers were most satis-
factorily interpreted. The second version
of the Schumann symphony was used. The
"spiral figures" were clearly given out by
the different contingents, and the Schu-
mannesque tone of the work was thor-
oughly preserved by Mr. Paur and his men.
The Rakoczy march was given in a spirited
and properly tumultuous manner.

This is the program for the concert by
the orchestra next Friday afternoon and
Saturday night: Beethoven, eighth sym-
phony; Loeffler, fantastic piece, violoncello
and orchestra, first time; Rubinstein, bal-
let music from "Feramors;" D'Albert,
overture to Grillparzer's "Esther."

MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Symphony Concert.

The orchestral part of the concert of Sat-
urday was a disappointment. Everything
was done with a heavy hand and almost
every trace of delicacy vanished from the
performance. Yet evidence that the or-
chestra plays together with more unani-
mity than heretofore was not lacking,
and there was clearness even amidst a far
too constant power. The general public
will always prefer force to careful shading,
and it was not surprising to find the ap-
plause greater than that which would have
greeted a more subtle reading.

In the Weber numbers a degree of spicy
sensation may be permitted; one does not
render Weber as if he were Beethoven, and
the strongly marked contrasts of the
"Euryanthe" overture were merits rather
than defects, for Weber was theatrical in
his style and an accentuation of his
effects is to be desired. In the performance
there was great virility and the composer's
thoughts stood forth as clear cut as if they
were a silhouette. But when this process
was applied to the more dreamy Schumann
the result was most unsatisfactory. The D
minor symphony has been given in these
concerts by all of the conductors, and
never so roughly as on this occasion.
Even the beautiful Romanza (so
song-like that Schumann originally wrote
a guitar accompaniment for the cello
theme) was given with sturdiness, and the
reading proved that Mr. Paur, while ad-
vancing the orchestra in the direction of
unity, cares less for details of shading.
Naturally the forcible touches made the
Rakoczy March very exciting, but the
auditor unfamiliar with the work would
scarcely have suspected the thrilling effect
made by Thomas or Gericke in the soft
passage of the beginning. Nevertheless
the steadiness and perfect ensemble of the
orchestra was something to praise, and the
applause here was to a great extent de-
served, which it was not in the case of the
Schumann symphony, the least creditable
part of the evening's performance.

The fortissimo character of the concert
did not limit itself to the orchestra. Mr.
Busoni has wrists of steel, and much pre-
fers the *fortiter in re* to the *suaviter in modo*.
As both of his numbers were of the brilli-
ant type, his energy was well placed. He
began with the Weber "Concert-stueck,"
which is largely given over to heroic and
to joyful emotions. It is one of the best
examples of programme music in the piano
repertoire, and possesses the true Weberian
contrasts. There was an inclination
to force the pace in the deline-
ation of parting and of the subsequent
sorrow in absence, but the march theme
(which is twin brother to the effect which
Raff used later, in his "Lenore" symphony)
and the jubilant and triumphant reunion,
were performed with a *verve* that compelled
admiration, and won many recalls. In
Liszt's "Spanish Rhapsody" Mr. Busoni
appeared in a dual role, for the orchestra-
tion of the work was his own. This scoring
shows the pianist to be capable of excellent
work in the modern style of orchestration;
it has more definite purpose than the scor-
ing of the Busoni Symphonic Poem, which

out-Berliozed Berlioz in these concerts two
seasons ago. Triangle, tambourine, castag-
nettes, cymbals and all possible
touches of percussion were present
in the Rhapsody, the tropical flavor
was well-preserved, and even pierrari
seemed to pipe in portions of the work.
Whether taken as a Liszt composition or a
Busoni arrangement, however, the work is
little else than virtuosity; taken on this
level it won a very great success, and four
recalls testified the delight of the audience.
Although the pianist's work at this concert
did not represent the classical school, he
has so thoroughly won his spurs in the
deeper vein that it is only owing his ver-
satility to praise him from the purely tech-
nical side; his brilliancy is simply phe-
nomenal. Had he not made his first ap-
pearances here under the shadow
of the Paderewski craze he would
have caused a furor. If he yet
lacks the perfect balance and self-poise of a
Paderewski, if he leans a little more
towards the brilliantly technical or the
calmly intellectual than towards the poetic
and emotional, these are things which ex-
perience, rather than criticism, will correct.
Meanwhile, Mr. Busoni is a great pianist
with possibilities of becoming world-fa-
mous.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

MUSIC.

The Thirteenth Concert of the Bos- ton Symphony Orchestra.

This was the program of the Symphony Con-
cert last evening in Music Hall:

Overture, "Euryanthe".....	Weber
Concert-stuck for pianoforte and orchestra in F	
minor, op. 79.....	Weber
Symphony No. 4, in D minor, op. 120.....	Schumann
Rhapsodie Espagnole, rearranged as a concert-stuck	
for pianoforte and orchestra by F. Busoni (MS.) (first	
time).....	Liszt
Rakoczy March.....	Berlioz

Mr. Paur was in Ercles vein. The perform-
ance of the symphony was characterized chiefly
by a virility that at times stepped over the bor-
der line and became coarseness. Take the
opening measures of the first movement, "*Ziem-
lich langsam*." Schumann was most careful in
his dynamic indications in these measures,
but Mr. Paur saw almost nothing in them
but a brave forte; or he read
them through a magnifying glass, and romance
fled. We have heard the Romanze played
more romantically in Music Hall, and the trio
of the Scherzo has been given here with more
tenderness. In the Finale, the slow introduc-
tion was well read and performed with marked
effect; but the modern practice of singing every
note of three measures with "great expression"
and letting the rhythm flag without any really
adequate reason was followed by Mr. Paur in
the allegro (or *lebhaft* as Schumann was pleased
to call it). It seems now to be
an inflexible rule with conductors of the
advanced school to make a marked change in
tempo with the entrance of the subsidiary
theme. There are singers who cannot sing alle-
gro and at the same time piano; and there are
conductors who apparently believe that a gentle
or a pathetic theme in an allegro must of itself
turn the allegro into an andante con moto or an
allegretto. As in the symphony last evening,
so in the overture, as far as this question of sub-
sidiary themes was concerned.

The performance of the orchestra in the symphony was not always up to the high standard that has characterized the concerts of late. But the music itself is so passionate, melancholy and noble, that hearty applause followed the finale and Mr. Paur was recalled.

Mr. Busoni gave a remarkable exhibition of technique. The most difficult passages were played with apparent ease and with grace. In the piece by Weber, which, I believe, has not been played at a Symphony Concert since '85, when Mr. George M. Nowell was the pianist, there was an occasional lack of pronounced rhythm, as in the opening of the finale; but, on the whole, Mr. Busoni's performance was remarkable for its precision, power and brilliancy. The pianist enlivened the second movement with embellishments, joining with the orchestra in the march, and although purists might object to Weber improved, the audience enjoyed the modern version. Mr. Busoni is by no means alone in this treatment of the march.

The Spanish Rhapsody, as arranged by Mr. Busoni and played by him, is great sport. There is no need here of debating the question whether the true characteristics of the Jota are preserved in this Liszt-Busoni machine. It is sufficient to say that Busoni has given the piano piece a gorgeously colored and highly fantastic dress. It was a great evening for the men who deal in percussion, and there was a most diversified exhibition of musical fireworks from cannon crackers to sky-scraping rockets, from pin-wheels to set-pieces of intricate construction. Mr. Busoni did what he pleased with the piano. The harder the task, the more demoniac his agility. All forms of technical exercises known as supreme and transcendental were playthings in his fingers. His reception was hearty, and the applause that followed his feats was long continued and loudly sustained. The evening, when Mr. Busoni was on the stage, was one of bravura rather than of temperament. Mr. Busoni has in times past in this city, which should have kept him as her citizen, risen to a greater musical height; he has afforded an audience greater and purer musical pleasure, but he has never, at least in public, given so remarkable an exhibition of modern technique as he did last evening.

PHILIP HALE.

ABOUT MUSIC.

The Passing of the Celebrated
Ferruccio Busoni.

Found July 11, 94
A Singular Commentary on
Parochial Taste.

An Olla Podrida of Musical News
and Gossip.

Ferruccio Busoni, pianist and composer, proposes to return to Europe. I hear that he will not visit this country again until '96 or '97. During his stay in the United States he has been recognized as a pianist of the first rank, so far as technical proficiency and artistic sincerity are concerned; but his stay here has not brought

him substantial or even adequate pecuniary reward.

Now Busoni at the age of 10 years (1870) was loudly praised when he appeared before the Vienna public. Hanslick then spoke of his musical nature and uncommon memory, and encouraged him in the field of composition. In 1881 his native city gave him a gold medal. In 1884 the Philharmonic Academy of Bologna granted him the Master's diploma, "a distinction which had not been won by so young an artist since Mozart." In 1890 he won the composer's prize (\$1000) given by Rubinstein to the best pianist-composer, appearing in an international contest before a jury of musicians selected from the different musical countries of the world. He was immediately made a professor in the higher grades of piano instruction at the Imperial Conservatory of Moscow, Russia.

It was in 1891 that Busoni came to the United States and settled in Boston. His first appearance at a concert of note was at a Symphony concert, Nov. 14, 1891. It is not now necessary to review the remarkable characteristics and the limitations of this pianist.

But it may be said, and it should be said, that after he left the New England Conservatory, Mr. Busoni, a European celebrity, with the greatest difficulty made both ends meet. He is a temperate, economical, industrious man, and his failure can in no way be attributed to his personal foible or fault. This pianist, whose technique surpasses that of Paderewski, could not in this town of culture give concerts with marked pecuniary success. This teacher, whose merits were appreciated in European cities, did not find here pupils enough to pay his modest expenses.

He left Boston last fall and lived in New York. How he fared there I do not know, but his intention is to leave the country in a few months or weeks.

Is it not a sad and an ironical commentary on the condition of art in the United States that the explanation of his ill fortune is, according to his friends' and his own belief, this: He was not properly introduced?

In other words, European reputation and a public display of ability, rare even in these days, are as nothing. The question is not, "How does he play?" The question is this: "Did he bring a letter of introduction to Mr. X, the wealthy amateur, or to Mrs. Y, the enthusiastic patter-on-the-back of mediocrity?"

Mr. Busoni is certainly one of the ablest virtuosos that Boston has ever heard, but he is not by any means a sympathetic player. He may equal Paderewski in celerity and precision of execution but he is a long way from him in sentiment and color. And when he does fairly pitch in for vehemence, he can get as violently metallic, harsh and ugly noises out of the strings as anybody on record. One cannot then envy the owners of the piano, whose character for endurance he is establishing at the expense of its credit for beauty. But he is quite a "wizard of the key-board" all the same, and there are few really great players who duplicate Mr. Baermann's avoidance of all banging.

Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1893-94.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

XIV. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, AT 8, P. M.

PROGRAMME.

BEETHOVEN.

SYMPHONY No. 8, in F major, op. 93.

- I. Allegro vivace e con brio.
- II. Allegretto scherzando
- III. Tempo di menuetto.
- IV. Allegro vivace.

C. M. LOEFFLER.

CONCERTO FANTASTIQUE, for VIOLONCELLO and ORCHESTRA. (MS.)
Allegro.
Adagio.
Allegro.—Theme russe: Poco Allegretto.—Presto.
(First time.)

RUBINSTEIN.

BALLET-MUSIC from "Feramors."
I. Dance of Bayaderes: Allegretto.
II. Candle-dance of the Brides of Kashmir:
Moderato con moto.

EUGEN D'ALBERT.

OVERTURE to Grillparzer's "Esther." op. 8.
(First time.)

Soloist:

MR. ALWIN SCHROEDER.

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.

The performance of the orchestra in the symphony was not always up to the high standard that has characterized the concerts of late. But the music itself is so passionate, melancholy and noble, that hearty applause followed the finale and Mr. Paur was recalled.

Mr. Busoni gave a remarkable exhibition of technique. The most difficult passages were played with apparent ease and with grace. In the piece by Weber, which, I believe, has not been played at a Symphony Concert since '85, when Mr. George M. Nowell was the pianist, there was an occasional lack of pronounced rhythm, as in the opening of the finale; but, on the whole, Mr. Busoni's performance was remarkable for its precision, power and brilliancy. The pianist enlivened the second movement with embellishments, joining with the orchestra in the march, and although purists might object to Weber improved, the audience enjoyed the modern version. Mr. Busoni is by no means alone in this treatment of the march.

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RUBINSTEIN.

BALLET-MUSIC from "Feramors."

- I. Dance of Bayaderes: Allegretto.
- II. Candle-dance of the Brides of Kashmir: Moderato con moto.

EUGEN D'ALBERT.

OVERTURE to Grillparzer's "Esther." op. 8.
(First time.)

Soloist:

MR. ALWIN SCHROEDER.

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.

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NEW COMPOSITIONS AT THE SYMPHONY,
SLIVINSKY AGAIN, ETC.

The audience at the fourteenth Symphony concert evidently found its chief satisfaction in Mr. C. M. Loeffler's new composition for violoncello and orchestra, entitled by him "A Fantastic Concerto," and played with Mr. Schroeder for the soloist. It is true that Beethoven's ever fresh and favorite eighth symphony began the evening and might have been expected to so fill the mind with thought and pleasure that an orchestral composition of our day, following immediately after it, would seem tame and unremunerative. But the symphony has had better readings than that which the band gave it last night; for the men played rather as if they were relying too much upon their own familiarity with the score, so that there were roughness, inelegance, heaviness, and even inaccuracy in the performance. The audience responded with thanks, but not with enthusiasm.

Mr. Loeffler gave an intimation last winter, in the string sextette which the Kneisel Quartette played, that he is a man who has something to say and knows how to say it. This concerto enforced that affirmation. It is music of the time in its diversity of ideas and its fantasies of treatment; it passes unexpectedly from one phase to another, alternating the smoothest and calmest ensembles with the most vivacious and ecstatic individual virtuosity; it has passages in which the solo instrument is heard alone, and others in which piccolo, tuba, cymbals, triangle and harp are invoked to assist the standard orchestra. Yet it does not seem eccentric, extravagant or far fetched; the successive phases, however opposite in tone and tenor, apparently belong together, like the strange colors which lie side by side in some sunset skies. The concerto has fine changes of tempo and of theme, but there is no suspension of the continuous flow, and the disposition of the solo part against those of the orchestra is intelligent and handled with mastery, while the separate themes are interesting, easily followed and original. The score is not unlike that by Mr. Busoni, which was heard a week ago in the respect that it uses some instruments in sharp, short sallies and in quaint emphases: but it differs from it in this—that where Mr. Busoni's instrumentation was erratic, laborious and difficult to fit together, Mr. Loeffler's is natural, fluent, and emerges from the instruments with the suggestion that each odd little bit is just where it ought to be, can be found without anxiety and presented with facility. The solo part is of immense difficulty as well as of frequent beauty, and even Mr. Schroeder's eminent virtuosity was none too much for the brilliant variations upon the Russian theme of the fourth part, nor for the extraordinary long and elaborate cadenza. The concerto was greatly applauded and both composer and player were personally applauded.

The ballet music from Rubinstein's "Feramors" followed, and it was pleasant to notice that Mr. Loeffler's scoring did not suffer in comparison with the poetic and fanciful treatment of these dances.

The concert ended with another novelty—D'Albert's overture to Grillparzer's "Esther." Without knowing something about what kind of a thing that "Esther" is—and the programme book was silent as usual upon a subject about which

its readers must be personally ignorant and without ready means of informing themselves—it is not possible to say how well this overture does its duty. But in itself, although of clever mechanical construction, it is not particularly interesting and gives little to remember. It has a rather sturdy introduction with some brass and a good deal of drum. Then there is a slower and prettier part, mildly tinged with the romantic; another phase, in which a tripping or trotting figure is recognizable; and a full and resonant, but by no means dramatic or exciting, conclusion. The listener can assume that the theme is Biblical and fit on at his pleasure, the pomp of Ahasuerus, the soft persuasions of Esther, the insinuations of Haman, the cavalcade of Mordecai and the imperious judgment which rounds out the Hebrew story. Having done which, he may find that he is all wrong. But all the same, any one of a dozen bright and gay French overtures would have given a nicer ending to the concert, which was pleasantly brief.

There will be no concert next week, but for the succeeding week the programme assigns to the orchestra together with Brahms's second symphony, these novelties—Hartmann's "Nordische Heerfahrt" overture and Tchaikowsky's symphonic poem, "Francesca di Rimini." Mr. Loeffler will be the soloist and he will introduce new violin pieces by Bruch and Saint-Saens.

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MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Symphony Concert.

Not since the days of Henschel as conductor, have there been so many novelties upon our symphonic programmes. The concert of Saturday gave a new violoncello concerto and an unfamiliar overture, while the next programme is to present Hartmann's "Nordische Heerfahrt," Bruch's "Romanza" for violin, St. Saens' "Morcean de Concert" for the same instrument, and Tchaikowsky's symphonic poem, "Francesca di Rimini," an array of novelties sufficient to appal the reviewer and to delight the general auditor.

The concert of Saturday began with Beethoven's eighth symphony. This is the "humorous symphony" *par excellence*, and it is pleasant to note that most of the playful touches were given with sufficient appreciation of their intent. The piquant *ritenuto* effects of the chief theme of the first movement could have had more grace, but the *brusquerie* of the second movement was excellently portrayed. The minuet of this symphony is an idealization of what Haydn attempted in this form, much nearer to Haydn's style than the minuet of the first symphony, but it is the only point in which the work at all resembles the older school, and even here the bold touches of horn and clarinette remove it from the older style of scoring. The clarinette was played too forcibly, but the horn was perfect in this as in other works of the programme. The finale went brilliantly, the chattering figure of the chief theme was clearly read, and that sudden jump from the garret to the cellar, where the figure of the futes is answered so brusquely by the contrabasses, was given with appropriate emphasis, although the latter instruments might have had even more of gruffness; but this was a fault which proceeded from numerical weakness, for our orchestra could well bear the addition of two contrabasses, where there is such a powerful body of violins. Those comical octaves for bassoon and kettle-drum were charmingly played, the drummer repressing himself for a single and only time, for which he repaid himself by playing more forcibly than ever through the rest of the concert. *Per contra*, the bassoon might have been more prominent in this symphony; if ever there was a bassoon symphony, it is this. Beethoven loved the bassoon as Weber loved the horn. He cared little however, for that earnest side of the instrument, which Meyerbeer brought out in the rising of the nuns, in "Robert le Diable," or Berlioz in the "March to Execution," but enjoyed its humor, and was, as he termed it, "*aufgeknoepft*," when he wrote obligato effects for this clown of the orchestra. The tuning of the drums in octaves was a new device in its time, yet Beethoven, from the very first symphony, showed a disposition to do new things with the kettle-drums, and had already tuned in sixths in his seventh symphony.

A violoncello concerto composed by Mr. C. M. Loeffler came next, and was brilliantly performed by Mr. Alwin Schroeder. It is difficult to speak fairly of this work on a first hearing, but it seems as if one might

give the poet's advice, to the composer:—

"Be bold! be bold! be not too bold."

For there is a constant boldness in the treatment and modulation that causes the auditor mental effort at every turn; it is too modern in its progressions and some of its orchestral combinations are experimental. The passages for flute and cello sounded empty and some of the piccolo work suggested the march of the first act of "Carmen." The work at first seemed too improvisational in flavor, it left the impression of being disjointed and spasmodic, its ideas seemed loosely strung together. The Russian finale reminded the reviewer of how much better the composer had done in his sextette, a composition which greatly overshadows this work. There was brilliancy in the solo part and to spare; if virtuosity is its own reward, then Mr. Schroeder must be quite content, for he conquered many furious difficulties in the course of the concerto. The cadenza in the finale was phenomenal, and the broad work on the C string, the clear harmonics, the double-stopped passages, were all very wonderful. There was great enthusiasm at the close, and both the performer and the composer were applauded to the echo. Mr. Schroeder had played finely, and Mr. Loeffler is respected and admired by all who have ever known him, so that the outburst was to have been expected; yet the reviewer cannot consider this concerto as the composer's best work.

One should feel grateful to Mr. Paur for giving such music as the ballet numbers from Rubinstein's "Feramors"; it is not below the dignity of these concerts to have such pretty numbers once in a while, and if these musical dainties might be followed by such numbers as St. Saens' "Suite Algerienne," Massenet's "Dimanche au Village," etc., it would give an added charm to the concerts.

The "Feramors" ballet music is far more graceful and characteristic than that which the same composer has given in "The Demon," and its delicacy was splendidly brought out by the orchestra. It was given with a praiseworthy perfection of ensemble and shading.

The concert ended with D'Albert's overture to Grillparzer's "Esther," which was a work showing that there are lofty possibilities in the great pianist. The themes were ponderous, and there was strong dramatic contrast evident; at times the rhythmic changes and syncopations seemed to promise a Schumann, but at the end it left no very definite impression. Some of the climaxes were well wrought up, but the art of concealing art had not been attained in the work. It was broadly and majestically played, and the excellence of the horn and oboe work deserves especial mention.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

Mr. Paur, whom some of the newspaper reviewers of concerts here first reproved for severity, even pedantry, is now charged with unbecoming levity in the performance of two dances from Rubinstein's "Feramors" at the concert by the Boston orchestra on Thursday. Such trifles, he is informed, are unworthy the dignity of a symphony concert in serious-minded New York. They may have their place in floppant Boston, where, it should have been added, there are no Sunday evening concerts with ballet-music to satiety.

The Symphony Concert, Soloist Alwyn Schroeder.

The "Hera Novissima" and "Christus" Tonight—The Opera Season—Mr. Grossmith Once More—"Isle of Champagne" for Last Time—Final Shtvinski Recital—News Notes.

The novelty in the Symphony concert programme of last evening, played at Music Hall by the Boston orchestra, was Mr. C. N. Loeffler's "Fantastic Concerto," for violin-cello and orchestra, which is still in manuscript.

Mr. Loeffler's popularity as one of the leading violins of the orchestra gives a peculiar interest to any composition which he contributes at these concerts, and in this new concerto he has quite fully realized the expectations of those who are familiar with his earlier contributions to local programmes. Mr. Loeffler is a capital musician, with a thorough knowledge of the art of composition, possessed of good taste in the choice of forms, and a master in orchestration. All these characteristics are shown in his concerto of last evening, and its merits were quickly recognized both by the audience and his fellow-players in the orchestra. The work is in five short movements, which are played without pause, and in the concerto he has made use of some grand and imposing themes, which are treated in a masterly fashion. He introduces a cadenza for the solo 'cello which is full of difficult passages for the player, and demands a perfect mastery of the instrument. Mr. Loeffler was fortunate in having the solo work given to Mr. Alwyn Schroeder, whose playing throughout the concerto was equal to his best efforts in these concerts. The concerto and its performance were alike vastly enjoyed by the audience, and at its conclusion the composer and soloist were alike honored by the audience with a great ovation.

Another novelty of a less interesting character in the programme was Eugen d'Albert's overture to Grillparzer's "Esther." This composition is an ably written one, and scored for the ordinary grand orchestra. D'Albert follows conservative forms in his instrumentation, and the themes which are of striking originality are well worked out, and the overture is brought to a very effective and dramatic climax. It is, however, a work that would not generally interest an audience other than as a novelty.

Conductor Paur introduced his programme with a brilliant performance of the eighth Beethoven symphony, and also included in its numbers the "Candle Dance" and the Dance of the Bayaderes from the ballet music of "Feramors."

The orchestra makes its usual tour next week, and for Saturday evening, Feb. 17, Brahms' Symphony No. 2 and some novelties by Hartmann, Bruch, Saint-Saens and Tchaikowsky are announced, with Mr. C. M. Loeffler as soloist.

Fourteenth Symphony Program— Mme Patti's Return—Handel and Haydn Concert—Various Musical Attractions.

The program for the 14th symphony rehearsal and concert contained two novelties, Mr. C. M. Loeffler's fantastic concerto for 'cello and orchestra, and Eugen d'Albert's overture to Grillparzer's "Esther," both given for the first time in this city. The greater interest naturally centered in the work by the talented resident composer and violinist, Mr. Loeffler, who not only has gained an enviable position as a performer, but whose musical writings have stamped him as a composer of marked ability. Additional interest was given this new work by reason of the soloist, Mr. Alwyn Schroeder, also a member of the symphony orchestra. The composition is florid and fantastic, and the themes and variations given to the cellist bristle with difficulties and call into play about all the resources of that instrument running from double and triple chords in the bass up to harmonics in the upper scale.

The solo work is almost continuous, beginning with the first part of the florid oriental introduction. The second movement, a melancholy series of passages, was beautifully played, the cello in Mr. Schroeder's hands singing with all the delicacy and tenderness of the violin.

An elaborate cadenza in the third part, leading into a wild Russian theme, was deftly and very clearly executed, but its intricacies are so great that no one but an accomplished cellist can hope to master it satisfactorily. But few harsh or discordant notes were discernible in Mr. Schroeder's playing.

The impetuous finale was smoothly given by soloist and orchestra. At the close of the performance composer and soloist were most heartily applauded, and each one received cordial hand grips of congratulation from their conferees.

D'Albert's overture to "Esther" is a brilliant work, abounding in turbulent episodes. The brasses in the fanfares were a trifle unsteady at times, but the overture was in the main excellently performed. The tremulous accompaniments by the strings, which run all through the piece, were played with commendable absence of cloudiness, while the syncopated form of a theme in the finale received capital treatment by the four parts of the string contingent.

Beethoven's delightfully humorous eighth symphony was daintily and sympathetically played. Rubinstein's ballet music from "Feramors" was given trippingly and lightly. The program for the next concerts, Feb. 16 and 17, is as follows: Brahms, second symphony; Hartmann, overture, "Nordische Heerfahrt;" violin solos, Bruch's romance, op. 42 and Saint-Saens' concert piece, played by Mr. Loeffler; Tchaikowsky's "Francesca da Rimini."

THEATRES AND CONCERTS.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra

The programme of the fourteenth symphony concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Beethoven: Symphony No. 8, in F major, Opus 93.
C. M. Loeffler: Concerto fantastique for violoncello and orchestra (MS.)
Rubinstein: Candle-dance of the Brides of Kashmir and Dance of Bayaderes No. 1, from "Feramors."
Eugen d'Albert: Overture to Grillparzer's "Esther," Opus 8.
Mr. Alwyn Schroeder was the cellist.

The performance of the eighth symphony—the "humorous" symphony *par excellence*—was one of the finest we have heard. The playing was technically smooth, finished and exact in ensemble, and there was a nervous vigor of accent, a general brightness and vivacity about the performance, that made every point tell. The humorous strokes were particularly well made; notably good was the way in which that wonderful passage near the end of the last movement was given, where the 'celli and basses take the melodious second theme out of the wood-wind's mouth, and, as Ambros says, "can not help singing and growing it after it with terrific sentimentality;" the full humor of the passage was shown, yet without falling into mere burlesque or parody.

The two movements from Rubinstein's "Feramors" ballet-music were given with more distinction of effect than we can remember to have heard them before; the music, with all its grace and piquancy, verges dangerously on the commonplace, and Rubinstein's instrumentation is in general not of a sort to cure or veil this to any great extent. Upon the whole it may be said that Rubinstein's habitual handling of the orchestra is not very easy to be accounted for; he often seems distinctly bent on not laying himself open to the charge of anything like super-refinement or dandyism—the last vein in the world into which a man with his talent for the slipshod was in any danger of falling. If his orchestration keeps quite clear of that rather wholesale, monotonous and cloying gorgeousness one finds in men like Goldmark, it also seldom, if ever, has the captivating, delicate *espièglerie* so characteristic of many writers of the modern French school; and, what is most curious, this latter quality seems just what would best fit a good deal of his music, notably the two ballet movements in question. But he seems determined to confine himself, so to speak, to mere primary colors, to sharp contrasts between masses of strings with masses of horn-tone, or not particularly well blended masses of wood wind; that clever and, as the French say, *savant* blending of colors, those delicate tertiary tints of which Saint-Saens, Bizet, and Wagner—to mention no others—are so fond, are for the most part absent from his palette. But, as the two movements were played last Saturday evening, we must say that we had never heard his instrumentation sound so well and charming.

Eugen d'Albert's overture to "Esther" is a work which at once inspires respect. It is worked out elaborately, with great care and conscientiousness, yet wholly without ostentation; one feels that the young composer well

appreciated the true character of his task, that his good workmanship had a higher aim than merely to show what he could do, for, with all its thoroughness, it is never excessive, he never loses sight of the essentially dramatic character of his composition, and does not let an over-anxiety for elaboration betray him into obscuring the larger outlines of his work, nor into forgetfulness of the bolder methods of dramatic musical development. In a word, he keeps his balance, between the purely musical on the one hand, and the impressively dramatic on the other, remarkably well. Of especially distinguished melodic invention he shows perhaps not very much; yet his themes have character, they are not vulgar nor trivial, and, best of all, they are really *themes*—not merely impressive or emotional phrases, whose only value lies in their immediate effect, but melodic passages that contain within themselves the germs of further development and growth. The whole overture shows great seriousness of purpose and nobility of aim; one would much like to hear it again. It was grandly played.

Mr. Loeffler's new "Fantastic" concerto—its original title, by the way, was simply "Morceau fantastique"—seems to us to come nearer to a solution of an "irreducible case of Cardan" than any other modern composition of the sort we have heard. For writing such a piece Mr. Loeffler may be said to possess quite peculiar qualifications; if not specifically a 'cellist, he is a violinist, that is a string player, well versed in the technique of stringed instruments and with a good deal of native sympathy with the virtuosic aspect of string playing—like enough, too, he plays the 'cello itself more than any of us know—he can thus get a certain amount of inspiration from the very character and quality of the instrument he writes for. His melodic inventiveness can fall easily and naturally into the 'cello vein. Then he is a composer to the manner born; he has abundantly proved this before. He does not at all come within the class of virtuosos who write simply virtuosic compositions, who compose merely because they are brilliant players and want something brilliant to play. If his enthusiasm for Brahms leads him in the direction of solidity of workmanship, his admiration for the French and Slavic composers leads him quite as naturally toward brilliancy, piquancy and the highly-spiced and charming in general. He has much of the characteristically French lightness of touch, of their instinctive knowing when they have said enough, while his German side saves him from their too frequent contentment with half-expressed ideas, with mere clever innuendoes.

If in this 'cello concerto the first thing that strikes one is its immense cleverness, one finds also in it that the composer was not willing to content himself with being merely clever; he has shown all due regard for musical proportion, balance, and distinction. Of sentiment there is just enough in the work; and here more than in any other way has Mr. Loeffler shown his nice appreciation of the task he undertook. All modern 'cello concertos we know have had one or the other of two serious defects: either they have been the work of vir-

tuoso cellist, effectively and gratefully written for the solo instrument, but devoid of musical ideas and true sentiment of any sort, or else they have been the work of real composers, worthy of the name, who had ideas to express and genuine sentiment to start with, but found the 'cello a most uncomfortable and thankless medium. In listening to concertos of the first class, one wishes heartily that they had never been written; in listening to those of the second, one longs to ask the 'cello kindly to stop and not interfere with the music. Mr. Loeffler seems to have had the extraordinary luck—or artistic skill, if you will—to walk safely between this Scylla and Charybdis. He has musical ideas and expresses them musically; but they are essentially 'cello ideas, melodic forms and phrases that absolutely call for the 'cello to give them life. And note this, that, in so far as sentiment and the emotional in general are concerned, although he shows no little warmth and beauty of feeling, he wisely avoids entering upon such deeper and more poignant emotional regions as would make the voice of a single 'cello seem inadequate, and make you long for the stronger and richer expressive power of the full orchestra. The ever-recurring presence and predominance of the fantastic element in his work saves him from this. He goes into the emotional only just as far as the 'cello will easily and naturally carry him; when he has reached this limit, he returns to the light and fancifully piquant, to the graceful and enchanting. In a word, he cuts his coat according to his cloth. And this is why we lay such stress upon his cleverness. He has written a composition that is at once interesting and charming in itself, and effective and thankful for the 'cello, both in its sentimental aspect as a singer of expressive *cantilena* and in the way of giving the player every chance of displaying such virtuosity as his instrument admits of.

Mr. Schroeder—to whom the concerto is dedicated, by the way—fairly outdid himself in his performance of the work. Indeed it was evident that he had a task before him which he could perform equally *con amore* as a 'cellist and as a musician. In point of beauty of tone, purity of intonation and, in short, all that goes to make up a fine 'cello technique, his playing was impeccable; while his graceful, artistic phrasing, his penetrating sentiment in *cantilena* and brilliancy in *bravura* passages called for the heartiest recognition and admiration. It was superb playing at every point, and was exuberantly recognized as such by the audience. Both 'cellist and composer had a real ovation.

And has this concerto of Mr. Loeffler's really reconciled us to the 'cello concerto in general, as a form that can withstand the tooth of time? In one sense, yes; in another, decidedly, no! The very success with which he has accomplished the task of writing an acceptable one shows what an abnormal task it essentially was. A form of composition in which a composer of recognizably high and noble aspirations, a man who is primarily a "Brahmsianer," and only secondarily a Gallo-Slav, has to draw so enormously and constantly on his cleverness has to be so clever all the time, at the

risk of falling into nothingness and extinction, is not a form to which he can feel himself bound by any very deep-going ties. Mr. Loeffler can be very charming and fascinating in it, but he cannot find room for the whole of himself in it. Indeed, he knew enough not to try to. And think what a risk he ran! Swelling what was essentially of the nature of bright musical *vers de société* to well nigh epic proportions! Let him rest well content with his success this time; for neither the lightning nor any other form of electricity strikes twice in the same place. He has achieved the all-but-impossible in the most brilliant way: now let him write some more quartets or sextets, and if he should try an overture we, for one, should be by no means sorry.

The next programme (for Feb. 16 and 17, there is no concert this week) is: Brahms, symphony No. 2, in D major, opus 73; Hartmann, overture, "Nordische Heerfahrt;" Bruch, romanza for violin, opus 42; Saint-Saëns, morceau de concert for violin; Tschaiikowsky, symphonic poem, "Francesca da Rimini," opus 32. Mr. C. M. Loeffler will be the violinist.

MUSIC.

Saville

The Symphony Concert.

The programme of the concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in Music Hall, last night, was: Symphony in F, No. 8, Beethoven; Concerto Fantastique, for violoncello and orchestra (MS.), C. M. Loeffler (first time); Ballet Music, "Feramorz, Rubinstein; Overture "Esther," E. d'Albert (first time.) The soloist was Mr. Alwin Schroeder. The Symphony was beautifully read, the tempi were faultless, and the playing throughout was of the finest. In listening to Mr. Loeffler's concerto, it is necessary to remember the qualification "Fantastique" that is attached to it. The work has evidently been composed with great thought and care. It is strikingly new, is admirable in its contrasts of orchestral tone color, and the instrumentation is often surprising in its fresh combinations. It is well divided between the orchestra and the solo instrument and forms a strongly welded whole. It is so full of novel effects that more than a single hearing is necessary to a complete appreciation of its merit. The style is wholly modern. The opening movement is broad and dignified in its general aspect; but occasionally it is exceedingly brilliant. The themes are gracefully melodious, and their development is as ingenious as it is interesting. The slow movement has a fascinating theme, of rare refinement, and abounds in lovely moments, especially in the instrumentation. The finale is founded on a very brief theme in the Russian style, and is elaborately developed through variations for the solo instrument and the orchestra. It is remarkable for the variety of treatment to which it is subjected, and for the clearness that sways all its intricacies. Here the solo cello and the other instruments are used in the most brilliant manner. It is impossible to do full justice to the concerto in the brief space we have at our command, but we have room to say that it is creditable in every way to the fine musicianship of its composer and is a work upon which he may justly pride himself. The solo part bristles with difficulties, but they were overcome in a masterly manner by Mr. Schroeder, whose skill has never been evidenced more convincingly than it was in his performances on this occasion. The work was listened to with rapt attention, and though it is somewhat long, interest in it never flagged. At its end the audience broke into a spontaneous outburst of applause, and recalled the soloist again and again, and also paid enthusiastic tribute to the composer, who seemed modestly bent on keeping himself in the background. The pretty "Feramorz" music was exquisitely played. The D'Albert overture is a clearer work than we expected from its composer. It is not extravagantly modern, is fairly melodious and is richly scored. There is nothing to be said against it, except that it is noisy and uninteresting. The programme for the next concert is Symphony No. 2, Brahms; a new overture by Hartmann; two solos for violin, one by Bruch and one by Saint Saëns; and Tschaiikowsky's "Francesca da Rimini. The soloist is Mr. C. M. Loeffler.

MUSIC, Journal

The Fourteenth Concert of the Symphony Orchestra.

The program of the Symphony Concert given last evening, Mr. Paur conductor, in Music Hall, was as follows:

Symphony No. 8..... Beethoven
Fantastic concerto for 'cello and orchestra (MS.)
(First time)..... C. M. Loeffler
Ballet Music, "Feramorz"..... Rubinstein
1. Candle dance of the Brides of Cashmere.
2. Dance of Bayaderes.
Overture to Grillparzer's "Esther"..... d'Albert

The symphony was well read and well played. The famous allezretto scherzando that is said to have made Schopenhauer forget that the world was nothing but a receiving vault of hopes and illusions was given delightfully, and it was a pleasure to find Mr. Paur believing in the theory that the third movement was intended to be played as an old-fashioned symphonic menuet.

It was also a great pleasure to hear again extracts from the beautiful ballet music in "Feramorz." The operas of Rubinstein are not long-lived, and they will probably only be remembered on account of the ballet music, as in "Feramorz," "Nero" and "The Demon," just as for a long time the famous overture of Mendelssohn served the name of an unsuccessful opera. The music played last evening is exquisite in conception and in instrumentation. "Too frivolous," I hear some one say. But, good sir, or sweet madam, do you wish to listen to symphonies and symphonic poems and long-winded concertos with cadenzas of still longer wind all the time? Because Brahms lives, must Auber apologize for his own birth, life and death? Because Dvorak is a musician of great talent, has Bizet or Delibes no right to musical existence? Such music as this ballet in "Feramorz" shows imagination and refined technical skill. And let it here be said that any one of a half dozen, at least, of Auber's overtures is more deserving of a place in a Symphony concert than the miscamach known to men as d'Albert's overture to "Esther."

The fastidious Gericke knew the value of these voluptuous dances by Rubinstein. They were last played here in a Symphony concert in October, 1885. Would that Mr. Paur would let us hear Delibes's charming suite "Le roi s'amuse," in which ancient dance-forms are clothed in sympathetic, adorning and not impertinent, not incongruous dress.

Mr. Loeffler is well known to us all as an admirable violinist and a composer of ingenuity and refined taste. He has named his concerto "fantastic" and with reason; the music seems like the sleep-changes of a fanciful musician. There is much in this work that is imaginative and ingenious; perhaps, on account of its title, it is wrong to crave a little more solidity in thought and in treatment. Mr. Loeffler here seems to me to be a symbolist; not grim and cruel like Maeterlinck and some of his French neighbors, but a man of fine and wandering fancy, who uses words chiefly for their rhythm and color. The greatest charm in his work is the piquant instrumentation; and yet right here there is an absence of fullness, when well-nourished inner parts would fill the longing of the hearer. That which follows the beginning of the adagio seems the stronger part of the work. The theme (Russian, as stated by the program book), is not particularly attractive, and the variations are not all interesting. The impression made after one hearing is that Mr. Loeffler was not fortunate in securing a first-class melodic idea. But his work, in

tuoso 'cellists, effectively and gratefully written for the solo instrument, but devoid of musical ideas and true sentiment of any sort, or else they have been the work of real composers, worthy of the name, who had ideas to express and genuine sentiment to start with, but found the 'cello a most uncomfortable and thankless medium. In listening to concertos of the first class, one wishes heartily that they had never been written; in listening to those of the second, one longs to ask the 'cello kindly to stop and not interfere with the music. Mr. Loeffler seems to have had the extraordinary luck—or artistic skill, if you will—to walk safely between this Scylla and Charybdis. He has musical ideas and expresses them musically; but they are essentially 'cello ideas, melodic forms and phrases that absolutely call for the 'cello to give them life. And note this, that, in so far as sentiment and the emotional in general are concerned, although he shows no little warmth and beauty of feeling, he wisely avoids entering upon such deeper and more poignant emotional regions as would make the voice of a single 'cello seem inadequate, and make you long for the stronger and richer expressive power of the full orchestra. The ever-recurring presence and predominance of the fantastic element in his work saves him from this. He goes into the emotional only just as far as the 'cello will easily and naturally carry him; when he has reached this limit, he returns to the light and fancifully piquant, to the graceful and enchanting. In a word, he cuts his coat according to his cloth. And this is why we lay such stress upon his cleverness. He has written a composition that is at once interesting and charming in itself, and effective and thankful for the 'cello, both in its sentimental aspect as a singer of expressive *cantilena* and in the way of giving the player every chance of displaying such virtuosity as his instrument admits of.

Mr. Schroeder—to whom the concerto is dedicated, by the way—fairly outdid himself in his performance of the work. Indeed it was evident that he had a task before him which he could perform equally *con amore* as a 'cellist and as a musician. In point of beauty of tone, purity of intonation and, in short, all that goes to make up a fine 'cello technique, his playing was impeccable; while his graceful, artistic phrasing, his penetrating sentiment in *cantilena* and brilliancy in *bravura* passages called for the heartiest recognition and admiration. It was superb playing at every point, and was exuberantly recognized as such by the audience. Both 'cellist and composer had a real ovation.

And has this concerto of Mr. Loeffler's really reconciled us to the 'cello concerto in general, as a form that can withstand the tooth of time? In one sense, yes; in another, decidedly, no! The very success with which he has accomplished the task of writing an acceptable one shows what an abnormal task it essentially was. A form of composition in which a composer of recognizably high and noble aspirations, a man who is primarily a "Brahmsianer," and only secondarily a Gallo-Slav, has to draw so enormously and constantly on his cleverness has to be so clever all the time, at the

risk of falling into nothingness and extinction, is not a form to which he can feel himself bound by any very deep-going ties. Mr. Loeffler can be very charming and fascinating in it, but he cannot find room for the whole of himself in it. Indeed, he knew enough not to try to. And think what a risk he ran! Swelling what was essentially of the nature of bright musical *vers de société* to well nigh epic proportions! Let him rest well content with his success this time; for neither the lightning nor any other form of electricity strikes twice in the same place. He has achieved the all-but-impossible in the most brilliant way: now let him write some more quartets or sextets, and if he should try an overture we, for one, should be by no means sorry.

The next programme (for Feb. 16 and 17, there is no concert this week) is: Brahms, symphony No. 2, in D major, opus 73; Hartmann, overture, "Nordische Heerfahrt;" Bruch, romanza for violin, opus 42; Saint-Saëns, morceau de concert for violin; Tchaikowsky, symphonic poem, "Francesca da Rimini," opus 32. Mr. C. M. Loeffler will be the violinist.

MUSIC.

The Symphony Concert.

The programme of the concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in Music Hall, last night, was: Symphony in F, No. 8, Beethoven; Concerto Fantastique, for violoncello and orchestra (MS.), C. M. Loeffler (first time); Ballet Music, "Feramorz, Rubinstein; Overture "Esther," E. d'Albert (first time.) The soloist was Mr. Alwin Schroeder. The Symphony was beautifully read, the tempi were faultless, and the playing throughout was of the finest. In listening to Mr. Loeffler's concerto, it is necessary to remember the qualification "Fantastique" that is attached to it. The work has evidently been composed with great thought and care. It is strikingly new, is admirable in its contrasts of orchestral tone color, and the instrumentation is often surprising in its fresh combinations. It is well divided between the orchestra and the solo instrument and forms a strongly welded whole. It is so full of novel effects that more than a single hearing is necessary to a complete appreciation of its merit. The style is wholly modern. The opening movement is broad and dignified in its general aspect; but occasionally it is exceedingly brilliant. The themes are gracefully melodious, and their development is as ingenious as it is interesting. The slow movement has a fascinating theme, of rare refinement, and abounds in lovely moments, especially in the instrumentation. The finale is founded on a very brief theme in the Russian style, and is elaborately developed through variations for the solo instrument and the orchestra. It is remarkable for the variety of treatment to which it is subjected, and for the clearness that sways all its intricacies. Here the solo cello and the other instruments are used in the most brilliant manner. It is impossible to do full justice to the concerto in the brief space we have at our command, but we have room to say that it is creditable in every way to the fine musicianship of its composer and is a work upon which he may justly pride himself. The solo part bristles with difficulties, but they were overcome in a masterly manner by Mr. Schroeder, whose skill has never been evidenced more convincingly than it was in his performances on this occasion. The work was listened to with rapt attention, and though it is somewhat long, interest in it never flagged. At its end the audience broke into a spontaneous outburst of applause, and recalled the soloist again and again, and also paid enthusiastic tribute to the composer, who seemed modestly bent on keeping himself in the background. The pretty "Feramorz" music was exquisitely played. The D'Albert overture is a clearer work than we expected from its composer. It is not extravagantly modern, is fairly melodious and is richly scored. There is nothing to be said against it, except that it is noisy and uninteresting. The programme for the next concert is Symphony No. 2, Brahms; a new overture by Hartmann; two solos for violin, one by Bruch and one by Saint Saëns; and Tchaikowsky's "Francesca da Rimini. The soloist is Mr. C. M. Loeffler.

MUSIC.

The Fourteenth Concert of the Symphony Orchestra.

The program of the Symphony Concert given last evening, Mr. Paur conductor, in Music Hall, was as follows:

Symphony No. 8.....Beethoven
Fantastic concerto for 'cello and orchestra (MS.)
(First time).....C. M. Loeffler
Ballet Music, "Feramorz".....Rubinstein
1. Candle dance of the Brides of Cashmere.
2. Dance of Bayaderes.
Overture to Grillparzer's "Esther".....d'Albert

The symphony was well read and well played. The famous allegretto scherzando that is said to have made Schopenhauer forget that the world was nothing but a receiving vault of hopes and illusions was given delightfully, and it was a pleasure to find Mr. Paur believing in the theory that the third movement was intended to be played as an old fashioned symphonic menuet.

It was also a great pleasure to hear again extracts from the beautiful ballet music in "Feramorz." The operas of Rubinstein are not long-lived, and they will probably only be remembered on account of the ballet music, as in "Feramorz," "Nero" and "The Demon," just as for a long time the famous overture of Meul preserved the name of an unsuccessful opera. The music played last evening is exquisite in conception and in instrumentation. "Too frivolous," I hear some one say. But, good sir, or sweet madam, do you wish to listen to symphonies and symphonic poems and long-winded concertos with cadenzas of still longer wind all the time? Because Brahms lives, must Auber apologize for his own birth, life and death? Because Dvorak is a musician of great talent, has Bizet or Delibes no right to musical existence? Such music as this ballet in "Feramorz" shows imagination and refined technical skill. And let it here be said that any one of a half dozen, at least, of Auber's overtures is more deserving of a place in a Symphony concert than the misc-masch known to men as d'Albert's overture to "Esther."

The fastidious Gericke knew the value of these voluptuous dances by Rubinstein. They were last played here in a Symphony concert in October, 1885. Would that Mr. Paur would let us hear Delibes's charming suite "Le roi s'amuse," in which ancient dance-forms are clothed in sympathetic, adorning and not impertinent, not incongruous dress.

Mr. Loeffler is well known to us all as an admirable violinist and a composer of ingenuity and refined taste. He has named his concerto "fantastic" and with reason; the music seems like the sleep-chasms of a fanciful musician. There is much in this work that is imaginative and ingenious; perhaps, on account of its title, it is wrong to crave a little more solidity in thought and in treatment. Mr. Loeffler here seems to me to be a symbolist; not grim and cruel like Maeterlinck and some of his French neighbors, but a man of fine and wandering fancy, who uses words chiefly for their rhythm and color. The greatest charm in his work is the piquant instrumentation; and yet right here there is an absence of fullness, when well-nourished inner parts would fill the longing of the hearer. That which follows the beginning of the adagio seems the stronger part of the work. The theme (Russian, as stated by the program book), is not particularly attractive, and the variations are not all interesting. The impression made after one hearing is that Mr. Loeffler was not fortunate in securing a first-class melodic idea. But his work, in

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apite of lack of cohesion and balanced sentences, is often interesting, never cheap, vulgar, sensational. It was played with loving care and with skill by Mr. Schroeder, and player and composer were stormily applauded.

Mr. d'Albert's overture was first performed in this country, I believe, at a Sarasate d'Albert concert in New York, during the season of '89-'90, and under the baton of the composer. The overture was entitled originally, "Dramatic Overture," and the present title was an afterthought.

Some of us have read through the Book of Esther; and some have heard in their younger days the cantata by Mr. Butterfield (?) known as "Esther, the Beautiful Queen;" but how many in the audience last night knew Grillparzer's "Esther" well enough to be moved or instructed or reminded by d'Albert's music.

The overture is a collection of episodes. The themes are neither fresh nor beautiful nor striking, and little is done with them after they are announced. The composer plays with them as with checkermen; now he brings forward one, and now another; but he does not win the game. He is terribly in earnest, he studies carefully each move, but he has no organized plan; he moves each piece for itself, and he does not win the game, this serious man, this gnome of the piano. And now please put it back on the shelf, Mr. Paur, and let it slumber by the side of pieces by Humperdinck and Remenschnider.

The symphonic poem by Tschaiakowsky, to be played the 17th, is "Francesca da Rimini" and not "Romeo and Juliet," as announced in the program book. PHILIP HALE.

FOURTEENTH SYMPHONY.

First

First Performance of Loeffler's Concerto and "Esther" Overture.

ORCHESTRA HEARD AT ITS BEST.

The 14th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place in Music Hall Saturday evening, with a programme composed of the following numbers:

Symphony No. 8, in F major..... Beethoven
Fantastic Concerto, for violoncello and orchestra..... C. M. Loeffler
Ballet music from "Peramors"..... Rubinstein
Overture to Grillparzer's "Esther," Op. 8..... D'Albert
Mr. Alvin Schroeder was the soloist.

The "Fantastic Concerto," by Mr. Loeffler, had its first performance on this occasion, and the "Esther" overture was played for the first time in these concerts, having been first performed in this country in New York during the season of 1889-'90 under the direction of the composer.

The playing of the orchestra on this occasion was the best that it has done under the baton of Mr. Paur. There was a fair degree of repose in the renderings, and contrasts were better marked than usual.

Mr. Paur's reading of the symphony was a highly commendable one, just what we have learned to expect from this conscientious, earnest and artistic conductor, and thorough musician, who shows proper regard for the demands of classic compositions. Mr. Paur was comparatively successful in the presentation of the nuances of the different movements. His tempi was excellent.

All that Mr. Paur needs to do now to ensure a complete success is to still further refine the renderings through gaining a still more marked degree in the gradation of tone; a more determined sustaining of *sempre piano* and *sempre pianissimo* where it occurs, not allowing a swelling or increasing of tone because of the movement of the melody or theme; and oblige the wood-wind to play the piano and pianissimo passages much softer than is now its custom, thereby completing the restoration of the former perfection of the orchestra before it was subjected to the coarse and vulgar processes of Mr. Nikisch.

There is one other item that might be profitably considered also, and that is the terrible pounding of the drums, for which Mr. Paur is responsible, for the drummer himself often uses his instruments with considerable skill and effect. But when Mr. Paur looks up at him and throws up both hands, and with a gesture of cyclonic energy summons this Hercules of the sheepskins to "let slip the dogs of war," what is the poor man to do but "lay on"

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for all he is worth, and when he does, it don't seem as if Sandow could increase the din if he had the job in hand.

I can't see that the drummer is responsible for the noise he makes under these circumstances whereby the effect is often ruined and all music destroyed, because of this horrible distortion of the percussion effect which is supposed to intensify the climax, not totally ruin it.

It may seem that I am making a much ado about nothing in paying so much attention to this matter; but when one player can ruin the best efforts of the rest of the orchestra, it demands the severest criticism. If a steam whistle was blown, or some one with stentorian voice should yell in the places where the drums so often offend, it would not be a bit more foreign to the effect than the disturbance made upon the drums in places at every concert.

We had a most excellent and artistic tympani player, Mr. Henry Simpson, during the engagements of both Mr. Henschel and Mr. Gericke. Mr. Simpson (who is still attached to the orchestra in another capacity) was also drummer during the first season of Mr. Nikisch's incumbency, but the discreet and effective manner in which he played the tympani did not suit Mr. Nikisch's ideas of noise, and as Mr. Simpson would not abuse his instrument to please the craving of Mr. Nikisch he was supplanted by the present performer, imported by Nikisch, no doubt, to do his bidding. So it can be seen that this infernal noise that is made on the drums at times is chargeable to Mr. Nikisch's depraved taste, and was one of the elements of coarseness that served in reducing the automatic perfection of the orchestra that existed under Mr. Gericke to the orchestral *patois* that marked the state of degradation to which it sunk under the incompetent direction of his successor.

Mr. Paur has shown that he has refinement in his musical nature; now let him apply its processes to the directing of a more discreet and normally effective use of the drums in his orchestra and thereby enhance, not ruin, the effect of the playing, and render unnecessary the curses loud and deep that are heaped upon the unfortunate drummer so often by the listeners who have music in their souls and have no desire for a boiler-shop attachment to the orchestra.

The "Fantastic Concerto" by Mr. Loeffler, proved to be a work of genuine merit. It is much clearer than his suite for violin and orchestra, given two seasons ago, because it is not overelaborated. It nevertheless is quite intricate in its construction, a feature of Mr. Loeffler's style in composition. It is highly finished in its every part, and is most skilfully handled in the working out. It is in the modern school, wholly, both as regards the composition and the instrumentation; it is also delightful in its contrasts and replete with melodious themes. A spirit of refinement pervades the music and the composer's effort is spontaneous. Mr. Schroeder played the solo part in a masterly manner, fairly eclipsing all his previous efforts, exhibiting a degree of virtuosity that few believed this sterling player possessed. Both the soloist and the composer were enthusiastically applauded and recalled again and again.

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The performance of the orchestra part was admirable under the careful direction of Mr. Paur.

To the severely classical the selections from the "Peramors" ballet music may seem a sort of "gumdrop offering" in the programme of a symphony concert, but the liberal, critical listener will thank Mr. Paur for this exquisite bit, for to the audience it was as refreshing as a breath of fresh air to the suffocating passengers in an almost hermetically sealed electric car on a cold morning. Mr. Paur could not ensure his popularity so quickly and at the same time be serving the cause of true art so well as to introduce into each and every programme one such number, which should include occasionally a waltz of Strauss or Gungl as very proper material.

Even that prince of martinets, Dr. Von Bulow, upholds such a contrasting element in the programme of a symphony concert.

The "Esther" overture of D'Albert was a better composition than many thought this eminent pianist capable of producing. Although there seemed to be a lack of continuity of purpose in the plan of the work, there still was much to admire, if it were not excitingly interesting. There were melodious themes and some fine effects in the instrumentation. It leaned more to the quasi-modern school than to the ultra-modern form of treatment. Mr. Paur is to be thanked for showing us this composition, even if we had not the least idea of what Grillparzer's "Esther" is all about, the programme book not being able to furnish any information.

Altogether the programme of this concert was an interesting one, and showed that Mr. Paur is not going to be partisan in his selections.

There will be no concert this week, but for Saturday evening, Feb. 17, another interesting programme is announced, to wit: Symphony No. 2, Brahms; Overture,

"Nordische Heerfahrt," Hartmann; Romanza for violin, op. 42, Bruch; Morceau de Concert for Violin, Saint-Saens; Symphonic poem, "Francesca di Rimini," Tschaiikowsky. All but the Brahms number will be played for the first time. Mr. C. M. Loeffler will be the soloist.

WARREN DAVENPORT.

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Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1893-94.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

XV. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, AT 8, P. M.

PROGRAMME.

BRAHMS.	SYMPHONY No. 2.
HARTMANN.	OVERTURE, "Nordische Heerfahrt." (First time.)
BRUCH.	SOLI FOR VIOLIN. ROMANZA, op. 42. (First time.)
SAINT-SAËNS.	MORCEAU de CONCERT. (First time.)
TSCHAIKOWSKY.	SYMPHONIC POEM, "Romeo and Juliet." (First time.)

Soloist:

MR. C. M. LOEFFLER.

200
The performance of the orchestral part was admirable under the careful direction of Mr. Paur.

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BRAHMS.	SYMPHONY No. 2.
HARTMANN.	OVERTURE, "Nordische Heerfahrt." (First time.)
	SOLI FOR VIOLIN.
BRUCH.	ROMANZA, op. 42. (First time.)
SAINT-SAËNS.	MORCEAU de CONCERT. (First time.)
TSCHAIKOWSKY.	SYMPHONIC POEM, "Romeo and Juliet." (First time.)

Soloist:

MR. C. M. LOEFFLER.

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Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1893-94.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

XV. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, AT 8, P. M.

PROGRAMME.

BRAHMS.

SYMPHONY No. 2, in D major, op. 73.

- I. Allegro non troppo.
- II. Adagio non troppo.
- III. Allegretto grazioso, (Quasi Andantino).
- IV. Allegro con spirito.

MAX BRUCH.

ROMANZA for VIOLIN with ORCHESTRA,
in A minor. op. 42.

SAINT-SAËNS.

MORCEAU de CONCERT for VIOLIN with
ORCHESTRA, in E minor, op. 62.

(First time.)

EMIL HARTMANN.

"EINE NORDISCHE HEERFAHRT,"
TRAUERSPIEL-OUVERTURE, in F minor, op. 25.

(First time.)

RUBINSTEIN.

"DON QUIXOTE," MUSIKALISCHES CHARAKTER-
BILD (HUMORESKE), op. 87.

(First time at these Concerts.)

Soloist:

MR. C. M. LOEFFLER.

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MUSIC.

The Symphony Concert.

The programme for last night's concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in Music Hall, was: Symphony D, Op. 73, Brahms; Romanza in A minor for violin, Bruck; Concert Piece, E minor, for violin; Saint-Saëns; Overture, "A Northern Campaign," Hartmann; "Don Quixote," Rubinstein. The pieces by Saint-Saëns, Hartmann and Rubinstein were given for the first time at these concerts. The soloist was Mr. C. M. Loeffler. Taken for all in all, the Brahms symphony was given, on this occasion, the most coherent, the most satisfying and the most brilliant reading it has ever had here. Mr. Paur's conception of the work made the music more convincing, at least to us, than we have found it before. The Hartmann overture is a pleasing but not a particularly strong work. It is very much like a fanfare on a vast scale, though a flowing, warm and graceful second theme, finely treated, saves the composition from monotony in effect. It was broadly and impressively played. The "Don Quixote" humoresque seems to be a series of studies in orchestration, rather than any well-connected work. It is exceedingly capricious in design, but is steadily interesting, and often charming in the beauty, novelty and richness of its instrumentation. Now and then a wonderfully sonority is produced by the simplest of means, and the beauty of tone color, as well as the skilful use the composer has made of the characteristic timbres of the various instruments, especially the wood wind are often fascinating. The work was beautifully played. In fact, the performances of the orchestra throughout, left nothing to be looked for. Even the player who wields a Thor hammer on the drums, only obtruded himself once. We have never cared much for the Bruck Romanza, which is a dry, not to say dull bit of work. The Saint-Saëns concert piece, however, is quite another affair. It is true that it is a show piece, but it is full of inspiration, is admirably written for the solo instrument and is charming and interesting generally. Both selections were exquisitely played by Mr. Loeffler, with a purity of intonation, a breadth and finish of style, and a warmth of artistic feeling that were in every way delightful in effect. His performance of the Saint-Saëns piece was especially beautiful, and the cadenza he introduced toward the end is a masterly bit of work. He was vigorously applauded, and four times recalled. The programme for the next concert is: Concerto Grosso, No. 10. Handel; Symphony D, Haydn; Overture, "Egmont," Beethoven, and vocal selections. Mr. Max Heinrich is to be the soloist.

THEATRES AND CONCERTS.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the fifteenth Symphony concert, given in Music Hall last Saturday evening, was—

Brahms: Symphony No. 2, in D major, Opus 73.
Max Bruck: Romanzo for violin with orchestra, in A minor, Opus 42.
Saint-Saëns: Morceau de Concert for violin with orchestra, in E minor, Opus 62.
Emil Hartmann: "Eine nordische Heerfahrt," Overture to a Tragedy, in F minor, Opus 25.
Rubinstein: "Don Quixote," musical-character-picture (humoresque), Opus 57.
Mr. C. M. Loeffler was the violinist.

Before saying anything else about the concert let us note one point: Of the five numbers of the programme, four were new, or virtually new, to Boston. Rubinstein's "Don Quixote" was given here many years ago by Mr. Theodore Thomas: but we doubt if anybody in last Saturday evening's audience remembered a note of it, it was practically a novelty. Is not this too much of new things for one evening? Another point worth noting is that, of the three purely orchestral numbers, only one, the Brahms symphony, was a work of any importance; the Hartmann overture and the Rubinstein piece are compositions of a sort that it is worth while hearing once in a while, simply to know what they are like; one listens to them as one reads a newspaper, to find out what is going on in the world. In themselves they do not offer much of interest.

Brahms's second symphony was the first of his great orchestral works that found general favor with the public at large. The first, in C minor, was epoch-making; it was a shot that was heard round the world, and may be said to have created the Brahms party; it was soon dubbed the "Tenth Symphony"—in allusion to Beethoven's nine. But people in general found it a pretty severe dose: unquestionably it shot over the heads of nine-tenths of the public. When the second symphony, in D major, came out, it was hailed with huge delight by every "Brahmsianer," who said "that in it all the obscurity of the first was cured," and soon converted most of the doubting Thomases who had strained at swallowing the one in C minor. It is not a little curious what points first strike the public in a new work. People found the first movement in the C minor symphony so absolutely terrific that the impression it made upon them almost totally effaced that of the beautiful *Andante* and of the Finale, with its glorious *Volkstied* theme; whenever the symphony was mentioned, they thought only of the first movement, and judged it by their recollection of that. But the *Ländler* in the third movement of the D major symphony was found so enchanting, the two leading themes of its first movement so delicious, that these two movements made people forget that the *Adagio* was to the full as severe and "obscure" as the first movement in the C minor, and that the Finale was, to say the least, no clearer than the average of Brahms's writing. Thus people remembered the first symphony by what they liked least in it, the second by what they liked best.

The performance last Saturday was, to our mind, only pretty good. The work was played earnestly and in the right spirit, the

tempi seemed in the main excellent; but there was a general want of smoothness and beauty of tone, many places sounded rather unsmooth and ragged, and the changes of rhythm in the last movement were not asserted with much authority. It should be said that the instrumentation of this symphony is of a nature to demand the utmost care in rehearsing the work—quite as much, if not more so than in the C minor—and a good deal of experimentalizing is necessary at rehearsals before the music can be made to sound clear and well. Many of us can remember well enough how horribly the introduction (*Un poco sostenuto*) of the C minor symphony used to sound in the first years of the work's appearance here, simply from a want of bringing certain parts in the score into due prominence and throwing others comparatively into the background; but, after Mr. Gericke and Mr. Nikisch had worked over it, this once terrible page sounded incomparably grand and beautiful. There is a great deal in the score of the second symphony which calls for just such careful treatment; play the notes merely as they stand on the page, and the result will often be very perplexing indeed. Beethoven's ninth symphony and Schumann's second do not require more care in adjusting the dynamic balance of the several parts of the score.

Hartmann's overture, as coming from a hard-and-fast modern Scandinavian, surprised us by its regularity of structure and persistent development; its title had led us to expect something more in the "programme" vein. There is one rather curious feature in the work: a little two-part trumpet-call that keeps coming in at odd intervals almost all through the *Allegro*, without ever assuming any real thematic importance or forming a structural part of the composition; the effect is very striking and brilliant. As a whole, one can not call the overture a particularly strong work: its stress and fury seem rather *faits à froid*, self-conscious and intentional, and none of its themes bear the stamp of recognizable individuality. It is a work that one somehow feels one has exhausted at a single hearing; if it shows talent, that is about all it shows.

Rubinstein's "Don Quixote" is a terror! We could not help recalling the account a notable French dramatic critic once gave of his sensations while witnessing a certain new tragedy; he wrote—

"About the middle of the first act, however, as I was paying closer and closer attention, I began to feel a faint pain round the temples. Little by little, consternation possessed me, for I still could not understand, in spite of my efforts. I opened my ears, gave my whole mind to it, repeated to myself the words I heard, but all to no purpose: the meaning escaped me, the words fell upon my ears like noises that flit away without forming sentences. Now the weight in my temples extended to my cranium and stiffened my neck.

"Then came boredom, moderate at first, a slight yawning hidden behind the fingers, a vague desire to think of something else; then it grew and spread, it became immense, unfathomable, limitless. Oh! boredom without hope, the crushing boredom that descends into every limb, the weight of which you feel in your hands and feet! And no possibility of es-

caping from this slow trisuration; the characters impose themselves upon you, you hate them, you would like to annihilate them, but their voices are like a headstrong wave that beats against, batters, and drowns the hardest heads; even when you cast down your eyes, so as not to see them, you still feel them, you think you have them on your shoulders. A public calamity, mourning, are less heavy."

The real trouble with this "Don Quixote" seems to be that Rubinstein set himself to work to write a humorous piece, without having even the faintest touch of humor in his own nature; and the effort to be humorous was so engrossing that all his musical invention left him in the lurch.

Mr. Loeffler's playing of the two pieces by Max Bruch and Saint-Saëns was exceedingly beautiful; the compositions themselves do not seem of any unusual order of merit, but they are pleasant to listen to and not without a certain charm. But his playing showed them in the finest light. The time is long since past for speaking of such matters as technique or intonation in connection with Mr. Loeffler; he has won his spurs and we take these things for granted in him. But last Saturday he played with a rich volume and warmth of tone which we had not associated with him before, with a penetrating sentiment and grace of phrasing that carried everything before them, and, in the Saint-Saëns piece, with immense brilliancy. His cadenza to the latter may stand as the last word of violin virtuosity up to date. In a word, he was superb! The audience felt it, too, and showed that they felt it.

The next programme is—Handel, concerto grosso No. 10, in D minor;—aria: Haydn, symphony in D major (Breitkopf & Härtel and Peters Eds. No. 2);—aria: Beethoven, overture to "Egmont," opus 84. Mr. Max Heinrich will be the singer.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Symphony Concert.

The programme of Saturday night made rather a heterogeneous impression, spite of the excellence of the performance, for the numbers did not seem to consort well together, and the effect of one composition seemed to be obliterated by the other. Brahms' second symphony began the concert and was finely read and played. Far less ambitious than the composer's first symphony it is yet the more pleasing work and probably contains more absolute beauty than any other of the four symphonies by Brahms. Everything was well shaded and almost every department of the orchestra deserves praise, but the horns were especially excellent, and they have much important work to do in this symphony, Brahms being almost as fond of horn effects as Weber was. The wood wind instruments were also noteworthy in the third movement. In this movement Brahms well combines the old and the new; he follows the contrasts which Beethoven established in the scherzo (originating in the minuet) but does not inflict a full repeat of the body of the work after a trio; the tendency of the so-called "classical epoch" (circa 1775-1825) was toward repetition in music, the whole tendency of the modern age is against it, and Brahms has in his intermezzo found a means of reconciling the two, a method foreshadowed by Mendelssohn in his arias, and copied by Franz in his abbreviations of Handel. Our kettle-drummer still makes strong efforts to convince the public that his instrument was intended for solo work. In the finale of the symphony he bravely held his own against vastly superior numbers. One can only echo the sentiments of the farmer over his ram who was killed in an endeavor to push over an express train, and admire the pluck while condemning the judgment displayed.

Mr. C. M. Loeffler was the soloist and instead of giving one large, presented two medium-sized, violin works. His performance was commendable. The Bruch romanza was given with pure intonation and broad and fervid style. Yet it is not a work which compares with Bruch's concertos for the same instrument, and one would much rather have heard one of these. Saint-Saëns' "Morceau de Concert" followed and was a most brilliant bit of violin pyrotechnics fitting as well to the numbers that surrounded it as a Parisian belle would in a Greek school of philosophy. One may congratulate the artist on the technique displayed. The cadenza which he composed for himself was a combination of all that is difficult in violin work; it was rather longer than would have been allowed in a concerto, but in a work largely devoted to display it was at least permissible. Every difficulty was conquered with ease; double-stopping, rapid chromatic runs, bold skips and other technical thorns were brushed aside in a manner that astonished the auditor, but, especially in the playing of harmonics did the artist deserve praise; too often one hears a thin piping tone in such passages, but here there was a full and bird-like quality, such as Wieniawski and a

couple of his pupils (Musin and Lichtenberg) attained to perfection. Mr. Loeffler was applauded with an enthusiasm that was most spontaneous and long-continued. Hartmann's "Nordische Heerfahrt," which might be translated as "The Passing of the Norseman," gave a strong and gloomy picture (in overture form) of a Norse invasion; the shock of combat was often pictured and naturally there were trumpet fanfares galore. These same fanfares cause us once more to urge the necessity of having a pair of natural trumpets in our orchestra; Boston was the first to take the important step from the cornet to the trumpet, and should now make the additional stride from the keyed to the natural instrument; how much the Wagner works would gain were the fanfares given as the composer wrote them, for while Wagner used the keyed instrument freely in the orchestra, all his trumpet calls made upon the stage, all his fanfares, are written for trumpets without keys. Hartmann's overture was impressive, fairly symmetrical in the midst of its dramatic touches, and the picture of the desolation which the Vikings left behind them is strongly drawn.

Rubinstein's humoreske, "Don Quixote," sponged out the impression, however, and gave some sole on fun in a minor manner. If the reviewer objects to the position of this work on the programme, he by no means believes in banishing this school from the concerts. Very recently an eminent New York critic, Mr. Henry T. Finck of the Evening Post, wrote an eloquent plea for the admission of Strauss to our high-class programmes, and no less a classicist than Von Bulow agrees with his views. We need such things to refresh the attention occasionally, as musical appetizers, but they must be carefully placed; one would not desire the Strauss waltz just after a Beethoven symphony; and Rosinante, in this case, seemed out of place, trotting after the Viking procession. Nevertheless there were some good points made in the work, but with the Rubinsteinian prolixity and inequality. The picture of the shepherds by oboe theme and drone-bass was good, the passionate declaration of the Knight of the Woful Countenance, and the ringing laughter of the women, the sorrowful phrases of the bassoon, and the final groans of pain after the drubbing received by the convicts, all these were clear touches and were excellently played, but it was not a good key-stone to the musical arch.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The event of the 15th of the season's concerts by the Boston symphony orchestra, at Music Hall last evening, under Mr. Emil Paur's direction, was the playing of Mr. C. M. Loeffler as soloist, the success made by this member of the orchestra being the greatest triumph of his entire artistic career.

Mr. Loeffler selected as the works for his appearance two novelties—Max Bruch's romanza for violin with orchestra, in A minor, op. 42, and Camille Saint-Saëns' concert piece for violin with orchestra, in E minor, op. 62—both having a first performance on this occasion.

Mr. Loeffler is, in a certain way, a Boston artist. Although he came here a well-

solo player has been the result of his studious labors as a member of the Boston orchestra. It is not always easy to gain the favor from those who are acquainted with all the steps attending the progress of an artist for the element of surprise is lacking in any special success, under such circumstances; and, the certainty that good work may be anticipated, in a way detracts from the interest attending each new appearance.

It, for instance, Mr. Loeffler had been brought before his public last evening as an artist recently from the great concert halls of Europe, he would have had many advantages in gaining the favor of the audience which did not attend his appearance.

It is only a matter of justice to Mr. Loeffler to call attention to this fact, because, despite it, he gained a recognition of his abilities as a soloist which has seldom been exceeded in the appearance here of artists of world wide reputation.

His choice of the compositions named indicated a confidence in his own skill as a player, which was fully justified by the results attending his performance of them, and it is difficult to call to mind any more finished or artistic work in the way of violin solo playing in recent years than that of Mr. Loeffler on this occasion.

He is lacking in the breadth of style and largeness of tone of many soloists of his class, but the beauty of his work in the points of finish, expression, accuracy, delicacy and purity of tone fully offset these shortcomings. His playing of "Romanza," by Max Bruch, was a fit introduction to his masterly triumph in the Saint-Saens' piece, which made a revelation of Mr. Loeffler's skill, and fairly surprised even those best acquainted with his merits as a player.

Both works were highly enjoyable as additions to the somewhat untried repertoire for solo violinists, and their merits could hardly have had a better presentation than that given them by Mr. Loeffler.

His fellow-musicians vied with the members of the audience in expressing their delight at the good playing they had listened to, and Mr. Loeffler's modest recognition of the applause called out by his efforts gave further evidence of his natural avoidance of undue prominence.

Conductor Paur treated the patrons of the concerts to more new things in the way of orchestral compositions. Emil Hartmann's "A Northern Campaign," overture to a tragedy, in F minor, op. 25, and Anton Rubinstein's "Don Quixote," musical character-picture (humoresque), op. 87, both having their first performance here in this programme.

Hartmann is a living Danish composer, and a lineal descendant of musicians well known in his native land. The overture is brimful of tuneful themes, which are treated in a most original and masterly fashion, the uses made of orchestral resources showing the composer to be a thoroughly well equipped musician. The work is full of strong contrasts, and reflects the tone pictures suggested by its title in a marked fashion. It was gloriously played under Mr. Paur's direction, and made a very prominent feature of the evening's programme.

Rubinstein's "Don Quixote" proved as old a conceit in a musical way as any of the scenes depicted in the marvellous record of the valorous knight whose name it bears, and the bombastic character of the hero of the Cervantes novel was frequently given prominence in the ever shifting themes of the composition. The reading of this "humoresque" was a revelation of the resources of the orchestra, and gave a most enjoyable ending to a programme which was made unnecessarily

long by the composer's own efforts. The day in playing the whole of Brahms' second symphony, instead of beginning at the third movement, where its composer's ideas first take on characteristics which make them intelligible.

Mr. Max Heinrich, baritone, is the soloist next Saturday evening, and Haydn's second symphony in D major, the Egmont overture and Handel's concerto grosso, No. 10, in D minor for strings, will be played.

Symphony Concert.

Four of the five numbers on the symphony program last week were given in this city for the first time, the Brahms symphony being the only familiar selection. The novelties were a romanza by Bruch and a concert piece by Saint-Saens, both for violin and orchestra; Emil Hartmann's overture to a tragedy, "A Northern Campaign," and Rubinstein's character picture, "Don Quixote."

The idyllic character of the first movement in the Brahms symphony was well preserved throughout, the string contingents playing grandly, and the horn phrases being generally clear and sweet. The elaborate fantasia and the coda were also admirably and sonorously given. The serious themes in the second movement and the contrasting lightness of the third were equally effective. In the latter the wood winds delivered the dainty "ländler" with charming expression. The dashing finale, with its Hungarian tone color, was played with the necessary vigor and brilliancy.

The violinist, Mr. Loeffler, played the Bruch and Saint-Saens numbers with artistic precision and seemingly without a flaw in execution. His intonation was sure and clear as a crystal, and even in the rapid runs and choral phrasing the notes were true and harmonious. The latter piece is largely given to the soloist, the orchestra forming the background. The developments are very elaborate, and Mr. Loeffler surmounted the musical difficulties with seeming ease.

His tone may be light at times, but it is sure, and the modest manner in which he performs his work as a soloist is an important factor in his success in this city. He interprets the composer's score without exaggerating for effects, and his musicianly intelligence is indisputably shown in his artistic conception and execution of any selection allotted him. He received a hearty recognition at the close of each number.

Hartmann's overture, "A Northern Campaign," is generally somber, with peculiar rhythms and trumpet calls running through it. The themes are bold and sonorous, and some of them are oddly worked out by the cello, oboes and horns. The composition, though interesting to the musician, is not one that will suit the average auditor. The orchestra gave it with good effect, the stormy coda being the most impressive part of the work.

Rubinstein's "humorous" character piece "Don Quixote" proved disappointing, and was hardly worth a place on the program, excepting as a novelty.

At the concerts this week Max Heinrich will be the vocal soloist, and the program, in addition to his arias, will be Handel's concerto in D minor for strings, Haydn's symphony No. 2, and Beethoven's overture "Egmont."

MUSIC.

The Fifteenth Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The program of the Symphony orchestra given last evening in Music Hall was as follows:

Symphony No. 2, in D major, Brahms
Romanza for violin, with orchestra, in A minor, op. 42 Bruch
Morceau de Concert for violin, with orchestra, in E minor, op. 82. (First time) Saint-Saens
"Eine Nordische Heerfahrt," Trauerspiel Overture, in F minor, op. 25. (First time) Emil Hartmann
"Don Quixote," Musikalisches Charakter-Bild (Humoreske), op. 87. (First time at these concerts) Rubinstein

The first Symphony of Brahms may be the nobler work, as some claim, but surely the second gives more musical pleasure. It is not cryptic; it goes directly to the senses, and absolute music, of which Brahms is to-day the chief exponent, needs a dash of sensuousness to appeal strongly to the average human being. Brahms, in his sterner moods, sits on a summit and weaves his musical thoughts, careless of men and women struggling, despairing and loving below; the clouds envelop him, and his song becomes obscure.

But in the D major symphony Brahms is human. He joins in the every-day life. He is in sympathy with the joys of Nature. And in his good-fellowship he borrows a phrase or two from Mendelssohn.

It is true that he is garrulous at times; but how charming is his language in the Scherzo, fresh, graceful, to the point. His thoughtfulness in the second movement does not lead to cudgeling of the brain on the part of the hearer, and the elaboration of the finale is a delight, not a distress. This symphony is among the most genial works of Brahms, and last evening it gave great pleasure to the audience. While the work of the orchestra was to be commended throughout, the performance of the scherzo was the feature of the evening. In the first movement there was a greater display of care than of brilliancy or overwhelming strength in the fantasia and in the coda.

Bruch's Romanza was dedicated to Robert Heckmann.

The program book assured the audience that Heckmann "is a prominent violinist." This statement shows the simple, honest faith of the compiler in the hereafter and its celestial joys.

In old pictures angels are represented playing on violins as well as on harps.

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But he fiddles no more on earth, for he died at Glasgow, Nov. 29, 1891.

Bruch's piece is without marked character or without any special beauty. It was well played by Mr. Loeffler.

The concert piece by Saint-Saens is only a showpiece, it is true, but how thoroughly musical it is; how delightfully written for solo instrument, and the instrumentation is such as is only imagined by a Frenchman; it is discreet, piquant, poetic, full of color; it is seasoned like an ideal salad. Mr. Loeffler played this show piece most charmingly. There was no calling of the attention to the difficulties, not even in his own ingenious cadenza. Technically and musically his performance was deserving of the highest praise.

Hartmann's overture is well made. The themes are not of striking originality, and the recurring fanfare reminds one of the stage directions in old English plays: "Sennet of trumpets without;" "Flourish of trumpets without." It is a "tragic overture;" the Vikings start out on their marauding to a rather jolly tune; some are killed unawares by the drums; and the rest are fin-

ished by the drums; then, there is a short moment. Hartmann is a Dane, but in this overture there is apparently little effort to rub in local color. He belongs to the school of Gade, which is Mendelssohn diluted; there is no reflection or suggestion of the new Scandinavian band of which Grieg is the chief.

Russian jokes as told in Russian novels are long, and the reader often becomes careless concerning the final point. Rubinstein took our old friend "Don Quixote" as the subject of his musical jesting. The "character-picture" has a description of its significance in a preface of text; but a panorama of different scenes in the Knight's life would be of greater advantage to the audience, if the panorama were judiciously unrolled according to signals given by the conductor.

Zabel, a biographer of Rubinstein, says that this piece should be heard with "Don Quixote" in the hand; but there are many digressions in Cervantes's immortal work, and preparatory lectures and readings would be necessary if Zabel's suggestion were taken seriously.

Rubinstein intended the work as a joke, and would be rude to his genius not to laugh heartily. But comic music without text or action is apt to breed solemnity, surprise, exhaustion, in fact anything but laughter.

Nor is it likely that anyone would imagine the music to be a sketch of Don Quixote's career, unless he were told so before the attack of the orchestra.

It is enough to say that the music as music is often ingenious and original. The instrumentation is interesting, and at times extremely effective.

The hearer may speculate at will; he may find the Knight in the bombastic orchestral utterances; he may discover the sheep, for sheep always gambol in music to certain instruments, and they browse on empty fifties; and any passionate strain announces Dulcinea in whatever disguised form she meets the Knight. PHILIP HALE.

The programme for the fifteenth Symphony concert was a trifle long, and it ended tamely at the very last; but it held a great amount of interesting matter, and of its five numbers four were absolute novelties and two were for a solo instrument. The symphony, according to Mr. Paur's usual and excellent disposition, had the first place, and was consequently heard to the best possible advantage in the freshness of the listening. Being a work of Brahms—the second, in D major,—it naturally needed the closest and clearest attention. Yet the scores of Brahms, so complicated and forbidding at first, not only clarify but also endear themselves by repetition. Not the audiences merely, but the players and conductors themselves, are constantly obtaining a better grasp upon his methods and his manners; and there are accordingly a better transference of his ideas and a larger sympathy with his purposes. This second symphony is full of beauties as well as fraught with strength, and the sweet charm of its adagio and the quaint trickery of its scherzo can hardly escape even those who cannot trace the fragments of the themes which pass in and out with changeful form and elusive modulation in the opening allegro or those who fail to follow the impetuous rush of the intermingled motives of the finale. Mr. Paur's clear head and firm hand are well suited to the exposition of Brahms, for his ten-

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school musician, his prominence as a solo player has been the result of his studious labors as a member of the Boston orchestra. It is not always easy to gain the favor from those who are acquainted with all the steps attending the progress of an artist for the element of surprise is lacking in any special success, under such cir-

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His choice of the compositions named indicated a confidence in his own skill as a player, which was fully justified by the results attending his performance of them, and it is difficult to call to mind any more finished or artistic work in the way of violin solo playing in recent years than that of Mr. Loeffler on this occasion.

He is lacking in the breadth of style and largeness of tone of many soloists of his class, but the beauty of his work in the points of finish, expression, accuracy, delicacy and purity of tone fully offset these shortcomings. His playing of "Romanza," by Max Bruch, was a fit introduction to his masterly triumph in the Saint-Saens' piece, which made a revelation of Mr. Loeffler's skill, and fairly surprised even those best acquainted with his merits as a player.

Both works were highly enjoyable as additions to the somewhat uplited repertoire for solo violinists, and their merits could hardly have had a better presentation than that given them by Mr. Loeffler.

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long by an adherence to the custom of the day in playing the whole of Brahms' second symphony, instead of beginning at the third movement, where its composer's ideas first take on characteristics which make them intelligible.

Mr. Max Heinrich, baritone, is the soloist next Saturday evening, and Haydn's second symphony in D major, the Egmont overture and Handel's concerto grasse, No. 10, in D minor for strings, will be played.

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Hartmann's overture is well made. The themes are not of striking originality, and the recurring fanfare reminds one of the stage directions in old English plays: "Sennet of trumpets without;" "Flourish of trumpets without." It is a "tragic overture;" the Vikings start out on their marauding to a rather jolly tune; some are killed apparently by the drums; and the rest are fin-

ished by the songs; then there is a short lament. Hartmann is a Dane, but in this overture there is apparently little effort to rub in local color. He belongs to the school of Gade, which is Mendelssohn diluted; there is no reflection or suggestion of the new Scandinavian band of which Grieg is the chief.

Russian jokes as told in Russian novels are long, and the reader often becomes careless concerning the final point. Rubinstein took our old friend "Don Quixote" as the subject of his musical jesting. The "character-picture" has a description of its significance in a preface of text; but a panorama of different scenes in the Knight's life would be of greater advantage to the audience, if the panorama were judiciously unrolled according to signals given by the conductor.

Zabel, a biographer of Rubinstein, says that this piece should be heard with "Don Quixote" in the hand; but there are many digressions in Cervantes's immortal work, and preparatory lectures and readings would be necessary if Zabel's suggestion were taken seriously.

Rubinstein intended the work as a joke, and would be rude to his genius not to laugh heartily. But comic music without text or action is apt to breed solemnity, surprise, exhaustion, in fact anything but laughter.

Nor is it likely that anyone would imagine the music to be a sketch of Don Quixote's career, unless he were told so before the attack of the orchestra.

It is enough to say that the music as music is often ingenious and original. The instrumentation is interesting, and at times extremely effective.

The hearer may speculate at will; he may find the Knight in the bombastic orchestral utterances; he may discover the sheep, for sheep always gambol in music to certain instruments, and they browse on empty fifths; and any passionate strain announces Dulcinea in whatever disguised form she meets the Knight.

PHILIP HALL.

The programme for the fifteenth Symphony concert was a trifle long, and it ended tamely at the very last; but it held a great amount of interesting matter, and of its five numbers four were absolute novelties and two were for a solo instrument. The symphony, according to Mr. Paur's usual and excellent disposition, had the first place, and was consequently heard to the best possible advantage in the freshness of the listening. Being a work of Brahms—the second, in D major,—it naturally needed the closest and clearest attention. Yet the scores of Brahms, so complicated and forbidding at first, not only clarify but also endear themselves by repetition. Not the audiences merely, but the players and conductors themselves, are constantly obtaining a better grasp upon his methods and his manners; and there are accordingly a better transference of his ideas and a larger sympathy with his purposes. This second symphony is full of beauties as well as fraught with strength, and the sweet charm of its adagio and the quaint trickery of its scherzo can hardly escape even those who cannot trace the fragments of the themes which pass in and out with changeful form and elusive modulation in the opening allegro or those who fail to follow the impetuous rush of the intermingled motives of the finale. Mr. Paur's clear head and firm hand are well suited to the exposition of Brahms, for his ten-

210 dency to over elucidate or over-accent the minor phrases in Beethoven, is almost exactly what is needed to help the listener find the wandering sentences which are so nearly lost in the curious and busy counterpoint and full instrumentation of the modern master. The present reading was an excellent one and was thoroughly appreciated.

Mr. C. M. Loeffler followed with two new morceaux for violin, each short and in a single movement. The one was a romance of a generally reposeful and placid character, by Bruch, and the other a Concert Piece by Saint-Saens, fantastic almost to grotesqueness and brilliantly gay, but without levity. Each in its way showed its author's knowledge of the instrument for which he was writing, both in the adaptation of its tone colors to the *genre* of his composition and in the choice of the technical display and difficulty appointed for the development and embellishment of his themes. At the place indicated for it in the latter piece Mr. Loeffler introduced a long cadenza of his own, quite in keeping with the principal theme and bristling with terrible but not repellent tests of technique. Mr. Loeffler's playing was altogether admirable—delightful in its smoothness and equality of tone, exact in intonation, elegant in phrasing, facile in the delivery of all the perplexities and audacities of the technical execution, sweet and sincere in sentiment. He was very spontaneously and very liberally applauded.

Next came "A Northern Campaign," described as an overture to a tragedy, and credited to Emil Hartmann, a native and resident of Copenhagen, now retired from public life, although less than sixty years of age and devoting himself to composition. This is a brief, but rather impressive work—impressive, rather by its dignified, coherent treatment and its atmosphere, than by any notable originality of melodic form or development, although it has touches of distinct individuality and felicity. It begins with the gloomy gravity of an impassive northern climate and temperament, and then passes,—through a trumpet figure which often reappears later on,—to its main matter in an energetic and excited allegro, which must be accepted as suggesting the outward pressure of military force, with conflict, clangor, exhilaration and courage against and over obstacles. Brilliance is imparted by the flights of harp chords and mystery is added in the occasional gloomy rattle of the tam-tam. This part of the work is developed with discreet reserve in extent as well as in volume, and a brief return to the theme and spirit of the introduction brings a quiet close.

The Tchaikowsky symphonic poem which had been promised was not forthcoming; but in place of it there was a "Humoresque" about Don Quixote, by Rubinstein. This purports to display symbolically a few of the characteristic episodes in the career of the notable knight of La Mancha. The sequence of these stands

about as follows: The inflammation of his imagination by tales of chivalry and his resolve to set off on a conquering career all "plated in habiliments of war," to do doughty deeds and to win his Dulcinea's favor; his departure on his lumbering steed; his discovery and dispersal of the flock of sheep; his impassioned suit to the village women and their fear of him; his rescue from their escort of the criminals, who in recompense fall upon him and beat him; his lamentations over his bruises and because of the ingratitude and blindness of the world; his return home and his death among his sympathizing relatives and friends. There is a plenty of clever writing in this attempt at musical comedy and some of the minor episodes are really picturesque, particularly the pastoral incidents, the notions of martial pomp and valor and the ponderous onslaughts of knight and charger. But when all is said and done, one cannot set the piece down as very amusing, while it is not at all adapted for the end of a long programme because it dies away into nothingness after a lot of dolorous exclamations and melancholy phrases.

The playing all through the concert was fine, and even the drummer rarely expanded into excess.

Next Saturday's programme names nothing new: Handel's "Concerto Grosso," for strings, Haydn's second symphony, and Beethoven's "Egmont" overture. Mr. Max Heinrich will sing twice.

HOWARD MALCOM TICKNOR.

Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1893-94.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

XVI. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, AT 8, P. M.

PROGRAMME.

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| HANDEL. | CONCERTO GROSSO, No. 10, in D minor.
I. Ouverture: Lento.—Allegro.
II. Air: Lento.
III. Allegro.
IV. Allegro.
V. Allegro moderato. |
| HANDEL. | AIR, "Honour and arms," from "Samson," Act II., Scene 4. |
| HAYDN. | SYMPHONY in D major, (Breitkopf & Härtel Ed. No. 2).
I. Adagio.—Allegro.
II. Andante.
III. Menuetto: Allegro.—Trio.
IV. Allegro spiritoso. |
| MOZART. | ARIA, "Solche hergelauf'ne Laffen," from "Die Entführung aus dem Serail," Act I., Scene 3. |
| BEETHOVEN. | OVERTURE to "Egmont," in F minor, op. 84. |

Soloist:

MR. MAX HEINRICH.

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Having put so many novelties on his fifteenth programme, Mr. Paur evidently thought that he had best give both audience and orchestra a little rest when he came to the sixteenth. Consequently the orchestral music heard last night was all familiar—Handel's "Concerto Grosso," for strings; Haydn's second symphony, and Beethoven's "Egmont" overture. Nor did Mr. Max Heinrich, who appeared as the soloist, add anything of fresh interest in his selections; for he calmly chose for his first number that stand-by of country bass singers for a century past and that delight of musical conventions ever since they were invented—"Honor and Arms," from Handel's "Samson." His other song was not quite so worn-out, although pretty nearly entitled to be relegated to the category of the hackneyed—Osmin's air from Mozart's "Elopement from the Seraglio," beginning in the original text with the words, "Solche hergelauf'ne Laffen."

The interest of the concert then depended chiefly on the performance, only the Beethoven having the true assurance of perennial life and authority in its pathos and passion. The orchestral work was generally excellent, and Mr. Paur was delightfully clear in his announcement and pursuit of the themes and secondary figures in the concerto. The little solo passages therein were charmingly put in, and one could only note unfavorably an occasional disposition on the part of some players to force the pace, which caused a little transitory clouding of the texture. The symphony was sweetly and kindly done,—usually with respect to its author's simplicity of style, but with some unnecessary and (to our thinking) incongruous relaxations of *tempo* and sophistications of expression, particularly in the opening allegro. The trio of the minuet was admirably marked, and so were the odd accents and rustic beat of the *landler*-like theme of the finale. The great overture was dramatically read, and its great chords had their due snap and thrill; of course the drummer, thereto incited by Mr. Paur, was often too much in evidence and displaced the symmetry of the stronger passages.

Mr. Heinrich was by no means at his best in "Honor and Arms," which we have often heard sung better. It needs a voice of solid, even and true bass quality, which his is not, and the singer's execution should be equal to delivering the long roulades, especially on the word "glory," without slackening the time as he did. The Mozart scene, with its petulant determination, suited him far better, and he tossed it off with vigor, animation and point.

Next Saturday's programme is thus appointed: From Berlioz the "Fantastic" Symphony, from Liszt, the "Orpheus" symphonic poem; from Glinka, the "Komarins kaja," and the overture to "Russian and Ludmilla," which latter is new.

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MUSIC.

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Symphony in D major, B. and H. No. 2.....Haydn
Aria, "Solche hergelauf'ne Laffen," from "Die Entführung aus dem Serail".....Mozart
Overture to "Egmont".....Beethoven

Were the men of the last century another race, such as might inhabit another planet, that they spoke in music with such confidence and such serenity? Their lives were often vexed and troubled; they knew passion and poverty; they were not averse to the sweet sex, and poor Haydn's name is in the long catalogue that, knowing Xantippe, began with Socrates and will not end with your estimable friend Brown. They hung on prince's favors; nor were the times always of piping peace. But their music has not the vague restlessness of this tired and dying century; it is not tentative; its melancholy is seldom hopeless; its gaiety is not haunted with the thought of death; the music might have come down to us from the childhood of the world. Handel, Mozart, Haydn knew full well the art of art, which is simplicity. Furthermore, they were masters of their trade.

Was not such music, finely played under Mr. Paur's direction, a delight? Yes, and no. However much the man of this generation may honor and love the music of the past and envy the musical spirit and knowledge of the makers, the very serenity and the unerring skill become irksome in a concert almost wholly devoted to such music, and he finds himself longing for the musical atmosphere that is surcharged with dissonances which fret his nerves and irritate. The poetice has done its work; he would fain apply a blister. He would like to listen to wails and groans, threats and imprecations, blatant denials and even blasphemy itself, with a terminating passages of sensuous joy and mystic happiness, or the promise of happiness. For such music is more in keeping with the spirit of this age. The modern hearer is a part of this age; nor can he escape from it.

Mr. Max Heinrich sang Osmin's air with dramatic intelligence and made thereby a marked effect. He was not as successful in the familiar air by Handel, although he sang it with spirit. When did the custom of singing this air in a broken, spasmodic, jerky manner first come upon the stage? For surely in Handel's day the roulades were sung smoothly and with great volubility, as any other roulade. The modern practice is mistaken realism. And as for realism, it is not likely that Harapha, the giant of Philistia, could sing roulades at all.

PHILIP HALE.

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PHILIP HALL.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

Echoes From the Sixteenth Symphony --- People's Concert Today---Preludes.

Mr Paur offered a grand program at last week's symphony, selections from Handel, Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven forming the musical pabulum. The performance was one of the best given by the orchestra this season, and the adherents to the strictly classic in program making probably were satisfied, or should have been. Mr Max Heinrich appeared as soloist and sang arias from Handel's "Samson," and Mozart's "Elopement from the Seraglio."

When an artist is equally successful in singing such contrasting styles of compositions he must be possessed of unusual dramatic as well as musical abilities, and Mr Heinrich's certainly was successful. The heroic, declamatory delivery of Samson's aria was thoroughly in keeping with the character and the long sustained runs on the vowels, a vocal exercise one might call it, were clear, rich, resonant and sweet.

The humor of the Mozart number was capably illustrated and "Your cunning, your wiles, your pranks," etc, was sung in the vein of a true comedian. The singer appeared to enjoy his work as much as did the audience and although a hypercritical concert devotee might object to dramatic action in a concert number, no doubt Mr Heinrich added much to the general enjoyment by his slight suggestions of the operatic stage. He was enthusiastically applauded for his fine work.

Handel's concerto for string instruments began the program. The special features of the delightful interpretation were the odd fugue for three instruments, the work of the first and second violins in the fourth movement, and the closing allegro in which the solo and accompanying instruments play the same parts.

Haydn's symphony in D major was rendered grandly, the strong passages in adagio being notably broad and sonorous. The slow and graceful rondo and the minuet, stately and melodious, were played with exquisite delicacy and tone color. The fantasia in the finale was also delightfully given.

Beethoven's dramatic overture to "Egmont," which closed the concert, showed but few marked changes from the traditional readings, and was artistically and conservatively performed.

The program for this week's rehearsal and concert will be as follows: Berlioz, "Fantastic Symphony;" Liszt, symphonic poem, "Orpheus;" Glinka, "Komarinskaja," and overture to "Russian and Ludmilla."

MUSIC.

The Symphony Concert.

The programme for last night's concert, by the Boston Symphony Orchestra was chronological in order, beginning with Handel's Concerto Grosso, No. 10, in D-minor, and followed by the air, "Honor and Arms," from the same composer's "Samson." Then came Haydn's Symphony, in D (B. & H. No. 2), which was succeeded, in turn, by the air, "Solche hergelauf'ne Laffen," from Mozart's "Escape from the Seraglio," the whole concluding with Beethoven's "Egmont," overture. It was an interesting and well-arranged programme, and its performance was characterized throughout, by a fine feeling, on the part of Mr. Paur, for the distinctive individualities of the various composers. The Handel Concerto, consisting of five movements, is not over-long, and is less monotonous than such works generally are. The slow movement, is very beautiful, and the three succeeding allegros are delightfully fresh and vivacious, the closing one having a fascinating piquancy. The Haydn Symphony was read in a masterly manner throughout, and was beautifully played, the interpretation being in the true Haydn vein, frank and free from affectation. The "Egmont" overture received a noble reading, and the closing portion was given with splendid fire, the final climax being led up to magnificently. Mr. Max Heinrich was the soloist, and his appearance was the signal for a cordial welcome. He sang the Handel air broadly and dramatically and in a thoroughly artistic spirit, winning a hearty recognition of his performance in the warm applause and the two recalls that rewarded it. His interpretation of the Mozart selection was an admirable example of chaste buffo singing, and was a musicianly effort generally, notably in its thorough sympathy with the character of the air. For this, Mr. Heinrich was also vigorously applauded, and twice recalled. The programme for the next concert is as follows: "Symphony Fantastique," Berlioz; Symphonic poem, "Orpheus," Liszt; "Komarinskaja," a fantasia for orchestra, Glinka; and overture, "Russian and Ludmilla," Glinka. There will be no soloist.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Symphony Concert.

The concert of Saturday presented a rather conservative programme, with nothing of the modern school to contrast with the classical numbers of Handel, Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven. Next Saturday the moderns will have their innings, and Liszt and Berlioz will rule.

One can cordially coincide with the readings of the old masters which Mr. Paur gave at this concert; Handel was not made prosy nor Haydn childishly simple. The Concerto Grosso began with an overture in the old form established by Lulli, having two movements of contrasted style, the first simple and slow, the second rapid and contrapuntally developed. Through this work and in the Haydn symphony which came later on the programme, the conductor showed plainly that he understood the moderate and conservative manner in which the terms of Tempo were used in the classical epoch. The allegro movements were made *allegro giusto*, the slow ones were not given in the extreme adagio which is in vogue at present. The strings played with fine shading and absolute clearness in the concerto; this department of our orchestra is equal to any organization of its kind in the world and is now regaining something of that precision which was blurred for a season. Mr. Max Heinrich was the soloist of the concert and sang like the cultured musician that he is; there no mellow bass voices in existence, but one could never hear a clearer, better phrased performance than was given of Handel's "Honor and Arms." After all, one may set against the old Italian saying that three things are necessary to make a singer,—"first, voice, second, voice, and third, voice," the fact that one would rather hear a great art at on a lesser instrument than a weak artist on a better one. The timbre of the voice in "Solche hergelauf'ne Laffen" from Mozart's "Entfuehrung" was not that of an Edouard de Reszke, but the number was effective in a superlative degree. Many recalls were given to Mr. Heinrich, and the enthusiasm was justified.

The Haydn symphony (Breitkopf & Haertel ed. No. 2, D major) was something to praise unstintedly. There was sufficient caprice in the Minuet, there was sturdiness and vigor in the finale with its Drone bass, there was fiery treatment in the Allegro. Such a performance must have been a lesson to those who find only formality and periwigs in the early symphonies. The ensemble was excellent throughout and the work received appreciative applause.

Beethoven's "Egmont" overture gave a dramatic tinge to the concert without being formless or vague, or indulging in modern musical hysterics. Great brilliancy characterized the performance. The work is one that Beethoven wrote with enthusiasm, for he was the red republican among composers. Liberty was his religion, and this was the keynote of the heroic symphony, the finale of the ninth symphony and the "Egmont" overture. There had been no Motley to show that Egmont was not a great hero, there had been no calm abolition of Claerchen and the love episode, so that

Goethe's picture stood for Love and Heroism, and the overture reflected that picture. Right fiercely did the piccolo and flute give the representation of the uprising of the Dutch people, and those wonderful whip-snap phrases of the final cadences were forcible enough (they are probably the most characteristic notes ever written for the piccolo), while the entire second portion of the work was massive and energetic as heart could wish. A noble ending of a most worthy concert. LOUIS C. ELSON.

THEATRES AND CONCERTS.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the sixteenth symphony concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, was—

Handel: Concerto Grosso, No. 10, in D minor.
Handel: Air, "Honor and arms," from "Samson," Act II, scene 4.
Haydn: Symphony in D major (Breitkopf & Haertel edition, No. 2).
Mozart: Aria, "Solche hergelauf'ne Laffen," from "Die Entfuehrung aus dem Serail," act I, scene 3.
Beethoven: Overture to "Egmont," in F minor, op. 84.
Mr. Max Heinrich was the singer.

Mr. Paur could hardly have selected five pieces that, considered in the lump, would make up a programme in more violent contrast with that of the preceding concert. It was just such a programme as would suit those eminently conservative gentlemen who hold that the development of music stopped in the first quarter of the century and that all since then has been as so much over-ripening, not to say rotteness. Two numbers were unfamiliar to nine-tenths of the hearers—the Handel concerto and the Mozart aria—but each was so entirely in the style of its author that one might easily persuade himself into the belief that he had heard it hundreds of times. The series of movements by Handel, for instance, starts off with a vivid reminder of the opening measures of the overture to "The Messiah," while the aria from Mozart's early opera sounds for all the world as if it were a bit from Figaro's part in that wonderful opera built on the story of the wedding of Beaumarchais's incomparable *valet-de-chambre*. On the whole the concert may be characterized as reposeful, with no intention to use the term as a euphemism for soporific. Nevertheless, but for the splendid work of the orchestra, or rather its string contingents, the concerto might have set some heads to nodding—and no wonder, with four succeeding movements in one key, and that a minor, even if there is a major for the close.

Mr. Heinrich sang with care and judgment, but was not always happy in his execution of the Handel roulades. The buffo aria was better fitted to the singer's voice and manner. The audience testified to a satisfaction with his efforts by hearty recalls.

This is the programme for next Friday afternoon and Saturday night: Berlioz, "Fantastic Symphony;" Liszt, symphonic poem, "Orpheus;" Glinka, "Komarinskaja" and overture to "Russian and Ludmilla."

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

A singularly monotonous programme excellently performed states concisely the facts regarding the 16th of the season's concerts by the Boston Symphony orchestra, given under Emil Paur's direction, at Music Hall last evening. Mr. Max Heinrich, baritone, was the soloist, and the selections were: Handel's Concerto Grosso No. 10, in D minor; Handel's aria, "Honor and Arms," from "Samson," act 2, scene 4; Haydn's Symphony in D major (Breitkopf & Bartel, No. 2); Mozart's aria, "Solche hergelauf'ne Laffen," from "Die Entführung aus dem Serail," act 1, scene 3, and Beethoven's overture to "Egmont," in F minor, Op. 84.

All compositions demand a contrast to be fully enjoyed, when included in a concert programme, and the striking similarity in style in these several numbers made the concert less interesting than many others of the season.

The singing of Mr. Heinrich was even more enjoyable than usual, under the circumstances, and he has seldom gained a greater vocal triumph than on this occasion. The great Handel aria was delivered in magnificent style, the singer's phrasing of the number showing a consummate mastery of the composer's style, and his voice responded to the demands of the aria with telling effect. His grand vocal work aroused the enthusiasm of the audience so that repeated recalls rewarded the singer. The Beethoven aria was an equally successful effort, and its character was fully realized in the interpretation given it by Mr. Heinrich.

Handel's concerta displayed the work of the string players of the band to excellent advantage, and the merits of this section of the orchestra have not been more apparent in any of the season's concerts. Mr. Paur's reading of the Haydn symphony was full of interesting characteristics, and the men of the orchestra gave their best work in bringing out his ideas of the several movements. A most impressive performance of the great "Egmont" overture ended the programme in a way to leave a most favorable impression of the evening's work despite the character and make-up of the programme. Next Saturday selections are Berlioz' symphony fantastique; Liszt's symphonic poem, "Orpheus"; Glinka's Komarinskaja, a fantasia for orchestra on two Russian folk songs, and Glinka's overture from the opera "Russlan et Ludmilla."

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Aria, "Solche hergelauf'ne Laffen," from "Die Entführung aus dem Serail".....Mozart
Overture to "Egmont".....Beethoven

Were the men of the last century another race, such as might inhabit another planet, that they spoke in music with such confidence and such serenity? Their lives were often vexed and troubled; they knew passion and poverty; they were not averse to the sweet sex, and poor Haydn's name is in the long catalogue that, knowing Xantippe, began with Socrates and will not end with your estimable friend Brown. They hung on prince's favors; nor were the times always of piping peace. But their music has not the vague restlessness of this tired and dying century; it is not tentative; its melancholy is seldom hopeless; its gaiety is not haunted with the thought of death; the music might have come down to us from the childhood of the world. Handel, Mozart, Haydn knew full well the art of art, which is simplicity. Furthermore, they were masters of their trade.

Was not such music, finely played under Mr. Paur's direction, a delight? Yes, and no. However much the man of this generation may honor and love the music of the past and envy the musical spirit and knowledge of the makers, the very serenity and the unerring skill become irksome in a concert almost wholly devoted to such music, and he finds himself longing for the musical atmosphere that is surcharged with dissonances which fret his nerves and irritate. The poultice has done its work; he would fain apply a blister. He would like to listen to wails and groans, threats and imprecations, blatant defiance and even blasphemy itself, with alternating passages of sensuous joy and mystic happiness, or the promise of happiness. For such music is more in keeping with the spirit of this age. The modern hearer is a part of this age; nor can he escape from it.

Mr. Max Heinrich sang Osmin's air with dramatic intelligence and made thereby a marked effect. He was not as successful in the familiar air by Handel, although he sang it with spirit. When did the custom of singing this air in a broken, spasmodic, jerky manner first come upon the stage? For sure in Handel's day the roudades were sung smoothly and with great volubility, as any other roudade. The modern practice in mistaken realism. And as for realism, it is not likely that Harapha, the giant of Philistia, could sing roudades at all.

PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON

MR.

SATURDAY

BERLIOZ.

LISZT.

GLINKA.

GLINKA.

The program of the sixteenth concert of the Symphony Orchestra given last evening in Music Hall was as follows:

Concerto grosso, No. 10, in D minor.....Händel
Air, "Honor and Arms," from "Samson".....Händel
Symphony in D major, No. 2.....Haydn
Aria, "Solche hergelauf'ne Laffen," from "Die Entführung aus dem Serail".....Mozart
Overture to "Egmont".....Beethoven

The makers of music in the eighteenth century were not free from the insect vexations, the burdens of everyday life. They often hung on prince's favors; nor were the times always those of piping peace. They knew the chills and the sweats of passion. Poor Haydn's name is in the long catalogue of men that knew and know Xantippe, from Socrates to your neighbor Jones, or Brown, or Robinson. Haydn also knew the charms of Luigia Moreschi Polzelli, the mezzo-soprano; Mrs. Shaw divided with Mrs. Hodges the honor of being "the most beautiful woman he ever saw;" and we may read to-day the amorous words that told of the heart flutters of Mistress Schroeter, 6 James street, Buckingham Gate.

But the men of the last century spoke in music with a confidence and a serenity unknown to us. Their music has not the restlessness of the last years of this dying century. Their music is not tentative; its melancholy is seldom hopeless; its gaiety is not haunted by the thought and the shudder of death.

Was not, then, such music well played under Mr. Paur's direction a relief and a delight? Yes, and then again, No. The man of this generation may honor and love the music of the past and envy the spirit and the knowledge of the makers; but the very serenity and the unerring skill become irksome in a concert almost wholly devoted to such music, and the man longs for dissonances that fret the nerves, irritate and stab. He would fain hear groans and imprecations, threats, yea, blasphemy itself, with alternating passages of sensuous joy and mystic happiness, or vague hints at happiness. The modern hearer is a part of this age; nor can he escape from it.

Mr. Max Heinrich sang "Osmin's" air with dramatic intelligence, and made thereby a marked effect. I did not care for his version of "Honor and Arms." He sang it with over accentuation in the roudades, often spasmodically and without any thought of a possible legato. I admit that such a performance of this air is the fashion to-day. But surely in Händel's time the roudades were sung smoothly, nor was there any thought of mistaken realism. As for the realism, it is not probable that Harapha, the Philistine giant, sang roudades at all.

* * *

The program of the Symphony Concert this week will be as follows:

Symphony Fantastique.....Berlioz
Symphonic poem, "Orpheus".....Liszt
"Kamarinskaja".....Glinka
Overture from the opera, "Russlan et Ludmilla".....Glinka
(First time.)

PHILIP HALE.

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Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1893-94.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

XVII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, MARCH 3, AT 8, P. M.

PROGRAMME.

BERLIOZ.

SYMPHONIE FANTASTIQUE in C major, op. 14A.

I. RÊVERIES—PASSIONS: Largo.—Allegro agitato e appassionato assai.

II. UN BAL: Valse, Allegro non troppo.

III. SCÈNE AUX CHAMPS: Adagio.

IV. MARCHÉ AU SUPPLICE: Allegretto non troppo.

V. SONGE D'UNE NUIT DU SABBAT: Larghetto.—Allegro.

LISZT.

SYMPHONIC POEM, No. 4. "Orpheus."

GLINKA.

KOMARINSKAJA, FANTASIA on two Russian Folk-Songs.

GLINKA.

OVERTURE to "Ruslan et Ludmilla," in D major.
(First time.)

The Piano is a Steinway.

TO THE SYMPHONY.

MUSICAL BOSTON TURNS AGAIN

As a Pleasing Interval in the Operatic Season

—A Fine Programme Finely Rendered—

Mme. Melba's Great Success as "Lucia di Lammermoor"—Her Enthusiastic Reception

"On revient toujours, à ses premiers amours." Spite of the operatic banquet, the symphonic table was thronged as usual on Saturday, and it was a pleasant change to turn from the vocal to the instrumental school, as it was a pleasant thought to remember that while the opera is an exotic, the Symphony Orchestra at least, is indigenous to Boston soil.

Yet there was something left to be desired in the present concert. The following of Berlioz's fantastic symphony with Liszt's "Orpheus" (which might better have been called "Morpheus") was a strong instance of unfitness of juxtaposition, and made as marked an anti-climax as was ever heard.

The *Symphonie Fantastique* was never played more clearly, and seldom less satisfactorily, in its first two movements, than on this occasion. The vagueness of the first movement and the elasticity of the second were but slightly indicated, and the extreme exactitude with which the love-theme was played in this portion of the composition would have been commendable if love were a mathematical problem. But in the third movement matters changed for the better; the beautiful dialogue between the English horn and the oboe was excellently rendered, while the clarinette theme against the striking pizzicato accompaniment was also a noble feature of the performance. For once the kettledrums were worthy of praise: Berlioz has given a wonderful touch here, when the shepherd calls to his love and is answered by a dreadful silence, followed by a thunder peal that tells plainly enough of the fate of the shepherdess. The English horn was especially effective in the lonely phrases which closed the movement.

The march to execution was splendidly read and superbly played. In some of the ancient Ionian cities human victims were led to execution by a procession headed by flute players, and it is recorded that the effect of the music (called the "Nome of Kradias") was peculiarly depressing. Such a feeling of depression has Berlioz produced in this movement by his mutterings of the bassoons. Only one other bassoon passage rivals this in strange and uncanny tone-color,—the theme (in the dull middle register of the instrument) with which Meyerbeer brings the nuns from their graves, in "Robert le Diable." But these bassoons do not head the procession as in Ionia; Berlioz has pictured by their agency the footsteps of the crowd pressing along with the tumbril to the place of execution. The composer probably never read Dickens, yet if one were to choose a heading for this morbid bassoon theme it

would certainly come from "The Tale of Two Cities," and would read—"Headlong, mad, and dangerous footsteps to force their way into anybody's life, footsteps not easily made clean again if once stained red." But this is not the only weird point which the Edgar Allan Poe of music has introduced in this fearful march, for the pizzicato chords upon the contrabasses are a most impressive touch and one which was entirely new at the time it was written. Probably the most dramatic touch in the work, or possibly in the whole domain of programme-music, is the appearance of the love-theme on flute and clarinette, unaccompanied, which pictures the murderer at the supreme moment; before this thought is completed the axe falls, and, at least to the reviewer, the few remaining measures portray a quivering corpse.

But Berlioz revelled chiefly in his finales, and never enjoyed himself so well as when he ended with an orgie of fiends, human or otherwise. "Faust," "Childe Harold," and this symphony, all end with this demoniacal touch. Every detail of the finale was well attended to. The bells would have been improved by the addition of a soft stroke of Tamtam, but from the entrance of the love-theme, now dragged in the mire of mockery and derision, the effect was most exciting. Berlioz found even the impish piccolo insufficient for his purpose in this picture, and adopted the most unusual device of introducing an E flat clarinette to the orchestra. The first phrases of this instrument were rather too mellow, as if they were blown on a B flat clarinette, but the later measures were shrieking enough. From the third movement to the end of the symphony was a great success.

Liszt's "Orpheus" needs no long description. The harp preluding which appropriately began the work was finely done, and there was no fault to be found with the execution, but the composition seemed to have very little to say, after the power of Berlioz's symphony.

The "Kamarinskaia" (a Russian song-dance for men alone) by Glinka was an interesting number. It had a certain monotony of repetition which is not a fault in the folk-dance. There is an excellent vocal setting of a similar subject, by the nervous little Laurent de Rillé of Paris, which deserves to cross the water some day.

Glinka followed Glinka in this oddly assorted programme, and the overture to "Russian and Ludmilla" brought the concert to a close. This was rollicking and hearty music, and was in the good, classical form which Mozart established for the overture, from which most modern composers have strayed. It was finely performed.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

With the devil at one end of the town and duty at the other the musical public of Boston had a severe test of its loyalty to its pet home institution last evening.

It is gratifying to say, however, that despite the blandishments of even such a magnificent representative of his satanic majesty as Edouard de Reszke duty prevailed, and Music Hall was as densely filled with the symphony pat-

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tone as usual. A glance at the programme justifies a strong suspicion that Mr. Emil Paur appreciated the situation, and prepared as strong a counter attraction as was possible by the use of all the modern orchestral forces placed at his command.

He began his programme with the fantastic symphony by Berlioz, and he gave such a performance of this work as has seldom, if ever, been heard here before. The demands of the composer were very nearly met, and little short of a hundred musicians were called together for the occasion. Mr. Paur's reading of this most remarkable composition was one that would have delighted even its composer, for it is difficult to imagine a better interpretation of its several fascinating movements. The reveries with which the symphony opens were played in a delightful fashion, and all the varying emotions through which the sleeper is supposed to pass were given with exquisite effect. The men of the band were entirely under the control of the conductor's baton, and the effects of the many charming combinations of instruments were wonderfully pleasing. In the second movement the love valse was performed with a swing and rhythm that was indicative of a perfect mastery of this class of compositions by the conductor, and the tone picture of the movement was realized in the happiest fashion. The scene in the fields following was brought out in fine contrast with the preceding movement, and the great march to the scaffold was played with stupendous effect. In the final movement, in which the revels of the Walpurgis night are pictured, the marvellous work of the composer was realized in the fullest degree, and if anything more fascinating in the way of tone pictures is to be experienced in the lower regions of the future, that place will have a strong attraction for those who listened to last night's performance of this symphony. The audience was carried from one state of excitement to another, and left in a condition of semi-delirium as the final movement was ended.

Liszt's symphonic poem "Orpheus" was the next composition and the poetical ideas which are so beautifully expressed in it were made distinctly prominent throughout its reading by Mr. Paur. The odd "Komarinskaja" by Glinka was then given a fine performance, and the programme was ended with the same composer's overture to "Ruslan and Ludmilla," which had its first performance here on this occasion. A more tuneful and brilliant ending to this decidedly remarkable programme

could hardly have been chosen, and it left the audience entirely satisfied with having followed the general rule and attended to the symphony like good Boston citizens as they were.

Next Saturday night's programme has Beethoven's fourth symphony, "The Hebrides" and "Marriage of Figaro" overtures and Schumann's overture, scherzo and finale as its number.

Orchestral Numbers Make Up the Symphony Program — Union Hall and Graham's Sunday Entertainments—Notes.

Hector Berlioz' fantastic symphony in C major; Liszt's symphonic poem, "Orpheus," and Glinka's Russian dance and overture to "Ruslan and Ludmilla," the latter for the first time here, was the program for the 17th symphony rehearsal and concert last week. The attendance was not up to the usual standard, probably on account of the great musical attractions elsewhere. Berlioz' composition, founded on incidents in his own life, tells the story of a young composer who, being unsuccessful in his love affairs, attempts to kill himself with a narcotic, which only throws him into a slumber, in which strange visions appear to him.

The magnificent precision and harmony in execution of the orchestra was splendidly illustrated in the fantastic work. The principal, and in reality the only theme in the first movement, a melody called by the composer, "The Fixed Idea," was charmingly played in unison by the violins and flutes, the two contingents blending perfectly. In the waltz movements of the second part the sensuous swing and rhythm of the dance music was perfectly preserved, the harp part adding greatly to the beautiful waltz melody.

The contrast in the third tone picture, which is distinctly pastoral, is marked, but built upon the traditional rural plan. Here Berlioz introduces extra kettle drums with telling effect, and the simulations of a thunder storm are very striking. In this movement all the rural "accessories" have a thematic significance, and the melodic theme of love, introduced with the first notes of the opening allegro, are skillfully interwoven at oft-occurring intervals.

The peculiarities in the orchestration were carefully observed by Mr. Paur, who retained throughout a poetic interpretation which was not obscured by the realisms conceived by the composer. "The March to the Scaffold" was given with grand sonorosity and breadth of tone color, the gruesome themes by the bassoons being notably solemn and suggestive of the monks' prayers for a prisoner. The brasses lagged a little in some of the measures, but the number as a whole was finely played. Diabolism reigned in the closing movement as the composer scores it, and the manner in which the conductor held his forces together was very commendable for the temptation to a chaotic hurly-burly here is very great.

The symphony poem by Liszt was gracefully interpreted. The Russian songs and dances by Glinka is one of those compositions characteristic with so many writers educated in the land of the czar, and aside from its odd reiteration of a theme by the violins, played about 100 times, calls for no special commendation.

The overture by the same composer, given for the first time here, is a well-conceived and admirably orchestrated composition. It is brilliant, and abounds in strong passage work for the violins which is exceedingly difficult. The strings accomplished their work magnificently with the themes in the fantasia, their playing being clear and brilliant, and the brass contingent redeemed itself by the excellence of its harmony and tempo in the concluding coda.

The program for the rehearsal and concert this week will be the overture from "The Marriage of Figaro," Beethoven's symphony No. 4, Mendelssohn's overture, "Hebrides," and a Schumann overture, scherzo and finale.

THEATRES AND CONCERTS.

(See Page Six.)

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra

The programme of the seventeenth symphony concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Berlioz: Symphonie Fantastique in C major, Opus 14 a.
Liszt: Symphonie Poem No. 4, "Orpheus."
Glinka: Komarinskaja.
Glinka: Overture to "Ruslan and Ludmilla," in D major.

(First time.)

It is not uninteresting to compare this programme with those of the preceding and next following concerts, for each one of the three seems to form a part of a definite scheme. The sixteenth programme was:

Handel: Concerto Grosso No. 10, in D minor.
Handel: Aria, "Honor and arms," from "Samson."
Haydn: Symphony in D major (B. & H. No. 2).
Mozart: Aria, "Solche hergelant'ne Laffen," from "Die Entführung aus dem Serail."
Beethoven: Overture to "Egmont," in F minor, opus 84.

The eighteenth programme is to be:
Mozart: Overture to "Le Nozze di Figaro," in D major.
Beethoven: Symphony No. 4, in B-flat major, opus 80.
Mendelssohn: Overture, "Die Hebriden," in B minor, opus 26.
Schumann: Overture, Scherzo, and Finale, opus 52.

Here we have three successive programmes, each one of which illustrates the development of a particular tendency—*Richtung*, as the Germans have it—in the art of music. The sixteenth begins with Handel, and then passes on through Haydn (the father of the symphony) and Mozart to Beethoven in his second manner. The seventeenth illustrates in a way the Liszt-Berlioz idea in composition, the programme-symphony and the symphonic poem, and then gives two characteristic examples of the Russian school, as it was specifically influenced by Berlioz. And it may be noted here that the Russian school of composition, in so far as it shows the effect of any foreign influence, owed more to Berlioz than to any other un-Russian composer until it began, through Tchaikowsky, to feel the very different influence of Schumann. Thus Glinka belongs with Berlioz quite as much, if in a somewhat different way, as Liszt does. The eighteenth programme illustrates what was once known as the "modern romantic" direction in German music. It shows Mendelssohn and Schumann as the outgrowth of Mozart (the opera composer, and hence the romanticist) and Beethoven. The scheme would have been more complete had Schubert and Weber been included in it; but, even as it is, it has a certain unmistakable definiteness of purpose.

The performance on Saturday evening of Berlioz's Fantastic Symphony was one of the finest we have yet heard; it was played with all the fire, delicacy, and nice attention to detail that Berlioz's writing demands. For once, we have had the symphony given exactly according to the original score; even the bells in the last movement were there.

Liszt's "Orpheus" was also capitally played; Glinka's humorous "Komarinskaja," with its hundred and three consecutive measures of the same thing over and over again, was played with great precision and spirit and evidently much enjoyed by the audience. The audience, by the way, had shown, in the Fantastic Sym-

phony, a peculiar preference, probably unique in the annals of concert-giving; it seemed to care little for either the "Scene in the Fields" or the "March to the Scaffold" (usually the most applauded movements), but fairly went into raptures over the "Walpurgis-Night's Dream!" Explain this who can.

Glinka's overture to "Ruslan and Ludmilla" is a brilliant work, on the border-line between the serious and the light opera overture. It was admirably played. The next programme has already been given, and need not be repeated here.

If Mr. Paur's sixteenth programme was all conservative, his seventeenth, played last night, was thoroughly modern, and gave the best of chances for seeing how this conductor—charged at first with being a man of wood and a pedant—could yield to the influences of Berlioz, Liszt and Glinka, and play them as if his soul were in the rendering. It is safe to declare that such a superb presentation of the "Fantastic" symphony is rarely heard anywhere, and has never been heard in Boston. The orchestra was magnified, according to Berlioz's wishes, if not to his full demands. There were the four trumpets, the four bassoons, the squeaking rough little clarinets, the four kettle drums, the opheleide, the harp, the bells of the chime, the gong and all the rest. And this little army Mr. Paur led with enthusiasm and energy to triumph, the extra men following his lead with the readiness of his elder troops. As orchestral virtuosity, the performance was superb; and as romance, legend, vision and passion in music it was almost wonderful. Master of moods no less than of the mysteries of orchestration, Berlioz would surely have applauded this reading, with its tender grace, its devotion, its terrors, its awe and its diabolism and effrontery. The symphony, which is more than an hour long, played with the intensity which the men threw into their work, would have almost made a concert of itself; but Mr. Paur had three numbers to append. These were, the generally placid and pleasant "Orpheus" idyl of Liszt, the merry, buoyant "Komarinskaja" of Glinka and the same author's overture to his "Ruslan and Ludmilla," a brief but tremendously animated composition, which was played (especially by the violins) with a dash and a brilliancy such as have not been heard before since Mr. Gericke's palmy time. Through all the programme the men played with remarkable spirit, vigor and enjoyment, to which the audience responded quickly and warmly.

For next Saturday this is the array:—Beethoven's fourth symphony and two overtures—Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro," Mendelssohn's "Hebrides," followed by the Overture, Scherzo and Finale of Schumann.

Corner

rons as usual.

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The eighteenth programme is to be:
Mozart: Overture to "Le Nozze di Figaro," in D major.
Beethoven: Symphony No. 4, in B-flat major, opus 60.
Mendelssohn: Overture, "Die Hebriden," in B minor, opus 26.
Schumann: Overture, Scherzo, and Finale, opus 52.

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Liszt's "Orpheus" was also capably played; Glinka's humorous "Komarinskaja," with its hundred and three consecutive measures of the same thing over and over again, was played with great precision and spirit and evidently much enjoyed by the audience. The audience, by the way, had shown, in the Fantastic Sym-

phony, a peculiar preference, probably unique in the annals of concert-giving; it seemed to care little for either the "Scene in the Fields" or the "March to the Scaffold" (usually the most applauded movements), but fairly went into raptures over the "Walpurgis-Night's Dream!" Explain this who can.

Glinka's overture to "Ruslan and Ludmilla" is a brilliant work, on the border-line between the serious and the light opera overture. It was admirably played. The next programme has already been given, and need not be repeated here.

If Mr. Paur's sixteenth programme was all conservative, his seventeenth, played last night, was thoroughly modern, and gave the best of chances for seeing how this conductor—charged at first with being a man of wood and a pedant—could yield to the influences of Berlioz, Liszt and Glinka, and play them as if his soul were in the rendering. It is safe to declare that such a superb presentation of the "Fantastic" symphony is rarely heard anywhere, and has never been heard in Boston. The orchestra was magnified, according to Berlioz's wishes, if not to his full demands. There were the four trumpets, the four bassoons, the squeaking rough little clarinets, the four kettle drums, the opheiclide, the harp, the bells of the chime, the gong and all the rest. And this little army Mr. Paur led with enthusiasm and energy to triumph, the extra men following his lead with the readiness of his elder troops. As orchestral virtuosity, the performance was superb; and as romance, legend, vision and passion in music it was almost wonderful. Master of moods no less than of the mysteries of orchestration, Berlioz would surely have applauded this reading, with its tender grace, its devotion, its terrors, its awe and its diabolism and effrontery. The symphony, which is more than an hour long, played with the intensity which the men threw into their work, would have almost made a concert of itself; but Mr. Paur had three numbers to append. These were, the generally placid and pleasant "Orpheus" idyl of Liszt, the merry, buoyant "Komarinskaja" of Glinka and the same author's overture to his "Ruslan and Ludmilla," a brief but tremendously animated composition, which was played (especially by the violins) with a dash and a brilliancy such as have not been heard before since Mr. Gericke's palmy time. Through all the programme the men played with remarkable spirit, vigor and enjoyment, to which the audience responded quickly and warmly.

For next Saturday this is the array:—Beethoven's fourth symphony and two overtures—Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro," Mendelssohn's "Hebrides," followed by the Overture, Scherzo and Finale of Schumann.

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The Symphony Concert. Sanke

The programme for the concert last night, in Music Hall, by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was: Symphonie Fantastique, op 14, Berlioz; Symphonic poem, "Orpheus," Liszt; "Komarinskaja," Glinka; Overture "Ruslan and Ludmilla," Glinka. The symphony is growing aged, despite the many fine things in it, though the march remains as strong and impressive as ever, and the beauty of the "Scene in the fields" is still fresh. Dazzled no longer by the brilliancy of Berlioz's orchestration, which now seems extremely old fashioned in comparison with that of Leoncavallo in "Il Pagliacci," one can easily see how much the work is padded. It was finely interpreted by Mr. J. Paur, and with a clearness that left nothing in doubt, or to be wished for. The "Orpheus" is, as it always was, pretentious, without any compensating musical results of value, for the labor expended on it. As it seems to us, it is an excellent provocative to somnolency. It was beautifully read and played, nevertheless. The Glinka "Komarinskaja" is quaintly quaint, and inspiriting in the hearing, and is scored effectively, if coarsely. The overture does not rise above the conventional theatre overture, except in its ambitious and not always felicitous flights into imitative counterpoint; but it is tuneful. It was played, especially by the strings, with great brilliancy. Still there are overtures by Auber and Rossini that are far more worth listening to. The selections for the next concert are: Overture, "Marriage of Figaro," Mozart; Symphony No. 4, Beethoven; Overture, "Hebrides," Mendelssohn; Overture, Scherzo and Finale. Schumann.

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Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1893-94.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

XV. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, AT 8, P. M.

PROGRAMME.

BRAHMS.	SYMPHONY No. 2.
HARTMANN.	OVERTURE, "Nordische Heerfahrt." (First time.)
BRUCH.	SOLI FOR VIOLIN. ROMANZA, op. 42. (First time.)
SAINT-SAËNS.	MORCEAU de CONCERT. (First time.)
TSCHAIKOWSKY.	SYMPHONIC POEM, "Romeo and Juliet." (First time.)

Soloist:

MR. C. M. LOEFFLER.

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Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1893-94.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

XVIII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, MARCH 10, AT 8, P. M.

PROGRAMME.

MOZART.

OVERTURE to "Le Nozze di Figaro," in D major.

BEETHOVEN.

SYMPHONY No. 4, in B flat major, op. 60.

I. Adagio.—Allegro vivace.

II. Adagio.

III. Menuetto: Allegro vivace.—Trio: Un poco meno allegro.

IV. Finale: Allegro, ma non troppo.

MENDELSSOHN.

OVERTURE to "Die Hebriden," in B minor, op. 26.

SCHUMANN.

OVERTURE, SCHERZO AND FINALE, op. 52.

I. Overture: Andante con moto.—Allegro.

II. Scherzo: Vivo.—Trio: l'Istesso tempo.

III. Finale: Allegro molto vivace.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra

The programme of the eighteenth symphony concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Mozart: Overture to "Le Nozze di Figaro," in D major.
Beethoven: Symphony No. 4, in B-flat major, Opus 60.
Mendelssohn: Overture, "Die Fingals-Höhle," in B minor, Opus 26.
Schumann: Overture, Scherzo and Finale, Opus 52.

Mozart's bright and lively overture was excellently played and put everyone in good humor, to begin with; while time lasts there will always be a place for such music. Few things could follow this overture better than Beethoven's B-flat symphony, so grave and thoughtful in its introduction, yet with such enchanting effects of color and subtlety of harmony, so heroic in its first *allegro* theme, like a Corybantic dance, so elegiac and exalted in sentiment in its *Adagio*, yet with flashes of divine humor playing through it all, as if it, too, were the sporting-ground of a Figaro brimming over with fun and saucy jokes. Ambros has called this B-flat symphony the counterpart and complement of the eighth, in F-major; in saying which he shows no common perspicacity. If every great composer is in a sense like Goethe's Earth-Spirit, who "sits at the whirling loom of Time and weaves the living garment of the God-head," these two symphonies may be said to form together a shining double, reversible garment; one side is the eighth, all woven out of mocking humor, yet with a lining of infinite seriousness, beauty, and grace, that shimmers through the humorous texture every here and there; the other side is the fourth, woven out of nobler and more earnest stuff, yet with the mocking humor of the former ever and anon shining through its tissue. The symphony was capitally played; one still wonders at the interpretation all conductors — and Mr. Paur among them — put upon Beethoven's marking, *Allegro, ma non troppo* in the last movement, and how fast they would take it, if it were marked, *Presto*. Still, one has grown so used to the now conventional rapid *tempo* in this movement that it certainly sounds well enough.

Mendelssohn's ever-beautiful "Fingal's Cave" overture was played with great effect; with perhaps somewhat more of variety in the *tempo* than the composer intended, but with the various modifications of the initial rate of speed so cleverly brought in that they did not sensibly mar the unity of impression made by the composition. Upon the whole, one inclines to call this Mendelssohn's greatest overture; it has not perhaps quite the vivid flash of genius that lights up the "Midsummer Night's Dream," but it is so perfect in every part, so ripe in feeling, and profoundly poetic in expression, that it impresses one as really the finer work of the two.

Schumann probably had other reasons for refusing to call his Overture, Scherzo and Finale a "symphony" than the mere fact that there was no slow movement in the work, and, as von Bülow once said, "he could not drive the whole *quadrige*." The first movement, albeit quite symphonic in form, is so entirely an overture in character, it is so complete in itself, and works up to so definite a close at the end, that it could hardly stand as a symphonic first movement; when it is over, you expect nothing further, as you do after the well-conceived first

movement of a symphony. By the way, how the coda of this overture reminds one of the final working-up of the second theme in Weber's "Jubel-Ouverture"—just before "God Save the King" comes in! And yet, how utterly different the two are! There is a certain unmistakable similarity between the two themes, and much the same joyous buoyancy in the working-up of each; but how Schumann has steered clear of that vein of mere trivial brilliancy and tinsel-glitter into which Weber fell; how elegant he remains in the midst of all his joyous expansiveness! And, in the Finale, how strikingly characteristic the working-out is of one side of Schumann's nature; with what exuberance of energy he hammers and batters away at his little theme, for page after page, without making it budge a single inch! The movement might well be christened "Much Ado About Nothing," for, with all his energetic work, Schumann really gets nowhere in it; he finds himself at the end still at his starting-point. But then, also, what glorious "Ado"! The very energy with which he goes to work is in itself enough to inspire and delight one. The work was excellently played.

The next programme is: Mozart, symphony in G minor; Haydn, aria from "The Creation;" Beethoven, *adagio* and *scherzo* from symphony No. 9, in D minor, opus 125; Mozart, aria; Weber, overture to "Oberon." Mme. Lillian Blauvelt will be the singer.

THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

Eighteenth Symphony—The Finale of the Opera.

The 18th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place in Music Hall Saturday evening, with the following programme:

Overture, Marriage of Figaro.....Mozart
Symphony No. 4.....Beethoven
Overture, Hebrides.....Mendelssohn
Overture, Scherzo and finale....Schumann

The programme, which was almost stupid for the want of more contrast, was finely played by the orchestra, under the efficient and skilful conducting of Mr. Paur.

There is still demanded a more marked distinction between *pianissimo* and *piano* in the readings of Mr. Paur. The music of a programme of the above description demands that the most exact gradation of tone should be obtained, in order that the necessary contrasts shall exist.

Mr. Paur is still a little too robust in his temperament and does not seem to realize that repose is one of the greatest elements in the matter of expression.

Mr. Paur should also see that his tympani player has a softer covering for his sticks, so that in the forte passages the drums will not entirely override the tone of the orchestra and thereby destroy all effect.

I cannot understand how a musician of the sensitive nature of Mr. Paur can tolerate, much less encourage, such a nuisance as is the overwhelming noise of the drums at times.

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The beautiful tone and the consummate skill of the first clarinet player in the orchestra of the grand opera at Mechanics' Hall, during the past two weeks, has not served in improving one's opinion of the tone and execution of the first clarinet of our own orchestra.

Both our tympani player and our first clarinet player can study with advantage the methods of the players of their respective instruments in the Metropolitan opera orchestra.

Next Saturday the programme will be as follows: Mozart's G minor symphony; Adagio and Scherzo, Beethoven's Ninth Symphony; and overture to "Oberon," Weber. Miss Lillian Blauvelt will sing arias by Haydn and Mozart.

Mr. Paur makes the same mistake in his arrangement of this programme as he did in his previous one. This may do for Leipzig, but it will not satisfy the demands of the more catholic taste of a Boston audience.

WARREN DAVENPORT.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Conductor Paur seems to have a preference for arranging programmes which shall contrast each other rather than planning individual lists of selections which shall afford the desired contrast within their own limits. In the record of a season possibly his system has its advantages, but for the attendant upon a single concert, the result of his plan is oftentimes wearisome.

Such was the result last evening. The programme for this occasion had as its numbers "The Marriage of Figaro" and "Fingal's Cave" overtures, the fourth of the Beethoven symphonies and Schumann's overture, scherzo and finale, opus 52.

Now, no one can take exception to the choice of such compositions in a programme for a concert of a class given under Conductor Paur's direction. All these numbers are well worthy a hearing, and eminently suited to create a desire for the better forms of compositions in the line of orchestral works. It is, however, questionable whether a programme of so monotonous a character tends to create the desire for this class of music which would result from presenting it in contrast with less severe and more popular selections.

Mr. William F. Apthorp, who has done so much to enlighten the public who attend these concerts through the preparation of the analytical matter which accompanies each programme, may be supposed to be acquainted with the purposes of the conductor in his general conduct of the season's concerts. This being the case, it is to be presumed that he represents Conductor Paur when he intimates that the concert of last evening was intended "to illustrate the growth of that phase of German musical romanticism that was firmly based on the preceding classic period in instrumental compositions—on Bach, Mozart and Beethoven, and was specially represented by Felix Mendelssohn and Robert Schumann." The same authority states that "the preceding programme illustrated the other and freer and more irresponsible romanticism which sprang up almost contemporaneously in France under Hector Berlioz and in Germany under Franz Liszt, and to which the Russian school

of composition soon allied itself."

Admitting the desirability of these illustrative programmes (which is a large admission), Conductor Paur is to be complimented for the skill and taste shown in the arrangement of the last two concerts. The performance of the selections last evening demands no extended comment. Mr. Paur's reading of the several selections was in keeping with the reputation he has already gained here of being an eminently intelligent and conservative interpreter of standard compositions. The symphony was played throughout with admirable taste. "The Marriage of Figaro" and "Fingal's Cave" overtures were brilliantly interpreted, and Schumann's overture, scherzo and finale were given a thoroughly satisfying performance. Despite the good taste shown by Conductor Paur it does seem desirable that his programme should be interesting as well as instructive, and a greater effort to arrange them with this end in view will be fully appreciated by the patrons of the symphony concert.

Next Saturday evening Mme. Lillian Blauvelt, soprano, will be the soloist, and Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven and Weber will be drawn upon for the programme.

The Symphony Concert.

The programme for last night's concert, in Music Hall, by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was: Overture, "Figaro," Mozart; Symphony No. 4, Beethoven; Overture, "Fingal's Cave," Mendelssohn; and Overture, Scherzo and Finale, Schumann. It was an interesting concert, and the performances were of that high order that Mr. Paur has taught us to expect from him. The works played are all familiar here, and there is nothing new to be said of them. The Beethoven symphony received a particularly fine interpretation. The programme for the next concert is: Symphony G-minor, Mozart; Adagio and Scherzo from symphony No. 9, Beethoven; and Overture, "Oberon," Weber. Mme. Lillian Blauvelt will be the soloist and will sing an aria from "The Creation," and an aria by Mozart.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The program of the 18th Symphony concert given in Music Hall last evening, was as follows:

Overture "Marriage of Figaro" Mozart
Symphony No. 4 Beethoven
Overture "Hebrides" Mendelssohn
Overture, Scherzo and Finale Schumann

The concert does not call for particular comment. The numbers are familiar, and when it is said that the performance was fully worthy of the deservedly high reputation of the orchestra under Mr. Paur, the story is told. That the audience appreciated the program and the performance was shown conclusively by the hearty and prolonged applause that followed each selection. Mr. Paur was obliged to bow his acknowledgments more than once.

The program of the concert of next Saturday will be as follows: Mozart's G minor symphony; adagio and scherzo, from Beethoven's 9th symphony; overture "Oberon," Weber. Miss Lillian Blauvelt will sing airs by Haydn and Mozart.

A CLASSICAL SYMPHONY PROGRAMME.

Two Overtures and Two Symphonies Finely Performed—Marriage of Figaro Contrasted With a Recent Rendition—Jerome's New Comedy, "The Way to Win a Woman."

When the hilarious student in Germany has indulged in a wild round of dissipation, and when, on the succeeding morning, that period of deep depression known to him as "hair-ache" (far more intense and complicated than mere headache) has set in, his faithful servitor brings to him a meal composed chiefly of herring. Boston has had its round of operatic dissipation; possibly fearing that an epoch of tonal *Katzenjammer* had set in, our symphonic conductor had presented a musical herring in the shape of a severely classical programme on Saturday. Nothing that had not the sonata form was upon the programme; two symphonies and two classical overtures formed the penitential meal. Yet it would be wrong to give the impression that dulness ensued. A certain connection with the operatic season was established by the performance of the "Marriage of Figaro" overture as the first number, and nothing could teach the difference between music at wholesale and music heard under proper conditions than the execution of this number. It was well played in Mechanics' Hall, it was somewhat better performed at this concert, but the overwhelming difference lay in the fact that in the former case all its fragrance and delicacy was lost, while in this concert every point intended by the composer was conserved. It was perfect in performance and was not taken at the helter-skelter pace that is sometimes given to it.

Beethoven's fourth symphony was superbly played, with a clearness that shows in what fine training our orchestra is at present. One might dissent from the extreme slowness of the introduction, but that is a minor point, as a whole the reading and execution call only for unmitigated praise. The woodwind was especially excellent in the second theme of the first movement, and the little canon here was charmingly phrased and balanced. Even the kettle-drummer deserves praise for his discretion in the closing part of the adagio, and the furiously difficult passage for the contra-basses at the coda of the finale (for this symphony bears its sting in its tail) was played with a decision and surety that spoke of earnest rehearsals. This contra-bass passage, founded on the chief theme of the movement, was at the time that it was written the most difficult orchestral bit ever composed for these instruments and aroused the wittiest sarcasm on the part of Weber, who denounced it in the "Caecilia" (a musical journal of the time) with so little result that the composer duplicated his contra-bass difficulties in the Scherzo (trio part) of his next symphony. To our contra-bass players then, who so thoroughly conquered the passage on this occasion, belongs the chief praise; *Palmam qui meruit ferat*.

Although the rhapsodical modern school was banished from this programme, Mendelssohn's "Hebrides" overture (or "Fingal's Cave," as it is often called) gave something of the modern flavor to the list, and added sufficient contrast. If ever there was spontaneity in music it was in the case of the chief theme of this overture. This theme was written first as a letter (August 7, 1825) to his sister Fanny. In the letter he says: "In order to show you what a strange sensation has come to me on the Hebrides, I jotted down the following which came into my mind," and then follows the theme fully scored for orchestra as he afterwards employed it, a splendid instance of turning from words to a less tangible but more expressive language, to convey an impression from one musician to another.

One may fairly grow enthusiastic over Mr. Paur's reading of the work: he gave it clearness without formality, brilliancy without sensationalism. The development was full of power, the plash of the waves in that wonderful chief figure ever present. The clarinette work in the recapitulation was simply magnificent; so fine and rich a tone has seldom been heard. Mendelssohn intended some prominence for the clarinette; he and Weber may be called the discoverers of the clarinette, spite of the fact that Mozart first brought it into symphony and gave it some good passages in his rescoring of the "Messiah," for it was these two composers who first appreciated the cold spectral color of the "chalumeau" (deepest register) of the instrument, and not only this work, but the introduction to the "Scotch" symphony, the first part of "Elijah" and the incantation scene in Weber's "Freischuetz" show the skill of these masters in using this strong touch of tone-color.

Schumann's "Overture, Scherzo, and Finale" is a symphony of three movements, quite as definite in form as his other symphonies, which never became so shapely as Beethoven's. The work received a strong performance, perhaps a little heavy and rigid in the Scherzo, but certainly most effective in the finale. Altogether such a concert is a reassurance as to the standing of our orchestra; if the performances are less spicy than in the past, they are also less flippant, less sensational, decidedly more educational. One might, however, advise a more carefully prepared variety of programme. This concert was entirely classical, the next programme also ignores the most modern school, the programme of March 3 was wholly modern without any classicality whatever. There may be method in this, but one may doubt the wisdom of it. One may agree with the boarder who desired the hairs and the butter served on different plates, but there is no such valid reason why the modern school should not serve as a foil for the classical on the same programme.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

Symphony Concert.

Mr Paur's symphony program last week was a continuation of his scheme to illustrate the different periods of musical composition, and comprised selections showing the epoch of romanticism, which was founded upon and followed the classic period, selections from the latter era having been given in the preceding concert. There were no soloists, the numbers being Mozart's overture to "The Marriage of Figaro," Beethoven's fourth symphony, Mendelssohn's overture to "Fingal's Cave," and Schumann's overture, scherzo and finale.

The joyous Mozart overture was given with a grace and delicacy which captivated from the beginning. Devoid of stateliness and pomp, the melodic form conceived by Mozart appeal irresistibly to the humorous side of the auditor, and the odd, elf-like conceits given to the violins and wood winds are delightful examples of musical humor. These episodes were delightfully played, and in fact the whole overture was interpreted in a brilliant and dashing manner.

Beethoven's symphony No. 4 formed an excellent contrast to the Mozart number, and save a somewhat retarded tempo in the first movement the performance was highly satisfactory. A notably prominent part of the second movement was the beautiful effect of the arpeggios by the violins, which alternate with the diminuendo passages of the wood winds. The phrases seemed the perfection of harmony and sentiment. The figure given to the various instruments in sequence in the fantasia was also effective in a unique way. The running passages in the finale were deftly presented by the different contingents.

The restless, undulation themes of the "Fingal's Cave" overture brought out the ensemble precision of the orchestra in bold relief, the band presenting the Mendelssohn tone picture with great effect. The Schumann overture, scherzo and finale, with its contrast of dancing figures with a background of "sighs" received a thoroughly Schumannesque interpretation. The peculiar rhythm of the second part was perfectly preserved, the energetic theme in the finale was not made too prominent and the concluding coda was given with smoothness and rapidity and without scurrying by the violins.

The program for the concerts next Friday afternoon and Saturday night, includes Mozart's symphony in G minor, the adagio and scherzo from Beethoven's ninth symphony and Weber's overture to "Oberon." Miss Lillian Blauvelt will sing an aria from "The Creation" and an aria by Mozart.

Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1893-94.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

XIX. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, MARCH 17, AT 8, P. M.

PROGRAMME.

MOZART.	SYMPHONY in G minor.
HAYDN.	ARIA, from "The Creation."
BEETHOVEN.	ADAGIO and SCHERZO from Symphony No. 9.
MOZART.	ARIA.
WEBER.	OVERTURE, "Oberon."

Soloist:

MME. LILLIAN BLAUVELT.

Symphony Concert.

Mr Paur's symphony program last week was a continuation of his scheme to illustrate the different periods of musical composition, and comprised selections showing the epoch of romanticism, which was founded upon and followed the classic period, selections from the latter era having been given in the preceding concert. There were no soloists, the numbers being Mozart's overture to "The Marriage of Figaro," Beethoven's fourth symphony, Mendelssohn's overture to "Fingal's Cave," and Schumann's overture, scherzo and finale.

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XIX. CONCERT.

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MOZART.	SYMPHONY in G minor.
HAYDN.	ARIA, from "The Creation."
BEETHOVEN.	ADAGIO and SCHERZO from Symphony No. 9.
MOZART.	ARIA.
WEBER.	OVERTURE, "Oberon."

Soloist:

MME. LILLIAN BLAUVELT.

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Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1893-94.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

XIX. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, MARCH 17, AT 8, P. M.

PROGRAMME.

MOZART.

SYMPHONY in G minor.

- I. Allegro molto.
- II. Andante.
- III. Menuetto: Allegro.—Trio.
- IV. Finale: Allegro assai.

HAYDN.

ARIA, "With Verdure Clad" from "The Creation."

BEETHOVEN.

TWO MOVEMENTS from SYMPHONY No. 9, in D minor, op. 125.

- III. Adagio molto e cantabile.
- II. Scherzo: Molto vivace.—Trio: Presto.

MOZART.

ARIA, "Voi Che Sapete," from "The Marriage of Figaro."

WEBER.

OVERTURE to "Oberon," in D major.

Soloist:

MME. LILLIAN BLAUVELT.

NOTE.—Next week's Public Rehearsal will be held on Thursday Afternoon, to allow time to arrange the stage for the Handel and Haydn Society's Concert on Good Friday Evening.

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MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Symphony Concert.

Again the symphony concert calls for much praise and some little adverse criticism; praise for a perfection of execution that has seldom been exceeded in Boston, blame for a programme made up in a motley fashion. To give two movements from the great ninth symphony, in a city full of choristers, to change the order of the movements, to end a presentation of Beethoven's most earnest work with its lightest mood, was certainly to eliminate much of the educational and æsthetic character from the composition. Yet something may be said in extenuation, too; the last movement is not a very practicable one, it always reads better in the score than it sounds in the performance; and had the great first movement been given, it would have lacked a proper counterpoise, a balancing movement for its power, the work would have led to an anticlimax. However, it is better to let such work alone if it cannot be presented entire.

The performance began with that violet among symphonies, Mozart's G minor. It is customary to consider the "Jupiter" as the great work among the master's last group of symphonies, but to the present writer the G minor is the nobler work of art; other composers might imitate the contrapuntal skill of the former, no one but Mozart could ever have attained the delicacy, sweetness and fragrance of the latter. Barring an absence of some of the daintiness with which former conductors have invested it, the performance was an eminently satisfactory one. The grace of the chief figure of the first movement was well brought out, the violins playing excellently together, with most refined shading. The minuet was somewhat heavy and formal.

Mme. Lillian Blauvelt was the soloist, and "With Verdure Clad" was a good transition to the pathos of the first theme of Beethoven's Adagio. The singer made a very good impression; at first there was a tremolo in the voice, but this probably proceeded from nervousness, for it soon disappeared, and there was good artistic work in the management of the voice, which of itself has a most agreeable timbre. Mme. Blauvelt's second number, "Voi che Sapete," again showed the advantage of hearing music under proper conditions: she sang it about as well as Mme. Arnoldson did recently in Mechanics' Hall, but it sounded infinitely better; in Music Hall not a nuance was lost, and the beautiful contrasts made their due effect. Especially to be praised was the richness of the voice in the deeper phrases; "Gelo e poi sento, l'alma avvampar" was delivered with just the broad effect on the lower tones that the phrase demanded. There were many and hearty recalls at the close of the number.

Regarding the execution of the two movements from the Ninth symphony one can only speak ecstatically; Mr. Paur is proving himself far more of an acquisition than one would have deemed possible a few months ago. He does not give the fiery moods of his predecessor, (a fire that was without any insurance and

that too often burnt up the intentions of the classical composer), but he has brought the orchestra to its highest efficiency: it is again the peer of any organization of its numbers in the world. The adagio was well played, and the second violins showed that they were not inferior to their rich relations, the firsts, in this movement; but the scherzo was a revelation. It is a rhythmic fantasia, demanding constant changes of accent and of phrasing, and to conquer these with good ensemble would prove the technique of any orchestra. They were given with perfect unity and shading on this occasion, and there was just the right amount of caprice displayed even to the brusque coda. It seems impossible to choose any special points for commendation where all was so well done, but the wind instruments were remarkably effective in this part of the programme; clarinette, bassoon, oboe, horn, all were finely played, and in the final number of the concert, the "Oberon" overture, they did quite as well. Perhaps one is the more inclined to notice this since it is not so long ago that the wind instruments were the Achilles' heel of the orchestra, now they have become as strong as any department of it.

In the accompaniments, too, the orchestra made its mark, for the support of Mme. Blauvelt in the Mozart aria was as free, as elastic, as well-shaded as if it had been played on a piano by a single performer. Altogether, then, the reviewer may bear with his disappointment at the haphazard way in which the programme was made up, in view of the brilliancy of its execution; but if Mr. Paur and his men are able to win success with such a handicap, what would they attain if the list were made out in a manner to show its musical gems to the best advantage? LOUIS C. ELSON.

MUSIC. Journal

The Nineteenth Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra—Mrs. Lillian Blauvelt, Soprano, Was Applauded Heartily.

The program of the nineteenth Symphony concert given last evening in Music Hall was as follows:

Symphony, G minor.....	Mozart
"With Verdure Clad".....	Arnoldson
Adagio and Scherzo, from the 9th Symphony.....	Beethoven
"Voi Che Sapete".....	Mozart
Overture "Oberon".....	Weber

The G minor Symphony of Mozart is one of the most beautiful things in this little world. It is beautiful in its poetic thought; it is beautiful in the perfection of the expression of the thought. It has the artistic simplicity of a story of Boccaccio, of a painting by Botticelli, of one of the short Wessex tales by Thomas Hardy. It is a masterpiece in this: you cannot imagine it written in any other way. Beside the strings, Mozart only used 1 flute, 2 oboes, 2 bassoons and 2 horns; and where, pray, would you have other instruments added? The fiery or profound moderns use all instruments known to man; they invent instruments for the more complete expression of their thoughts; there is a mighty pothar; there is fretting, and there is fuming; there are effects, strange, sensuous, or heavy with thought. The perfume of modern music is apt to be pungent, hot, acrid. The perfume of Mo-

part's symphony is the natural perfume of a sweet and healthy woman. The modern composer's face is too often seen through his music; the face is inquiring, anxious, or vague. But Mozart wrote with serene confidence, as though he looked forward a century and foresaw that his symphony would then be as fresh, as perfect, as when he wrote it, beset by many cares.

It may be said in brief that although there was no novelty the concert, in selections and in performance, gave great pleasure. Mr. Paur made no doubtful experiment in giving two movements of the 9th symphony. There are, indeed, few symphonies that, from beginning to end, hold the attention fixed and seem one homogeneous work as does the G minor of Mozart. Did any one last evening really feel the need of the first and the fourth movements of Beethoven's gigantic symphony? The time will come when fragments of sonata, oratorios, concertos will be given as well as fragments of symphonies. When a work of large proportions is new, let it be heard as the composer wrote it, in justice to him and to the audience.

Mrs. Lillian Blauvelt, who was heard here a season ago in a Damrosch concert, gave genuine delight last evening. The agreeable quality of her voice, the vocal art displayed by her, and the modesty and the grace of her bearing combine to make her a welcome apparition on the concert stage.

PHILIP HALE.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

Mme Blauvelt Sings at the Symphony.

The attendance at the symphony concert and rehearsal resumed its regular proportions last week for the great musical competitor of the previous fortnight no longer caused division in the allegiance of music lovers. Mr. Paur did not offer any orchestral novelties on the program, but the numbers were excellently interpreted, and Mme Lillian Blauvelt, a charming young soprano, reappeared in this city and sang two solo numbers. The program was as follows: Symphony, G minor, Mozart; adagio and scherzo from Beethoven's ninth symphony; overture, "Oberon," Weber, Lillian Blauvelt, an aria from "The Creation" and an air by Mozart.

The aria "With verdure clad" was not specially suited to Mme Blauvelt's voice, which, though sweet and flexible, is lacking in the warmth and breadth of tone requisite for an impressive interpretation of this familiar number. The phrasing and delivery were very artistic. Her voice easily filled the hall, and her execution was facile and generally smooth, and except the absence of that peculiar sympathetic quality needful in oratorio singing, the aria was very enjoyable.

In the air from "The Marriage of Figaro" the young artist was more successful and her sweet voice rang out clear and true, especially so in the staccato phrases, which were flute like in tone. Evidently in music of a florid and bravura nature Mme Blauvelt will achieve her greatest success, if any one may judge from her performances of last week. Her personality is very attractive and she sings without affectation, two important factors in her favor.

The Mozart symphony in G minor was treated in the proper romantic manner, the characteristics to the great audience being shown without undue exaggeration. The funny, fluttering figures of the second part,

with its difficult modulations and repetitions, were sharply defined and executed with commendable precision. The finale was splendidly played.

The two orchestral movements from Beethoven's grand symphony No. 9 were artistically interpreted. The double themes of the third movement were well accentuated, the scherzo was played trippingly and in excellent time, and the curious trio was thoroughly Russian in its suggestiveness. Weber's overture to "Oberon" closed the program. The famous "orchestral crash" was given with the required energy. The whole number was brilliantly performed.

The rehearsal will be held Thursday afternoon this week to allow time to arrange the platform for the Handel and Haydn society's concert Friday evening. The symphony program will be as follows: "Faust," symphony, Liszt; berceuse and scherzo for string orchestra, Clayton Johns, first time; "Kol Nidrei," for cello and orchestra, Bruch; overture, "Calm Sea," Mendelssohn; soloist, Mr. Leo Schulz.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Mr. Paur's programme at the Symphony concert last evening was eminently in keeping with the penitential season. With Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven and Weber as composers, there was little to disturb the serenity of the audience, and had it not been that the "Oberon" overture ended the programme, there was little in it that was calculated to excite the feelings.

The Mozart symphony in G minor was placed first in the evening's selections, and had an admirable reading under Mr. Paur's direction, its simple characteristics being adhered to, and the several movements being given a graceful and enjoyable interpretation. Mr. Paur added to this symphonic selection the adagio and scherzo from the ninth of the Beethoven symphonies, and played the two movements in a very conservative fashion, which gave great gratification to the audience.

The singer of the evening was Mme. Lillian Blauvelt, an artist who has been heard before here in more brilliant selections than those which she contributed to the programme. She has a singularly pure, musical soprano voice, and, although her delivery of the aria from "The Creation," "With Verdure Clad," was lacking in style, there was a simplicity and directness in her interpretation of the number that was very charming. Her second selection was the "Voi che Sapete" from the "Marriage of Figaro," and in this selection Mme. Blauvelt's voice was heard with exquisite pleasure, her phrasing of the aria being characterized by rare intelligence, and her delivery showing admirable taste in every way.

The "Oberon" overture was splendidly played as the finale of the programme, and proved a great relief from the monotonous selections which had preceded it.

The concert of the coming week will have for its selections the "Faust" symphony by Liszt, a berceuse and scherzo for string orchestra by Clayton-Johns, the "Kol Nidrei" for cello and orchestra by Max Bruch, and Mendelssohn's "Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage." The soloist will be Mr. Leo Schulz. The patrons of the rehearsals are reminded that the one of the coming week will be on Thursday instead of Friday afternoon.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The nineteenth symphony programme, given in the Music Hall last Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, was as follows:

Mozart: Symphony in G minor.

Haydn: Air, "With verdure clad," from "The Creation."

Beethoven: Two movements from Symphony No. 9, in D minor, Opus 125.

Mozart: Aria, "Voi che sapete," from "Le Nozze di Figaro."

Weber: Overture to "Oberon."

Mme. Lillian Blauvelt was the singer.

It has generally been considered part of the etiquette of symphony concerts of high order, not to give fragments of symphonies. No doubt exceptions to this rule may sometimes be in order. For instance, when there happens to be one particularly fine movement in an otherwise uninteresting symphony—such as the first movement in Rubinstein's "Ocean" symphony, or the intermezzo in Goetz's symphony in F—there seems to be no good reason why this movement should not be given by itself, without derogating from the dignity of the concert. Such movements are too fine to be shelved for good and all, and there is little artistic common sense in forcing the audience to gaze through three others, just for the pleasure of hearing the good one. Again there are choral symphonies—like Beethoven's ninth, and Berlioz's "Roméo et Juliette"—which it is practically impossible to give entire as often as one would like to hear them, from the difficulty of collecting together and drilling an adequate chorus. It is hard to see why the purely orchestral parts of such works should not be given at times, leaving the choral parts for more special occasions. We have often wondered why the three symphonic movements from Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" are never given at our symphony concerts: they would be heard there to the best advantage, which they are not at oratorio concerts, simply because the acoustical conditions of a large mass of surrounding chorus-singers are not favorable to the best effect of an orchestra. The three orchestral movements in the ninth symphony might well be given without the choral finale; it would give our public a chance of hearing these wonderful movements oftener than would be possible if the work were never to be given, save in its integrity.

But these are, we think, the only cases in which it is well to dismember a work, all parts of which are ideally connected together—the only cases in which symphonic fragments can properly be given *hors de leur vrai cadre* at first-class concerts. With the older orchestral suites it is a wholly different matter; the several movements of these have no ideal connection with each other, and there is no internal reason why a suite by Bach or Handel should not be dismembered as much as the programme-maker pleases: nothing is lost, and often much gained thereby. But to dismember a symphony, except in the cases mentioned above, is a serious, and generally an inartistic, piece of business, only to be excused by such practical considerations as the impossibility of giving the entire work with desirable frequency.

To our mind, it was a great mistake to give the Adagio and Scherzo of the ninth symphony

by themselves; to give all three of the orchestral movements, in their proper order, would have been all right; but to give these two, and out of their proper order, at that, smacks too strongly of the *Kursaal* or the "popular" promenade concert. It was considerably *infra dig.* The effect, too, was unsatisfying; one longed to hear that glorious first movement, and the two movements played left us in the position of Oliver asking for more. It might be urged that giving the "Festival at the House of Capulet," the "Love-scene," and the "Queen Mab" from Berlioz's "Roméo et Juliette" was just as bad; for there are two other purely orchestral movements,—the introductory "Combats, Tumult, Intervention of the Prince," and the "Romeo at the Tomb of the Capulets,"—in that symphony. But neither of these two movements is in any way symphonic in form, and to play them in addition to the three usually given would in no wise help to round out the selections to symphonic completeness. The three symphonic movements are those commonly given. Add to this that the orchestral introduction and tomb-scene in "Roméo et Juliette" are hardly known at all to our public, and their omission is consequently not seriously felt; but the first movement of the ninth symphony is perfectly familiar, and the audience has a very realizing sense of what it is robbed of. So much on this head!

Mozart's ever-wonderful G minor symphony was admirably played. We think Mr. Paur takes the *Andante* too slow and heavily; the music loses much of its dreamy, poetic grace thereby, and that persistent "fluttering of angels' wings" in the violins and wood-wind is made to assume too much of the character of an obstinately worked-out problem in counterpoint. The movement sounds severe and ascetic, instead of poetic, graceful and replete with the most enchanting warmth of sentiment. But the rest of the symphony was capitally given.

Mr. Paur takes the *Adagio* in Beethoven's ninth, too, wonderfully slow; but here the effect is far different. Here, if anywhere, Wagner's dictum, "In a certain delicate sense, one may say of the pure *Adagio* that it cannot be taken slowly enough" is applicable. Some of us can remember the positively overwhelming effect Von Bülow made (in 1875-76) with his exceedingly slow *tempo* in the slow movement of the "Sonate pathétique;" this beauty of effect is perfectly reproducible in the *Adagio* of the ninth symphony; one may discuss it, but one cannot pooh-pooh it. And it can be said emphatically that, in spite of Mr. Paur's very slow *tempo*, the melodic flow of the music was still admirably well sustained, and its rhythmic character fully preserved. The whole movement was "well held together," as the phrase is. For one thing, the slow *tempo* made it easier for the orchestra to do some exceedingly beautiful bits of expressive phrasing and shading. The effect of making the fourth horn stand out so prominently (and with a certain "brassiness" of tone, too) in its descending arpeggio in the fifteenth measure, and at other corresponding points in the movement, was new to us, and struck us at first as a little crass; but the frequent recurrence of this figure, and always at the point in the theme indicated,

240 gives it a certain thematic importance in itself, and it is no bad idea to have this emphasized. Before the movement was over we found that this underscoring the horn-figure paid well enough; there was an idea, and a perfectly legitimate one, behind it. The Scherzo was brilliantly played, with Wagner's version of the horn-parts in the second theme; that this remodelling of the horn-parts is necessary for the theme to produce any effect, seems unquestionable, and no one need cry out against "Vandalism." Only we think Wagner did not go quite far enough; had he put the clarinet, and sometimes the second oboe, parts up an octave, he would have got a brilliancy of reed tone that would better have counteracted the undue prominence of the horns, as he has written them; and, curiously enough, he has applied this very device in more than one passage in his own compositions. The medium register in the wind is fully represented by his horns, and the oboes and clarinets might well have been transferred to the upper register, to give it more brilliancy and edge.

The "Oberon" overture—one of the orchestra's *chevaux de bataille* ever since Gerloke's day—was superbly played, and made the most brilliant effect imaginable. Only we found some of the toying with the famous horn passage superfluous and rather dandified. But the performance carried everything before it.

Mme. Blauvelt has a charming light soprano voice, well developed throughout its compass, and evidently knows a great deal about using it. She phrases at once naturally and with no little art; especially fine is the power she shows of "opening her voice" and throwing the tone well out into the house at the crucial point in a phrase. Her intonation is admirable, and she sings with great musical feeling. A certain personal charm and distinction, too, are not to be overlooked as important factors in the pleasure her performance gives. She has still something to learn, and that a person of her evident intelligence and musical organization will learn it in time and with further routine experience there can be little doubt. She has not yet quite learned to connect and fuse together all the delightful detail-effects she makes into a thoroughly consistent whole; as yet the separate details in her singing stand out somewhat too sharply as details. But she has already accomplished very much indeed, and gives promise of accomplishing more. Her singing both of the Haydn air and the incomparable "Voi che sapete" was highly delightful, and she was warmly and repeatedly recalled after both things, especially after the second.

The next programme is: Liszt, a Faust symphony; Clayton Johns, berceuse and scherzo for string orchestra (first time); Bruch, "Kol Nidrei," for 'cello and orchestra, opus 47; Mendelssohn, overture, "Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt," opus 27. Mr. Leo Schulz will be the 'cellist.

MUSIC. *Sautter*

The Symphony Concert.

The nineteenth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in Music Hall, last evening, had for its programme: Symphony G-minor, Mozart; the Adagio and the Scherzo, from Beethoven's Symphony No. 9, and Weber's "Oberon" overture. Mme. Lillian Blauvelt was the soloist, and sang an aria from "The Creation," by Haydn, and an air from "The Marriage of Figaro," by Mozart. The Mozart's Symphony was sympathetically read, with here and there a slight concession to the more modern methods of interpreting the older composers, but, on the whole, along the line of a discreet and artistic conservatism, and with full respect for the underlying spirit of the music. It was perfectly played from beginning to end. The two movements from the Beethoven symphony, of which the adagio is among the most exquisitely beautiful inspirations that ever came to composer, were also delightfully and impressively given, the only feature that marred the performances being the brutal thumps that the drummer gave his drum in the Scherzo. This player is very prone to pound his instruments after a fashion that prevents their emitting a musical tone. In all likelihood he grew into this bad habit under the late conductor of the orchestra; but that is no reason why he should be permitted to persevere in it. He could have studied the tone produced by the tympanist of the recent opera orchestra, with great profit. This player's tone was always musical, even in the most violent fortissimos, and the note sounded could be clearly distinguished, a result that never attends a loud note from the Symphony Orchestra player, who, at such moments, might as well knock with a hammer on the bottom of a washtub, for all that the pitch of the note he sounds can be discovered. The scherzo of the symphony has rarely had as brilliant, as spiritedly marked and as interesting an interpretation as it received on this occasion. As time passes, Mr. Paur's worth becomes more and more apparent; and he is unquestionably, taken all in all, the most eclectic, efficient and valuable conductor the orchestra has had. Mme. Blauvelt's singing of "With Verdure Clad," was tasteful, flowing in style and neat and finished generally. She made a favorable impression and at the end of the air was recalled twice with great heartiness. Her other contribution to the concert was "Voi che sapete," in the singing of which the pleasing characteristics that marked her earlier effort were equally prominent. For this, also, she received two very cordial recalls. The programme for the next concert is: "Faust" symphony, Liszt; Berceuse and Scherzo for string orchestra, Clayton Johns (first time); "Kol Nidrei," for 'cello and orchestra, Bruch; Overture, "Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage," Mendelssohn. Mr. Leo Schulz is to be the soloist.

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

An Excellent Programme Made Up of Familiar Numbers.

MR. PAUR'S COURAGE.

Beethoven's Music Treated with Loving Regard.

The Oberon Overture Very Well Given—
The Drum Again a Nuisance.

The nineteenth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place in Music Hall Saturday evening. The following was the programme:

Symphony in G minor.....Mozart
Aria, "With Verdure Clad".....Haydn
Adagio and Scherzo from Ninth symphony, Beethoven

Aria, "Voi che sapete," from "Marriage of Figaro".....Mozart
Overture to "Oberon".....Weber
Mrs. Lillian Blauvelt was the soloist.

As all the numbers performed are familiar, comment upon the compositions is unnecessary.

It only remains to speak of the performance, which as far as the orchestra is concerned, was admirable.

The delightful Mozart symphony was finely read by Conductor Paur; he giving himself some little latitude in the expression of the andante movement, but it was only the conception of a discreet musician and was not of an exaggerated form in the least, the effect of the music being enhanced thereby.

Mr. Paur always treats the music of Beethoven with loving regard for the great master's evident intentions, and so in these two movements we were vouchsafed a remarkably faithful rendering. These movements are the only ones worthy of perpetuation in this extraordinary composition of Beethoven's latest period, and it was gratifying to hear them unencumbered with the wearisome monotone of the first movement and the eccentricities of the finale. Mr. Paur is to be commended for his courage in so happily dismembering this uncouth specimen of the immortal master of symphonic composition.

The performance of the "Oberon" overture was an excellent one, but the rendering lacked that marvellous refinement that was such a positive characteristic of unrivalled interpretations of the Weber overtures by the master hand of Wilhelm

241 Gerloke. The admirable first horn player made much of the opening phrase for horn solo, but the diminuendo of the prolonged note was marred because of the falling from the pitch. The overture was played with remarkable precision and spirit.

The tympani as usual were out of tune. In the Scherzo of the Ninth Symphony the upper drum was nearly F sharp, which did not make a harmonious concord with the contrabasses playing F natural, to which pitch the drums are expected to be tuned. Besides, F sharp given by the drums as a minor third in the key of D minor is a little queer to a musical ear against the F natural of the rest of the instruments.

The sound of these drums when subjected to the herculean thumps of the player always reminds me of the sheet-iron thunder of a theatrical storm. Mr. Paur should see that this overpowering nuisance is abated. It is the last relic of musical barbarism that existed during the incumbency of Mr. Nikisch.

Mrs. Lillian Blauvelt is quite pretty, makes a pretty appearance, and has a pretty voice, but she has been badly taught, for her voice is not correctly placed and consequently, especially in the middle tones and in the softer passages, she is obliged to sing flat of the pitch, and often with a tremulous sound and always with an apparent muscular effort.

Neither is her style to be commended, for she gives a spasmodic impulse to all ascending scales, thereby forcing her voice, the only redeeming feature being that during this effort the true pitch is reached.

The Haydn aria was taken at too slow a pace, but it was not so untuneful as the Mozart aria which was so distressingly out of tune almost from beginning to end that one does not feel called upon to regard whatever else there may have been to comment upon, as good intonation is the first requisite of the singer, and when not attained and sustained throughout as well, there is nothing to be said in praise of any accessory accomplishments.

Mrs. Blauvelt was consequently inadequate and out of place in such a programme. There are a half dozen or more choir singers in this city who could have sung both the arias infinitely better.

Now this failure to make the most of her delicate and beautiful voice must be charged to the instruction that has resulted in forbidding her accomplishing what might be creditable to her native talents and agreeable to the critical ear. Mrs. Blauvelt should seek to remedy the difficulty before it is too late.

The audience was enthusiastic over her untuneful and inartistic performance, and was joined in the demonstration by Mr. Paur and his orchestra.

Had a man violinist played as falsely and with as little skill as the showing of the singer, the fiddlers of the orchestra would have considered him a fit subject for the bastinado.

And yet such immaculate performers as our concertmaster and his immediate companions were among the most energetic of those who applauded.

I am also surprised that some of my discriminating brother critics spoke in praise of the singer's performance.

I have taken occasion to speak critically but kindly of Mrs. Blauvelt's singing, for the vocal art is in such a degraded state

gives it a certain thematic importance in itself, and it is no bad idea to have this emphasized. Before the movement was over we found that this underscoring the horn-figure paid well enough; there was an idea, and a perfectly legitimate one, behind it. The *Scherzo* was brilliantly played, with Wagner's version of the horn-parts in the second theme; that this remodelling of the horn-parts is necessary for the theme to produce any effect, seems unquestionable, and no one need cry out against "Vandalism." Only we think Wagner did not go quite far enough; had he put the clarinet, and sometimes the second oboe, parts up an octave, he would have got a brilliancy of reed tone that would better have counteracted the undue prominence of the horns, as he has written them; and, curiously enough, he has applied this very device in more than one passage in his own compositions. The medium register in the wind is fully represented by his horns, and the oboes and clarinets might well have been transferred to the upper register, to give it more brilliancy and edge.

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MUSIC. *Saulte*

The Symphony Concert.

The nineteenth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in Music Hall, last evening, had for its programme: Symphony G-minor, Mozart; the Adagio and the Scherzo, from Beethoven's Symphony No. 9, and Weber's "Oberon" overture. Mme. Lillian Blauvelt was the soloist, and sang an aria from "The Creation," by Haydn, and an air from "The Marriage of Figaro," by Mozart. The Mozart's Symphony was sympathetically read, with here and there a slight concession to the more modern methods of interpreting the older composers, but, on the whole, along the line of a discreet and artistic conservatism, and with full respect for the underlying spirit of the music. It was perfectly played from beginning to end. The two movements from the Beethoven symphony, of which the adagio is among the most exquisitely beautiful inspirations that ever came to composer, were also delightfully and impressively given, the only feature that marred the performances being the brutal thumps that the drummer gave his drum in the Scherzo. This player is very prone to pound his instruments after a fashion that prevents their emitting a musical tone. In all likelihood he grew into this bad habit under the late conductor of the orchestra; but that is no reason why he should be permitted to persevere in it. He could have studied the tone produced by the tympanist of the recent opera orchestra, with great profit. This player's tone was always musical, even in the most violent fortissimos, and the note sounded could be clearly distinguished, a result that never attends a loud note from the Symphony Orchestra player, who, at such moments, might as well knock with a hammer on the bottom of a washtub, for all that the pitch of the note he sounds can be discovered. The scherzo of the symphony has rarely had as brilliant, as spiritedly marked and as interesting an interpretation as it received on this occasion. As time passes, Mr. Paur's worth becomes more and more apparent; and he is unquestionably, taken all in all, the most eclectic, efficient and valuable conductor the orchestra has had. Mme. Blauvelt's singing of "With Verdure Clad," was tasteful, flowing in style and neat and finished generally. She made a favorable impression and at the end of the air was recalled twice with great heartiness. Her other contribution to the concert was "Voi che sapete," in the singing of which the pleasing characteristics that marked her earlier effort were equally prominent. For this, also, she received two very cordial recalls. The programme for the next concert is: "Faust" symphony, Liszt; Berceuse and Scherzo for string orchestra, Clayton Johns (first time); "Kol Nidrei," for 'cello and orchestra, Bruch; Overture, "Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage," Mendelssohn. Mr. Leo Schulz is to be the soloist.

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

An Excellent Programme Made
Up of Familiar Numbers.

MR. PAUR'S COURAGE.

Beethoven's Music Treated with
Loving Regard.

The Oberon Overture Very Well Given—
The Drum Again a
Nuisance.

The nineteenth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place in Music Hall Saturday evening. The following was the programme:

Symphony in G minor.....Mozart
Aria, "With Verdure Clad".....Haydn
Adagio and Scherzo from Ninth symphony, Beethoven
Aria, "Voi che sapete," from "Marriage of Figaro".....Mozart
Overture to "Oberon".....Weber
Mrs. Lillian Blauvelt was the soloist.

As all the numbers performed are familiar, comment upon the compositions is unnecessary.

It only remains to speak of the performance, which as far as the orchestra is concerned, was admirable.

The delightful Mozart symphony was finely read by Conductor Paur; he giving himself some little latitude in the expression of the andante movement, but it was only the conception of a discreet musician and was not of an exaggerated form in the least, the effect of the music being enhanced thereby.

Mr. Paur always treats the music of Beethoven with loving regard for the great master's evident intentions, and so in these two movements we were vouchsafed a remarkably faithful rendering. These movements are the only ones worthy of perpetuation in this extraordinary composition of Beethoven's latest period, and it was gratifying to hear them unencumbered with the wearisome monotone of the first movement and the eccentricities of the finale. Mr. Paur is to be commended for his courage in so happily dismembering this uncouth specimen of the immortal master of symphonic composition.

The performance of the "Oberon" overture was an excellent one, but the rendering lacked that marvellous refinement that was such a positive characteristic of unrivalled interpretations of the Weber overtures by the master hand of Wilhelm

Gerike. The admirable first horn player made much of the opening phase for horn solo, but the diminuendo of the prolonged note was marred because of the falling from the pitch. The overture was played with remarkable precision and spirit.

The tympani as usual were out of tune. In the Scherzo of the Ninth Symphony the upper drum was nearly F sharp, which did not make a harmonious concord with the contrabasses playing F natural, to which pitch the drums are expected to be tuned. Besides, F sharp given by the drums as a minor third in the key of D minor is a little queer to a musical ear against the F natural of the rest of the instruments.

The sound of these drums when subjected to the herculean thumps of the player always reminds me of the sheet-iron thunder of a theatrical storm. Mr. Paur should see that this overpowering nuisance is abated. It is the last relic of musical barbarism that existed during the incumbency of Mr. Nikisch.

Mrs. Lillian Blauvelt is quite pretty, makes a pretty appearance, and has a pretty voice, but she has been badly taught, for her voice is not correctly placed and consequently, especially in the middle tones and in the softer passages, she is obliged to sing flat of the pitch, and often with a tremulous sound and always with an apparent muscular effort.

Neither is her style to be commended, for she gives a spasmodic impulse to all ascending scales, thereby forcing her voice, the only redeeming feature being that during this effort the true pitch is reached.

The Haydn aria was taken at too slow a pace, but it was not so untuneful as the Mozart aria which was so distressingly out of tune almost from beginning to end that one does not feel called upon to regard whatever else there may have been to comment upon, as good intonation is the first requisite of the singer, and when not attained, and sustained throughout as well, there is nothing to be said in praise of any accessory accomplishments.

Mrs. Blauvelt was consequently inadequate and out of place in such a programme. There are a half dozen or more choir singers in this city who could have sung both the arias infinitely better.

Now this failure to make the most of her delicate and beautiful voice must be charged to the instruction that has resulted in forbidding her accomplishing what might be creditable to her native talents and agreeable to the critical ear. Mrs. Blauvelt should seek to remedy the difficulty before it is too late.

The audience was enthusiastic over her untuneful and inartistic performance, and was joined in the demonstration by Mr. Paur and his orchestra.

Had a man violinist played as falsely and with as little skill as the showing of the singer, the fiddlers of the orchestra would have considered him a fit subject for the bastinado.

And yet such immaculate performers as our concertmaster and his immediate companions were among the most energetic of those who applauded.

I am also surprised that some of my discriminating brother critics spoke in praise of the singer's performance.

I have taken occasion to speak critically but kindly of Mrs. Blauvelt's singing, for the vocal art is in such a degraded state

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critic's duty, who is competent to judge ac-
curately of a singer's merits and demerits,
to make as clear as possible what the
difficulties are that handicap the public
performer, and thereby assist in establish-
ing finally a more critical judgment upon
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for cello and orchestra, Bruch; and
Mendelssohn's overture, "Calm Sea and
Prosperous Voyage." Mr. Leo Schultz
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will be upon Thursday afternoon instead
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Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1893-94.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

XX. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, MARCH 24, AT 8, P. M.

PROGRAMME.

LISZT.

EINE FAUST-SYMPHONIE.

- I. "FAUST:" Lento assai.—Allegro agitato ed appassionato assai.
- II. "GRETCHEN:" Andante soave.
- III. "MEPHISTOPHELES:" Allegro vivace, ironico.

CLAYTON JOHNS.

BERCEUSE and SCHERZO for STRING ORCHESTRA.

- I. BERCEUSE: Andante con moto.
- II. SCHERZO: Allegro vivace.—Trio; Poco meno mosso.

BRUCH.

KOL NIDREI for VIOLONCELLO with ORCHESTRA and HARP, op. 47.

MENDELSSOHN.

OVERTURE, "Meeresstille und Glückliche Fahrt," in D major, op. 27.

Soloist:

MR. LEO SHULZ.

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.

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ABOUT MUSIC.

What is the meaning of all this talk about the possible resignation of Mr. Paur?

In *Le Ménestrel*, published at Paris, March 18th, is this paragraph: "Some time ago, we announced that the position of Conductor of the Symphony Orchestra at Boston had been offered without favorable result to the chief Conductors in Germany, and Mr. Paur was persuaded finally to accept it. We are forced to believe that the position is an unpleasant one in spite of the enormous salary attached to it, because Mr. Paur has made known his intention to resign and return to Germany."

The following paragraph was published in the *Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung*, Berlin, March 23: "Information, said to be trustworthy, comes from Boston to the effect that Mr. Paur has no thought of giving up his position there and returning to Europe. He is, on the contrary, so pleased that he intends to fulfill his contract for 10 years, particularly as the critics and the public applaud his work."

Last week a prominent musical newspaper in New York, published the statement that Mr. Higginson has been negotiating for a successor, "and there is a faint possibility of Wilhelm Gericke returning to his old post."

There is no use of denying the fact that there is here in Boston a certain opposition to the methods of Mr. Paur, the conductor. This opposition is not found in the musical articles contributed to the press of Boston. Nor do I believe that there is any substantial opposition on the part of the audience to Mr. Paur.

It is true, however, that certain members of the orchestra do not hesitate in public to condemn the conducting of Mr. Paur and to sneer at his musical intelligence.

These objectors are few in number, but they undoubtedly have a certain influence.

It is not improbable that their policy is shaped by the determination of Mr. Paur to be conductor, in deed as well as in name.

Now ideal government has been defined as absolute despotism tempered by occasional assassination.

I do not understand that Mr. Paur is disagreeable at rehearsal; but it is said that he insists on having his own musical ideas, i. e., his interpretation of the composer's meaning carried out without question by the men who are paid by Mr. Higginson to obey the leader chosen by him, whether the name be Gericke, Nickisch or Paur.

It is also stated that Mr. Paur has a contract for five years with the privilege of renewal, and he has no intention of leaving a position that pleases him. As he is a man of firmness, it is not likely that he will be disturbed seriously by the mutterings of a few discontented players, or by the thought of Mr. Nickisch in Pesth, yet breathing out threatenings and slaughter.

There are changes that might well be made next season in the personnel of the orchestra.

The first clarinet is not the equal of his associates. The horns as a quartet are comparatively weaker brethren. And the kettle drum man should be given an opportunity to exercise his strength in some ruder land.

It is true that this drummer is agile, yet in dexterity is he surpassed easily by the Burmese, who perform in all sorts of apparently impossible positions, as behind the back, over and under the shoulders, under the legs, and, no doubt, while standing on the head.

This drummer with his dull ear and passion for noise was born out of due time. Years ago in Mexico a beautiful youth was sacrificed to Tezcatlipoca. And when after preparatory stuffing, and rejoicing, and festal procession the victim was put upon the altar of Jasper, a mighty drum was pounded. Bernal Diaz saw the drum. It was made of serpents' skins. The sound of it was so loud that it could be heard eight miles away.

If this drummer is as dear to Mr. Paur as the apple of his eye, why does he not bring him forward in an heroic solo? We are obliged each year to listen to certain violinists and cellists of the orchestra in set solo pieces. However admirable their performances may be, it would be a pleasure to partake of the joy of variety. The selection of soloists seems, like kissing, to go by favor, particularly when two such remarkable performers as Marteau, the violinist, and de Pachmann, the pianist, now in this country, are not given a hearing.

I believe that this drummer was once heard in an elaborate solo at a promenade concert, but why should he not be invited to appear at one of the 24 solemn functions? There is a piece that he might play, a solo for six kettle drums, accompanied by full orchestra, written by Tausch. It is in two movements, slow march and polonaise. Of course, the indulgence of the audience should be requested during the tuning.

And at another concert one of the trombone players might be heard, say in an arrangement of Stigelli's "Tear."

One thing may justly be said of Mr. Paur: however great his merits as a conductor may be, he is not skillful in the composition of his programs. It is my impression that he means to be catholic in selection; but he apparently has little sense of values and he does not appreciate the power of judicious contrast.

It is given to few to present such interesting programs as those arranged by Mr. Frank Van der Stucken, who, by the way, is a conductor to be at least considered if Mr. Paur should by any chance make up his mind to return to Germany. Some here would at once object to Mr. Van der Stucken: for he was born in this country, he is not a German by birth or by parentage, and he believes in giving the works of the modern school a hearing, whether they be written by Frenchmen, Belgians, Germans, Russians, Italians, Americans, Barbarians or Scythians. These objections are indeed insuperable—that is, in Boston—and I hasten to withdraw the suggestion. Let us fold the hands and resign ourselves to an endless succession of Schmidts and Muellers, for they are the people, and music will die with them.

It is to be hoped that there will not be any change at present. Mr. Paur seems to be an honest, capable man, seeking to perform thoroughly the duties of his position, and not courting in any way self-glorification. Under his direction the orchestra has recovered the perfection of technique that, gained under Mr. Gericke, was frittered away under Mr. Nickisch. It should be understood thoroughly by the men under him that he, as conductor, has a right to fine even the most prominent if they are late at a rehearsal; nor should he be maligned because he insists that he is master in all questions of tempo and *nuancierung*.

PHILIP HALE.

The Symphony Concert.

Again a display of great skill in conducting and performance, and absolute lack of tact and discretion in the formation of the programme. At the preceding concert Mr. Paur cut out the first movement of the great Ninth symphony; at this one he religiously gave every note of the interminable first movement of Liszt's "Faust" symphony, causing late-comers a wait of over half an hour in the corridor. The soloist of the concert began his work at half past nine, and the last number of the strange programme was played to many empty benches and to the boot-heel *obbligato* of many a departing auditor. The programme book stated that Liszt's symphony was given for the first time, but it has been heard in Boston before the present symphony orchestra was founded. It was then given with its proper ending, a chorus with words taken from Goethe's "Faust."

The first movement is a fearful picture of musical spasms; Faust in his struggles seems greatly to disturb the regular sonata shape, and all symphonic meaning (in the modern sense) is lost in vague growlings, having about as much shape as a London fog. At the end of the movement one is inclined to ask, with Southey's "young Peterkin," "Now tell us what 'twas all about?" It is a well-known fact in oratory that when a man has nothing to say, he takes a long while saying it, and here we find the same principle illustrated in music. Yet viewed purely as a bit of orchestral scoring, with no particular object, the work has a certain interest, it contains some unique bits of instrumental effect.

The second movement, picturing Marguerite, is much the best of the symphony. It is frequently given alone, a custom which our conductor might have followed to advantage. The work of the oboe and of the muted violins in this movement was exquisite, but there was some rigidity of phrasing in the most delicate passages.

In the third movement Liszt has brought ethics into music; to picture Satan as the destroyer, powerless to create, there is no definite theme given to this part, but almost everything is founded on a mockery of the themes which have been presented in the preceding two movements. Possibly this fact may stand as an excuse for the infliction of the first movement upon the audience, but few could have appreciated this ethical touch, and these elect ones must have thought with the boy who had just completed his mastery of the alphabet, that it was not worth while going through so much to learn so little. Yet the general *Diablerie*

of the movement is not without its charm, and it was played to perfection, a veritable technical triumph on which conductor and orchestra are to be congratulated. The omission of the final chorus was not a defect, for Liszt had this omission in view when he wrote the ending used on this occasion. In the full version Liszt gives an apotheosis of Marguerite in singing of "Das Ewig-weibliche," while in this finale the apotheosis is made by turning from the malevolent measures of Mephistopheles to a beatification of the Faust and Marguerite themes. But even to the end the spasmodic character is kept up, the work is a thing of magnificently colored shreds and patches, and when the musical hiccoughs ended with the kettle-drummer rapping violently

to call the meeting to order, one was satisfied that the hour and a quarter of dissonance was quite sufficient without an added chorus.

Clayton Johns' melodic measures came like cold cream after inflammation. Under other circumstances, one might have held the Berceuse too light for symphonic concert use, but now the gentle passages of muted violins were cordially welcome. The scherzo which followed is a very concise bit of writing; like the Berceuse, it charms by straightforward melody only; its themes are well contrasted and graceful, and the carillon-like returning passage is also in place, but one could demand a larger form in an orchestral work. The composition won much applause. Now, at the time when suburbs take their trains, came Mr. Leo Schulz with a short violoncello solo. It was Bruch's arrangement of the old Hebrew melody, "Kol Nidrei." This note of Jewish musical sorrow came rather sardonically on Easter eve, yet it made a great success. "Kol Nidrei" is probably the oldest Jewish theme in existence; many tunes are ascribed to Scriptural times, but they are always found wanting when weighed by the antiquarian. "Leoni" is given in many hymn-books as coming down from the Temple at Jerusalem, but people must accept the statement entirely on faith. "Kol Nidrei" itself does not go back so very far; its general style is Moorish, and it probably only carries us back to the time when the Sephardic Jews lived with the Moors in Spain. Mr. Schulz played with noble expression and the breadth of his C string was remarkable. He was recalled many times.

There was an evident haste to bring one number on the heels of another, caused by the length of the programme. Immediately that the cello solo was done Mendelssohn's "Becalmed at Sea and Prosperous Voyage" was rushed on. One was glad not to find the work marked on the programme as "Calm Sea and Happy Voyage;" this title has misled more auditors than one would imagine, and of itself shows the delusive character of programme music. Many listen to the first measures and imagine a tranquil and smiling sea, while the picture (which at once calls to mind a stanza from Coleridge) is taken from Goethe's verses:—

"Deepest stillness on the waters
Without motion rests the Sea,
And the Sailor sees around him
Only flat monotony.

Not a breath of air is stirring,
Awful silence, as the Grave;
In the whole wide, vast horizon
Moveth not a single wave."

The earnest introduction was taken a trifle too quickly, but the transition to the picture of the ship ploughing its way through the waves, homeward-bound, was excellently read, and the body of the work was brilliantly executed, even to the trumpet fanfares and the final bursting forth of the irrepressible kettle-drummer.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Symphony Concert, Soloist Mr. Leo Schulz.

General Interest in the Music Drama
Performances—A Grand Floral Con-
cert Announced—The Women's Phil-
harmonic Orchestra to Appear—
"Tabasco" an Early Attraction.

It is easy to forgive Mr. Paur for his recent sins of omission and commission in the way of programme making after hearing the concert of last evening.

Upon this occasion he made a very happy choice of his compositions, and arranged them in such a way that, although they covered an unusual amount of time, there was no sense of weariness during the performance, and his audience left the hall with an agreeable feeling of having enjoyed the entire list of selections.

The evening was begun with a splendid performance of Liszt's "Faust" symphony, which had, so far as memory serves, its first performance here on this occasion. It might with more propriety be called a series of three symphonic poems having for their subjects Faust, Gretchen and Mephistopheles. There is little in either of the three movements into which this work is divided that suggests purely symphonic form, and the free style in which the several subjects are treated is hardly in keeping with the traditions suggested by the word symphony. In the first movement, "Faust," the composer shows that he is not above borrowing from himself, but although the ideas and themes seem familiar, their treatment and development gives to the movement as a whole a degree of originality which makes it steadily interesting. It is difficult to say just what the themes suggest, but to those who are not compelled to have the programme before them in order to enjoy this class of compositions, the movement is steadily pleasing. In its scoring the composer has used all the resources of the modern orchestra, and in a way to present a series of tone pictures of the most fascinating character.

The "Gretchen" movement is full of poetic characteristics, and very suggestive of the subject treated, the development and working out of the themes being in a style strongly in contrast to those of the first movement. It is in the third movement, however, that Liszt gives himself the greatest freedom, and his writing in this part of the symphony is irresistibly amusing as well as vastly entertaining. The themes of the first and second movements are here parodied in the cleverest fashion, and the Mephistophelian style of the movement was caught up in the happiest fashion by the players, who, with their conductor, evidently enjoyed this part of the work quite as much as the audience.

Following the symphony came another comparative novelty, consisting of the berceuse and scherzo written for stringed orchestra by Clayton Johns. This delightfully dainty and melodious composition was played with charming grace, and displayed the taste of the conductor and his command over his men in the happiest fashion.

The soloist of the evening, Mr. Leo Schulz, was then introduced in the "Kol Nidrei" of Max Bruch, for cello, orchestra and harp. The noble melody selected by the composer for treatment in this bit of writing was played with admirable sentiment by Mr. Schulz, and his broad and tasteful treatment of the main subject showed him to be a thorough master of his instrument. The orchestral and harp parts of the composition were equally satisfactory, and the selection has, as a whole, never had a better interpretation here than on this occasion.

The programme was brought to a most enjoyable ending by a thoroughly artistic performance of the "Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage" overture.

The orchestra makes its occasional tour during the coming week, and the concert on Saturday evening, April 7, will be in memory of Hans Guido von Bulow. The programme on this occasion will have as its novelty Bulow's "Funerale," and will include the "Eroica" symphony by Beethoven. Mr. Otto Roth will be the soloist.

THEATRES AND CONCERTS.

[See Page Eight.]

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the twentieth symphony concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Liszt: A Faust Symphony.
Clayton Johns: Berceuse and Scherzo for string orchestra.
Max Bruch: "Kol Nidrei," for violoncello with orchestra and harp, Opus 47.
Mendelssohn: Overture, "Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt," Opus 27.

Mr. Leo Schulz was the cellist.

It is a good many years since all three movements of Liszt's "Faust" symphony have been given here; the second movement, "Gretchen," has been given separately now and then, but we doubt if many in last Saturday evening's audience remembered a note of the other two. Indeed it is no slight undertaking to give the work entire—nor to listen to it, for matter of that. It is enormously difficult, and lasts from sixty-five to seventy minutes—well over an hour! Of Liszt's two great symphonies—perhaps *large* would be the better word—the "Dante" and the "Faust," we must own to liking the "Faust" decidedly best. Both works are sharply characteristic of the composer, but in the "Faust" he seems to have worked under the influence of a more real inspiration.

The symphony may be called a monstrosity, without any one's needing to object. It shows all Liszt's faults in generous measure: his terrible and unflagging self-consciousness, his vain struggling after naïveté, his want of artistic measure, his general bent toward exaggerated expression. The first movement, in particular, furnishes more than one instance of the tediousness, the lack of true musical vitality, in his peculiar method of thematic development. Liszt seems to have had a passion for developing a theme in what is called *sequence*; the idea was not original with him, indeed, it is probably as old as thematic development itself; but his application of it is in one respect quite individual. It may be said of this plan of "development in sequence" that its prime artistic weakness lies in the fact that it is a cut-and-dried scheme from the start, and consequently almost necessarily precludes that constant display of inventiveness and felicity of resource that constitutes one of the greatest charms of thematic working-out. Its most obstinate and unstinted application is probably to be found in the free fantasia of the first movement of Adolph Saran's B-flat minor pianoforte sonata, Opus 5; and it is doubtless this very fact that best accounts for the exceedingly short-lived reputation this in many ways remarkable work enjoyed with musicians. But only examine these sequences in Saran's sonata, and you find that, cut-and-dried and formal as the scheme is, the result is by no means devoid of musical life and charm. Saran begins his working-out with a phrase of four measures, and then repeats it twice more, each time a semitone higher; then he adds a phrase of six measures, to round off the period. This whole period is then repeated, a tone lower than before. Then Saran begins another period (still on the same theme), in which phrases of two measures alternate with and are answered by other phrases of

two measures, the sequence rising tone by tone with each repetition. Then comes still a third period, in which the phrase (still taken from the same theme) is only one measure long, the sequence now descending tone by tone with each repetition of the phrase. Here we have the scheme, which, cut-and-dried as it is, has a strong element of liveliness in it; this beginning with a sequence of four-measure phrases, then going on to two-measure, and at last to one-measure phrases, presents the thematic material in a more and more condensed shape, and makes the fencing between question and response ever more lively and rapid. But, when Liszt develops a phrase in sequence, he does little or nothing of this successive condensation of periods. Take the passage in alternate 4-4 and 6-4 time, marked "*Meno mosso, misterioso e molto tranquillo*," in the first movement of his "Faust" symphony; here he works up a phrase two measures long in sequence, repeating it nine times, changing key with every other repetition; but it is always one and the same phrase, over and over again, without variety and without any quickening of the *diastole-systole* of question and answer. The process becomes terribly tedious after a while, especially as this repeating the same thing over and over again without variation has no plastic, form-giving virtue whatever. The whole sequence sounds like mere reiteration, and says nothing more than was said in the first two phrases. We have thought it worth while to go into this matter at such length, because this lazy, absolutely cut-and-dried sort of development in sequence is a device of which Liszt is particularly fond, and the frequent application of which is perhaps the very dreariest feature in his compositions; in fact, this process cannot strictly be called one of development in any true sense of the word; the effect upon the ear is that of a sort of thematic marking-time, for the theme so treated really does not progress at all. There is more than one instance of this sort of thing in the symphony, albeit Liszt has been somewhat more merciful to the listener in this respect here than in his "Ideale."

Then, too, take the terribly tense and high-strung mood that pervades the work, the persistency of that uncomfortable, nervous interval of the augmented fifth almost throughout the first movement. This constant emotional high-pressure becomes frightfully wearing; after a while one begins to find this perpetual harping on the E-string of morbid sensibility unnatural and unreal; this constant acuteness of feeling and high nervous tension seem all too factitious and self-conscious. Again, take the second "Gretchen" movement; with all its undeniable musical beauty, what a terrible satire it is on Liszt's favorite maxim, "*Il faut toujours tâcher de faire grand!*" As a musical character-picture of Goethe's Gretchen, it is almost a blasphemy. Only think of anyone's trying to treat Gretchen "on a large scale!" This movement might pass as a character-picture of Madame de Genlis, or any high-strung sentimental-poetic female you please; but of Goethe's Gretchen, never!

Still, with and in spite of all its characteristic Lisztian blemishes, the symphony is unquestionably interesting, and something more. There is an enormous amount of work in it, and the sentiment in it seems throughout deeper and more genuine than one usually finds in

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Liszt. It is full of passages of really dazzling brilliancy, and the music sticks to its purpose unflinchingly. Then there is throughout the wonderful, aromatic charm of Liszt's orchestration, always individual and delightful. In the third, "Mephistopheles," movement Liszt has plainly owed much to Berlioz—indeed, the whole idea of the movement may be said to have been taken directly from the "*Songes d'une Nuit du Sabbat*" in the "Fantastic" symphony—but Liszt has made admirable use of his stolen idea; the "irony" in the music is essentially Mephistophelian and heartlessly brilliant. We are quite free to own that, after the "Preludes" and "Tasso," this "Faust" is the first extended orchestral composition by Liszt that we have really enjoyed. The performance was, for the most part, superb, and showed the music in a most brilliant light.

Mr. Johns's Berceuse and Scherzo are two pretty little movements, and were pretty well played. Their absolute and unassuming simplicity was grateful after Liszt's high-strung complexities.

Mr. Schulz played Bruch's "Kol Nidrei" very beautifully indeed, but we cannot but find the composition itself dull and tedious. The real "Kol Nidrei" itself, when intoned by the high priest in the synagogue on the Day of Atonement, is said to be unspeakably impressive, grand and solemn. But try to be grand and solemn with a solo 'cello! That sugar-sweet voice is not tuned to solemnity.

Mendelssohn's ever-welcome "*Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt*" was capitally played and heartily enjoyed by all. There is descriptive and picturesque music that never for a moment forgets to be musical as well!

The next programme (for April 6 and 7, there will be no concert nor rehearsal this week) is to be in memoriam of the late Hans Guido von Bülow. Bülow, "Funerale;" Beethoven, symphony No. 3, in E-flat major ("Eroica"), opus 55; Molique, two movements from violin concerto; Brahms, "Tragic" overture, opus 81; Wagner, Huldigungs-Marsch. Mr. Otto Roth will be the violinist.

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Echoes from the Twentieth Symphony Program—Sacred and Secular Music in the Theaters Tonight—Coming Events.

A program of unusual length was provided by director Paur for the last symphony concert of the Lenten season. The offerings were as follows: "A Faust Symphony," by Franz Liszt; berceuse and scherzo for string orchestra, by Clayton Johns; "Kol Nidrei," for violoncello, with orchestra and harp, by Max Bruch, and an overture, "Sea-calm and Prosperous Voyage," by Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy.

The Liszt symphony was played for the first time here. It is an excessively long composition, requiring an hour and a quarter for performance, and in spite of its many beauties proved rather a severe tax on the attention of the audience.

The work is really three symphonic poems rather than a symphony and is intended to be descriptive of Goethe's characters, Faust, Gretchen and Mephistopheles.

Like most of Liszt's compositions, this work is notable for elaborate ornamentation. The several themes are in themselves simple and suggestive, and they are treated in a very effective manner.

Especially effective is the manner in which the themes of the first two movements are reproduced in the third movement in the form of sarcastic parodies. This is strikingly in accord with the popular idea of the methods in favor with Mephistopheles.

The Gretchen movement is exceedingly sweet and delicate, but it is so full of repetitions in slightly varied forms that the sweetness becomes rather monotonous before the end. The symphony was splendidly played by the orchestra.

The Clayton Johns' berceuse and scherzo were exquisitely interpreted. Not before has a similar composition been played with more grace, delicacy or artistic expression under Mr. Paur's direction. It is a charming work and has added materially to the success already won by this Boston composer from Symphony concert patrons.

The "Kol Nidrei" is the first prayer by the Jewish high priest in the synagogue on the Day of Atonement, and it is the ritual melody of this prayer which Max Bruch has taken for the principal theme of his composition. It is, of course, very somber in character, but its performance was listened to with pleasure. Mr. Leo Schultz played the solo 'cello splendidly and was cordially applauded.

The final number was Mendelssohn's overture, and the superb manner in which this delightful descriptive composition was played made it rather the most enjoyable offering of the concert.

There will be no Symphony concert this week. The program for the following week will be arranged in memory of Von Bülow, and the selections will be as follows: A funeral march by Von Bülow; Beethoven's Symphony, "The Heroic;" two movements from Molique's first violin concerto, Otto Roth, solo violin; Brahms' "Tragic Overture;" Wagner's "Huldigungs-Marsch."

MUSIC. *Saville*

The Symphony Concert.

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The latest reports give the gratifying assurance that the Symphony concerts are not to be abandoned, that Mr. Paur will continue to revel in the pastoral joys of Jamaica Plain and that the musicians, from head fiddler to drummer, are devoted to their conductor and would fain die for him that injurious, base reports might be forever disproved. The rehearsals are looked forward to with eagerness. A loving-cup is passed about before the hard labor of the forenoon, and during the moments of rest Mr. Paur tells funny stories from the Fliegende Blaetter or even older works. Every now and then, at rehearsal, the musicians cheer, so delighted are they with Mr. Paur's readings of both great and little masters. Barnum's happy family was a collection of Niobes, Rachels and Dismal Jimmies compared with the Symphony Orchestra as it is to-day.

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MUSIC.

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oloist:

OTTO ROTH.

Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1893-94.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

XXI. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 7, AT 8, P. M.

IN MEMORIAM HANS GUIDO VON BÜLOW.

BORN JANUARY 8, 1830.

DIED FEBRUARY 12, 1894.

PROGRAMME.

HANS VON BÜLOW.

FUNERALE. op. 23, No. 4.
(First time.)

BEETHOVEN.

SYMPHONY No. 3, in E flat major. (Eroica.) op. 55.
I. Allegro con brio.
II. Marcia funebre: Adagio assai.
III. Scherzo: Allegro vivace.—Trio.
IV. Finale: Allegro molto.—Poco andante.

MOLIQUE.

TWO MOVEMENTS from CONCERTO for VIOLIN,
No. 5, in A minor, op. 21.
II. Andante.
I. Allegro.

BRAHMS.

TRAGIC OVERTURE, in D minor, op. 81.

Soloist:

MR. OTTO ROTH.

The Twenty-first Concert of the Symphony Orchestra—A Remarkable Performance of Beethoven's Third Symphony.

The twenty-first concert of the Symphony Orchestra was given last evening in Music Hall. The program was as follows:

Funerale, op. 23, No. 4.....von Buelow
(First time.)
Symphony No. 3 (Eroica).....Beethoven
Two movements from concerto for violin.....Molique
No. 5, A minor, op. 21.
II. Andante.
I. Allegro.

Tragic overture, op. 81.....Brahms
The program of this concert was arranged as a memorial service in honor of the late Hans Guido von Buelow. As Buelow died the 12th of February, the tribute came late, but, as some one said, it takes a long time to bury a distinguished man.

Tschaikowsky, who is one of the greatest composers for orchestra of the last 20 years, died this season and Mr. Paur made no sign. His last symphony, a work that is hailed as a masterpiece in European cities and in New York, has not even been put in rehearsal here.

Gounod's death this season was mourned publicly at the Gewandhaus, Leipzig, but Mr. Paur made no sign. And yet no one will argue seriously that Buelow outranked Gounod as a composer.

Not that Buelow is to be grudged this tribute. He was a great, if at times eccentric, orchestral leader. His face, his playing of the piano, his sarcastic wit were well known in this town, and although there may not have been in the audience a sense of personal loss, as often happens when composers, strangers to us, die, nevertheless the tribute was deserved.

This tribute, by the way, would have been more complete if Mr. Paur had refused to put on the program one of Buelow's compositions; for this strange and versatile musician did not shine as a composer. To be sure, the orchestra might have played Buelow's overture to "Julius Caesar;" and in comparison with that dull enormity, the Funerale is like unto a baleful star in the firmament.

The feature of the evening was the superb performance of the Heroic Symphony. Superb is a large, full word, often loosely used; but such a performance as that of last evening is rare. Not only was there scrupulous attention to detail; not only was there a fortunate and a sane choice of tempi; but under the direction of Mr. Paur there was no thought of orchestral pedagogy or magnetic virtuoso. The one thought was, How great is this music; and not, How admirably the leader conducts. Although the first movement was not played in the fixed, rigid spirit dear to some conservatives, the changes in tempo, slight, but effective, seemed the inevitable expression of the composer's ideas. The performance of the funeral march was free from theatrical extravagance; it was healthy and virile in its grief; there was no cheap suggestion of threadbare crape and tears; it was a lament with a mighty lamentation. Most excellent, too, was the rhythmic precision of the scherzo, and it may here be remarked that the pianissimo of Mr. Paur is a pianissimo, not a restless itch for a piano or a mezzo forte. The variations were played magnificently, and it was a relief to find that the *poco andante* was not dragged out beyond recognition, and that simplicity was not turned into sentimentalism. All in all, it was a great performance, and Mr. Paur was seconded most ably by the men under his control.

O. Bernhard Molique, you played one of your concertos in Paris in 1836, and you were then praised as a composer rather than as a virtuoso. For years your concertos were a delight to violinists. But this is another age.

"King Pandion, he is dead,
All thy friends are left in lead."

And to this restless generation your compositions for violin are in the limbo where are found pieces compounded of sugar and amiable bravura; yes, and your own oratorio, "Abraham," is there with many another vocal work, sacred or profane.

Mr. Roth played the peaceful numbers smoothly and with delicacy.

Molique, by the way, was born in 1803, not in 1802 as stated by the program book.

Next Saturday evening Mendelssohn's music to Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream" will be given. Mr. George Riddle will be the reader, and there will be a chorus of members of the Cecilia.

PHILIP HALE.

VON BULOW'S MEMORY.

The Twenty-first Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The 21st concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place in Music Hall Saturday evening. The programme, "In Memoriam Hans Guido Von Buelow"—born Jan. 8, 1830, died Feb. 12, 1894—was as follows:

Funerale, op. 23, No. 4.....Bulow
(First time.)

Symphony No. 3, "Eroica".....Beethoven
Andante and Allegro from Violin Concerto No. 5,
Molique

Tragic Overture.....Brahms
Mr. Otto Roth was the soloist.

The great feature of this programme was the superb rendering of the Beethoven Symphony, by the orchestra, under the exacting baton of Conductor Paur, who now has such a mastery over the efforts of the players that he was enabled to present his noble conception of Beethoven's masterpiece of symphonic composition with a degree of expressiveness, discriminating tempi and rhythmical excellence that was well nigh faultless. Such a fine reading and such perfect playing seldom go hand in hand. Mr. Paur has now established his reputation as an almost unrivalled interpreter of the Master Beethoven. The audience recognized the wonderfully elevated and highly expressive rendering of the symphony with applause, at once spontaneous and prolonged, which Mr. Paur modestly acknowledged.

There is little to be said in praise of the recent eminent pianist's "Funerale" movement. It is scored in the modern mode and is skilfully managed in this direction, but it is, nevertheless, a dry and uninspired effort upon the part of its author, and fails in its effect to move the listener.

It is as a player of the highest intellectual order and a pedagogue of rare ability that Von Buelow must be remembered.

The smooth, flowing Andante and the florid and brilliant Allegro of the Molique Concerto furnished Mr. Otto Roth a fine opportunity wherein to display his clear and ample technique, both as a player of cantabile and the difficulties of rapid technical work. Mr. Roth's intonation was remarkably correct. Although the work is old-fashioned and perhaps tedious to the listener, it was well chosen by the player to exhibit his best qualities. Mr. Roth was heartily applauded after his playing and was recalled.

The concert ended with a magnificent performance of Brahms's unmelodic but effective overture.

It is said that Mr. Paur has been disciplining some of his players lately for not getting to rehearsals on time. It would be well if he would discipline himself also, and begin the concerts on time. On Saturday he came on the stage 10 minutes after 8 o'clock. This made the performance drag beyond the hour at which it should

have ended, and caused a great exodus of patrons before the concert was finished.

Mr. Paur also shows very poor judgment in arranging his programmes as regards their length. The programmes this evening was 10 minutes over the reasonable duration of one hour and a half, and had the Huldigung March followed the Brahms Overture as Mr. Paur first planned, it would have been a most tedious experience.

A large number of the subscribers to these concerts are suburbanans, and must necessarily leave at a certain time in order to catch their trains. Mr. Paur should recognize this fact and remedy the difficulty by beginning at 8 o'clock promptly, and arranging his programme so that it shall end by 9.30.

Next Saturday evening Mendelssohn's music to "Midsummer Night's Dream" will be given, with the assistance of a chorus of members of the Cecilia. Mr. George Riddle will read from Shakespeare's lines.

WARREN DAVENPORT.

AS TO MR. PAUR.

The Foolishness of the New Rumor—His Work.

The Musical Courier of New York has had a recurrence of its former complaint, i. e., the discharge of Conductor Paur from the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the end of the present season.

In its present aberration it disposes of Conductor Paur as "having been weighed in the scales of criticism and found wanting."

Its former hallucination, appearing in its columns in the form of a prediction that Mr. Paur would only remain during one season, has overcome its reason again, and it now asserts that Mr. Higginson has been negotiating for Mr. Paur's successor, with a faint possibility that Mr. Gericke will return to his old post.

It would be interesting to know the source of the information that produces these occasional aberrations on the part of our esteemed contemporary.

Mr. Higginson says that Conductor Paur is engaged for a term of years, and Conductor Paur says that he is engaged for five years with the privilege of an additional five years if he desires.

Mr. Paur is now laying his plans for next season's series, and will be so busy with the affairs of his position as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra that he will not go abroad this summer. These facts hardly warrant a claim that he will be discharged or resign.

He has already rehabilitated the orchestra and is now its master. The musical barbarism that existed during the four seasons that Nikisch encumbered the position of conductor has, with the exception of the infernal pounding of the tympani, been eradicated. It is reported that there will be changes in the member-

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ship of the band at the expiration of the present season, among which will be the engagement of a first clarinet player to replace the present incumbent brought here by Nikisch, a player whose efforts when he first began here were, in the opinion of many, hardly above those of a clever amateur.

Undoubtedly the exacting discipline of Conductor Paur has disturbed the go-as-you-please inclinations of many of the players who in this direction enjoyed a sort of picnic under the laxity of Nikisch's incompetency.

That business is all over now, and whoever remains under the baton of Conductor Paur will find that he is positive in his conception and able to enforce his ideas of its rendition, regardless of any inclination, whims, or inattention upon the part of the players engaged to do his bidding.

The Musical Courier admits that Mr. Paur is an excellent musician and conductor, and in the same breath remarks that there are at least half a dozen conductors in this country his superiors. Well, if there are a half dozen such, none of them are to be found in New York. The Boston Transcript, which the Musical Courier taunts, will be able to crow over its New York contemporary next fall as lustily as will the Republican party over the beginning annihilation of the Democratic crew that has scuttled its craft with the auger of free silver and free trade, and gone to bottom helpless in the midocean of its political idiocy. In the slang of the day, "come off," gentlemen of the Musical Courier, and "give us a rest" on this subject of the future conductorship of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Paur, through his superior ability, made Leipzig forget your friend Nikisch, and he has done Boston the same service.

WARREN DAVENPORT.

See End of Vol. for more on this subject
MUSIC. Gazette

Mischievous Musicians.

Certain people in New York seem to be very much disturbed about the future of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and are full of good advice to Mr. Higginson regarding the course he should pursue in order to maintain the efficiency of the organization. This is amusing when it is considered that the orchestra has never been in a higher state of efficiency than it is under the direction of Mr. Paur. For some reason or other, the writers for the press, in New York, who are averse to the present conductor, never plummeted the depths of their rapture for Mr. Nikisch, under whom the orchestra steadily degenerated until it was in sore danger of losing the front rank it had obtained as one of the leading orchestras of the world.

There is good reason for believing that these periodical attacks on Mr. Paur originate with certain disgruntled members of the orchestra, who, having rejoiced under the lax discipline of Mr. Nikisch, revolt at the severer discipline to which they are subjected by his successor. It has become notorious that these discontents, only three or four in number, lose no opportunity that offers, to disparage Mr. Paur in the most scandalous fashion, and it would seem that, under the circumstances, the most advisable course to pursue would be to dispense with their services, and to fill their places with other players, and to permit them to find situations under conductors who countenance the "hall fellow, well met" methods with their men, that these performers favor, but which Mr. Paur opposes. As far as we have been able to discover, Mr. Paur has the respect and the esteem of his whole orchestra, except these few prominent men among the string players; and he also enjoys the best consideration of the whole musical public, save that of some young composers whose music he has not thought it advisable to perform, for doubtless good reasons, and that of the leader of a well-known clique here who has been unable to use him as he was able to use Mr. Nikisch.

None who have had any experience with large orchestra can possibly be surprised to hear of the petty backbitings, the small jealousies, and the treachery generally, of which they are capable. When Mr. Gericke first came, he was hailed with enthusiasm. After a short time the fault-finding, the disparagement and the contemptible backbiting began, and it was not long before he was in high disfavor with his men; and even those who pretended brotherly love for him when in his presence, ridiculed and snarled at him behind his back. It was the same with Mr. Nikisch. At the outset there went up a cry of perfect delight over him. By and by the usual order of things prevailed, and the backbiting, the belittling, the growling and the adverse criticism, on both professional and personal grounds, began. Here, again, the most zealous scandalizers were those who were most trusted by him, and those who were most sycophantic to him when in his company. A like course has followed Mr. Paur's coming hither. At the beginning, all was laudation. He was a delightful man, a fine musician, and a brilliant conductor. This jubilation continued for the regulation period, and then came the inevitable table-turning. In a short article, intended to be humorous, and which appeared in these columns shortly after Mr.

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ship of the band at the expiration of the present season, among which will be the engagement of a first clarinet player to replace the present incumbent brought here by Nikisch, a player whose efforts when he first began here were, in the opinion of many, hardly above those of a clever amateur.

Undoubtedly the exacting discipline of Conductor Paur has disturbed the go-as-you-please inclinations of many of the players who in this direction enjoyed a sort of picnic under the laxity of Nikisch's incompetency.

That business is all over now, and whoever remains under the baton of Conductor Paur will find that he is positive in his conception and able to enforce his ideas of its rendition, regardless of any inclination, whims, or inattention upon the part of the players engaged to do his bidding.

The Musical Courier admits that Mr. Paur is an excellent musician and conductor, and in the same breath remarks that there are at least half a dozen conductors in this country his superiors. Well, if there are a half dozen such, none of them are to be found in New York. The Boston Transcript, which the Musical Courier taunts, will be able to crow over its New York contemporary next fall as lustily as will the Republican party over the beginning annihilation of the Democratic crew that has scuttled its craft with the auger of free silver and free trade, and gone to bottom helpless in the midocean of its political idiocy. In the slang of the day, "come off," gentlemen of the Musical Courier, and "give us a rest" on this subject of the future conductorship of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Paur, through his superior ability, made Leipsic forget your friend Nikisch, and he has done Boston the same service.

WARREN DAVENPORT.

See Study Vol. for more on this subject

MUSIC. Gazette

Mischievous Musicians.

Certain people in New York seem to be very much disturbed about the future of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and are full of good advice to Mr. Higginson regarding the course he should pursue in order to maintain the efficiency of the organization. This is amusing when it is considered that the orchestra has never been in a higher state of efficiency than it is under the direction of Mr. Paur. For some reason or other, the writers for the press, in New York, who are averse to the present conductor, never plummeted the depths of their rapture for Mr. Nikisch, under whom the orchestra steadily degenerated until it was in sore danger of losing the front rank it had obtained as one of the leading orchestras of the world.

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Apropos of the Gericke possibility, on the authority of a friend who talked with him recently, it may be stated that that musician has repented his refusal of the offer extended to him when Mr. Nikisch left, and would accept the position willingly if again tendered.

Gericke, in conversation with the Boston friend mentioned, stated that had he known that he was wanted here by the public generally, as well as by Colonel Higginson, he should have left Vienna.

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The Symphony Concert.

The programme for last night's concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in Music Hall, was: Funerale, Von Bülow (first time); "Eroica" symphony, Beethoven; two movements from Concerto No. 5, for violin, Molique, and Tragic overture, Brahms. The soloist was Mr. Otto Roth. The "Funerale" was given in memory of the late Hans Von Bülow. It is somewhat more coherent than the other music of his that we have heard, and somewhat less noisy. It is well made, and richly instrumented, and is, of course, in the extreme modern style. It is not especially impressive, and seems vague and on the whole wearisome on a first hearing. It showed its composer's excellent musicianship, but it did not strike us as showing anything more. The Beethoven Symphony received splendid treatment at the hands of Mr. Paur. The nobility of style in which he read it was in refreshing contrast with the spasmodic and quasi-operative manner in which it had been given by his predecessor. The tempi were just; the pace of the funeral march being notably so. There were few departures from the conservative reading of the work, and there was only an occasional retarding of the time for the more effective emphasizing of a phrase. Taken altogether, it was as masterly and as satisfying an interpretation of the work as it has ever had at these concerts, and was applauded in a spirit of hearty appreciation. The movements of the Molique concerto are clear, melodious, and have an easy and delightful flow. It is true that they sound a little old-fashioned, but it is a genuine musicianly old fashion. Mr. Roth played them brilliantly, and with irreproachable finish of style. In the matter of fluent and able technique, perfect intonation, phrasing, and grace of expression, nothing was left to wish for. In other respects, there was a lack of virility, but that seems to be a marked characteristic of the violinists of the orchestra who appear as soloists each season. Their playing is always charming in its elegance, its precision and its fluency, but it is curiously similar in its absence of largeness, of vigor and of what is understood as inspiration. In other words, viewed from its technical standpoint it is admirable, but viewed from the standpoint of broad and manly playing, it seems finical, wanting in intellectuality, and displaying the finger-skilled and the bow-clever virtuoso, rather than the solid and earnest musician. It is all very pretty and very interesting, and is creditable to the industry, the ambition, and the talent of the artists, but it never exemplifies such supreme qualities as to do away with the desire to hear a really great violinist, now and then, at these concerts. Mr. Roth, however, acquitted himself tastefully and well and fairly deserved the hearty applause and the recalls that rewarded his efforts. The programme for the next concert is Mendelssohn's music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Mr. George Riddle is to be the reader, and the choruses will be sung by members of the Cecilia.

IT SEEMS to be difficult for several of the members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra to realize who is in control. They have been so pampered, and have had things their own way, so long, that

they have grown into overrating their importance. Hence, when one of them makes it a habit of coming late to rehearsal, and is subjected to a fine, by way of bringing him to a sense of the desirability of punctuality, he is astounded at the daring of the self-reliant conductor who thus disciplines him. Another player, who sinks into his chair, like a musical Mr. Smallweed, and fiddles in a listless manner, as if he were playing under protest and had no interest in his work, whatever, when requested to sit up and put more vigor into his performances, feels insulted to the very depths of his soul, and can scarcely realize that any conductor should be so presuming as to take him to task for not doing his duty properly. Then, there are one or two pretty darlings who are more interested in the graceful motion of their bow-wrist over the top of their large shirt-cuffs than they are in the music they play; and these also feel that they are wronged when they are disciplined, and very properly, into the right course. These people appear to think that the audience assembles to look at and to admire them, rather than to listen to the music. It is very likely, that, by and by, they will, through bitter experience, be brought to a sense of the true state of affairs, and will then concede, though perhaps unwillingly, that the conductor, particularly the able conductor, is, after all, the most important figure in the orchestra, and that when he is resolved to have his own way, it is useless in his subordinates to kick against his authority. In all such cases, when there is any humiliating to be done, it is the rank and file, and not the commanding officer who must suffer it.

Just why Hans von Bülow should have had an elegiac concert in Boston, when that sort of respect was paid neither to Gounod nor Tschalkowsky, does not appear obviously, unless the reason be that he was a German, while neither of them was. Any how a goodly proportion, if not the whole of the audience at last night's symphony concert must have regretted his death sincerely, because it was the excuse for weighing down their spirits with one of the gloomiest and least interesting programmes which even Mr. Paur's poor judgment in such matters has compounded. It began with a "Funerale" composed by the late lamented, which fortunately was not very long and was rather expressively developed in a Wagnerian fashion from a melancholy theme first propounded by a cheerful choir of bassoons, horns and violas. The treatment of this subject was musicianly and was worked up a couple of times or so to a good deal of sonority and strength. The composer had had the consideration to end its lugubrious minor monody with a few bars in the major mode, but the impression left was still sepulchral. Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony followed—noblest of works in its kind, grand, grave even in its lighter

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The situation seems to be that Herr Paur wants to stay, Colonel Higginson doesn't want him to stay, and the Symphony admirers generally have preferences for a more magnetic leader.

The Symphony Concert.

The programme for last night's concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in Music Hall, was: Funerale, Von Bülow (first time); "Eroica" symphony, Beethoven; two movements from Concerto No. 5, for violin, Mollique, and Tragic overture, Brahms. The soloist was Mr. Otto Roth. The "Funerale" was given in memory of the late Hans von Bülow. It is somewhat more coherent than the other music of his that we have heard, and somewhat less noisy. It is well made, and richly instrumented, and is, of course, in the extreme modern style. It is not especially impressive, and seems vague and on the whole wearisome on a first hearing. It showed its composer's excellent musicianship, but it did not strike us as showing anything more. The Beethoven Symphony received splendid treatment at the hands of Mr. Paur. The nobility of style in which he read it was in refreshing contrast with the spasmodic and quasi-operatic manner in which it had been given by his predecessor. The tempi were just; the pace of the funeral march being notably so. There were few departures from the conservative reading of the work, and there was only an occasional retarding of the time for the more effective emphasizing of a phrase. Taken altogether, it was as masterly and as satisfying an interpretation of the work as it has ever had at these concerts, and was applauded in a spirit of hearty appreciation. The movements of the Mollique concerto are clear, melodious, and have an easy and delightful flow. It is true that they sound a little old-fashioned, but it is a genuine musicianly old fashion. Mr. Roth played them brilliantly, and with irreproachable finish of style. In the matter of fluent and able technique, perfect intonation, phrasing, and grace of expression, nothing was left to wish for. In other respects, there was a lack of virility, but that seems to be a marked characteristic of the violinists of the orchestra who appear as soloists each season. Their playing is always charming in its elegance, its precision and its fluency, but it is curiously similar in its absence of largeness, of vigor and of what is understood as inspiration. In other words, viewed from its technical standpoint it is admirable, but viewed from the standpoint of broad and manly playing, it seems finical, wanting in intellectuality, and displaying the finger-skilled and the bow-clever virtuoso, rather than the solid and earnest musician. It is all very pretty and very interesting, and is creditable to the industry, the ambition, and the talent of the artists, but it never exemplifies such supreme qualities as to do away with the desire to hear a really great violinist, now and then, at these concerts. Mr. Roth, however, acquitted himself tastefully and well and fairly deserved the hearty applause and the recalls that rewarded his efforts. The programme for the next concert is Mendelssohn's music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Mr. George Riddle is to be the reader, and the choruses will be sung by members of the Cecilia.

IT SEEMS to be difficult for several of the members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra to realize who is in control. They have been so pampered, and have had things their own way, so long, that

they have grown into overrating their importance. Hence, when one of them makes it a habit of coming late to rehearsal, and is subjected to a fine, by way of bringing him to a sense of the desirability of punctuality, he is astounded at the daring of the self-reliant conductor who thus disciplines him. Another player, who sinks into his chair, like a musical Mr. Smallweed, and fiddles in a listless manner, as if he were playing under protest and had no interest in his work, whatever, when requested to sit up and put more vigor into his performances, feels insulted to the very depths of his soul, and can scarcely realize that any conductor should be so presuming as to take him to task for not doing his duty properly. Then, there are one or two pretty darlings who are more interested in the graceful motion of their bow-wrist over the top of their large shirt-cuffs than they are in the music they play; and these also feel that they are wronged when they are disciplined, and very properly, into the right course. These people appear to think that the audience assembles to look at and to admire them, rather than to listen to the music. It is very likely, that, by and by, they will, through bitter experience, be brought to a sense of the true state of affairs, and will then concede, though perhaps unwillingly, that the conductor, particularly the able conductor, is, after all, the most important figure in the orchestra, and that when he is resolved to have his own way, it is useless in his subordinates to kick against his authority. In all such cases, when there is any humiliating to be done, it is the rank and file, and not the commanding officer who must suffer it.

Just why Hans von Bülow should have had an elegiac concert in Boston, when that sort of respect was paid neither to Gounod nor Tschalkowsky, does not appear obviously, unless the reason be that he was a German, while neither of them was. Any how a goodly proportion, if not the whole of the audience at last night's Symphony concert must have regretted his death sincerely, because it was the excuse for weighing down their spirits with one of the gloomiest and least interesting programmes which even Mr. Paur's poor judgment in such matters has compounded. It began with a "Funerale" composed by the late lamented, which fortunately was not very long and was rather expressively developed in a Wagnerian fashion from a melancholy theme first propounded by a cheerful choir of bassoons, horns and violas. The treatment of this subject was musicianly and was worked up a couple of times or so to a good deal of sonority and strength. The composer had had the consideration to end its lugubrious minor monody with a few bars in the major mode, but the impression left was still sepulchral. Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony followed—noblest of works in its kind, grand, grave even in its lighter

mood, and tinged with sombreness even when it would rejoice and acclaim. A work of works, yet one which should be heard either upon some occasion of solemn state or in relief against the outpourings of altogether other moods. The andante and the opening allegro from Molique's fifth violin concerto came next, but added no positive interest or real life to the hour. The andante is pleasant but pensive, and the other movement makes a good deal of display and tries the players' skill and speed, yet says nothing of consequence and diverts by no positive brilliancy. Mr. Roth played the movements very well, showing a marked gain in composure, smoothness and self-command, manifested through a technique which was quite equal to the demands of the music. Brahms's rather grim and heavy "Tragic" overture brought the concert to a serious conclusion. The orchestra did good service all through the evening both mechanically and in spirit.

The next programme consists solely of Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" music, with the ladies of the Cecilia for vocal assistants, while the usual condensed version of the play will be read by Mr. Riddle, whose success in it has always been eminent.

HOWARD MALCOM TICKNOR.

CONCERTS AND LECTURES.

Von Bulow's Memory Honored by the Symphony Orchestra—Grand German Opera—Varied Musical Happenings.

The program of the 21st symphony concert was given in memory of Hans Guido von Bulow, who died Feb 12 of this year.

One of this eminent composer's latest works was given the place of honor on the program, a "Funerale" in D minor. It is a short and very impressive composition. There is but one movement and a single theme. The latter is itself extremely simple, but is worked out with much elaboration.

In treatment the work is strikingly characteristic of the unique individuality and vigorous, straightforward methods of its composer. It will take high rank with older writings of this character.

The performance by the orchestra was admirable; rarely has a composition received more sympathetic or impressive interpretations.

The other selections consisted of Beethoven's third symphony (Heroic), two movements from Bernhard Molique's concerto No. 5 for violin and orchestra, and Johannes Brahms' tragic overture in D minor. These are all very impressive offerings and thoroughly in keeping with the spirit of the occasion, even if their heaviness and length did prove so severe a tax upon the attention of the audience that many left the hall before the final number was played.

The interpretation of the familiar Beethoven symphony differed materially from that given here by Mr. Paur's predecessors.

and proved considered as a whole, very satisfactory. The simple grandeur, and one might say rugged, character of the music was made more evident than was the custom with former conductors.

Mr. Paur's was probably as faithful a reading of the great master's famous symphony as has ever been given here. There were none of those dainty ornamentations and novel changes of tempo which were so much in favor with Mr. Nikisch.

Mr. Otto Roth added materially to his popularity here by his really brilliant playing of the violin solo in Molique's concerto. He some time ago proved himself entitled to high rank among resident violinists and the evidence shown yesterday of advancement in his art was most gratifying to a large number of friends. His technique seems equal to all requirements, his tones are pure and exact and he plays with uncommon expression and true artistic feeling.

The program of this week's concert will consist of Mendelssohn's music to Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream." Mr. George Riddle will read the text and the orchestra will be assisted by a chorus of members of the Cecilia.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The memory of Dr. Hans von Bulow was honored in the programme of last evening's Symphony concert by the performance of his "Funerale" in D minor, the last of a set of four character pieces dedicated by the composer to Hans von Bronsart. The composition consists of a single movement of an uninteresting character, which is, however, elaborately treated in the well-known style of Von Bulow.

The great "Eroica" symphony followed, and the reading given the work by Mr. Paur was thoroughly conservative and equally gratifying. The funeral march was played in a particularly impressive fashion and the finale was read in a way to bring out all its manifold beauties. The audience was greatly pleased with the performance given the symphony, and the work of the men merited all the applause given at its conclusion.

Mr. Otto Roth was the soloist, making his annual appearance in the concerts on this occasion. He chose for his contribution to the programme the first and second movements from Bernhard's "Moliques," concerto for violin No. 5 in A minor, playing the andante first and following it with the allegro. Mr. Roth has gained something in finish and style since his last appearance in these concerts, and what his playing lacks in strength and character is made up for largely in the purity of his tone and his delicate touch. He is a master of the technique of his instrument, and the many difficulties of the allegro movement were played with an easy grace that quite charmed his audience. He was honored with generous applause at the conclusion of his effort, in which his fellow-musicians joined.

Brahms' tragic overture ended the programme, and Mr. Paur brought to its performance all of his well known admiration for the works of this composer, giving the admirers of "Beethoven's successor" an opportunity to appreciate the finale of the programme to the fullest extent.

Next week's concert will consist of a reading of "Midsummer Night's Dream," with Shakespeare's music, in which the orchestra will have the assistance of the chorus of the Cecilia.

THEATRES AND CONCERTS.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The twenty-first symphony concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, was in memoriam Hans Guido, Baron von Bulow (born in Dresden Jan. 8, 1830; died in Cairo, Egypt, Feb. 12, 1894.) The programme was as follows:

Hans von Bulow: Funerale, Opus 23, No. 4.

(First time.)
Beethoven: Symphony No. 3, in E-flat major ("Eroica"), Opus 55.

Molique: Two movements from Concerto for Violin, No. 5, in A minor, Opus 21.

Brahms: Tragic Overture, in D minor, Opus 81.

Mr. Otto Roth was the violinist.

An *in memoriam* programme is seldom an easy one to make up, especially when the person to be honored has made little or no mark as a composer. All sorts of conflicting elements have to be reconciled, as best they may. That each selection should have a certain appositeness to the occasion, goes without saying; it is also desirable that the programme itself should be a fine one, its component numbers going well together, both in the way of similarity of purpose and of artistic contrast. The problem is no easy one; unfortunately it is too often made harder than necessary by the half-hearted way it is faced. A third element is generally introduced: that of easy practicableness; the great departed musician is to be honored, to be sure, but at the expense of as little trouble as possible, and without lifting the orchestra too much out of its every-day ruts. It is rather like the tribute of respect paid to deceased notabilities by sending the empty family coach to their funerals—a piece of etiquette that does not represent much real pains-taking. We have had this sort of *in memoriam* concert in Boston before. Not very long ago we "honored" Sebastian Bach, not by giving a fine and carefully prepared performance of any important, hitherto unheard work of his, but by simply turning our Bach-barrel upside down, and fishing out a few old things that could be done with a minimum of trouble.

On last Saturday's programme there was a new work by Von Bulow himself—probably the first orchestral piece of his ever heard in this city. So far, good! The "Eroica" symphony and the Tragic Overture were also unquestionably apposite; so far, still good! A little open to the suspicion of monotony, perhaps, but on occasions of this sort this is easily pardonable. But, in the name of common decency, what had the movements from Molique's concerto to do or say on such a programme? What possible connection can there be between an obsolete musical pink-of-propriety like Molique and the militant Von Bulow, whose whole artistic life was an unintermitting energetic protest against all that men of Molique's stamp represented in music? Von Bulow may be said to have indicated his own *in memoriam* programme with tolerable distinctness, if ever a musician did. "My musical creed is in E-flat major—with three B's (flats) to the signature: Bach, Beethoven and Brahms!" We had the Beethoven and the Brahms; for which all thanks. But where was the Bach?—the first on the list! Conspicu-

ous only by his absence! Or was Molique, a respectable gentleman who had made his studies in counterpoint as well as another, to rattle round in the great John Sebastian's shoes and stand proxy for him? We suspect that here the element of "easy practicableness" came in; that Mr. Roth had long been down on the list for a concerto, that the *in memoriam* Von Bulow programme was an after-thought, and that, having already made out the three remaining programmes of the season, Mr. Paur did not see his way clear to lodging Mr. Roth and his concerto anywhere else. And let it be said furthermore that, if the Molique concerto showed no honor to Von Bulow, its position on the programme showed no favor whatever to Mr. Roth. To ask a solo player to face an audience after nearly an hour and a half of pretty solid music, is to show him no kindness; but to expect him to thrill an audience with a poor, attenuated little salon-concerto like Molique's immediately after the "Eroica" symphony—that is to put him into about as anomalous a position as any artist could desire to escape from. Just after the uneasy chromatics and nightmare oppression of the Von Bulow Funerale, the unassuming clearness of style and rather simpering daintiness of the two Molique movements might have been really grateful; but Beethoven's "Eroica" killed it outright.

Von Bulow's Funerale is a piece of free writing, in which one catches a glimpse of more than one Wagnerish-sounding phrase. It seems to us quite as good as a great deal of the music that passes muster nowadays; it is only its disproportion with the greatness of Von Bulow's name that makes it seem something of a pity to rake it up out of oblivion and expose it to public hearing. The "Eroica" was played with great spirit, and with excellently well-chosen tempi; the performance, however, was not throughout impeccable in point of finish. Brahms's grand Tragic Overture was very well played indeed, and made a superb effect.

Mr. Roth played the Molique concerto very beautifully indeed, with exquisite sentiment in the *cantilena* passages, fine warmth of tone, grace of phrasing, and brilliancy of *bravura*. The composition itself we have already spoken of; it is dead past resuscitation. We have a suspicion, too, that the style of violin-playing which belonged to it in its day is also obsolete now. We have heard some of the older generation of violinists, now passing or passed away, speak with regret of the decay of the old "grand style" of solo playing which they remembered hearing in their youth. The late Julius Eichberg, for instance, would now and then go into descriptive details on the subject; his account tallied very well with other plausible historical evidence. These to us flimsy little concertos, especially the broader *cantilena* passages, were played with a grandiosity of dramatic expression that would probably raise a smile today; the same thing was true of the older English ballad-singing, by men like Incedon and Braham; simple little songs like the Dibdin ballads were sung in a portentously dramatic style that would have befitted the most strenuous passages in grand opera. Ole Bull's violin-playing was one of the last remnants of the old style,—exaggerated, to be sure,

and pushed to extremes. No doubt it would be a ticklish experiment to try this sort of thing before a serious audience today; people would be pretty sure to laugh at it. Still we should not forget that things like this concerto of Molique's were probably conceived in this vein, and that it was this sort of playing that made them effective in the ears of audiences in the heyday of their popularity.

The next programme is Mendelssohn's music to Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," with a chorus from the Cecilia and Mr. George Riddle as reader of the text.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Symphony Concert.

To illustrate the peculiar deftness in the art of programme-making which has ruled recently in our symphony concerts, it may be mentioned that there were two funeral marches on the list on Saturday, the soloist came on at a quarter past nine, and a tragic overture made a dark ending to the matter at about 10 P.M. But everything in this long and ill-assorted programme was played to perfection, and there was certainly an excuse for the gloom of much of the music in the fact that the occasion was a tribute to the memory of the recently deceased Von Bulow.

To give a concert in memory of this great worker in music could not have been a very easy task, for Bulow was at his very weakest as a composer; to celebrate the memory of Tschaiikowsky or even of Gounod would have been infinitely easier. One work only by the defunct was upon the programme, and this was by far the least interesting number of the evening. The "Funerale," which was the work in question, was a good study in scoring and in musical arithmetic, but its name was not to be whispered in the same breath with what Beethoven, Wagner or Chopin have done in the same direction.

It was immediately obliterated by Beethoven's Heroic symphony, which received an interpretation that has not been surpassed in this city. There was a little of over-precision in the first movement, but this was a failing that leaned to virtue's side. The Funeral March was given with just the right sentiment, being neither too inflated on the one hand, nor too lachrymose on the other. Coleridge once spoke of this as "a funeral march in purple," and the note of dignity which this implies was present from first to last. The oboe did especially excellent work in this movement, and the great orchestral sob with which the movement ends was perfectly portrayed.

The scherzo was taken with just the right spirit also; it is really the first symphonic scherzo ever written, for in the scherzo of the second symphony (the first establishment of this kind of movement) the composer has kept very close to the minuet in form, style and tempo, and it is more of a minuet than the minuet of the first symphony. Berlioz's idea that it pictures the world going on, chattering bargaining, and enjoying itself, even after the death of the hero, may not be so far from the truth, but he who listens carefully will not fail to hear something of the clash of swords, an echo of heroism, even in its jovial measures. The horn trio of this movement is not so

difficult now, when the players give everything on F horns with ventils, as it was in the composer's time, when it was performed on three E-flat horns. It was very well played and the charming modulation in which D-flat is suddenly introduced was most clear and effective in performance. The finale always seems to the reviewer the beginning of the struggle of Beethoven to produce a good counterpoise to the power of the first-movement-form, a struggle continued in the fifth symphony and culminated in the ninth. It has always been a defect in the sonata-form (of which the symphony is the highest expression) that the trump card is played first, that the beginning with the finest form known to modern music makes the finale either a copy or an anti-climax. It seems odd, too, that Beethoven did not venture on trombones, the military instruments for heavy work, in this symphony, (they first came into symphony in the finale of the fifth symphony) and as he never made much of the trumpets (there is not a very difficult trumpet passage in all Beethoven's scores) the military tone-color is not very prominent. The finale was splendidly performed, and one may congratulate Boston on once more hearing Beethoven's works as he intended them, without extra spice or sensationalism.

Mr. Otto Roth was the soloist and played two movements of Molique's fifth concerto for violin with excellent expression and technique. His tone is broader, his style more masculine than it used to be, and he made more out of the sweet and rather cloying work than one would have expected. Many recalls greeted the end of his performance, and the enthusiasm was fully earned. The work itself, however, scarcely seems worthy of being ranked with the true concertos; compared with Mendelssohn's or any of Bruch's (to compare it with Beethoven's would be sacrilege), it seems rather a violin solo with orchestral accompaniment than an interweaving of the two forces, an orchestral work with a solo thread woven into the fabric, as the concerto should be and as the works cited are. Yet it is rich in melody, and even in these days of musical "impressionists" a set of tuneful themes is sure to win appreciation.

More laudatory adjectives must be showered upon the Tragic overture by Brahms. It had a smaller audience than its predecessors, for many had departed when it began. Its gloom was of a different type from that of the first two numbers; it is full of foreboding, of weird and mystic brooding; it suggests Ossian as strongly as Mendelssohn, and more strongly than Gade has done. Its interpretation only heightened the conviction that we are gaining ground steadily in the standard of our orchestral work, all that was lost has been recovered and the future promises even more.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1893-94.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

XXII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 14, AT 8, P. M.

PROGRAMME.

MENDELSSOHN.

OVERTURE, op. 21, and INCIDENTAL MUSIC, op. 61, to SHAKSPERE'S "MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM."

- I. OVERTURE: Allegro di molto.
- II. SCHERZO. (After Act I.): Allegro vivace.
- III. MELODRAMA. (Act II. Scenes 1 and 2): Allegro Vivace.
- IV. SONG with CHORUS. ("You spotted snakes." Act II. Scene 3): Allegro ma non troppo.
- V. MELODRAMA. (Act II. Scene 3): Andante.
- VI. ENTR'ACTE. (After Act II.): Allegro appassionato.—Allegro molto commodo.
- VII. MELODRAMA. (Act III. Scene 1.): Allegro.
- VIII. NOCTURNE. (After Act III.): Andante tranquillo.
- IX. MELODRAMA. (Act IV. Scene 1): Andante.—Allegro molto.
- X. WEDDING MARCH. (After Act IV.): Allegro vivace.
- XI. MELODRAMA. (Act V. Scene 1): Allegro commodo.
MARCIA FUNEBRE: Andante commodo.
- XII. DANCE OF CLOWNS. (Act V. Scene 1.): Allegro di molto.
- XIII. MARCH. (After Act V. Scene 1.): Allegro vivace.
- XIV. FINALE; CHORUS OF ELVES. ("Through the house give glimmering light. Act V. Scene 2.): Allegro di molto.

Reader: Mr. GEORGE RIDDLE.

Soloists:

MRS. MARIE BARNARD SMITH.

MISS HARRIET S. WHITTIER.

Chorus of Members of the Cecilia.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

J. W. D.

Mendelssohn's Midsummer Night's Dream.

GEORGE RIDDLE READS.

An Interesting, Well Planned Programme.

The Director Paur Story—Notes of Interest in the Music World.

The overture and incidental music to Shakespeare's "Midsummer-Night's Dream," by Mendelssohn, with readings from the play by Mr. George Riddle, furnished the programme for the 22nd concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Music Hall, Saturday evening.

Mrs. Marie Barnard Smith and Miss Harriet S. Whittier and members of the Cecilia assisted in the performance.

The delicate and graceful music of Mendelssohn written to Shakespeare's play is of phenomenal freshness and beauty and aptly dramatic in its fairy and rustic elements, as well, breathing as it does a most refined conception upon the part of its author. The invention shown in this work is of extraordinary fertility, the instrumentation being masterly in its treatment and delicacy.

Of this stroke of genius, to quote freely, it can be said that age cannot wither it, nor custom stale its infinite variety and beauty.

For the performance Saturday evening, nothing but praise can be accorded. Mr. Paur conducted the work with rare ability. His tempo of the Wedding March is to be commended for its moderate pace, the effect thereby being wonderfully grand and impressive. The audience recalled him several times after the playing of this number. The fairy lightness of the Scherzo was entrancing. The beautiful nocturne was played delightfully. Mr. Paur imparting to it the true spirit of tranquility.

The horn solo in this number was played by Mr. Hackenbarth, the first horn of the orchestra, in a most exquisite and highly artistic manner, his tone quality being of the most mellow character and accurately true in intonation.

Mr. Paur should prize this able and artistic performer. I am sure all the critical listeners bless the good fortune that brought this artistic player to our or-

chestra to sustain in so superior a manner the first horn part with all its difficulties.

Mr. Riddle was eminently successful in his readings, the audience recognizing the brilliancy of the effort and the individuality and dramatic delineation of the various characters of the play with frequent and hearty applause. In gaining his effects in the defining of the characters of the play Mr. Riddle did not spare his vocal apparatus, and the singer, actor or elocutionist that was among the listeners must have rejoiced that it was not his own throat that was being rasped so violently at times. Next Saturday evening will embrace the following numbers: Symphony, No. 4 in E minor, Brahms; Prelude to "Edipus," J. K. Paine; Overture to "King Stephen," Beethoven. Miss Antoinette Trebelli will sing an aria from "Don Juan," Mozart; and one from Massenet's "Le Cid."

MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Symphony Concert.

September 29, 1862, Samuel Pepys wrote "To the King's Theatre where we saw 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' which I had never seen before, nor shall ever again, for it is the most insipid, ridiculous play that ever I saw in my life." While no auditor at Saturday's symphony concert (or possibly "musical entertainment" would be a truer expression) could share Pepys' views, not a few must have been astonished to find a play in the foreground, and the orchestra in the background. Yet the reading of almost the whole of the Shakespearian play gave opportunity to judge of the fitness of Mendelssohn's incidental music, an opportunity which would not have been obtained had not the reader been present to give the poet's context. The chief precept for such a performance, in which the literary overbalanced the musical, is to be found in Schumann's "Manfred" which has frequently been given in our classical concerts; but here two points of distinction may be drawn—"Manfred" is not a light comedy, but a most exalted tragedy, in it the text does not preponderate greatly over the music, and Schumann has written some of the most beautiful melodrama (the union of music with declamation) for the Byronic poem that ever was created, while Mendelssohn wrote the incidental music to the Shakespearian play to order, and with two exceptions, did not attempt enough to bring the work from the theatre into the concert room. The audience was evidently deeply interested, as was evinced not only by the applause but by the overwhelming rustle of the programme books when the reader passed from one page to the next.

Mr. George Riddle was the reader and showed great intelligence and marvellous elocutionary power in his work. One might object to the exaggeration of the character of Bottom, and especially to the introduction of burlesque singing on the symphonic stage, but this comment falls outside of the domain of musical criticism, and the shoemaker has no desire to be invited to stick to his last.

The musical portion of the work was admirably done. The overture is one of the finest specimens of humor in music that exists. It is a mistake to suppose that the great masters stalked about with their heads in the clouds, or were forever scaling Olympus; all of them have shown a tendency to do some work on the playful side, and not one of the great composers has gone solemnly through his career carrying a top-heavy dignity. Beethoven's drunken bassoonist in his sixth symphony, Mozart's ribald canons, show the coarse side of musical humor, Bach's "Coffee Cantata," the duller expression of it, but of all the composers at play none have achieved such fun without either vulgarity or clumsiness, such heartiness without coarseness as Mendelssohn, and the scherzo in the Scotch Symphony, or the overture to "Midsummer Night's Dream" are splendid examples of his power in this direction. In the midst of all the fun the symmetrical form is preserved, and if the drunken weaver snores during his slumber in fairy-

land, it is as a bass to the recapitulation of the chief theme that he does so. This same snoring, however, has lost some of its effect through the obsolescence of the Ophicleide. The raucous tone of this instrument, for which Mendelssohn wrote the part, is scarcely replaced by the smoother sound of the bass tuba which substitutes for it at present. The braying of the bassoon, allusive to the metamorphosis of Bottom, is fortunately still given as Mendelssohn wrote it. The coda seemed taken rather slow, and the woodwind did not bend as perfectly as usual, but beyond this everything was delightfully performed. The overture antedates the rest of the music by 17 years, and it is not too much to say that it is the most finished and satisfactory composition ever brought forth by a youth in his teens; only Schubert, who at the same age brought forth the "Erl-king," may be compared with Mendelssohn in this early ripeness.

The scherzo of the incidental music is not as spontaneous as the overture, there is less of abandon in the hard-worked man than in the enthusiastic boy. In the melodrama Mendelssohn falls far below Schumann, every portion of this seems perfunctory except those parts which he has taken from his own overture (a musical robbery of Peter to pay Paul) and a short passage for strings near the end of the play, but one can heartily compliment the performers, and the reader kept most admirably with the music, a species of timekeeping far more difficult than that achieved by the singer.

"You Spotted Snakes" was most daintily sung, Mrs. Marie Barnard Smith giving her solo both in this and later in the comedy with most careful effect and pleasant voice. Miss Harriet S. Whittier also sang with good taste, and the shading of the chorus, composed of members of the Cecilia, showed that the female branch of that worthy society still maintains its high standard of efficiency. Yet Stevens' setting of "You Spotted Snakes" is much stronger than this version by Mendelssohn. Titania's remark which ushers in this number, "Come now, a roundel and a fairy song" is notable as being Shakespeare's chief allusion to round-singing, which was popular enough in England in his time; per contra, he alludes frequently enough to catches, the tavern music of his day, in which I suspect he often sustained his part. The two chief points of the incidental music, which Mendelssohn wrote at the royal command, are the Nocturne and the Wedding March. The Nocturne was exquisitely shaded and the horn work was without a blemish. The Wedding March was taken with a dignity which is seldom accorded it and the fanfares rang out with amazing power and clearness. The applause which greeted this and the Nocturne showed that the audience appreciated the music none the less because of its declamatory adjuncts. Altogether, although "symphony concert" would be a misnomer for the proceedings, the occasion was not without its educational value, and it was well at least once to hear a celebrated work of that master whom the present age has somewhat slighted, and to hear it with its literary context.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

CONCERTS AND LECTURES.

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Throughout the 14 numbers the perfect unanimity of the strings was notably in evidence. The fairy music, with its wonderful lights and shades, was as trippingly and delicately given as one could wish, the finale chorus of elves being one of the gems of the performance.

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No, it is clear that the *Courier* is impartial in its hostility to Mr. Paur, and is moved only by its loyalty to art as it understands the matter. What perplexes us, however, is why the *Courier* is adverse to Mr. Paur, when all the reputable Boston music critics write favorably of him. The *Courier* says absolutely and imperiously, "Mr. Paur will not do. He is not wanted;" but it does not tell us why he will not do; and by whom he is not wanted. At this distance from the office of the *Courier*, it seems that Mr. Paur will do, and we have heard nothing about his not being wanted, except through that paper. Perhaps, if it gave its authority, we should learn that the information so positively sent forth has been derived from some few disgruntled first violinists, who have been disciplined by Mr. Paur, and are resentful in consequence. With all our profound admiration for the honesty and the infallibility of the *Courier*, we are puzzled to understand what it means when it says that "Mr. Paur is an excellent artist, but a second rate conductor." What does it know practically of him as an artist, and in what is he a second rate conductor? In this benighted spot, it appears that Mr. Paur is the very best conductor that the Boston Symphony Orchestra has had; that he has retrieved the orchestra from the sloppy demoralization into which it fell under the sway of Mr. Nikisch, and has brought it to even a higher state of efficiency, as far as spirit is concerned, than it maintained under Mr. Gericke. The *Courier*, however, does not seem to be aware of this fact, for it says, "Mr. Paur does not begin to fill the boots of Mr. Nikisch." Why should he begin to fill them? He was not engaged to fill Mr. Nikisch's boots, nor to rival Mr. Nikisch's shirt cuffs. Mr. Nikisch did not fill his own boots, as a conductor of symphony concerts. They were much too large for him. If there is a cause for congratulation in the replacing of Mr. Nikisch by Mr. Paur, it is that the latter has nothing in common with the former, and that there is not a trace of the pretender, the humbug, or the poseur in him. It may be true that he does not visit the office of the *Courier* when he is in New York, and hob nob with the editors as did Mr. Nikisch; but then he may not have seen the ad-

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reader, woman or man, who might safely challenge comparison with him in this most difficult task; but we know of none such. He has a peculiar natural fitness in the melodious tone and extended compass of his voice, to whose sweet, fine, high and suave qualities his art has added depth, strength and upon occasion a ruggedness which at first seems quite unreconcilable with those other elements as the product of one and the same organ. He is alike happy in the fanciful airy voicings of Puck and the spirits, the femininity of Helena and Hermia, and in the rough, strident outcries of Bottom. More than this, his musical disposition is sensitive and he follows with harmonious sympathy the course of each passage of melodrama. Were we to make a criticism, it would be that in sentimental dialogue he seems less sincere and plastic than in the energetic or humorous; but to urge this might seem like cavilling, and would certainly be unnecessary. Of course, it hardly needs to be added that his diction is elegant, his attention to even minor points of emphasis true, his regard to rhythm invariable and his phrasing scholarly.

Next Saturday's programme gives the orchestra Brahms's fourth symphony, the prelude to Professor Paine's "Edipus" and Beethoven's "King Stephen" overture. The soloist will be Mlle. Antoinette Trebelli, daughter of the famous contralto. She has but recently arrived in this country, and she chooses for this occasion arias from "Don Giovanni" and Massenet's "Le Cid."

The New York Musical Courier continues its malleous and ignorant talk about the conductorship of the Boston orchestra in two more despicable and misleading paragraphs. What its object can be in thus malignantly attacking Mr. Paur and insolently assuming to speak for Mr. Higginson, is beyond even guessing. The only possible explanation or excuse is that it has gone mad with chagrin because its desire to recommend some unsuitable nominee of its own, for the position was passed over with silent contempt. If the Courier told truths, one would not mind its violent language and its ridiculous dictatorial tone. But there may be people in obscure places who will believe in its diatribes just because of their clamorous and confident manner, and it is therefore a pity that some pages out of its own history cannot be reprinted as a warning to those who may imagine that it is always honest and impartial and that it has never had to make mortifying retractions.

Howard MALCOM TICKNOR.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The programme of last evening's concert at Music Hall by the Boston Symphony orchestra included Mendelssohn's music for Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream." The connecting dialogue was read by Mr. George Riddle and the vocal numbers were given with the assistance of Mrs. Marie Barnard-Smith, Miss Harriet S. Whittier, and a chorus of the Cecilia singers.

Mr. Paur's reading of the overture was a most fascinating one, and all of the instrumental music was given an interpretation of the most pleasing sort. The graceful scherzo, the wedding march and the other more familiar concert pieces were delightfully played, and as a whole the orchestral score has rarely been given better treatment in local concert rooms.

The singers were well chosen, the soloists and the chorus filling the demands of the vocal numbers with eminent success.

Mr. Riddle's reading of the fairy drama has been made familiar in former seasons. In certain parts he shows an improvement over any of the work he has done here in this play, and he caught the spirit of the more humorous scenes in a very happy fashion. No man can fully realize the airy grace of the fairy lines, and a full dress suit of the modern day in constant evidence fails to aid the imagination in picturing the scenes in which Oberon and Titania take prominence.

As a whole, however, the evening proved an enjoyable one and afforded many a source of constant pleasure.

Next Saturday evening Mme. Antoinette Trebelli will be the soloist and the programme will include Brahms's fourth symphony, the prelude to J. K. Paine's "Edipus" and the "King Stephen" overture by Beethoven.

THEATRES AND CONCERTS.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The twenty-second concert was given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, the programme consisting of Shakespeare's "Midsummer-Night's Dream" with Mendelssohn's overture and incidental music. Mr. George Riddle was the reader; Mrs. Marie Barnard-Smith and Miss Harriet S. Whittier sang the soprano and contralto solo parts, and the chorus was made up of members of the Cecilia.

If ever a composer showed genius and the finest sense of poetic and dramatic fitness in writing incidental music to a play, Mendelssohn has done so in his music to "Midsummer-Night's Dream." When one considers that wonderful overture written at the age of seventeen, and the rest of the music, written at thirty-four, one cannot help feeling a touch of ill will toward that well-meaning, but rather borne old tyrant, Abraham Mendelssohn, for doing his best to divert his son's rare genius from its native channel, and dry it up by premature forcing. To think that Mendelssohn gave to the world only four of those wondrously poetic and imaginative tone-poems—the overtures to "Midsummer-Night's Dream," "Die Fingals-Höhle," "Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt," and "Zur schönen Melusine,"—absolutely original in their day, as they are still inef-

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fably beautiful, when, had not the grim old father stood over him with his inveterate pedantry, he might have left a good dozen such in his musical legacy to the world! If the "Fingals-Höhle" is probably the most completely fine of these four overtures, the "Midsummer-Night's Dream" is surely the one which shows the greatest freshness of invention, originality, and most brilliant imaginativeness. Weber himself has not painted the world of poetic fancy and tricky magic in truer nor more charming colors. And the boy Mendelssohn was only seventeen when he wrote it! He still had tolerably sound nerves then, and could be wholesomely tricky and frolicsome without a trace of that rather morbid, involuntary restlessness that mars so much in his later works. Both conductor and orchestra fairly outdid themselves; for nicety of perception, vitality of style and fine finish, it was from beginning to end the best performance of the season. One could hardly imagine finer playing of that delightful scherzo that follows the first act. Mr. Paur's slight, but none the less perceptible, modification of the tempo in the second section of the first part of the "Wedding March" was almost a stroke of genius; it is once in a dox's age that one hears a tempo taken that seems at once so surprisingly and so convincingly right. The chorus, too, sang most excellently; only the solos sounded rather meagre and lifeless.

It is some time since we last heard Mr. Riddle read; he has evidently made a most admirable use of that time. Not only has his talent ripened well, but he has made an enormous advance in the technique of his art, which he now pushes fairly to the pitch of virtuosity. His whole method is better than it was a year or two ago. Now he never interrupts the dialogue by naming the respective speakers, but trusts to the audience's having the printed text before their eyes in the programme books. Though he still resorts to the trick of assuming different voices for different characters, he does so with far more art than formerly, without crassness of contrast, and never, except intentionally, with grotesqueness of effect. "Midsummer-Night's Dream" is probably the play to which he has given the most study, and the text of which he has searched through most carefully for legitimately effective points. And his search has not been unrewarded; some of the points he makes are as good as they are (to us) new. One of the best of these is where Quince—remembering Flute's mistake at rehearsal about "Ninny's tomb"—appears as Prologue to "The most lamentable Comedy," and takes particular pains to pronounce "Ni-nus' tomb" with comical distinctness; the point was made with the dearest lightness of touch, and told immediately upon the whole audience; everyone saw it. To hear Shakespeare's play so read and Mendelssohn's music so played is about as delightful a treat as we can well imagine. The public evidently expected great things, for the hall was crowded; and we mistake much if the highest expectations were not realized.

The Twenty-second Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra—A Fine Performance of Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" Music.

At the twenty-second Symphony concert last evening in Music Hall the overture and the incidental music to Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream" made up the program. Mr. George Riddle read portions of the play. Mrs. Marie B. Smith and Miss Whittier sang the incidental solos. The choruses were sung by members of the Cecilia.

This music to Shakespeare's play, the play that Mr. Pepys thought such poor stuff, is still fresh and delightful. The overture is an exhibition of the spontaneous and the most charming style of Mendelssohn's musical nature; it was written before he became a dealer in mannerisms, and yet it has the peculiar hall mark of his talent. It is true that in delicacy the fairy scherzo, "Queen Mab" of Berlioz, surpasses any portion of the music to "Midsummer Night's Dream," but on the other hand Mendelssohn had the gift of more genuine melody.

The Germans, who are so fond of Shakespeare that they claim to have discovered first his genius or even to have invented him, have better opportunities than we to hear this music in connection with the play. They that have heard such performances in the leading towns of Germany know how admirably the music fits the action of clown or fairy. Given thus with gorgeous scenic accessories and with a ballet, the play is a most entertaining spectacle.

Mr. Riddle read with his accustomed elocutionary skill and with fine appreciation of the beauty and the humor of the text. Some might quarrel with his conception of Bottom and prefer a dull, logy, yet uncouth ass. Mr. Riddle presents him rather as a hard, boisterous fellow, and no doubt he has a right to do this; he certainly carries out his conception admirably.

The musical performance was excellent. The overture was finely read and played. The music that accompanies the speaker was given with rare precision and effect.

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The accomplished editor of the Boston Symphony program books stated last week that the first performance of Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" was under the direction of Mr. Lang in Music Hall, April 23, 1864. This statement is not true. The music was given with the play in theatres of Boston before that date.

reader, woman or man, who might safely challenge comparison with him in this most difficult task; but we know of none such. He has a peculiar natural fitness in the melodious tone and extended compass of his voice, to whose sweet, fine, high and suave qualities his art has added depth, strength and upon occasion a ruggedness which at first seems quite unreconcilable with those other elements as the product of one and the same organ. He is alike happy in the fanciful airy volings of Puck and the spirits, the femininity of Helena and Hermia, and in the rough, strident outcries of Bottom. More than this, his musical disposition is sensitive and he follows with harmonious sympathy the course of each passage of melodrama. Were we to make a criticism, it would be that in sentimental dialogue he seems less sincere and plastic than in the energetic or humorous; but to urge this might seem like cavilling, and would certainly be unnecessary. Of course, it hardly needs to be added that his diction is elegant, his attention to even minor points of emphasis true, his regard to rhythm invariable and his phrasing scholarly.

Next Saturday's programme gives the orchestra Brahms's fourth symphony, the prelude to Professor Paine's "Edipus" and Beethoven's "King Stephen" overture. The soloist will be Mlle. Antoinette Trebelli, daughter of the famous contralto. She has but recently arrived in this country, and she chooses for this occasion arias from "Don Giovanni" and Massenet's "Le Cid."

The New York Musical Courier continues its malleious and ignorant talk about the conductorship of the Boston orchestra in two more despicable and misleading paragraphs. What its object can be in thus malignantly attacking Mr. Paur and insolently assuming to speak for Mr. Higginson, is beyond even guessing. The only possible explanation or excuse is that it has gone mad with chagrin because its desire to recommend some unsuitable nominee of its own, for the position was passed over with silent contempt. If the Courier told truths, one would not mind its violent language and its ridiculous dictatorial tone. But there may be people in obscure places who will believe in its diatribes just because of their clamorous and confident manner, and it is therefore a pity that some pages out of its own history cannot be reprinted as a warning to those who may imagine that it is always honest and impartial and that it has never had to make mortifying retractions.

HOWARD MALCOM TICKNOR.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The programme of last evening's concert at Music Hall by the Boston Symphony orchestra included Mendelssohn's music for Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream." The connecting dialogue was read by Mr. George Riddle and the vocal numbers were given with the assistance of Mrs. Marie Barnard-Smith, Miss Harriet S. Whittier, and a chorus of the Cecilia singers.

Mr. Paur's reading of the overture was a most fascinating one, and all of the instrumental music was given an interpretation of the most pleasing sort. The graceful scherzo, the wedding march and the other more familiar concert pieces were delightfully played, and as a whole the orchestral score has rarely been given better treatment in local concert rooms.

The singers were well chosen, the soloists and the chorus filling the demands of the vocal numbers with eminent success.

Mr. Riddle's reading of the fairy drama has been made familiar in former seasons. In certain parts he shows an improvement over any of the work he has done here in this play, and he caught the spirit of the more humorous scenes in a very happy fashion. No man can fully realize the airy grace of the fairy lines, and a full dress suit of the modern day in constant evidence fails to aid the imagination in picturing the scenes in which Oberon and Titania take prominence.

As a whole, however, the evening proved an enjoyable one and afforded many a source of constant pleasure.

Next Saturday evening Mme. Antoinette Trebelli will be the soloist and the programme will include Brahms's fourth symphony, the prelude to J. K. Paine's "Edipus" and the "King Stephen" overture by Beethoven.

THEATRES AND CONCERTS.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The twenty-second concert was given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, the programme consisting of Shakespeare's "Midsummer-Night's Dream" with Mendelssohn's overture and incidental music. Mr. George Riddle was the reader; Mrs. Marie Barnard Smith and Miss Harriet S. Whittier sang the soprano and contralto solo parts, and the chorus was made up of members of the Cecilia.

If ever a composer showed genius and the finest sense of poetic and dramatic fitness in writing incidental music to a play, Mendelssohn has done so in his music to "Midsummer-Night's Dream." When one considers that wonderful overture written at the age of seventeen, and the rest of the music, written at thirty-four, one cannot help feeling a touch of ill will toward that well-meaning, but rather borne old tyrant, Abraham Mendelssohn, for doing his best to divert his son's rare genius from its native channel, and dry it up by premature forcing. To think that Mendelssohn gave to the world only four of those wondrously poetic and imaginative tone-poems—the overtures to "Midsummer-Night's Dream," "Die Fingals-Höhle," "Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt," and "Zur schönen Melusine"—absolutely original in their day, as they are still inef-

fably beautiful, when, had not the grim old father stood over him with his inveterate pedantry, he might have left a good dozen such in his musical legacy to the world! If the "Fingals-Höhle" is probably the most completely fine of these four overtures, the "Midsummer-Night's Dream" is surely the one which shows the greatest freshness of invention, originality, and most brilliant imaginativeness. Weber himself has not painted the world of poetic fancy and tricky magic in truer nor more charming colors. And the boy Mendelssohn was only seventeen when he wrote it! He still had tolerably sound nerves then, and could be wholesomely tricky and frolicsome without a trace of that rather morbid, involuntary restlessness that mars so much in his later works. Both conductor and orchestra fairly outdid themselves; for nicety of perception, vitality of style and fine finish, it was from beginning to end the best performance of the season. One could hardly imagine finer playing of that delightful scherzo that follows the first act. Mr. Paur's slight, but none the less perceptible, modification of the tempo in the second section of the first part of the "Wedding March" was almost a stroke of genius; it is once in a dox's age that one hears a tempo taken that seems at once so surprisingly and so convincingly right. The chorus, too, sang most excellently; only the solos sounded rather meagre and lifeless.

It is some time since we last heard Mr. Riddle read; he has evidently made a most admirable use of that time. Not only has his talent ripened well, but he has made an enormous advance in the technique of his art, which he now pushes fairly to the pitch of virtuosity. His whole method is better than it was a year or two ago. Now he never interrupts the dialogue by naming the respective speakers, but trusts to the audience's having the printed text before their eyes in the programme books. Though he still resorts to the trick of assuming different voices for different characters, he does so with far more art than formerly, without crassness of contrast, and never, except intentionally, with grotesqueness of effect. "Midsummer - Night's Dream" is probably the play to which he has given the most study, and the text of which he has searched through most carefully for legitimately effective points. And his search has not been unrewarded; some of the points he makes are as good as they are (to us) new. One of the best of these is where Quince—remembering Flute's mistake at rehearsal about "Ninny's tomb"—appears as Prologue to "The most lamentable Comedy," and takes particular pains to pronounce "Ni-nus' tomb" with comical distinctness; the point was made with the dearest lightness of touch, and told immediately upon the whole audience; everyone saw it. To hear Shakespeare's play so read and Mendelssohn's music so played is about as delightful a treat as we can well imagine. The public evidently expected great things, for the hall was crowded; and we mistake much if the highest expectations were not realized.

The Twenty-second Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra — A Fine Performance of Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" Music.

At the twenty-second Symphony concert last evening in Music Hall the overture and the incidental music to Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream" made up the program. Mr. George Riddle read portions of the play. Mrs. Marie B. Smith and Miss Whittier sang the incidental solos. The choruses were sung by members of the Cecilia.

This music to Shakespeare's play, the play that Mr. Pepys thought such poor stuff, is still fresh and delightful. The overture is an exhibition of the spontaneous and the most charming style of Mendelssohn's musical nature; it was written before he became a dealer in mannerisms, and yet it has the peculiar hall mark of his talent. It is true that in delicacy the fairy scherzo, "Queen Mab" of Berlioz, surpasses any portion of the music to "Midsummer Night's Dream," but on the other hand Mendelssohn had the gift of more genuine melody.

The Germans, who are so fond of Shakespeare that they claim to have discovered first his genius or even to have invented him, have better opportunities than we to hear this music in connection with the play. They that have heard such performances in the leading towns of Germany know how admirably the music fits the action of clown or fairy. Given thus with gorgeous scenic accessories and with a ballet, the play is a most entertaining spectacle.

Mr. Riddle read with his accustomed elocutionary skill and with fine appreciation of the beauty and the humor of the text. Some might quarrel with his conception of Bottom and prefer a dull, logy, yet uncouth ass. Mr. Riddle presents him rather as a hard, boisterous fellow, and no doubt he has a right to do this; he certainly carries out his conception admirably.

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THE PAUR STORY.
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"Naturally Mr. Paur did not like the news published about him in these columns last week. Several Boston journals took up the cudgels for his defence, and blamed some members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for the prevailing gossip. The fact of the matter is that this is no question of gossip or personal disgruntlement, but simply that Mr. Paur will not do. He is not wanted; and that appeals more powerfully to the backer of the famous organization than all the petty talk about improved discipline and the good musicianship of the conductor."

"Mr. Paur is an excellent artist, but a second rate conductor. He does not begin to fill the boots of Nikisch, and the public have loudly proclaimed this fact by not going to his concerts. The Western and Southern tours and festivals had to be abandoned because of Mr. Paur's lack of popularity and personality. Colonel Higginson is not the man to stand this sort of thing very long. Mr. Paur is a failure, a business failure, an artistic failure. Why juggle with words? Mr. Paur must go."

The Courier might as well blame Mr. Paur for the wretched state of business generally throughout the country as to blame him for the deferring of the Western tour of the Boston Symphony Orchestra this season, because of his "lack of popularity and personality," as claimed by the Courier.

Since these "blessed Democratic days" have come upon us and paralyzed every branch of business and closed up the majority of industrial establishments, or reduced the pay of the employees to the low rate of "Cleveland wages," Mr. Higginson has been obliged, like all careful and discriminating business men, to defer many other business ventures, no doubt owing to the universal prostration brought about through the election of the Democratic party to the management of the affairs of government. It is a mighty poor effort on the part of the Courier to try to bolster up the failure of Nikisch to prove himself a suitable man for the position so ably filled by Mr. Paur, by decrying the latter. It won't work, gentlemen.

WARREN DAVENPORT.

MUSIC NOTES.

Mr. Max Heinrich and Mr. Arthur Whiting, two of our best local artists, will give a delightful programme tonight in Steinert Hall, embracing a cyclis from Scheffel's poem, "Die Gaudeamus Lieder," the music by Jensen. Mr. Otto Roth will assist and play some new Swedish dances for the violin, composed by Max Bruch.

Information comes from Buda Pesth that the intendant of the Royal Opera there has invited Mr. Josef Grossmann of the City Theatre at Cologne to come to Buda, Pesth and conduct three operas there, and if his work is satisfactory he will be engaged for five years as capellmeister of the Grand Opera, beginning Sept. 1, 1894. The inference to be drawn from this is that Mr. Arthur Nikisch is to sever his connection with the Buda Pesth opera as capellmeister. There were people in this city who prophesied that Mr. Nikisch would not remain long at Buda Pesth, for Count Ziehy, the intendant, is very exacting and will not tolerate either an indifferent or incompetent person in the position of capellmeister at that Opera House.

It may be that this losing of his job at Buda-Pesth by Nikisch is the cat in the meal at the office of the N.Y. Musical Courier, and that the extraordinary efforts made lately by our esteemed contemporary, looking towards the discharge of Mr. Paur from the conductorship of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, because, as the Courier has said, "Mr. Paur does not begin to fill the boots of Mr. Nikisch," have been exerted in behalf of a re-engagement of the little poseur who encumbered for four seasons the position now so ably filled by Mr. Paur. A musical diet of the re-warmed baked-meats of Nikisch's incompetency will never be relished by Mr. Higginson or the musical public, either, not even with a piquante sauce, a la Musical Courier.

BY K. KLAUSER.

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chapter in Arthur Hervey'

Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1893-94.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

XXIII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 21, AT 8, P. M.

PROGRAMME.

J. K. PAINE.

PRELUDE to "Œdipus Tyrannus" of SOPHOCLES, op. 35.

MOZART.

RECITATIVE, "Crudele? Ah no, mio bene!" and ARIA, "Non mi dir, bell' idol mio," from "Don Giovanni."

BRAHMS.

SYMPHONY No. 4, in E minor, op. 98.

I. Allegro non troppo.
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III. Allegro giocoso.
IV. Allegro energico e passionato.

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ARIA from HERODIADE. "Il est bon, il est doux."

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OVERTURE to "König Stephan," in E flat major, op. 117.

Soloist:

Mlle. ANTOINETTE TREBELL.

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MR. PAUR DID NOT LIKE IT.

NATURALLY Mr. Paur did not like the news published about him in these columns last week. Several Boston journals took up the cudgels for his defence, and blamed some of the members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for the prevailing gossip. The fact of the matter is that this is no question of gossip or personal disgruntlement, but simply that Mr. Paur will not do. He is not wanted; and that appeals more powerfully to the backer of the famous organization than all the petty talk about improved discipline and the good musicianship of the conductor.

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OVERTURE to "König Stephan," in E flat major, op. 117.

Soloist:

Mlle. ANTOINETTE TREBELL.

THEATRES AND CONCERTS.

[See Page Seven.]

Juan

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the twenty-third Symphony Concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Paine: Prelude to the "Edipus Tyrannus" of Sophocles, Opus 35.

Mozart: Recitative, "Crudele! Ah no, mio bene!" and Aria, "Non mi dir, bell' idol mio," from "Don Giovanni."

Brahms: Symphony No. 4, in E minor, Opus 98.

Massenet: Recitative, "Celui dont la parole," and Air, "Il est doux, il est bon," from "Hérodiade."

Beethoven: Overture to "König Stephan," Opus 117. Mile. Antoinette Trebelli was the singer.

It was good to hear Mr. Paine's noble and dramatic prelude once more. Many of us well remember the thrill it gave us on that eventful evening in Sanders Theatre, some years ago, and how it put us into just the right receptive mood for the great tragedy that followed. If, like all genuinely dramatic preludes, it produces its best effect in its proper frame,—for it strikes the note of preparation and warning, and is not a fully complete thing in itself,—it has yet that in it that makes one glad to hear it at a concert. The music to "Edipus Tyrannus" marks the full development of Mr. Paine's individual style, of what may be called his second manner. There was, upon the whole, but a short transition period leading from his earlier organ works, the pianoforte sonatas, and the Mass in D to this second manner of his; "St. Peter" was the transitional work; in it, as in Wagner's "Lohengrin," almost the whole process of change can be traced. And yet, although one finds his second manner already pretty firmly established in parts of this oratorio, it is not until the "Edipus Tyrannus" that we find it fully developed. Here he has, as the Germans say, fully discovered himself. It is somewhat curious, when we consider Mr. Paine's Anglo-Saxon blood and German training, to note how nearly his modes of expression approach the French in the "Edipus" prelude; if the thought and feeling are plainly Northern and un-Latin, the form and expression are very French indeed. The work is too much Mr. Paine's own for one to speak of any special "influences" shown in it; yet, either by chance or similarity of dramatic ideal, he has drifted into a style that recalls Massenet and other modern Frenchmen, at their best, far more vividly than it does Wagner or any modern German. One finds that quasi-declamatory, recitative-like treatment in certain passages, and again that simple, broad development of melodious cantilena, that are characteristically French. Of other, less praiseworthy, French traits—of merely glittering superficiality of expression, or of that laziness of style that masquerades as "simplicity"—one finds no trace; the work is sincerely earnest from beginning to end. It was admirably played, and the composer was given an enthusiastic ovation by the delighted audience.

Brahms's great E-minor symphony was grandly played. In point of tempo the first and second movements seemed to us perfect; the third movement was, perhaps, taken just a shade too fast for entire clearness, and we

should have liked the 3-2 time of the final Passacaglia to have gone a little more slowly—the variations in 3-2 time were, on the other hand, quite slow enough. It is to be noted, as regards this Finale, that Mr. Paur is the first to have made the flutes, first oboe, and first trombone play with sufficient vigor in the first eight measures to throw the theme into audible relief. Brahms's scoring in these eight measures, as in the first two measures of the first movement of his F-major symphony, is peculiar, one might almost say reckless, and seems calculated to veil the theme, rather than to give it prominence. We have never yet heard that all-important "F, A-flat, F" at the beginning of the F major symphony brought out with recognizable clearness; and last Saturday evening was the first time we have heard the theme of this Passacaglia in the E-minor symphony made distinctly audible. This is one of the very many passages in Brahms's orchestral works that require no little careful "doctoring" at rehearsal, if they are to sound clear at performance.

Beethoven's overture to Kotzebue's "König Stephan" is, with the possible exception of that to "Die Ruinen von Athen," his lightest overture; it is, in fact, a regular "theatre overture" in the fullest sense of the term. But it is bright, sparkling, and has all his characteristic energy and ebullency. There is little depth to it, and it often verges dangerously on the trivial; but one may say of it, on the whole, that here Beethoven "s'encanaillait — mais très-noblement!" It was brilliantly played.

Miss Antoinette Trebelli has a brilliant, rather light soprano voice, in the use of which she shows considerable skill. In the final *Allegretto* of Donna Anna's great aria she did those much-debated *coloratura*-passages very cleverly indeed, and came nearer to bringing the whole to an effective close than most singers we have heard. She still lacks, however, something of the depth and maturity of feeling and power of dramatic expression that would fit her to do full justice to this aria. She sang the Massenet air excellently well; we should have said, a little coldly, had it not been for the evident ecstasies into which she threw the audience, and "cold" singing seldom has this result. She was rapturously and repeatedly recalled.

The next, and last, programme is: Wagner, Huldigungs-Marsch; Liszt, "Mephisto-Waltz;" Schumann, overture to "Genoveva," opus 81; Beethoven, symphony No. 6, in F major ("Pastoral"), opus 68.

— Apropos of the recent "kick-up" in the Symphony Orchestra, to which I referred lately, I was much amused the other evening at the closing concert of season to notice the flagrantly inimical front sustained by the coterie of "first violins" in regard to their leader. When Mr. Paur made his entrée, and again at *finale*, the whole house actually rose to the occasion and applauded vociferously. But, quite contrary to their usual custom, the first violins preserved a stolid and stoical indifference toward their leader, not much even as tapping with their bows, and thus made themselves more conspicuous than was Mr. Paur. This open declaration of a hitherto denied animosity, clearly convinced me as to the exact state of affairs, so that I mentioned a fortnight ago, and it provokes, I think, the advisability of following my suggestion "shipping" these over-petted darlings of fashion. "house divided against itself," etc., is a motto as applicable, presumably, to orchestras as to architectural Town Topics.

The twenty third Symphony programme presented no novelty in the way of music; for although Professor Paine's serious and appropriate "Edipus" prelude had then its first hearing in such a connection, it could not be set down as anything really new in spite of its being rather unfamiliar. It was calmly and comprehendingly read. The symphony, which had the central position in the concert, was Brahms's fourth. This may not unfairly be described as a descending series expressed in terms of music instead of mathematics; for its interest—unless for the admirer of mere thematic evolution—declines distinctly from the first and second movements to the third and thence across a great gap to the dull and labored fourth. The playing matched the composition, being bright and earnest in the first movement, genially grave in the second, emphatic and slightly uncouth in the third, uneasy and not always definite in the fourth. The only other orchestral number was Beethoven's "King Stephen" overture, a fine and illuminated composition, but better suited for its intended place as a prologue than for that which Mr. Paur gave it as a finale. Something of different class and calibre is needed for the end of these programmes instead of the selections which he is wont to make.

There were two numbers for soprano voice, sung by Mile. Antoinette Trebelli—daughter of the eminent contralto—who came as a stranger to the symphony. The first was the so-called "Letter" scene in "Don Giovanni," and the second was to be the light and lively bolero from Verdi's "Sicilian Vespers." This latter did not materialize, however, either because the orchestral parts could not be obtained or because (which is quite as likely a reason) it was tabooed on account of its Italian origin. (And again parenthetically, it is a constant cause of regret that American concerts should be so characteristically German as the Music Hall evenings are.) In place of the Verdi was therefore substituted the pleasant short air from Massenet's "Hérodiade," which is getting to be pretty nearly an old story. The singer is a sweet-faced young woman of modest demeanor and easy bearing. Her voice is fresh, equable and limpid, and her style simple but fine—better however in vocalization than in diction, for although her phrases were charmingly enunciated, scarcely a word of her texts could be understood. She gratified her hearers and was handsomely recalled.

The assistant-editor of the programme-book, M. Hector Berlioz, of Paris, really ought to be replaced next season by somebody who should be less like a man of the past. The partiality of the editor and the tolerance of the public has allowed him to reprint vast sections of his own "Across Country" and other books. But when he goes back several decades to print his garbled and incorrect account of Jenny Lind's visit to this

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Mr. De Koven has given another indication of his calibre, his limitations of knowledge, his uncertainty about facts and the vague value of his opinions by joining the cabal which is sowing the wind to reap a sure whirlwind by impugning the ability and worth of Mr. Paur. Considering that Mr. DeKoven is capable of confounding (in print, we mean) Cimarosa and Mozart; that he has been known to use up the valuable space assigned him for really critical use, in commendation of an embryo artist whose chief recommendation appeared to be that she sang his songs; and considering that he does not seem always to remember that some of his tunes have had recognizable prototypes—it would seem to be wise for him to go slow in interfering—(or rather, trying to interfere) in the conduct of musical affairs in Boston. And further, considering what is known of some methods of the paper which he is trying to aid and abet, one cannot help wondering whether all this would-be injurious assault upon Mr. Paur would have taken place, if he had sent his portrait, with a liberal subscription to that same paper and had found room in his programmes, as the vain and foolish Nikisch did, for some of the pretty little pages of music ascribed to one of its editors. And while we are upon this subject, let us say one thing more. It behooves a few members of the orchestra to be careful in their attempt to rule the roast. Some of them have done excellent service to the cause of music in Boston; and they have also done mischief. While making their own enterprises successful, they have not refrained from trying to make those of other men unsuccessful. They have done good for the orchestra; but the orchestra has done more for them. They are valuable; but there are hosts of other men who are worth as much in every way. The orchestra must be one unit, not many; and if any individuals, no matter how able or how prominent, attempt to inject their individuality into its composition, it is they who "must go" and not the conductor. One would regret to have them dropped and their particular friends and pupils might set up an outcry. But they can be spared, every one of them; and there would then be a chance for some players to rise and become known who have hitherto been ignored and even suppressed because they were

THEATRES AND CONCERTS.

[See Page Seven.]

Trans.

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the twenty-third Symphony Concert, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Paine: Prelude to the "Edipus Tyrannus" of Sophocles, Opus 35.

Mozart: Recitative, "Crudele! Ah no, mio bene!" and Aria, "Non mi dir, bell' idol mio," from "Don Giovanni."

Brahms: Symphony No. 4, in E minor, Opus 98.

Massenet: Recitative, "Celui dont la parole," and Air, "Il est doux, il est bon," from "Hérodiade."

Beethoven: Overture to "König Stephan," Opus 117.

Mlle. Antoinette Trebelli was the singer.

It was good to hear Mr. Paine's noble and dramatic prelude once more. Many of us well remember the thrill it gave us on that eventful evening in Sanders Theatre, some years ago, and how it put us into just the right receptive mood for the great tragedy that followed. If, like all genuinely dramatic preludes, it produces its best effect in its proper frame,—for it strikes the note of preparation and warning, and is not a fully complete thing in itself,—it has yet that in it that makes one glad to hear it at a concert. The music to "Edipus Tyrannus" marks the full development of Mr. Paine's individual style, of what may be called his second manner. There was, upon the whole, but a short transition period leading from his earlier organ works, the pianoforte sonatas, and the Mass in D to this second manner of his; "St. Peter" was the transitional work; in it, as in Wagner's "Lohengrin," almost the whole process of change can be traced. And yet, although one finds his second manner already pretty firmly established in parts of this oratorio, it is not until the "Edipus Tyrannus" that we find it fully developed. Here he has, as the Germans say, fully discovered himself. It is somewhat curious, when we consider Mr. Paine's Anglo-Saxon blood and German training, to note how nearly his modes of expression approach the French in the "Edipus" prelude; if the thought and feeling are plainly Northern and un-Latin, the form and expression are very French indeed. The work is too much Mr. Paine's own for one to speak of any special "influences" shown in it; yet, either by chance or similarity of dramatic ideal, he has drifted into a style that recalls Massenet and other modern Frenchmen, at their best, far more vividly than it does Wagner or any modern German. One finds that quasi-declamatory, recitative-like treatment in certain passages, and again that simple, broad development of melodious cantilena, that are characteristically French. Of other, less praiseworthy, French traits—of merely glittering superficiality of expression, or of that laziness of style that masquerades as "simplicity"—one finds no trace; the work is sincerely earnest from beginning to end. It was admirably played, and the composer was given an enthusiastic ovation by the delighted audience.

Brahms's great E-minor symphony was grandly played. In point of tempo the first and second movements seemed to us perfect; the third movement was, perhaps, taken just a shade too fast for entire clearness, and we

should have liked the 3-2 time of the final Passacaglia to have gone a little more slowly—the variations in 3-2 time were, on the other hand, quite slow enough. It is to be noted, as regards this Finale, that Mr. Paur is the first to have made the flutes, first oboe, and first trombone play with sufficient vigor in the first eight measures to throw the theme into audible relief. Brahms's scoring in these eight measures, as in the first two measures of the first movement of his F-major symphony, is peculiar, one might almost say reckless, and seems calculated to veil the theme, rather than to give it prominence. We have never yet heard that all-important "F. A-flat, F" at the beginning of the F major symphony brought out with recognizable clearness; and last Saturday evening was the first time we have heard the theme of this Passacaglia in the E-minor symphony made distinctly audible. This is one of the very many passages in Brahms's orchestral works that require no little careful "doctoring" at rehearsal, if they are to sound clear at performance.

Beethoven's overture to Kotzebue's "König Stephan" is, with the possible exception of that to "Die Ruinen von Athen," his lightest overture; it is, in fact, a regular "theatre overture" in the fullest sense of the term. But it is bright, sparkling, and has all his characteristic energy and ebulliency. There is little depth to it, and it often verges dangerously on the trivial; but one may say of it, on the whole, that here Beethoven "s'encanaillait — mais très-noblement!" It was brilliantly played.

Miss Antoinette Trebelli has a brilliant, rather light soprano voice, in the use of which she shows considerable skill. In the final *Allegretto* of Donna Anna's great aria she did those much-debated *coloratura*-passages very cleverly indeed, and came nearer to bringing the whole to an effective close than most singers we have heard. She still lacks, however, something of the depth and maturity of feeling and power of dramatic expression that would fit her to do full justice to this aria. She sang the Massenet air excellently well; we should have said, a little coldly, had it not been for the evident ecstasies into which she threw the audience, and "cold" singing seldom has this result. She was rapturously and repeatedly recalled.

The next, and last, programme is: Wagner, Huldigungs-Marsch; Liszt, "Mephisto-Waltz;" Schumann, overture to "Genoveva," opus 81; Beethoven, symphony No. 6, in F major ("Pastoral"), opus 68.

— Apropos of the recent "kick-up" in the Symphony Orchestra, to which I referred lately, I was amused the other evening at the closing concert of the season to notice the flagrantly inimical front sustained by the coterie of "first violins" in regard to their leader. When Mr. Paur made his entrée, and again at the finale, the whole house actually rose to the occasion and applauded vociferously. But, quite contrary to their usual custom, the first violins preserved a stolid and stoical indifference toward their leader, not much even as tapping with their bows, and thus made themselves more conspicuous than was Mr. Paur. The open declaration of a hitherto denied animosity, clearly convinced me as to the exact state of affairs, so that I mentioned a fortnight ago, and it provokes me to think, the advisability of following my suggestion "shipping" these over-petted darlings of fashion, "house divided against itself," etc., is a motto as applicable, presumably, to orchestras as to architectural Town Topics.

The twenty-third Symphony programme presented no novelty in the way of music; for although Professor Paine's serious and appropriate "Edipus" prelude had then its first hearing in such a connection, it could not be set down as anything really new in spite of its being rather unfamiliar. It was calmly and comprehendingly read. The symphony, which had the central position in the concert, was Brahms's fourth. This may not unfairly be described as a descending series expressed in terms of music instead of mathematics; for its interest—unless for the admirer of mere thematic evolution—declines distinctly from the first and second movements to the third and thence across a great gap to the dull and labored fourth. The playing matched the composition, being bright and earnest in the first movement, genially grave in the second, emphatic and slightly uncouth in the third, uneasy and not always definite in the fourth. The only other orchestral number was Beethoven's "King Stephen" overture, a fine and illuminated composition, but better suited for its intended place as a prologue than for that which Mr. Paur gave it as a finale. Something of different class and calibre is needed for the end of these programmes instead of the selections which he is wont to make.

There were two numbers for soprano voice, sung by Mlle. Antoinette Trebelli—daughter of the eminent contralto—who came as a stranger to the symphony. The first was the so-called "Letter" scene in "Don Giovanni," and the second was to be the light and lively bolero from Verdi's "Sicilian Vespers." This latter did not materialize, however, either because the orchestral parts could not be obtained or because (which is quite as likely a reason) it was tabooed on account of its Italian origin. (And again parenthetically, it is a constant cause of regret that American concerts should be so characteristically German as the Music Hall evenings are.) In place of the Verdi was therefore substituted the pleasant short air from Massenet's "Hérodiade," which is getting to be pretty nearly an old story. The singer is a sweet-faced young woman of modest demeanor and easy bearing. Her voice is fresh, equable and limpid, and her style simple but fine—better however in vocalization than in diction, for although her phrases were charmingly enunciated, scarcely a word of her texts could be understood. She gratified her hearers and was handsomely recalled.

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not of the clique or had had the audacity to be born Americans. There is a good deal of truth known within the school house which may be told outside if prudence and self-preservation do not lead these injudicious gentlemen to be quiet, obedient and fair. *H. M. Tucker, Comm.*

MUSIC. *Journal*
The 23d Symphony Concert in Music Hall and the Successful Appearance of Miss Antoinette Trebelli.

The twenty-third concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was given last evening in Music Hall. Miss Antoinette Trebelli was the singer. The program was as follows:

Prelude to "Edipus Tyrannus" of Sophocles. J. K. Paine
Recitative and aria, "Non mi dir, bell' idolo mio," from "Don Giovanni".....Mozart
Symphony No. 4.....Brahms
Aria from Herodiade, "Il est bon, il est doux".....Massenet
Overture to "King Stephen".....Beethoven

Miss Antoinette Trebelli is the daughter of Zélie Thérèse Caroline Gillebert de Beaulieu, who, known to the public as Madame Trebelli, was one of the most famous opera singers of the last 30 years. The mother was married in 1863 to Bettini, an Italian singer, and Rossini was one of the witnesses at the marriage ceremony. Born in 1838, she died in 1892. It is said she took her stage name from "Gillebert," which spelled backward makes Trebelli, and then the "g" was dropped.

The singer that pleased the audience last evening was born in April, 1864, if English accounts are to be believed; certainly, the singer looks younger. She studied first with her mother, then with Wartel, and afterward with Santley. She has thus far sung chiefly in concert and in oratorio. If I am not mistaken, she made her first appearance in St. James Hall, London, in concert with her mother. She has sung with marked success in Holland, Sweden, Norway and Russia. Her first appearance in this city was at the final Star Course entertainment in Music Hall, this month.

Miss Trebelli has an agreeable voice, which has been admirably trained. Her tone production is excellent; she sings with delightful ease; there are no facial contortions; there is no apparent and distressing jugulation. Her technique was last evening adequate throughout, in cantabile or in bravura. And the modesty and the girlish grace of the singer accentuated the pleasure given by her song. No wonder that the audience applauded enthusiastically.

It was also a pleasure to hear the noble overture of Prof. Paine, an overture fit to usher in the mighty tragedy of Sophocles. Indeed, the spirit of Grecian tragedy is in this music, for the passion is never forced, never boisterous, and in the stormiest passages there is form and there is beauty. Skillfully made, it is without taint of pedagogism. Although it is the work of a teacher, yea, of a professor, it is not academic. Dramatic, it is free from theatrical effect, nor is there here any absurd and desperate chase of local color. The music is free, fluent, noble in theme and in treatment, and, above all, it is passionate. Twice was Prof. Paine obliged to bow his acknowledgments to the applause of the audience.

Perhaps it is imperfect sympathy, but to me the fourth symphony of Brahms is not as truly a musical work as the second or the third. The second movement abounds in beautiful passages, and one must often pay tribute throughout the work to the mastery of the composer over all technical resources. Strength there is in plenty, and the strength is at times defiant, as though Brahms said "I wish it this way. You may like it or not; what care I?" And this sturdiness is perhaps to be admired. Certainly it is better than writing with one eye on the audience. But could not this sturdiness be tempered more with sensuousness? Is there not a species of prudery at times in the apparent reluctance of Brahms to write as though he wished to be heard by men only? Ruinous is it to a composer to fall into the musical eroticism that disfigures so much of the music of Gounod and Massenet. But Brahms occasion-

ally invites the suspicion of affected crabbedness, of wanton surliness. If he had not turned his attention to music, he would probably have been a formidable chess player or the honored President of a Zetetic Society.

It is a long time—nearly 10 years—since the "King Stephen" overture was heard at a Symphony concert. This King Stephen is not the King Stephen of the old ballad sung by Iago, who was a worthy peer, and "whose breeches cost him but a crown." And yet the music of the one is not worth much more than the breeches of the other.

PHILIP HALE,

Music is again but strife and contention. There is talk, it seems, against Mr. Paur, the conductor of the Symphony Orchestra, just as there was talk against the gentlemen who preceded him, Messrs. Henschel, Gerlicke, Nikisch. A conductor is not only a man who governs an orchestra by a stick; he draws toward him the lightning of comment and criticism. But there is no lightning in this present attack. Trains of gunpowder have been slyly laid, but there is smoldering, there is sputtering, rather than any fierce explosion.

The critics are in singular harmony, and they praise this leader. The audiences applauded heartily. Who, pray, are the discontented? Are they young composers whose pieces do not seem to Mr. Paur worthy of performance? Are they members of the orchestra who have been justly corrected for tardiness or indifference at rehearsals? Is there, possibly, one that aspires ambitiously to the very position now held by Mr. Paur?

It appears that Mr. Paur is a fine fellow and an excellent musician, but, alas, he is not "magnetic." He filled positions in Europe with honor; but, alas, he is not "magnetic." Under his direction the Boston Symphony Orchestra plays exceedingly well; but, alas, he is not "magnetic." If he were only a horse-shoe magnet of science, or the loadstone mountain that wrecked the third Royal Calender, or even the toy magnet dear to children; then, all would be well.

In olden times the loadstone was worshiped as a god; in modern times the loadstone-conductor worships himself. There was an ancient belief that iron statues were suspended in the air by help of loadstones; and the wonder at the suspension dulled acute consideration of the worth of the statue. When the loadstones were removed, the statue fell, and there was merely broken iron. Now, Mr. Nikisch was such a magnet, and the orchestra under him was the statue. A "magnetic" conductor is a dangerous thing.

Or possibly the objection against Mr. Paur is that he does not please certain individuals in New York. But was he not hired to please chiefly the audiences of Boston?

MUSICAL MATTERS.

Harold The Symphony Concert, Soloist Mlle. Trebelli.

The Bostonians in "Robin Hood"—
"Tabasco" Still Popular—Tonight's
Attractions—Singers for Carney Hos-
pital—Mr. and Mrs. Paur's Recitals
—The Actors' Fund Benefit—Notes.

Conductor Paur found an opportunity to again recognize the Boston musicians, whom he has dealt with so generously during the season, at last evening's Symphony concert. In affording another hearing of John Knowles Paine's prelude to the "Edipus Tyrannus" of Sophocles, opus 35, Mr. Paur gratified a long-desired wish of those who enjoyed a hearing of the music composed by Prof. Paine for the tragedy when it was performed at Harvard University in 1881. Like all of the music by this composer, the "Edipus" prelude commands the respect and admiration of musical students. The mastery of the best forms of orchestral writing which it shows the composer to possess can but be recognized, and the treatment of the themes commands the approval of the most critical. The prelude was splendidly played by Mr. Paur and his musicians, and its performance was greatly enjoyed, the applause following it being finally quieted by an acknowledgement from the composer, who modestly rose in his seat on the floor to do so.

The symphony of the evening was the fourth of the Brahms series, and the tendencies of this composer toward his more melodious epoch, as shown in this composition, was again fully appreciated in its performance. Mr. Paur's reading of the several movements was admirable in every way, and caused general gratification to the followers of "Beethoven's successor."

The soloist of the evening was Mlle. Antoinette Trebelli, who chose the recitative and aria from Mozart's "Don Giovanni" for Donna Anna, "Non mi Dir" and an aria from Massenet's "Herodiade" for her numbers. It would be very pleasant to commend the singing of Mme. Trebelli and to return the compliments paid to American singers in their concert appearances in London. This, unfortunately, cannot be done with truth or justice to the rising singers of the day. Mme. Trebelli has a very pleasant, musical voice, which she uses with good taste and with correct method. Her singing is, however, amateurish, her tones uncertain, and she shows in her vocal work a lack of finish which is especially noticeable in such selections as she chose for her appearance last evening. She found her audience kindly disposed toward her, however, and met with a pleasant reception and approving applause.

The programme was ended with Beethoven's brilliant overture to "King Stephen," which was capably played and left the audience in a very happy frame of mind.

The season's series of concerts ends next Saturday evening with a programme which includes "The Huldigung's March," "The Mephisto" waltz, Schubert's overture to "Genoveva" and the sixth of the Beethoven symphonies.

CONCERTS AND LECTURES.

She Mlle. Antoinette Trebelli Sings at the Symphony—Testimonial to Mrs. Benzing—Music Notes.

The 13th season of the symphony concerts is drawing to a close, the rehearsal and concert this week completing the series for 93-94. Last week's program contained one novelty, Prof. J. K. Paine's prelude to "Edipus Tyrannus," given for the first time here. Mlle. Trebelli sang the letter aria from "Don Giovanni" and the bolero from Verdi's "Sicilian Vespers," and the orchestra played Brahms' fourth symphony and Beethoven's overture to "King Stephen." Prof. Paine's work is a solemn and scholarly composition which is interesting only to the expert and advanced student of music, for its severely classical style, so admirably fitting its subject, does not appeal to the tastes of concert patrons in general.

The orchestration is admirable, its treatment broad and effective and thoroughly in keeping with the Sophocles text, which admits of no triviality. The reading by Mr. Paur was conscientious, and evidently in accordance with the ideas of the composer.

Mlle. Trebelli's voice is very pleasing, and she sings easily and generally true. There is a suggestion of reserve strength about her vocalizing which begets confidence in her powers, and her stage presence is very prepossessing and free from mannerisms. Her bravura passages were executed clearly and smoothly, her upper register is sweet, while the lower notes, though not broad, are of even quality and apparently need but experience to develop in warmth and resonance. Her reception must have been very flattering to the young artist, the audience recalling her to the platform several times after each number.

Brahms' fourth symphony, abounding in peculiar and inharmonious modulations, was generally well played. The difficult parts allotted the strings were clearly and smoothly performed throughout the four movements. The melody given to the violas, bassoons and violins in the last part of the second movement was beautifully expressed, and the joyous character of the allegro giocoso was well sustained. The cross-relations between naturals and sharps, which are chaos to the ear, were effectively set forth.

Beethoven's overture to "King Stephen" is simply and generally brilliant, with marked gypsy characteristics in its treatment. The prominence given the wind instruments in the composition is notable, and the body did commendable work, especially in the foot passages in themes of the gypsy nature.

The program for this week will be as follows: Huldigung's march, Wagner; waltz, "Mephisto," Liszt; overture, "Genoveva," Schumann; symphony No. 6, Beethoven.

The Symphony Concert. *Scuttle*

The programme for last night's concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Music Hall, was, Prelude to "Edipus," op 35, J. K. Paine; aria, "Non mi dir," Mozart; Symphony No. 4, E-minor, op 88, Brahms; Aria, "Il est bon il est doux" Massenet; Overture, "King Stephen," Beethoven. Mlle. Antoinette Trebelli was the soloist. The audience was large and very enthusiastic. Mr. Paine's noble and classic prelude that so fitly and so sympathetically ushers in the tragedy for which it was written, was heard again with genuine pleasure. It is a splendid composition in every way, dignified and poetic in sentiment and of peculiar beauty in its harmonic and orchestral treatment. It was applauded with great fervor, and the audience did not cease until the composer, who was present, rose and bowed his acknowledgments. The Brahms symphony was read with fine brilliancy by Mr. Paur; in truth, the interpretation was unlike any that the work has ever had here, and made it clearer and more interesting to us than it ever seemed before. It was beautifully played throughout, the effect of Mr. Paur's careful discipline being notably evident in the strings, which he has brought up to their best efficiency in the past, and to which he has imparted a greater fire and sweep than they have ever had. The performance was sturdily applauded, and Mr. Paur was recalled several times. In fact, the audience through the whole concert was lavish in its applause for the conductor. Mlle. Trebelli was cordially received and made a very favorable impression. She has a full and sympathetic soprano voice of fine quality and extensive range, and she sings with skill and knowledge, showing careful and admirable training in all she does. The Mozart air was sung broadly, with artistic phrasing and perfect tunefulness, and with a method and a style in which it would be difficult to find a fault. In the Massenet air, she was even more successful, and her reading of it was particularly notable for its propriety of dramatic expression. Mlle. Trebelli sings without effort, and is a solid, serviceable vocalist generally, judged by her performances of last night. She was recalled twice after each effort. The programme for the next and last concert of the season, is Huldigung's March, Wagner; Mephisto Waltz, Liszt; Overture, "Genoveva," Schumann; Symphony No. 6, Beethoven.

MUSIC. *Scuttle*

Still Kicking.

Some of the New York music critics continue to object to Mr. Paur. One of these writers inveighed at great length against him in last Sunday's *Times*, and took occasion to comment forcibly, but civilly, on what has appeared in the *GAZETTE* on the subject. The trend of his argument, however, is chiefly a defence of Mr. Nikisch. He concedes frankly that the orchestra deteriorated under Mr. Nikisch, but seems to think that this was atoned for by the "conductor's search after other and—in his mind—more important things." As far as our experience in Boston may be taken as evidence of Mr. Nikisch's "more important things," they were principally confined to the imparting of an operatic color to everything he conducted. The *Times*

writer, in dwelling on the orchestra under Mr. Gericke, says: "The irresistible snap and incisiveness that were noted when Mr. Gericke first brought the orchestra here, are gone," whereas, if there was anything that the orchestra's playing under Mr. Gericke lacked, it was "snap and incisiveness." There were wonderful precision, finish and clearness, following a discipline that never relaxed; but, despite its technical beauty, the performances were pedagogic in effect. Of "snap" there was nothing. Mr. Nikisch had "snap," and subjugated all the proprieties to it. With all due respect to those New York critics who are so excited over Mr. Paur, we feel that it is not possible that they can know as much about him and his skill as a conductor, as is known by the music critics of Boston; firstly, because the latter have had the experience of twenty-two concerts directed by him, while the New Yorkers have only heard him at some half-dozen, more or less; and, secondly, because the Boston critics are fully as well, if not better, equipped to pass judgment on such matters as are the men of New York. We have had six months of Mr. Paur, and in that time he has restored the orchestra to the efficiency it lost under the showy and unconscientious control of Mr. Nikisch, who was more concerned for himself than for the music he attempted to interpret. Not only this, but under Mr. Paur the orchestra plays with greater warmth, brilliancy, incisiveness and fluency than have ever before attended its performances. The consensus of critical opinion here supports these facts. That criticism which can accept the sickly sentimental readings of Mr. Nikisch in preference to the manly readings of Mr. Paur, speaks its own worthlessness. The *Times* writer seems to think that the *GAZETTE* has objected to unfavorable discussion of Mr. Paur by the New York critics. If so, he is in error. What the *GAZETTE* objects to is the injustice with which Mr. Paur has been treated in New York, and to the apparent determination that exists there to "down him" at any cost. The sincerity and the value of New York musical criticism are not set at a very high rate in Boston, for various unpleasant reasons on which it would be painful to dwell. When it combines in a concerted attack on an artist, and treats him with insulting arrogance, after he has met with favor in a community that is quite as musical as is New York, and quite as capable of judging music and its performances, the inevitable conclusion here is, that there is considerable axe-grinding under way for somebody. Discuss Mr. Paur, by all means, but at least have the discretion to refrain from setting up such twaddling conducting as that of Mr. Nikisch as a standard by which to judge him.

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MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Symphony Concert, Soloist Mlle. Trebelli.

The Bostonians in "Robin Hood"—
"Tabasco" Still Popular—Tonight's
Attractions—Singers for Carney Hos-
pital—Mr. and Mrs. Paur's Recitals
—The Actors' Fund Benefit—Notes.

Conductor Paur found an opportunity to again recognize the Boston musicians, whom he has dealt with so generously during the season, at last evening's Symphony concert. In affording another hearing of John Knowles Paine's prelude to the "Edipus Tyrannus" of Sophocles, opus 35, Mr. Paur gratified a long-desired wish of those who enjoyed a hearing of the music composed by Prof. Paine for the tragedy when it was performed at Harvard University in 1881. Like all of the music by this composer, the "Edipus" prelude commands the respect and admiration of musical students. The mastery of the best forms of orchestral writing which it shows the composer to possess can but be recognized, and the treatment of the themes commands the approval of the most critical. The prelude was splendidly played by Mr. Paur and his musicians, and its performance was greatly enjoyed, the applause following it being finally quieted by an acknowledgement from the composer, who modestly rose in his seat on the floor to do so.

The symphony of the evening was the fourth of the Brahms series, and the tendencies of this composer toward his more melodious epoch, as shown in this composition, was again fully appreciated in its performance. Mr. Paur's reading of the several movements was admirable in every way, and caused general gratification to the followers of "Beethoven's successor."

The soloist of the evening was Mlle. Antoinette Trebelli, who chose the recitative and aria from Mozart's "Don Giovanni" for Donna Anna, "Non mi Dir" and an aria from Massenet's "Herodiade" for her numbers. It would be very pleasant to commend the singing of Mme. Trebelli and to return the compliments paid to American singers in their concert appearances in London. This, unfortunately, cannot be done with truth or justice to the rising singers of the day. Mme. Trebelli has a very pleasant, musical voice, which she uses with good taste and with correct method. Her singing is, however, amateurish, her tones uncertain, and she shows in her vocal work a lack of finish which is especially noticeable in such selections as she chose for her appearance last evening. She found her audience kindly disposed toward her, however, and met with a pleasant reception and approving applause.

The programme was ended with Beethoven's brilliant overture to "King Stephen," which was capably played and left the audience in a very happy frame of mind.

The season's series of concerts ends next Saturday evening with a programme which includes "The Huldigungs March," "The Mephisto" waltz, Schubert's overture to "Genoveva" and the sixth of the Beethoven symphonies.

CONCERTS AND LECTURES.

Mlle Antoinette Trebelli Sings at the Symphony—Testimonial to Mrs Benzing—Music Notes.

The 13th season of the symphony concerts is drawing to a close, the rehearsal and concert this week completing the series for 93-94. Last week's program contained one novelty, Prof. J. K. Paine's prelude to "Edipus Tyrannus," given for the first time here. Mlle Trebelli sang the letter aria from "Don Giovanni" and the bolero from Verdi's "Sicilian Vespers," and the orchestra played Brahms's fourth symphony and Beethoven's overture to "King Stephen." Prof. Paine's work is a solemn and scholarly composition which is interesting only to the expert and advanced student of music, for its severely classical style, so admirably fitting its subject, does not appeal to the tastes of concert patrons in general.

The orchestration is admirable, its treatment broad and effective and thoroughly in keeping with the Sophocles text, which admits of no triviality. The reading by Mr. Paur was conscientious, and evidently in accordance with this idea of the composer.

Mlle Trebelli's voice is very pleasing, and she sings easily and generally true. There is a suggestion of reserve strength about her vocalizing which begets confidence in her powers, and her stage presence is very prepossessing and free from mannerisms. Her bravura passages were executed clearly and smoothly, her upper register is sweet, while the lower notes, though not broad, are of even quality and apparently need but experience to develop in warmth and resonance. Her reception must have been very flattering to the young artist, the audience recalling her to the platform several times after each number.

Brahms's fourth symphony, abounding in peculiar and inharmonious modulations, was generally well played. The difficult parts allotted the strings were clearly and smoothly performed throughout the four movements. The melody given to the violas, bassoons and violins in the last part of the second movement was beautifully expressed, and the joyous character of the allegro giocoso was well sustained. The cross-relations between naturals and sharps, which are chaos to the ear, were effectively set forth.

Beethoven's overture to "King Stephen" is simply and generally brilliant, with marked gypsy characteristics in its treatment. The prominence given the wind instruments in the composition is notable, and the body did commendable work, especially in the foot passages in themes of the gypsy nature.

The program for this week will be as follows: Huldigungs march, Wagner; waltz, "Mephisto," Liszt; overture, "Genoveva," Schumann; symphony No. 6, Beethoven.

The Symphony Concert. *South*

The programme for last night's concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Music Hall, was, Prelude to "Edipus," op 35, J. K. Paine; aria, "Non mi dir," Mozart; Symphony No. 4, E-minor, op 98, Brahms; Aria, "Il est bon il est doux" Massenet; Overture, "King Stephen," Beethoven; Mlle. Antoinette Trebelli was the soloist. The audience was large and very enthusiastic. Mr. Paine's noble and classic prelude that so fitly and so sympathetically ushers in the tragedy for which it was written, was heard again with genuine pleasure. It is a splendid composition in every way, dignified and poetic in sentiment and of peculiar beauty in its harmonic and orchestral treatment. It was applauded with great fervor, and the audience did not cease until the composer, who was present, rose and bowed his acknowledgments. The Brahms symphony was read with fine brilliancy by Mr. Paur; in truth, the interpretation was unlike any that the work has ever had here, and made it clearer and more interesting to us than it ever seemed before. It was beautifully played throughout, the effect of Mr. Paur's careful discipline being notably evident in the strings, which he has brought up to their best efficiency in the past, and to which he has imparted a greater fire and sweep than they have ever had. The performance was sturdily applauded, and Mr. Paur was recalled several times. In fact, the audience through the whole concert was lavish in its applause for the conductor. Mlle. Trebelli was cordially received and made a very favorable impression. She has a full and sympathetic soprano voice of fine quality and extensive range, and she sings with skill and knowledge, showing careful and admirable training in all she does. The Mozart air was sung broadly, with artistic phrasing and perfect tunefulness, and with a method and a style in which it would be difficult to find a fault. In the Massenet air, she was even more successful, and her reading of it was particularly notable for its propriety of dramatic expression. Mlle. Trebelli sings without effort, and is a solid, serviceable vocalist generally, judged by her performances of last night. She was recalled twice after each effort. The programme for the next and last concert of the season, is Huldigungs March, Wagner; Mephisto Waltz, Liszt; Overture, "Genoveva," Schumann; Symphony No. 6, Beethoven.

MUSIC. *South*

Still Kicking.

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AMERICAN MUSIC.

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It takes a musician of that broad and capacious mind, that depth of feeling and that artistic discernment possessed by Conductor Paur to encompass the magnitude of such a composition, to realize its classic purity, and through a just appreciation thereby to display its eminent characteristics.

Never before in the history of this superb orchestra has it surpassed, if equalled, the effect gained in the performance of this classic and inspired composition. Mr. Paur was recalled three or four times to respond to the enthusiastic applause of the audience, which applause did not cease until Prof. Paine, who was in the audience, arose and bowed his acknowledgment of his fellow-town-

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WARREN DAVENPORT.

MORE OF MR. PAUR.

The New York Musical Courier has had another lapse in the sanity of its career in the recurrence of its aberration shouts from its housetop that "New York will not have Emil Paur. Mr. Paur must go."

Our esteemed contemporary might just as well keep cool and let his hair grow, for Mr. Paur will go, that is, go on conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra for the next four seasons, regardless of the fact that the *Courier* and other New York critics do not appreciate his superior ability as an orchestral conductor.

We much fear that the extravagances and vulgarities of those inferior conductors and eminent noise defenders, Seidl and Nikisch, have served in vitiating the taste of our brother scribes in Gotham until their critical judgment has had a stroke of paralysis.

Well, gentlemen, dwell together in peace and harmony until Mr. Paur comes over to you again next autumn with his superb band rid of the inferior players that Nikisch's incompetency was the means of placing within its ranks, and you will have a good opportunity to improve your taste, and your critical judgment as well, in listening to the magnificent models of orchestral playing that will be vouchsafed you under the guidance of Mr. Paur's superior ability as an orchestral conductor. You might as well throw away your axes, gentlemen, as far as Mr. Higginson's grindstone is concerned, for it is not at all at your command in any effort upon your part to sharpen their edges in your hunt for the scalp of Conductor Paur.

—The silly cabal against Paur, the conductor of the Symphony Orchestra, is interesting everybody in Boston just now. There are two sides to every question, and this case, presumably, is no exception to the general rule, unless it be the exception that goes to prove it. The fact of the matter is, that Mr. Paur is a disciplinarian, and certain curled darlings of the orchestra are disgruntled at what they call his "intolerance and overbearing." Mr. "Tim" Adamowski's winter plumage—that second consignment of spring habiliments not yet having arrived—has been sadly ruffled since he was told rather gruffly the other day to "sit up and play like a man." Now, "Tim," the blond and beautiful, does not know how to play like a man—he plays like an angel. And therefore, presumably, angels slouch while performing symphonies in the celestial choir. "Tim's" G string, thus strained beyond endurance, snapped, and demoralization reigned supreme for the nonce. Mr. Kneisel, of the quartet, was not present when Mr. Adamowski received his reprimand and broke his G string, so that he could not hold the hand of his friend in a mute promise of

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WARREN DAVENPORT.

MORE OF MR. PAUR.

The New York Musical Courier has had another lapse in the sanity of its career in the recurrence of its aberration shouts from its housetop that "New York will not have Emil Paur. Mr. Paur must go."

Our esteemed contemporary might just as well keep cool and let his hair grow, for Mr. Paur will go, that is, go on conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra for the next four seasons, regardless of the fact that the *Courier* and other New York critics do not appreciate his superior ability as an orchestral conductor.

We much fear that the extravagances and vulgarities of those inferior conductors and eminent noise defenders, Seidl and Nikisch, have served in vitiating the taste of our brother scribes in Gotham until their critical judgment has had a stroke of paralysis.

Well, gentlemen, dwell together in peace and harmony until Mr. Paur comes over to you again next autumn with his superb band rid of the inferior players that Nikisch's incompetency was the means of placing within its ranks, and you will have a good opportunity to improve your taste, and your critical judgment as well, in listening to the magnificent models of orchestral playing that will be vouchsafed you under the guidance of Mr. Paur's superior ability as an orchestral conductor. You might as well throw away your axes, gentlemen, as far as Mr. Higginson's grindstone is concerned, for it is not at all at your command in any effort upon your part to sharpen their edges in your hunt for the scalp of Conductor Paur.

—The silly cabal against Paur, the conductor of the Symphony Orchestra, is interesting everybody in Boston just now. There are two sides to every question, and this case, presumably, is no exception to the general rule, unless it be the exception that goes to prove it. The fact of the matter is, that Mr. Paur is a disciplinarian, and certain curled darlings of the orchestra are disgruntled at what they call his "intolerance and overbearing." Mr. "Tim" Adamowski's winter plumage—that second consignment of spring habiliments not yet having arrived—has been sadly ruffled since he was told rather gruffly the other day to "sit up and play like a man." Now, "Tim," the blond and beautiful, does not know how to play like a man—he plays like an angel. And therefore, presumably, angels slouch while performing symphonies in the celestial choir. "Tim's" G string, thus strained beyond endurance, snapped, and demoralization reigned supreme for the nonce. Mr. Kneisel, of the quartet, was not present when Mr. Adamowski received his reprimand and broke his G string, so that he could not hold the hand of his friend in a mute promise of

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"brotherly love." Just as soon as Mr. Kneisel did get to the rehearsal he was fined for being "systematically late." Fined—and he of *The quartet*, too! At this every string of Timothée's Stradivarius parted simultaneously, and these two petted "first violins" vowed vengeance. There has followed a succession of stories about and criticism of their leader, and this, unfortunately, not without some result, for the mischief makers contrive to carry, with their pretty manners and dainty affectations, a certain weight in fashionable quarters. These malcontents, only three or four in number, lose no opportunity to disparage Mr. Paur in the most cruel way; and it seems to me that, under the existing circumstances, the most advisable course to pursue would be to permit them, if they so wish, to find places with other conductors, where their "How d'y do, dear boy," ebullitions would receive fuller approval. Mr. Paur has the respect and esteem of the whole orchestra, and the onus of this absurd orchestral cabal against him can be traced and laid to these over-fêted "violins," and to one or two young composers, who likewise enjoy momentarily the caresses and smiles of some fashionable *mondaines*, whose music has not been performed, and who are chagrined by the discovery that they cannot "jolly" Mr. Paur after the fashion in which they pampered Mr. Nikisch.—*Town Topics.*

MR. PAUR AS A LION.

Journal — Apr. 15-74
It was said of late that there would be greater interest in the Symphony concerts if the conductor, Mr. Paur, were a social lion, and it is believed by many that it is Mr. Paur's duty to art to be prominent at teas, lunches, dinners, receptions and other forms of social entertainments or functions. In other words, the proposition is made in all seriousness that excellence as a musician must be supplemented by parlor-reputation; that the dignity of the office depends on the frequency and the acceptance of pasteboard invitations. Unless the conductor is a recognized factor in social life, the orchestra will have no "social standing," and it will soon be unfashionable to attend the concerts.

To the visitor from Mars such a musical condition in Boston would smack of opera bouffe, and he might naturally inquire into the sincerity of the cultivators of the art. If he were told in addition that the purpose of the generous founder of these concerts was to give at a low price orchestral music performed by an excellent orchestra to the music-loving people of Boston; that this purpose had been of late years thwarted by the desire of many, who looked on the concerts as an opportunity for fashionable display, to raise the price of the tickets to an extravagant height; that the moment a conductor of acknowledged musical ability was engaged, there was more talk concerning his habits and costume than his musical fitness for the position; the visitor from Mars would undoubtedly shrug his shoulders, but not offensively, and say to himself, "Bless my soul, what queer people!"

Now Mr. Paur has a family. He has a pleasant home in Jamaica Plain. When he is through with the exhausting labor of rehearsal, or when the excitement of a concert is over, he is glad to leave the town behind him and rest quietly within the walls of his own dwelling-house. Is he a less competent conductor on this account? Is his knowledge of Beethoven, Berlioz, Brahms, the less because he prefers slippers and a pipe to the formality of evening dress and the fatigue of forced conversation?

Mr. Paur, as he is, appears to be a more dignified figure than Mr. Paur as he should be, according to the definition of the lion hunters. Should he be forced to play the lion and roar, he would be often in parlous state. Pitfalls and gins would be prepared for him. His roar would be misunderstood and misrepresented. Young composers would find him fair game and chase him under the chandelier. Before the season were over the hunters would long for a fresh lion and talk of a new conductor.

Now, if the Symphony concerts really depend on the social success of the conductor, the sooner they are abandoned the better for musical righteousness in this city. These concerts have only gratified a fleeting desire, the sooner they are given up the better for art. But we should be slow to believe that the organization of this great institution, which is indeed an honor to the town, rests on such flimsy foundations.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

The Symphony Concert.

With the echoes of "Phormio" still in the air, it was peculiarly appropriate to listen to the prelude to "Oedipus Tyrannus," and to be reminded by the grandeur of the measures that comedy cannot be the peer of tragedy, and the Terence cannot inspire the composer as Sophocles has done. It served also to remind the auditor that in spite of the rapidly increasing number of American composers Prof. Paine is still *Primus inter Pares*. It is the writer's opinion that in "Oedipus Tyrannus" American music reached its high-water mark for the present, that no native composition may be ranked with it in dignity or sustained power. It was given an ultra-dramatic reading, perhaps a more fiery interpretation than it demanded, but it made a great impression upon the audience, and the applause was continuous until the composer had bowed his thanks to orchestra and audience from his seat in the hall.

Then followed the "Letter Aria" from "Don Giovanni" brilliantly sung by Mlle. Antoinette Trebelli. The singer has a full voice of very agreeable timbre, and she uses it well; her intonation is good, she has conquered *agilità*, and she is able to give a dramatic breadth to her climaxes; she attacks high notes with decision and surety, yet her lowest register is pure and full-toned, reminding one of Lucca's style in deep passages. There is, however, a lack of complete ripeness, sometimes betraying itself by portamento from high notes, by a weak staccato or an occasional blur. But it must be borne in mind that the critic is applying the most rigid standard and judging the young artist as if she were a Senbrich. She can well sustain such a comparison, and if she has not yet reached the very highest rank she has a good chance of yet doing so. Her unaffected style is greatly to be commended, and her singing of Massenet's "Il est bon, il est doux" won a whole series of recalls.

Brahms' fourth symphony was the *Piece de Resistance* of the concert. We have had some excellent Brahmsite conductors in Boston; Mr. Henschel was a personal friend of the composer, and his readings had in some degree an authorization from headquarters. Mr. Gercke also was acquainted with the great symphonist and had heard him lead all of his chief works, and therefore his readings were also *ex Cathedra*, but it is not too much to say that the fourth symphony never had so clear, so interesting an interpretation in Boston as it received at this concert. With the exception of a slight blur caused by the hurry of the first violins, the first movement was admirably clear, the pizzicato effects were most brilliant, and the antiphonal effect of the two-noted figure in the Coda was wrought to a superb climax.

The andante is, to the reviewer's mind, the most attractive movement of the work. At the very start the composer brings in a strange and weird effect by using an unusual scale-formation. Strongly akin to one of the so-called "Gregorian Tones," the progressions used are still to be found in

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some Hungarian music. Our composers are in search of new flavors to excite the jaded musical palate; they will probably find them in the very old music, either in its original guise, or as it has filtered down to us in the folk-songs of some of the wilder nations of Europe or of the Orient. The scale from E to E, played entirely on the white keys of the piano, would give an approximate idea of the mode used here by Brahms, but it may be stated that St. Saens has written music on a scale which could be similarly played from D to D (again an ancient mode, but also used by Orientals) the Hungarian often employs a scale running, C, D, E flat, F sharp, G, A flat, B and C, and in the Byzantine music, among many quaint formations, one finds the following: C, D flat, E, F, G, A flat, B and C; even the five-toned scale used by Chinese and Scotch, the pentatonic progressions of which can be represented by the black keys of the piano is not without beautiful use, as witness "Auld Lang Syne" and "Bonnie Doon." It is quite possible that such formations take us very near to the music of ancient Greece, and that the evolutions of music are travelling in a circle; however this may be, one cannot but find delight in the charming employment of the unusual mode which Brahms has here used. It speaks as a voice from a half-forgotten past, and might take for its motto Waldan's verse:—

"Es klingt in der Luft uralter Sang,
Nicht Jubelruf, nicht Wehgeschrei,
Und doch so suess, und doch so bang,
Als ob er beides sei."

"There sounds in the air an ancient rune,
Not cry of joy nor wail of pain.
And yet so sweet, so sad the tune
As it might be the twain."

The movement was performed without flaw, although the horns seemed a trifle forced in the first announcement of the figure. The Scherzo (or the movement that here stands in place of the conventional Scherzo) has always seemed to the writer the least effective part of the symphony, but it took on a new meaning on this occasion because of the tremendous amount of animal spirits with which Mr. Paur invested it. Bizarre and brusque it was to the last degree, but the orchestra was firm as a rock in every change of tempo or caprice of shading, and the public was quick to recognize the splendid performance by the heartiest applause. The finale scarcely impressed one as greatly as what had gone before. The performance was somewhat too inflated, and there was a vein of bombast apparent. Perhaps this was permissible, since the chief theme was a *Passacaglia*. This was one of the most pompous of the old dances. It was walked through with lordly strut by the old Spanish grandees. To derive it from "Pasar" and "Calle" ("going along the street") seems wrong when one takes its character into consideration; it might be much more naturally derived from "Passo Gallo" (the "Rooster step"), which would at least be in line with its characteristics. Brahms has followed Beethoven in ending his symphony with variations. Both the great symphonists have found difficulty in inventing a good counterpoise for the strength of the musical form (the Sonata-form) used in the first movement of symphony; the composer

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of these musical epics is unfortunately forced to play his trump-card first. If there is to be any further development along the lines of Sonata form it will probably be in a change of the order of the movements. Wonderful variations these are, and on the simplest of themes, but they show something of Brahms' phlegmatic nature, which must always trot far behind Beethoven's emotional power.

With Beethoven's "King Stephen" overture the concert ended. Iago sang that "King Stephen was a worthy peer" in a rollicking fashion, and there was a good deal of joviality in the finale of the concert of Saturday, even without Shakespearian warrant. The horns and trumpets rang out gloriously, the oboe played its theme with artistic effect, the reading was brilliant, and so, in every respect, was the performance. The programme did not suffer from the awkward arrangement, or inordinate length, that has sometimes militated against full success, and altogether the concert was one which musician and non-musician could unite in thoroughly enjoying and praising.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

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Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1893-94.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. EMIL PAUR, Conductor.

XXIV. CONCERT.

(LAST OF THE SEASON.)

SATURDAY, APRIL 28. AT 8. P. M.

PROGRAMME.

WAGNER.

HULDIGUNG'S MARSCH.

LISZT.

SCENE IN THE TAVERN. (Mephisto Waltz),
from Lenau's "Faust."

SCHUMANN.

OVERTURE. "Genoveva," in C minor, op. 81.

BEETHOVEN.

SYMPHONY No. 6, in F major, (Pastoral), op. 68.

- I. Awakening of cheerful sensations on arriving in the country. Allegro ma non troppo.
- II. Scene by the brook. Andante molto mosso.
- III. Merry meeting of the country folk. Allegro.
In tempo d'Allegretto.
- IV. Thunder-storm. Allegro.
- V. Glad and thankful feelings after the storm. Allegretto.

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APRIL 25, 1894.

A LOVE FEAST.

Symphony Players Are Not
Angry With Mr. Paur.

Messrs. Kneisel and Adamowski
Deny New York Stories.

Cause of Rumors Said to Be an
Attempt to Make Trouble.

Startling and sensational have been the reports circulated in New York in relation to our own Symphony Orchestra. War is said to exist between Conductor Paur and his principal players.

So interesting and spicy have been these New York reports that certain Boston papers copied them. They took care, however, to credit the clippings.

The stories, upon investigation by the Journal, prove to be merely very clever fictions. Their cleverness lies in the marvelous inventive powers of the authors, whoever they may be.

The latest story relates to those two brilliant violinists—Franz Kneisel and Timothee Adamowski. They are said, in this story, to be the authors of the rumors derogatory to Mr. Paur that have been flying around New York and Boston. The causes of the trouble are said to have been "cell-downs" received from the leader.

The particular story in relation to Mr. Kneisel is that he came in late one day and that Mr. Paur fined him "for being systematically late." Hence, says the fiction writer, Mr. Kneisel's enmity! Enmity, by the way, that does not exist, except in the fertile brain of the afore-said writer.

But, in order that the brilliant and popular violinist might have a chance to accept Priscilla's request and "speak for himself," a Journal man last evening went to Jamaica Plain.

Mr. Kneisel Was Never Fined.

Mr. Kneisel was found at his pretty new home at No. 47 Atherton Street. He was about to start for Cambridge, where his quartette was to appear at a subscription concert.

Mr. Kneisel was shown the clipping in relation to the alleged episode in which he is said to have figured.

"There is not a word of truth in it," said he, hotly. "It is false—it is not so. You ask me if I have been late?" The Journal's representative nodded. "You can say that I have been late but once this winter. That was only 10 minutes, owing to the street car. I came in, and Mr. Paur smiled at me as I took my place in the orchestra. Explanations were not necessary, as he understood I would have come if I could, and it was only 10 minutes. I told him later and he understood. He has never fined me."

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"Is there good feeling in the orchestra?" asked the Journal reporter.

"Yes. Every man does his duty and plays his best. There is no careless playing. It is just as it always has been. The men work hard and do their best." Mr. Kneisel spoke with much earnestness.

"Do you consider Mr. Paur to be a good conductor?"

In no uncertain tones and with a marked note of sincerity in his voice Mr. Kneisel answered "Yes."

Mr. Adamowski Much Amused.

The members of the Tavern Club were at dinner when the Journal reporter called there last night in search of Mr. "Tim" Adamowski. The clipping, already alluded to, had also said that Mr. Paur had told the charming "Tim" to "sit up and play like a man," which, probably on account of its wrong use of English, is said to have stirred up the versatile violinist to such an extent that he descended to backbiting tactics, which is not his way usually.

Mr. Adamowski came running down stairs as soon as he heard of the Journal man's arrival, and came into the reception room with a warm smile of welcome. He glanced at the clipping and, when he saw its source, laughed and said: "Oh, I pay no attention to that," with amused contempt.

"Then, Mr. Paur never made that remark to you?"

"Never," said the smiling musician, waving his well-cut blonde hair with a vehement shake of the head.

"There is good feeling existing between Mr. Paur and the orchestra?"

Again an amused laugh, and: "Perfectly. When Mr. Paur gave his concerto to-day the orchestra stopped to applaud him and Mrs. Paur."

"It seems absurd to ask, but have you ever circulated reports derogatory to Mr. Paur's skill as a conductor?"

"Never," said Mr. Adamowski, with a frank smile and a quick gesture that was even more expressive of sincere dissent than his words. Then he bid the reporter a cordial adieu, and slipped up stairs again.

An Attempt to Make Trouble.

From further investigations it appears that both men have repeatedly seized upon opportunities to speak well of the conductor. Mr. Kneisel has been particularly kind in this respect, having helped Mr. Paur in a manner that is only now made public, by defending him when he first came here.

The story of the fining of Mr. Kneisel probably springs from the fact that one of the minor players, not one of "the" quartette, was recently fined 50 cents for coming in half an hour late. But it was not Mr. Kneisel. This man had been late before, however.

Someone knowing of this turned it about and applied it to Mr. Kneisel.

Well, the friends of the orchestra say that the whole thing is an attempt to make trouble in the orchestra. Two reasons are assigned for this endeavor—New York jealousy of Boston's vet organization, or else a desire to get Theodore Thomas at the head of the orchestra.

But, judging by the love feast that now seems to be characteristic of the Symphony rehearsals and performances, these "nefarious" attempts are destined to be without fruit.

Boston

Symphony

Orchestra.

Mr. Emil Paur, Conductor.

FOURTEENTH SEASON, 1894-95.

OPENING CONCERT

SATURDAY EVENING,

OCTOBER 13, 1894.

MUSIC.

Journal

The Last Symphony Concert of the Season of '93-'94—The Enthusiastic Applause Awarded Mr. Emil Paur, Conductor.

The program of the 24th Symphony concert, the last of the season of '93-'94, was as follows:
Huldigung's Marsch..... Wagner
Scene in the Tavern—(Mephisto Waltz), from Liszt
Lenau's "Faust"..... Schumann
Overture—"Genoveva"..... Beethoven
Symphony No. 6.....

As Mr. Paur appeared on the stage of Music Hall last evening he was greeted with hearty and long-continued applause. At the end of the concert the great audience recalled him again and again. Seldom has a more flattering tribute been paid any conductor in this city.

This applause was undoubtedly an open manifestation of the appreciation in which this admirable conductor is held in Boston and a public recognition of the faithful work done by him during the past season, rather than the expression of specific delight awakened by the concert itself.

In another column of this issue of the Journal I have discussed the characteristics of Mr. Paur, the conductor. His weakness is a seeming inability to arrange an effective and well-contrasted program. The weakness is not peculiar to him; it was found in Mr. Gericke; it was found in Mr. Nikisch. So far as program-making is concerned, no one of our other Symphony conductors has equaled Mr. Henschel.

And yet the arrangement of the program of last evening shows in a curious way the musical sincerity and modesty of Mr. Paur. Remember that the concert was the last of the season. Now how many conductors would have thought of choosing as the last number the Pastoral Symphony? How many would have been content to dismiss the audience in such a simple manner? Nine out of ten would have said "Come now, we must make a plunge." They would have selected carefully some screaming, wall-shattering, sky-sailing piece, and called in the aid of all the pulsatile instruments known from the time of the Assyrians, who were a people delighting in noise.

The numbers of this program are well known, and they call now for no extended comment. The Pastoral Symphony undoubtedly gives vast pleasure to many, who are thrilled by the mimicry of birds and the trick thunder storm. But at the risk of being charged with blasphemy, may I ask humbly if the second movement is not so interminable that it is almost a musical bore of huge dimensions? And is the Symphony, as a whole, even when it is "illustrated" with real wheelbarrows and simpering ballet girls, as happened once in New York years ago, to be compared for a moment with any of the others of Beethoven, beginning with the third?

Mr. Paur has earned honestly his vacation. May he enjoy it as thoroughly as he accomplishes his musical duties.

The program book states that the opening concert of the 14th season will be given Oct. 13, and that Mr. Emil Paur will be the conductor.

PHILIP HALE.

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ILIP HALE. horal. Finnie Fish Griffin. anchon H. Thompson. A. Knorr.

PAUR SATISFIES

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ATTENDANTS.

He Receives a Perfect Ovation at the Last of the Concerts—The Programme, However, is, as Usual, Poorly Arranged, which Makes the Salute all the More Significant.

When Mr. Paur stepped upon the platform Saturday evening he was welcomed in a most emphatic manner. It was evident that the large audience desired to put their verdict as to the conductor's ability on record; at the end of the concert the ovation was still more emphatic, and five times was the conductor obliged to come back to the platform to bow to the public enthusiasm. On no occasion, except at the farewell concert of Mr. Gericke, has a conductor of these concerts been given such a demonstration. One fact, therefore, may be taken as absolutely proven, Boston is satisfied with Mr. Paur, and is not casting any regretful glances towards the past.

As usual, however, the programme was an ill-assorted one; it began with pepper and ended with milk; after the most glowing instrumentation of the modern school it culminated with Beethoven in his weakest mood. It seemed as if the conductor purposely avoided a climax, and therefore the public demonstration was all the more significant. Wagner's "Huldigung's Marsch" was the first number of the concert. The marches of Wagner are by no means his most successful works; they are often blatant without being very coherent; their pomp goes to the verge of bombast; but this march of homage which the composer wrote for his royal friend, Louis II. of Bavaria, is certainly far above the peculiar triplet salad which he served to America in 1876, and far more definitely national music. The performance was a magnificent one, clear and brilliant, the climaxes well wrought up, and the shading of the sweeping crescendo effects almost marvellous. The technique of the orchestra was further shown in the Mephisto waltz of Liszt. It was injudicious to follow the extreme brilliancy of the march with the sensational waltz scene, for an anti-climax was bound to come after so much spice. Come it did with Schumann's charming "Genoveva" overture, which, although admirably played (and the horns deserve special mention) seldom has had less effect. Liszt's "Mephisto" scene is an uncomfortable neighbor for any reasonably melodic work, for its furious dissonances, its conflagration of passions, its phantasmagoria of tone-colors are too abnormal. Liszt has here set all the canons of art at defiance, he deliberately chooses the ugliest progressions, he revels in empty fifths, he delights in the weirdest instrumental touches.

"My brain's on fire, I am crazing. As I upon the girl am gazing" is the keynote of this none too refined tone-picture, and Satan's fiddle forms the back-

ground. Messrs. Schuecker and Sautet gave good account of the harp and oboe parts in this work.

To oppose Schumann's dainty picture of the downfall of vice and the triumph of innocence to this fiendish carnival was to give the victory to "the roses and raptures of Vice," for certainly the "lilies and languors of Virtue" seemed rather tame by the comparison. The diminished ninth chords of the beginning of the Schumann work seemed quite a conservative matter when placed in juxtaposition with the large and varied assortment of fifth progressions which Liszt had gathered together; and although the triumphant character of the finale made some amends, as a whole the overture was cast into shadow by the flames of its predecessor.

Then came Beethoven's sixth symphony to close the season. It almost seemed like self-abnegation on the part of Mr. Paur to choose this work as the finale of a very successful series of concerts; it was as if he scorned all fictitious aid and determined that there should be no climax to his efforts as a peg whereon to hang applause. Yet one plea might be put forth for the use of this symphony as keystone to the musical arch; it is programme music, and the non-musician clearly loves a story to be connected with his tones. If instrumental music is to be employed only for the purpose of telling a story, our art must at once be ranked far below poetry, painting, or sculpture. "Programme music" may be defined as instrumental music which either by a special title, or a printed plot, endeavors to convey definite ideas to the auditor. The vagueness of music is its strength. "Pure music" conveys emotional impressions, and becomes a stimulant to that which is poetical within the hearer, and in doing this performs a function which no other art can achieve as well. Yet the general public will forever crave a story in music. It seems to have been the same in ancient Greece, for Dorian, the Athenian wit, was once asked to listen to a representation of a storm at sea given upon the kithara, at the end of which he sensibly said: "I have heard a greater tempest in a pot of boiling water" (the origin of our "tempest in a teapot"), rebuking the absurd striving for definite effects in an art which should generally remain subjective.

Beethoven was the first to admit this style of work to the symphonic field and he produced thereby his weakest symphony. His apology at the beginning of the first movement (marked "more a picture of impressions than picture-painting") shows that he did not consider programme music the highest expression of art. Just this first movement is the best part of the symphony, since it is a well-developed sonata movement, and does not attempt to portray things with exactitude. This was played excellently and the effect of the retarding of the opening figure was a good one. The brusquerie of the closing theme and the heartiness of the coda founded chiefly upon this theme, were points of especial excellence. Beethoven seems to have left his good resolutions with the end of the first movement, and the symphony thereafter leaves the subjective for the objective school. The second movement is one of the nods of Homer. The

MUSIC

The Last Symphony of Season of '93-'94
Paur, Conductor.

The program of the 24th and the last of the season of '93-'94:
Huldigung's Marsch.....
Scene in the tavern—(Mephisto)
Lenau's "Faust".....
Overture—"Genoveva".....
Symphony No. 6.....

As Mr. Paur appeared on the hall last evening he was greeted with long-continued applause. The concert the great audience and again, seldom has a more been paid any conductor in the

This applause was undoubtedly a manifestation of the appreciation of the conductor is held in public recognition of the faith in him during the past season, an expression of specific delight in the concert itself.

In another column of this issue I have discussed the character of Mr. Paur, the conductor. His inability to arrange an effective and contrasted program. The peculiar to him; it was found in Mr. Nikisch. Making is concerned, no other symphony conductors has equal.

And yet the arrangement of the last evening shows in a curious sincerity and modesty of Mr. Paur, that the concert was the last. Now how many conductors would be choosing as the last number a symphony? How many would tent to dismiss the audience in a manner? Nine out of ten—Come now, we must make, would have selected carefully wall-shattering, sky-ascending in the aid of all the pulse known from the time of the A a people delighting in noise.

The numbers of this program and they call now for no other. The Pastoral Symphony is a vast pleasure to many, who mimicry of birds and the trill. But at the risk of being a phony, may I ask humbly if it is not so interminable the musical bore of huge dimensions, as a whole, even treated with real wheelbarrow ballet girls, as happened years ago, to be compared to any of the others of Beethoven the third?

Mr. Paur has earned honor. May he enjoy it as thoroughly as his musical duties.

The program book states that the concert of the 14th season will and that Mr. Emil Paur will

And what about the Symphony concerts?

I do not propose now that the season is over to discuss Mr. Paur, the conductor. When he first appeared I wrote my impressions in your columns, and those impressions are not materially changed.

But this may be said with justice: First—the Symphony concerts did not arouse popular excitement. Second—The programs were badly arranged and often dull.

Of course the popular taste in music and in performers is capricious. It always has been. A century ago Père Castel wrote that the pleasure derived from a popular concert is only real for a certain number of connoisseurs and zealous amateurs. "Many in the audience are bored, and they go, as to a theatre, from force of habit, because it is the fashion, or from a desire to be anywhere except at home."

Those concert-goers to whom the enjoyment of music is as dram drinking find little in Mr. Paur that excites them. To them he is a steady, painstaking, patient, intelligent man, who accomplishes his task with the fidelity of a trusted and venerable bookkeeper. They may respect his habits, but they wish that he were musically dissipated; they feel the absence of magnetism, or, if you please, that which is dramatic to the verge of the purely theatrical.

Others, on the contrary, regard Mr. Paur as an eminently safe man. The orchestra, like a maiden aunt, can be confided to his care without fear of resulting regret. As long as they have certain symphonies and overtures which they have known from their youth up they are content.

Others again are indifferent in the matter, and they are many. They go to the concerts as they go to church or to a reception, and as long as Mr. Paur does not commit any indiscretion on the stage they accept him, as they would if his name were Hauser or Blum. To such a novelty, particularly if it be of the ultra modern school, is an object of suspicion until its merits are acknowledged by people whom they are in the habit of meeting during the week.

Then there are others who care more for the music itself than for a conductor. As long as they recognize the music of Beethoven, Brahms or Wagner they do not care who holds the stick. If one says to them, "Beethoven did not mean that it should be thus read," they reply, "But we are satisfied—and after all you cannot spoil such music by any reading, provided that it be not extravagant."

There are others, and they are by no means few in number, who believe sincerely that Mr. Paur is an excellent conductor.

PHILIP HALE.

PAUR SATISFIES

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ATTENDANTS.

He Receives a Perfect Ovation at the Last of the Concerts—The Programme, However, is, as Usual, Poorly Arranged, which Makes the Salute all the More Significant.

When Mr. Paur stepped upon the platform Saturday evening he was welcomed in a most emphatic manner. It was evident that the large audience desired to put their verdict as to the conductor's ability on record; at the end of the concert the ovation was still more emphatic, and five times was the conductor obliged to come back to the platform to bow to the public enthusiasm. On no occasion, except at the farewell concert of Mr. Gericke, has a conductor of these concerts been given such a demonstration. One fact, therefore, may be taken as absolutely proven, Boston is satisfied with Mr. Paur, and is not casting any regretful glances towards the past.

As usual, however, the programme was an ill-assorted one; it began with pepper and ended with milk; after the most glowing instrumentation of the modern school it culminated with Beethoven in his weakest mood. It seemed as if the conductor purposely avoided a climax, and therefore the public demonstration was all the more significant. Wagner's "Huldigungs Marsch" was the first number of the concert. The marches of Wagner are by no means his most successful works; they are often blatant without being very coherent; their pomp goes to the verge of bombast; but this march of homage which the composer wrote for his royal friend, Louis II. of Bavaria, is certainly far above the peculiar triplet salad which he served to America in 1876, and far more definitely national music. The performance was a magnificent one, clear and brilliant, the climaxes well wrought up, and the shading of the sweeping crescendo effects almost marvellous. The technique of the orchestra was further shown in the Mephisto waltz of Liszt. It was injudicious to follow the extreme brilliancy of the march with the sensational waltz scene, for an anti-climax was bound to come after so much spice. Come it did with Schumann's charming "Genoveva" overture, which, although admirably played (and the horns deserve special mention) seldom has had less effect. Liszt's "Mephisto" scene is an uncomfortable neighbor for any reasonably melodic work, for its furious dissonances, its conflagration of passions, its phantasmagoria of tone-colors are too abnormal. Liszt has here set all the canons of art at defiance, he deliberately chooses the ugliest progressions, he revels in empty fifths, he delights in the weirdest instrumental touches.

"My brain's on fire, I am crazing.
As I upon the girl am gazing"
is the keynote of this none too refined tone-picture, and Satan's fiddle forms the back-

ground. Messrs. Schuecker and Sautet gave good account of the harp and oboe parts in this work.

To oppose Schumann's dainty picture of the downfall of vice and the triumph of innocence to this fiendish carnival was to give the victory to "the roses and raptures of Vice," for certainly the "lilies and languors of Virtue" seemed rather tame by the comparison. The diminished ninth chords of the beginning of the Schumann work seemed quite a conservative matter when placed in juxtaposition with the large and varied assortment of fifth progressions which Liszt had gathered together; and although the triumphant character of the finale made some amends, as a whole the overture was cast into shadow by the flames of its predecessor.

Then came Beethoven's sixth symphony to close the season. It almost seemed like self-abnegation on the part of Mr. Paur to choose this work as the finale of a very successful series of concerts; it was as if he scorned all fictitious aid and determined that there should be no climax to his efforts as a peg whereon to hang applause. Yet one plea might be put forth for the use of this symphony as keystone to the musical arch; it is programme music, and the non-musician dearly loves a story to be connected with his tones. If instrumental music is to be employed only for the purpose of telling a story, our art must at once be ranked far below poetry, painting, or sculpture. "Programme music" may be defined as instrumental music which either by a special title, or a printed plot, endeavors to convey definite ideas to the auditor. The vagueness of music is its strength. "Pure music" conveys emotional impressions, and becomes a stimulant to that which is poetical within the hearer, and in doing this performs a function which no other art can achieve as well. Yet the general public will forever crave a story in music. It seems to have been the same in ancient Greece, for Dorian, the Athenian wit, was once asked to listen to a representation of a storm at sea given upon the kithara, at the end of which he sensibly said: "I have heard a greater tempest in a pot of boiling water" (the origin of our "tempest in a teapot"), rebuking the absurd striving for definite effects in an art which should generally remain subjective.

Beethoven was the first to admit this style of work to the symphonic field and he produced thereby his weakest symphony. His apology at the beginning of the first movement (marked "more a picture of impressions than picture-painting") shows that he did not consider programme music the highest expression of art. Just this first movement is the best part of the symphony, since it is a well-developed sonata movement, and does not attempt to portray things with exactitude. This was played excellently and the effect of the retarding of the opening figure was a good one. The brusquerie of the closing theme and the heartiness of the coda founded chiefly upon this theme, were points of especial excellence. Beethoven seems to have left his good resolutions with the end of the first movement, and the symphony thereafter leaves the subjective for the objective school. The second movement is one of the nods of Homer. The

composer seems to have sat down by the brook and waited for the water to run by, determined to picture it to the very end. Yet this particular movement is one of the great delights of the laity; here is something tangible, and when they recognize that the clarinette is a cuckoo, the oboe a quail, and that there is other identifiable musical poultry in the work, they begin to imagine themselves musical analysts and feel a corresponding glow of satisfaction. The next movement is a better employment of the photographic process, for the playing of the village band, the entrance of the heavy-shod mountaineers, the three notes of the cracked bassoon constitute musical humor, and one must always be glad to see sunshine in the sensitive nature, to see Beethoven at play. The thunderstorm, too, may be ranked as one of the best pictures of its class; the anxious hush before the storm, the wonderful effect of piping wind upon the piccolo, and many other touches, show how keen an observer of nature Beethoven must have been.

The thunder-storm catalogue is rather a long one, Haydn in the "Seasons," Wagner in "Die Walküre," Bach in "Ye Lightnings," St. Saens in "The Deluge," Berlioz in the "Symphonie Fantastique," Rossini in the overture to "William Tell," have all produced spells of bad weather, but Beethoven's storm may still be awarded the palm in this field of musical meteorology. In the clearing up of the shower a peculiar point may be noted: the shepherd appears sounding his horn for his flocks. Now the English horn is the very instrument for this. Wagner in "Tannhauser" and Schumann in "Manfred" have employed it splendidly in this direction, and Rossini brought it in at a precisely similar episode to the Beethoven one (after a storm) in a masterly fashion: but Beethoven seems to have had no knowledge of the capacity of the instrument, and never uses it in his scores. Only in a scarcely known trio, op. 87, does he call for this noble instrument, and even here it is doubtful whether he had not one of the old-fashioned oboes in mind. In this symphonic finale he brings in clarinette and French horn for the shepherd calls. The clarinette deserves mention not only for its work here, but for its far more difficult passages in the second movement. The finale is dull music, it has no great climax, it is tiresome in repetition: it is the only weak finale that Beethoven ever made to a symphonic work. The applause that burst forth at the end was therefore not meant for this especial work, but became a public indorsement of Mr. Paur, a tangible statement that our music lovers do not sympathize with the attacks that have recently been made upon him. In such an indorsement the present writer most cordially joins. From the second month of the conductor's service here these columns have pointed out the gradual rehabilitation of our orchestra; the laxity which threatened the loss of that wonderful ensemble which Mr. Gericke has built up has disappeared, the orchestra is becoming what it was in its best days.

In the matter of modern progress too, Mr. Paur is showing himself a great acquisition, we are having the new works of the world on our programmes with commendable promptness. They are not always

great works but we must needs hear them once for the sake of comparison. In this catholicity of taste the present conductor bids fair to be the foremost of all the symphonic leaders we have yet had here. Only one important blemish remains to chronicle; the programmes seem to be made up without any system, and sometimes even upon a bad system. The programme of this very concert may be taken as an instance; it came in like a lion and went out like a lamb; it led up to an anti-climax with conspicuous skill. But this is a fault that can be overcome; in the greater matters our conductor has been weighed and not found wanting. He is not a man who has reached the culmination of his powers, he is still growing and is likely to be even greater in a few years than he is today. He may yet attain the elasticity and caprice of his immediate predecessor, in addition to the virility, intelligence and musicianly conservatism which he already possesses.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

MUSIC. *Sartre*

And Still Recalcitrant!

The *Musical Courier*, in response to the comments we have made in this column, regarding its solemn decision that "Mr. Paur must go!" sets forth the following finely-pointed and keenly discriminating arguments. As will be seen, the reasoning is close, pertinent and convincing as to the impropriety of Mr. Paur remaining at the head of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in face of the *Courier's* dignified and deeply conscientious opposition to him. It is true, that here and there, the *Courier* indulges in a little mirthfulness that is scarcely to the main point in question; but an exuberance of wit, especially when it is of the refined and brilliant order, felicitously exemplified by the *Courier*, carries its own excuse with it. Besides, something must be conceded to the exhilaration of spirits that must have attended the reading of our flattering remarks on the reputation for fairness, incorruptibility, honorable straightforwardness, and freedom from all suspicion of blackmailing that is enjoyed by the *Courier*, which, unfortunately, is quite unaccustomed to receive compliments of this nature, owing to the perverse hardheartedness of a censorious and misjudging world. We will, however, let the *Courier* speak for itself:

Benjamin, of the tribe of Woolf, has once more lashed himself into a fury because the *Musical Courier* suggested that Mr. Paur was making a mess of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and therefore must go. Ben gets these attacks periodically. He comes in with the hard times, and is a veritable Woolf at the door. When he barks and shows his teeth, then you know that either Wagner has disturbed his feeble musical digestion or else the *Musical Courier* has written something he did not like. It so happened several weeks ago that he heard the "Walküre" and also read (for the unfortunate man will persist in reading the *Musical Courier*, although he hates it) that Mr. Paur was not a great conductor. The "Walküre" soured him; the *Musical Courier* infuriated him, and after playing over some of his own piano sonatinas on a harpsichord, he sat him down and penned a foolish attack on Wagner and the *Musical Courier*. Oh, Benny, keep thy temper! Thy wits are not so nimble as of yore. You know in your inmost consciousness (not conscience, worthy cantor) that Paur is a most mediocre conductor, and if he remains another year with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, it spells its artistic "ruin." Come, now, "Chatterer," acknowledge this, and give over your senseless attacks of rage because the press and public of New York will not submit to Mr. Paur being forced down their throats. We know you like Dussek better than you do Wagner, but you can't help it; it is your misfortune, not your fault. Because a pint measure wots not the capacity of a quart, it is to be pitied and not blamed. Your pint of brains are (sic) not strong enough to endure Wagner's mighty music, but pray do not interfere with our enjoyment. Take Paur. Keep Paur to yourself. Have a special hall built for him in Boston, or, better still, in the suburbs, and let him play to you until the scales fall from your eyes. You are afflicted with musical opthemia, and so that will not be an untoward thing. But do not let your Paur come to New York. We don't want him. He bores us, and so do you. Preach away to your little circle of readers that Wagner is a false god and the *Musical Courier* is a false prophet. Nobody believes you; you don't believe it yourself. Come now, do you? But you have one follower, for when you bark you wag your tail, and the wag is felt in the *Boston Courier*. The name of the wag is Howard Malcolm Ticknor, and a sad wag he is, to be sure.

After this exhaustive and conclusive setting forth of Mr. Paur's incompetency, it is not easy to see on what reasonable grounds any man can longer defend our Symphony Orchestra conductor from the attacks that

have been made on him in New York. There is, in the same issue that contains this exemplary specimen of refined taste, polished rhetoric and masterly logic, a communication, signed R. G. Brown, and purporting to have been written in Boston, that is scarcely less eloquent in point of sentiment, and scarcely less brilliant in point of reasoning. We have a very strong suspicion that it was concocted in New York, and not one hundred miles from the office of the *Courier*. We have never heard of R. G. Brown, and have carefully searched the Boston Directory and the Blue Book for the name; but only find it twice;—once in connection with steam-heating apparatus, and once in connection with a restaurant. The Brown of the *Courier* might be either, for his pipes seem to be over-heated and his stomach to be dyspeptic. However, be this as it may, the music critic of the GAZETTE is likened by him to "the horse reporter,"—whatever that may mean; is called "the Boston man,"—which would scarcely have been written by a resident of this city writing from this city; is called "this fellow"; "a third-rate critic"; "the man"; "the apostle of mediocrity"; "the man from Boston,"—which also would scarcely have been written from Boston by a Bostonian of a Bostonian. Unfortunately, the Brown who has written to the *Courier* is somewhat muddled. Because one of the GAZETTE articles made passing reference to Mr. Nikisch's cuffs and Mr. Nikisch's boots in response to the *Courier's* reference to the fact that Mr. Paur did not fill Mr. Nikisch's boots, Brown says: "One would fancy that he had served his apprenticeship in a haberdasher's shop." It is not easy to see the connection between boots and haberdashery. Then, we are charged with saying that we do not "understand the difference between a 'first-rate' and a 'second-rate' conductor," which, as a matter of fact, we never did say, either in the form given or in any form that gave a colorable excuse for the misstatement. We are also accused of criticising the English of the *Courier*, which we never attempted to do. It is a thing, which in common with the English of Brown's letter, defies criticism. No; Brown wished to affirm that Mr. Nikisch is a first-rate conductor and that Mr. Paur is a second-rate conductor, and hence, such a trifle as truthfulness was not permitted to stand in his way. Brown, however, does not say why Mr. Nikisch is a good conductor or why Mr. Paur is a bad one. Does Brown know? Who is Brown, anyway? What does he mean when he says, "If this critic wishes to laud his protégé (protégé is good), and is able to find great merit, where other and more competent critics find none, there is, I suppose, nothing to discuss—save his taste." Can it be that Brown has not read what "more competent critics" have written in praise of Mr. Paur? Brown seems to have a sensitive sympathy with what he calls "ears polite." It would be well in him to look to his own ears, and to refrain from wagging them in public to an extent that attracts attention to their length.

The Symphony Concert.

The programme for the last concert of the season, by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in Music Hall, last night, was: "Huldigungs March," Wagner; "Mephisto Waltz," Liszt; Overture, "Genoveva," Schumann; Symphony No. 6, Beethoven. There was a very large attendance. Mr. Paur was given a reception that was marked by exceptional warmth and enthusiasm, the

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 applause lasting for some moments, and with a fervor that testified fully and heartily to the high esteem in which the conductor is held by the public of the Symphony concerts. Here, as at the close of the concert it would seem as if the audience wished to give unmistakable evidence of the real state of its feelings toward Mr. Paur, and to set at rest for once and all, and in the most decided manner, all rumors that had been set afloat, in this city and elsewhere, regarding the consideration in which it holds him. At the close of concert he was recalled five times, amid the most stormy plaudits, and shouts of "bravo" and the waving of handkerchiefs. Rarely before, at these concerts have we witnessed such a demonstration of friendly feeling, and of sincere admiration for the conductor. The performances throughout were of the highest order, the "Mephisto" waltz receiving one of the most brilliant and most effective interpretations that we ever heard accorded the work. The Schumann overture was nobly read and played, the climax being worked up with splendid power. The Beethoven symphony, which, by the way, has become to us the least interesting of the master's great works, was given faultlessly. In fact, both conductor and orchestra were at their best.

The season, just ended, was the thirteenth in the existence of the orchestra. In summing it up, there is little to add to the comments we have made on the concert from week to week, in this column. Mr. Paur found the orchestra in a somewhat demoralized condition, owing to the lax discipline to which it had been subjected by his predecessor. Mr. Paur has restored it to all the efficiency it reached under Mr. Gericke, and imparted to it a more vigorous musical spirit than it had ever before manifested. It would seem, from reports, more or less in accordance with the exact facts, that have come to the general ear, that certain members of the orchestra did not take kindly to Mr. Paur, and displayed some resentment, that the favoritism which was shown them by Mr. Nikisch, was not continued by Mr. Paur, who, it appears, insisted on treating all the members of his orchestra in the same way, as it was perfectly just he should do. They were all equal in his eyes, and were all intended to strive for the same ends, and hence mere personal regard was sunk in a just consideration for the general results. It was complained by the malcontents that Mr. Paur did not rehearse his men with necessary diligence, which was somewhat amusing to all who know how restive and fretful musicians are under arduous rehearsals. However, whatever may be the truth or the falsehood of these stories anent lax rehearsing, the performances in public showed nothing of carelessness in preparation, and, after all, results, and not theories, are most to be looked to in such matters. Moreover, when it is remembered that the orchestra, or rather those of its members who seem, for some reason or other, to think themselves privileged to speak for it, found fault with Mr. Gericke and with Mr. Nikisch quite as freely as they have with Mr. Paur, it may be conceded that they are troubled with a chronic propensity to grumble at their superior officer. It does no special harm, particularly when the conductor has the will and the firmness to establish his authority, and to make it felt. This, Mr. Paur appears to have done. That he is an admirable musician, and a thoroughly able conductor, he has proved beyond all

questioning. He has, however, shown no special skill in programme making, his programmes, as the rule, lacking in felicitous contrasts. Too often have we had a programme in which all the music has been similar in character, possibly with the intention of making them interesting from a historical point of view; but the want of variety in style and color has frequently made them dull, and, not seldom, tiresome. It is to be hoped that, next season, Mr. Paur may consider this subject, and bring a larger eclecticism and a more elastic judgment to bear on it. Of course, it is fully understood that German music must necessarily be the foundation of orchestral concerts, but it is not wholly unwise to pay some heed to the course of modern music in other nations, especially in full view of the important transition period at present prevailing in France and Italy. The first concert of the fourteenth season will be given October 13.

The first part of the last Symphony concert was pretty loud and lively. Wagner's "Huldigungs" march began it with large and stately strains. The great composer was never in better form and spirits than when he was writing for the brass choir; and although one finds in this score with its wide and various scheme of instrumentation the gentle and tasteful touch of Raff, who put the march into its present shape, one can still recognize the brass band feeling throughout the work, and wish that Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore might come back for a few days to give his version of it with all those wonderful and strange instruments of breath or blow which he had collected from various corners of the earth. The performance was a rousing one, and for once that kettledrummer had at times an accompaniment which almost covered him up.

Next was played the "Tavern" scene, with its Mephistophelian waltz, from Liszt's music to Lenau's "Faust." The scene is one of rough gaiety shot across with diabolical comment and malicious excitement of passion and desire. The reading was graphic in its outlines and dramatic in its color and motion. The many brief episodic bits for single instruments were capably put in, and the sudden harp-sweeps were especially telling.

A graver matter succeeded in Schumann's "Genoveva" overture, although it is only sombre and disquieted in its early phases, its later moods being earnest, energetic, buoyant and brilliant.

The concert ended with a faithful, sympathetic and delightful rendering of Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony, which is so entirely in touch with the temper and the promises of spring. Mr. Paur had no need to exaggerate at any point in order to obtain his desired effects. His men have learned to understand and to obey, and while he has gained for himself their dutiful respect, he has regained for them that good opinion of the public which they had been losing during the past few seasons.

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 At both the rehearsal and the concert Mr. Paur had a fine, warm reception and many full-hearted recalls.

And so ends the thirteenth season. It has been productive of much good, especially in restoring discipline and technique to the orchestra and confidence to the public. But the next season must do more. It must provide better programmes and recognize more fairly the musical talent of the world. Mr. Apthorp's careful digest of this season shows a total of ninety-six numbers of which ten had their first Boston hearings. Of that total, only eighteen, or less than one in five, were taken from other than German authors. Ten of these were French, Berlioz being drawn upon for four, Massenet and Saint-Saens for two each, and D'Albert and Molique being each named once. Russia, in the persons of Glinka and Tchaikowsky, supplied five pieces, and Boston men—Messrs. Palne, Loeffler and Johns, one each. That is not the right kind of showing and Mr. Paur must show more catholicity and wider love next winter. Some improvements are also needed in the *personnel* of the orchestra. The wood wind is not all equally good, and a man who will give tone instead of noise is necessary for the drums.

The fourteenth season is announced to begin on October 13, and it will probably sadden the heart (or the glizzard) of that unimportant New York weekly, which has so fretted and fumed over Symphony affairs, to find Mr. Paur's name still to the fore in spite of all its clamor. And, by the way, that same paper virtually acknowledges its defeat by ceasing to attack the Symphony cause and turning itself to the supporters of that cause. In a paragraph which is really nowhere nearly so ill-written as some of the music attributed to its editorial pens, it is pleased to characterize the COURIER as a bob to that kite to which it likens a neighbor of ours. This is probably meant to be uncomplimentary; but it is really more flattering to us than to our neighbor. For the best of kites will not fly well without a few bobs to balance and keep it straight, and the Gothamite kite would wobble a deal less if it could get itself a bob or two of better stuff than the one lightweight attachment which is all it has thus far hitched on. We have no objection to ascending heavenward with any lively and high-mounting kite, and we will do our best as an auxiliary in its flight. And our Gothamite contemporary may kindly remember that it was the bobs and strings of Franklin's kite which enabled him to catch the electric spirit, and that perhaps it may yet feel as if a little fresh lightning had been brought down for its own impalement if we should quote what a person very near its seat of authority said in Boston the other day about the necessity of abusing somebody or some interest here in order to attract a little attention to its own unnoticed self and so win the notoriety which it apparently prefers to respect.

HOWARD MALCOM TICKNOR.

PROUD PAUR.

Symphony Season Closes
 Brilliantly.

Music Hall Filled With Fond
 Admirers.

Popular Leader Was Given
 Grand Ovation.

Conductor and Audience in
 Sympathy.

Beautiful Tone Pictures Given
 to Strings.



EMIL PAUR.

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The concert ended with a faithful, sympathetic and delightful rendering of Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony, which is so entirely in touch with the temper and the promises of spring. Mr. Paur had no need to exaggerate at any point in order to obtain his desired effects. His men have learned to understand and to obey, and while he has gained for himself their dutiful respect, he has regained for them that good opinion of the public which they had been losing during the past few seasons.

At both the rehearsal and the concert Mr. Paur had a fine, warm reception and many full-hearted recalls.

And so ends the thirteenth season. It has been productive of much good, especially in restoring discipline and technique to the orchestra and confidence to the public. But the next season must do more. It must provide better programmes and recognize more fairly the musical talent of the world. Mr. Apthorp's careful digest of this season shows a total of ninety-six numbers of which ten had their first Boston hearings. Of that total, only eighteen, or less than one in five, were taken from other than German authors. Ten of these were French, Berlioz being drawn upon for four, Massenet and Saint-Saens for two each, and D'Albert and Mollque being each named once. Russia, in the persons of Glinka and Tchaikowsky, supplied five pieces, and Boston men—Messrs. Paine, Loeffler and Johns, one each. That is not the right kind of showing and Mr. Paur must show more catholicity and wider love next winter. Some improvements are also needed in the *personnel* of the orchestra. The wood wind is not all equally good, and a man who will give tone instead of noise is necessary for the drums.

The fourteenth season is announced to begin on October 13, and it will probably sadden the heart (or the glizzard) of that unimportant New York weekly, which has so fretted and fumed over Symphony affairs, to find Mr. Paur's name still to the fore in spite of all its clamor. And, by the way, that same paper virtually acknowledges its defeat by ceasing to attack the Symphony cause and turning itself to the supporters of that cause. In a paragraph which is really nowhere nearly so ill-written as some of the music attributed to its editorial pens, it is pleased to characterize the *Courier* as a bob to that kite to which it likens a neighbor of ours. This is probably meant to be uncomplimentary; but it is really more flattering to us than to our neighbor. For the best of kites will not fly well without a few bobs to balance and keep it straight, and the Gothamite kite would wobble a deal less if it could get itself a bob or two of better stuff than the one lightweight attachment which is all it has thus far hitched on. We have no objection to ascending heavenward with any lively and high-mounting kite, and we will do our best as an auxiliary in its flight. And our Gothamite contemporary may kindly remember that it was the bobs and strings of Franklin's kite which enabled him to catch the electric spirit, and that perhaps it may yet feel as if a little fresh lightning had been brought down for its own impalement if we should quote what a person very near its seat of authority said in Boston the other day about the necessity of abusing somebody or some interest here in order to attract a little attention to its own unnoticed self and so win the notoriety which it apparently prefers to respect.

HOWARD MALCOM TICKNOR.

PROUD PAUR.

State

Symphony Season Closes
Brilliantly.

Music Hall Filled With Fond
Admirers.

Popular Leader Was Given
Grand Ovation.

Conductor and Audience in
Sympathy.

Beautiful Tone Pictures Given
to Strings.



EMIL PAUR.

Emil Paur had a magnificent reception last evening. He was heartily welcomed before the concert, and he was still more heartily cheered at the close.

His music stand was beautifully twined with green, and on the book rest were two bunches of flowers tied with white satin ribbon, one of superb roses and the other of delicate lilies of the valley.

"I suppose," said a Beacon st woman in the balcony to her companion, "we shall have a wild night; or do you think that the audience is not enthusiastic enough over Paur to go wild?"

No reply came to the query, for at that moment Mr Paur stepped upon the platform and no reply was needed.

The vast audience, filling every seat in Music hall, cheered as one man. Loud and enthusiastic clapping came from every part of the auditorium and the galleries, handkerchiefs waved and a murmur of applause ran through the audience.

Mr Paur bowed again and again. He essayed to sit down, but the audience rang out more applause, and he rose and repeated his bowing, smiling as he did so.

Conductor and audience were evidently in sympathy, and from the moment Mr Paur took up the baton to the moment he laid it down finally, conductor and audience were in close touch with each other.

Conductor Paur's program for the closing concert of the 13th symphony season was dignified and marked by nothing novel in the musical line. Wagner's Huldigung's march, Liszt's Mephisto waltz, Schumann's "Genoveva" overture and Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony were the offerings.

The stately measures of the Wagner march, with its simple harmonies so grandly worked out in the orchestration were finely played, the brasses and wood-winds performing their work with a notable degree of sonorousness and harmony.

The lively, demoniacal, Mephisto waltz was given with the proper abandon and rollicking spirit, and Schumann's brilliant overture was effectively treated. The second theme, with the hunting call figures, was splendidly given, and the finale was also admirable in every way.

Beethoven's familiar "Pastoral," or sixth symphony, which closed the program, was, as a whole, the most delightful number. The peasants' dance and thunder storm call for special mention, the "effects" not being allowed to overshadow the beautiful tone pictures given to the strings. In the finale the "harmonic audacities" were delightfully presented, showing the almost perfect team work of Mr Paur's orchestra.

The Beethoven finale was the signal for a wild burst of applause, which was kept up for some time, Mr Paur bowing and smiling. Then he left the platform, but the applause broke forth again, and in answer to repeated cries of "Paur, Paur," the delighted conductor came on and gave a series of bows, placing his

hand over his heart and smiling his thanks for the warm reception.

Mr Paur was recalled and cheered four times, and then he held an informal reception as enthusiastic admirers came up to shake hands with him.

Well-known musicians in the audience were the loudest in their applause, and from all sides was heard the warmest praise of Mr Paur.

It was an ovation the most distinguished conductor might be proud of, and Mr Paur seemed at times overcome with the scene.

The 14th season of symphony concerts will begin Saturday evening, Oct 13, with Emil Paur as conductor.

TEE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The 13th season of the Symphony orchestra's concerts was ended with that given last evening under Mr. Emil Paur's direction, and the patrons rallied in full force to do honor to the occasion.

It is greatly to be regretted that Mr. Paur should have arranged his programme in such a way as to miss the desired effect which might easily have been attained by better care in this particular direction. The compositions chosen were excellent in every way, and if they had been turned top side down the season would have been ended in the most impressive fashion.

The arrangement of the programme was this: Wagner's "March of Homage," Liszt's "Mephisto" waltz, Schumann's "Genoveva" overture and Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony. It will be easily seen that the climax of this programme was in the beginning, and that what might have made an excellent opening made a very weak ending.

However, Mr. Paur and his programmes have been discussed sufficiently throughout this season, and it may be well to consider the character of the work done by the orchestra without further comment upon the selections and their arrangement.

The great march of Wagner was splendidly played throughout, the gradual working up of the theme which makes its principal feature being grandly done, and leaving a fine impression of the merits of this composition. The "Mephisto" waltz was brilliantly played, and the striking characteristics of the composition have seldom been brought out more distinctly or effectively. Schumann's lovely overture was played with excellent taste, and the reading of the Beethoven symphony commanded unqualified approval.

Mr. Paur had a grand ovation as he entered to take his stand at the gaily bedecked desk, and he had to repeat his acknowledgments of the applause a half dozen times before he could rap the orchestra to order. A similar scene followed the conclusion of the programme, the audience standing and applauding until he had repeatedly returned to bow his thanks for the favor shown him. He has good cause to be satisfied with the recognition of his season's labors by the patrons of the concerts and the official announcement of his continuance as conductor for next season was generally commended.

The season thus ended has been in some ways an uneventful one. There has been little that was sensational, but much that was satisfactory. Mr. Paur has shown himself to be a thoroughly conservative, careful and competent

director. He has labored faithfully to make the concerts of the year command the respect of the best lovers of classical music, and in the works that he has placed upon his programme he has afforded a hearing of more standard compositions than novelties.

A summary of the programmes shows that 96 different compositions have been performed in the 24 concerts. Beethoven takes precedence in the list with 14 works. Wagner and Mozart follow with eight each, Brahms seven, Schumann five, Berlioz Liszt, Mendelssohn four each, Rubenstein, Schubert, Weber and Tchaikowsky three each, Bruch, Dvorak, Glinka, Gluck, Handel, Haydn, Massenet, Saint Saens and Volkmann two each, and D'Albert, Bach, Von Bulow, Goetz, Emil Hartman, Johns, Loeffler, Molique, Paine, Smetana, Richard Strauss one each.

Coming to Boston on so short a notice and with so limited a knowledge of American musicians, it is easy to pardon Mr. Paur for his limited recognition of the native born composer in his first season. He has, however, shown such a respect for the ability of those with whom he has been associated that it is natural to expect a more general hearing of the works of American composers in his concerts during the coming seasons.

All in all Mr. Paur's record during his first season is one to be heartily commended, and his retention for the entire term of his contract will certainly maintain the standing of Boston's orchestra in the front rank of the world's organization of this class.

The 14th season will begin on Saturday evening, Oct. 13.

THE LAST SYMPHONY

Conductor Paur Given an Appreciative Au Revoir.

EFFECTIVE PROGRAMME.

Colonel Higginson Shares the Applause.

All Paur Rumors Officially Laid to Rest by the Programmes.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave the 24th and last concert of this season's series at Music Hall Saturday evening. The following programme was performed:

Huldigungs March..... Wagner
Mephisto Waltz..... Liszt
"Genoveva" Overture..... Schumann
Symphony No. 6..... Beethoven

Mr. Paur has proved in the half dozen

or so selections that he has given from Wagner's works to be an admirable exponent of that great modern genius. And so on this occasion he made much of the noisy, blatant and simple, if not commonplace "March of Homage" of the mighty Richard.

The performance of the "Mephisto Waltz" was one of rare brilliancy, and reflected credit upon the wonderful skill of the orchestra and the admirable conducting of Mr. Paur alike.

Both the overture to "Genoveva" of Schumann and the Beethoven's sixth symphony were given in a manner that displayed the just estimate that Conductor Paur possesses of the value of the classics, and showed also his integrity in dealing with the works of the older masters. The playing of the orchestra in these two numbers was simply perfect, as it was also in the two previous and more modern compositions. One has only to grumble at the wearisome length of the slow movement of the symphony.

It is gratifying to observe the complete rehabilitation of the orchestra under the rigid discipline of Mr. Paur, after its depreciation under the influence of Mr. Nikisch's connection with it during the previous four seasons. The judicious have to rejoice that the theatric vulgarity that offended during Nikisch's incumbency has been entirely displaced since Mr. Paur's advent, and a high and noble form of interpretation been instituted in its place. Mr. Paur has made an eminent success as a conductor, and every unprejudiced listener must acknowledge his superiority in this respect.

Mr. Paur has, however, one short-coming, and that is the inability to arrange an interesting and well-contrasted programme. Neither has he shown a sufficiently catholic taste in the selection of authors to be represented in his programmes. It might be a profitable effort upon his part to study the make-up of the programmes presented by Theodore Thomas at his Symphony Concerts and imitate the latter conductor in his liberal manner of drawing from the works of composers of all nationalities, and in his happy contrasting of works, old and new, grave and gay, German and French, Russian and American, etc.

Mr. Paur must remember that conservative and partisan Leipzig is one place and cosmopolitan America quite another, and that as the former is quite content within its narrow boundaries, here in America exists an ever restless spirit of constant expansion in matters of music as well as in the ordinary affairs of mechanics and business generally.

We look out upon the whole world, while the vision of the denizen of Leipzig seldom reaches beyond the borders of its own township.

Mr. Paur is not alone in this matter of ill-contrasted and ill-liberally framed programmes, for both Gerlicke and Nikisch were similarly afflicted. To be sure, Gerlicke improved considerably as he recognized the necessity of his becoming more catholic in his tastes, but he did not advance much beyond the Viennese formula in his selections for performance.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Paur will recognize the necessity as well, but will correspondingly advance in his taste, and next season give his listeners much more varied and discriminatingly arranged programmes.

A most significant feature of the concert on Saturday evening was the warm and hearty welcome extended Mr. Paur when he appeared to begin the performance. The audience in the most spontaneous manner applauded Mr. Paur, the demonstration being of extraordinary duration in its enthusiasm. At the end of the performance Mr. Paur was recalled several times, the tumultuous and constant applause, with shouts of "Bravo!" obliging him to come forth again and again to bow to the immense audience of admirers, whose confidence and admiration he had gained through the earnest, modest, conscientious, musician-like and skilful manner in which he has fulfilled the duties of his onerous position. I doubt if there has ever been so spontaneous, so enthusiastic, and so heartfelt an offering extended anyone in the musical profession since Music Hall has existed as was the expression of the audience on Saturday evening in Mr. Paur's behalf.

If there were any grumbling, sore-headed or self-sufficient and mistaken players among the orchestra, they had a fine opportunity to discover in whom the public put its trust, as the master of the situation.

It is only to be regretted that Mr. Higginson could not have been brought out of his retirement as one of this great audience, to have been the recipient also of a demonstration that would have shaken the walls of the Music Hall. In his extraordinary modesty, this great benefactor to the cause of music in Boston should be assured that the munificence of his effort in behalf of the interests of his music-loving townsmen is duly appreciated, and that he has made for himself a niche in the cause of art that must ever redound to his memory and as permanently call forth the gratitude of all those who have reaped the blessings that arise from the beneficence of his generous act.

The opening concert of the 14th season will take place Saturday evening, Oct. 13, 1894. It is unnecessary to state that Mr. Emil Paur will be the conductor, regardless of the effort of the affected critics of the New York press to disparage his continuance.

WARREN DAVENPORT.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

Trans:

Music Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the twenty-fourth symphony concert, the closing one of the season, given in the Music Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Wagner: Huldigungs-Marsch.
Liszt: Scene in the Village Tavern (Mephisto-Waltz).
from Lenau's "Faust."
Schumann: Overture to "Genoveva," Opus 81.
Beethoven: Symphony No. 6, in F major ("Pastoral") Opus 68.

How well worth while it is to begin, or close, a symphony season with a "significant" composition is a matter of taste. Time was in Boston when the winter's orchestral music was usually ushered in by the "Weihe des Hauses" overture (the term "Weihe," "consecration," being generally accepted as giving this work a certain fitness as a sort of musical "race before meat"), and the last concert ended in a blaze of glory with the third "Leonore," or some other composition with a stirring coda to it. The custom may have had its good and quasi-poetic side, but has been not a little laughed at in some quarters.

Surely Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony, as a snapper to a long orchestral whip, is not open to the objection of would-be-significant splurging; it is quiet enough in all conscience, and might be taken to signify (if, indeed, it signify anything beyond its own musical self) a desire to substitute the Catholic "Dona nobis pacem" for the more classic "Vos valet et plaudite." And yet the audience seemed, to a man, to take it in the latter sense,—or, perhaps, they needed no implied invitation to crown the season with an outburst of enthusiasm—for, when the last measure of the symphony had died away, they gave Mr. Paur such an ovation, bravo-shouting and hand-clapping as our old Music Hall has not often witnessed within its walls. Four times he was called out, responding, not with *prima-donna* alacrity, as if to catch the bubble reputation before it burst, but with dignified modesty, as of a man who was conscious of having done what he was engaged to do, and did not think honestly rendered services a matter for unusual demonstrations of praise.

The performance of the whole programme was extremely fine. The Huldigungs-Marsch was played with grand power and with a dignity of style that showed the work in its true light. Schumann's "Genoveva" overture, too, went splendidly, and its whirling coda was given with immense effect. Liszt's "Mephisto-Waltz," which we are hearing, perhaps, a thought too often of late years, was played with a vim and finesse that left nothing to be desired. The ever-beautiful "Pastoral" was played well-nigh to perfection. One could only take exception to the rapid tempo of the Peasants' Dance, which sounded rather out of date in this year of grace 1894, and reminded one of the old-time conductor—"vom alten Schrot"—who, as a rule, was somewhat over-fond of very brisk *Allegros*. But, with this exception, the symphony was most sympathetically conducted and admirably played.

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* First time in Boston.

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BRAHMS. Concerto for violin and violoncello, in A minor, op. 102 (FRANZ KNEISEL and ALWIN SCHROEDER)	I
BRUCH. Romanza for violin, in A minor, op. 42 (C. M. LOEFFLER). "Kol Nidrei," for 'cello, orchestra, and harp, op. 47 (LEO SCHULZ)	2
LISZT. Spanish Rhapsody, rearranged as a Concert-Piece for piano- forte and orchestra by FERRUCCIO BUSONI (F. BUSONI)	I
LOEFFLER. Fantastic Concerto for violoncello (ALWIN SCHROEDER)	I
MOLIQUE. Two movements from Concerto for violin, No. 5, in A minor, op. 21 (OTTO ROTH)	I
SAINT-SAËNS. Concert-Piece for violin with orchestra, in E minor, op. 62 (C. M. LOEFFLER)	I
SCHUBERT. "Wanderer"-Fantasia, op. 15, rearranged by FRANZ LISZT (Mrs. PAUR)	I
TSCHAIKOWSKY. Two movements from Concerto for violin, No. 2, in D major, op. 35 (TIMOTHÉE ADAMOWSKI)	I
WEBER. Concert-Piece for pianoforte and orchestra, in F minor, op. 79 (F. BUSONI)	I
	12

SCENAS, ARIAS, ETC.

BEETHOVEN. "Abscheulicher!" etc., from "Fidelio" (LILLIAN NORDICA)	I
GLUCK. "Ah! si la liberté," from "Armide" (EMMA EAMES)	I
HANDEL. "Honour and arms," from "Samson" (MAX HEINRICH)	I
HAYDN. "With verdure clad," from "The Creation" (LILLIAN BLAUVELT)	I
MASSENET. "Il est doux, il est bon," from "Hérodiade" (LILLIAN NORDICA. ANTOINETTE TREBELLI).*	
"Pleurez! pleurez, mes yeux," from "Le Cid" (EMMA EAMES)	2
MOZART. "Solche hergelauf'ne Laffen," from "Die Entführung" (MAX HEINRICH). "Voi che sapete," from "Le nozze di Figaro" (LILLIAN BLAU- VELT). "Non mi dir, bell' idol mio," from "Don Giovanni" (ANTOINETTE TREBELLI)	3

WAGNER. "Isolde's Love-Death," from "Tristan and Isolde" (AMALIA MATERNA).	
Last scene from "Götterdämmerung" (AMALIA MATERNA)	2
	II

MISCELLANEOUS.

BERLIOZ. Rákóczy March from "The Damnation of Faust," op. 24	I
BRAHMS. Variations on a Theme by JOSEF HAYDN, op. 56A	I
VON BÜLOW. Funerale, op. 23, No. 4	I
DVOŘÁK. Slavonic Rhapsody No. 2, in G minor, op. 45	I
GLINKA. Komarinskaja	I
JOHNS, CLAYTON. Berceuse and Scherzo for strings	I
LISZT. Symphonic Poem No. 4, "Orpheus."	
Mephisto Waltz from "Scenes from Lenau's Faust"	2
RUBINSTEIN. Two movements from the Ballet-music in "Feramors."	
"Don Quixote," Musical Character-Piece (Humoresque), op. 87	2
SAINT-SAËNS. Symphonic Poem No. 1, "Omphale's Spinning-wheel," op. 31	I
SMETANA. Symphonic Poem, "The Moldau"	I
WAGNER. Siegfried Idyl.	
Siegfried's Funeral March from "Götterdämmerung."	
March of Homage	3
	15

Total number of compositions given 96

* Given twice.

Boston Transcript

SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1894.

PAGES 9 TO 16.

PLANS FOR THE "POPS."

They Will Begin Earlier Than Usual, With Adamowski as Leader.

Now that the warm weather of the last few days has reminded people of the still warmer days that are to come, it will be welcome news to the amusement-loving people of Boston to know that the "Pop" concerts this year are to begin almost three weeks earlier than usual. It is announced today that the season will open

on the 12th of May, and although no definite time has been set for the ending of the season, it will probably continue well into July. As for the past few years, Timothée Adamowski will conduct the concerts and will have an orchestra of fifty musicians selected from the Symphony Orchestra. Adamowski's popularity as the conductor of these very popular concerts has now become so widespread that it would be a disappointment indeed were it not given out with the announcement of the opening of the concerts that he was to conduct them. The concerts will be carried on in the same popular way as in years before, and as Mr. Ellis was today granted a license by the Police Commissioners, the café arrangements will be the same as before. Last year's season was such a popular one among society people of the city, and it was considered so much "the thing" to get up parties to go to the "Pops" that the announcement that the season this year is to begin before the exodus to summer resorts will be a pleasing one.

MUSIC AND MENUS.

Ninth Season of the Summer Promenade Concerts.

Large and Fashionable Audience Enjoys Melodies and Viands.

Conductor Adamowski Presents an Admirable Program.

When Mr Timothee Adamowski came threading his way among the violins and violas on the platform of Music hall last evening and stood bowing and smiling and smiling and bowing to every quarter of the hall, he faced one of the biggest audiences that ever attended a promenade concert in this city.

It was the opening of the ninth summer series, and a more propitious and auspicious opening was never seen by manager C. A. Ellis and his very efficient assistant, Mr Fred R. Comee, both of whom justly anticipate a prosperous season.

Considerable effort had been expended to put the hall in gala attire in honor of the opening night. In the rear of the platform was a perfect forest of evergreens, which completely hid Beethoven's legs from sight. Palms and two enormous tubs of roses adorned the front of the platform, and the railings of both galleries were festooned with smilax and evergreen. Even the Apollo Belvidere in the rear of the hall wore a couple festoons of evergreen in addition to his customary fig leaf.

The festive appearance of the hall was quite in keeping with the character of the immense audience, which long before 8 o'clock began to appear. Every chair at every table on the floor was soon occupied, and it was not long before every available seat in the first and second balconies was taken. Those who came later wandered, like the spirit in the parable, through dry places seeking rest and finding none.

They thronged the corridors and passageways, peering in at the doors, sitting on the platform steps, getting in the way of the waiters, and being generally as uncomfortable as one can be in a jam. One hour was enough for many of them, but their places were taken by the late comers, of whom there were many.

There was a big delegation present from Harvard, but probably on account of the depressing news from New Haven they were very subdued, much to the relief of those who wanted to hear the music.

Many of the younger women were out in the fearful and wonderful new summer styles of 1894—wide skirts and big yokes on the shoulders, like the contrivances for carrying pails of milk or water. Here and there was a young man with a straw hat, which looked like forcing the season if the season needed any forcing.

There was an unusual number of swains with their girls, all of them looking very happy, and in the second balcony were a great many aged people.

Mr Adamowski received a very cordial greeting upon his entrance, but the noise

and confusion, incident to the large crowd, were so great that it was only at the conclusion of the third number, a waltz, that any enthusiastic applause was evoked. Then the encore was given with a hearty good will.

In the audience of 2700—the biggest that ever was present at an opening night of the promenade concert—were many leaders in social, business and professional life, making the affair remarkable for its brilliance. Among those who occupied seats at the reserved tables were:

Mr and Mrs H. L. Higginson and party, Mrs S. P. Blake Jr, Mrs John L. Gardner and party, Mr Charles Head and party, Mrs Auchincloss, Mr and Mrs Fennolosa, Mr and Mrs Franz Zerrahn and party, Mr and

Mrs Eben Jordan Jr, Mrs Winsor and party, Dr Whitredge, Mr Quincy A. Shaw Jr, Mrs and Miss Houston, the Misses Shattuck, Mr W. P. Blake, Mr Matthew Luce, Dr Davenport, Mrs Frank Watson, Dr Hamilton Osgood, Mr Arthur Foote, Mr Charles E. Lauriat and party, Mr and Mrs R. C. Dixey, Mr G. R. Clarke, Mr and Mrs B. E. Woolf, Mr and Mrs W. F. Apthorp, Mr Adelbert H. Alden and party, Mr E. Rollins Morse and party, Mr Warren A. Locke, Mr W. P. Blake and party, Mr C. M. Loeffler, Mr Temple R. Fay, Mr R. H. Stephenson, Mr Daniel Frank and party, Mr Charles E. Sampson and party, Mr W. F. Sears and Mr Seth Sprague.

The table service was excellent, when the size of the crowd is taken into consideration, and the waiters managed to attend to the patrons promptly.

The musical program was excellent, combining the classical with the popular style of compositions. Mr Adamowski, who assumes the baton for the third time at these concerts, is not only an able director, but his long association in the symphony concerts with the half hundred musicians which comprise the present orchestra insures good "team" work without any special drilling by his forces.

The program was as follows:

Grand polonaise (first time) Palfy
Overture, Count Robert of Paris, (MS) (first time) H W Parker
Kaiser waltz Joh Strauss
Selection, Carmen Bizet
Scenes Pittoresques Massenet
Largo, solo violin, Mr I Schnitzler Handel
Overture, Tannhauser Wagner
Suite, Casse-Noisette (first time) Tschalkowsky
Intermezzo, Il Pagliaccio Leoncavallo
Selection, Robin Hood De Koven
Czardas, from Coppella Delibes
Tabasco march Chadwick

The bustle and confusion during the first two numbers prevented enthusiasm, and the merits of the selections were lost to many of the auditors. The polonaise was given with good results, the string contingent playing very smoothly, and the overture by Mr H. W. Parker was also well played, although the delicacy and shading in the piano passages lost their effect by reason of the turmoil in the auditorium.

With the Strauss waltz applause began and several encores were demanded in the course of the evening. The gem of the program was the Handel largo, with Mr Schnitzler as solo violinist, which was charmingly interpreted.

A new composition by Tschalkowsky was a characteristic work, brilliantly performed, and the Tannhauser overture was admirably given, though lacking the necessary number of brasses for grand sonorous effects.

The lighter selections were interpreted with the proper dash and rhythmic swing and were specially appreciated, probably by reason of contrast with the more stately numbers.

The audience was well pleased with the program, for but few of the immense throng left the hall before the last selection was played.

Tomorrow evening the program for the second concert will be:

March, Queen of Sheba.....	Gold
Overture, The Bronze Horse.....	And
Waltz, Harlequin en Voyage.....	Zach
Selection, Aida.....	Vardi
Ballet music, Ueber Allen.....	Lassen
Polonaise.....	Liszt
Prelude, The Deluge, solo violin.....	Saint-Saens
Mr I Schnitzler.....	
Overture, Rienzi.....	Wagner
Selection, Princess Trebizonde.....	Offenbach
Waltz, Magnolia Blossoms (first time).....	De Koven
Mazourka, Unparteiliche Kritik.....	Joh Strauss
Rakoczy march.....	Berlioz

AN IMPRESSION OF THE POPS.

The following, written with lead pencil, in a neat feminine hand, evidently an impromptu, was recently picked up under one of the tables frequented by the most fashionable visitors to the popular concerts at Music Hall:

ADAM-HOUSE-KEY.

His name suggests his genius bright
"The first to open doors of light."
He stands, behind a row of palms,
With baton raised and outstretched arms.

All praise too faint for the patron saint
Of beer and music, smoke and babble,
Wit profound and senseless gabble.

The Summer girls with frou-frou laces
The Harvard men, with studious faces,
The debutante who's all the rage,
With chaperone of middle age,
The business man from care released,
The doctor, lawyer, author, priest,
The matron staid, the giddy maid—
In short, all Boston takes a drop,
And worships T. A. and the Pop.

The multitude assembled all,
A hush pervades old Music Hall.
He upward raises his right hand,
The music flows beneath his wand,
The girls who watch his figure swaying
Quite forget the fiddles playing.

The silence now is quite intense,
The smoke curls up in columns dense,
When suddenly, some murmurs rise,
T. A. looks round in cold surprise,
Another murmur, louder, shrill.
A glance from him, severe and chill.
One haughty look around the hall,
Then hushed and quiet are we all.
His back he turns on eager faces,
His baton wields with airs and graces,
The music rises, swells and—stops.
'Tis intermission at the Pops.

Applause arises from the floor,
He blandly signifies, encore.
Another joyous clap and shout
The fiddles then file slowly out.
He from the platform lightly skips
And round to Fashion's table slips.

He smiles and bows to left and right,
And grasps the hand of wealth and might.
He gaily quaffs the foaming beer,
To chatter lends a willing ear,
While those outside the ring look on
And wish they, too, were of the ton (or baton).

Another leader enters now.
Fashion's own, to whom we bow.
Flash merry jest; flow bubbling wit!
The rest of us are out of it.
(All conversation's flat and tame
Of those who are unknown to fame.)

Intermission now is o'er,
T. A. strides across the floor,
Up the platform steps he prances,
Followed by adoring glances.
The fiddles all in tune are going,
Music o'er our souls is flowing.
To our lips we raise our glasses,
Blessing Pops for levelling classes.

Now a pause; then a smile from the
great T. A.,
Then a burst of applause from the audience gay.
A lingering quaver; a full, short stop.
Exit leader: ditto fiddles; finis Pop.

A Boston Critic Criticised.

UNDER the heading "Music" in a recent copy of the "Saturday Evening Gazette," of Boston, I find a gem of such musicianly acumen that it would do credit to the ability and good taste of—"the horse reporter" shall I say? And I cannot let it pass into oblivion without calling the attention of THE MUSICAL COURIER's readers to some of its salient points.

The article purports to be a reply to THE MUSICAL COURIER's recent criticism of Mr. Paur, the present leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in which article THE MUSICAL COURIER stated that Mr. Paur had been an artistic and a business failure, a fact that it would seem idle to question.

This Boston critic, from the stronghold of his office, which he is pleased to call "a benighted spot"—I have no wish to quarrel with a term so unusually truthful—has heard no murmur regarding Mr. Paur's lack of success; neither has he even dreamed of hearing Mr. Paur's ability questioned.

If this critic wishes to laud his protégé and is able to find great merit where other and more competent critics can find none, there is, I suppose, nothing to discuss—save his taste. In his last article, however, "the Boston man" has given us one more of those vindictive attacks upon Mr. Nikisch, of about the same nature as the venomous and spiteful articles with which Mr. Nikisch was persecuted while in this country, and is not yet free from, although it is now nearly a year since he left America. Quite time enough for jealous rage to grow cool, one would think!

But, by some curious mathematical arrangement, no word of flattery for Mr. Paur is complete without a disparaging reference to Mr. Nikisch. In this latest article even Mr. Nikisch's clothing is not free from this fellow's musicianly criticism. Nikisch's cuffs and shoes claim so much of this critic's time and thought that one would fancy he had served his apprenticeship in a haberdasher's shop prior to turning his mighty endowments in the direction of musical criticism—God save the mark!

That Mr. Nikisch had the temerity to direct in accordance with his own musical individuality, in preference to taking the meddling advice of "a third rate" critic, is no vital reason why the public should be forced to accept pages of vulgar personality in lieu of musical criticism. Indeed, in this fellow's work during the past year I can remember no criticism of a Symphony concert that did not contain some attack upon Mr. Nikisch; but venom and malice usually overreach themselves, and the man should remember that "sharp wits, like sharp knives, do oftentimes cut their owner's fingers!"

To quote the man's own words: "The paltriness, the vindictiveness and the small malice that characterize these systematic and unprovoked attacks" upon Mr. Nikisch,

March, Queen of Sheba.....	Gounod
Overture, The Bronze Horse.....	Auber
Waltz, Harlequin en Voyage.....	Zach
Selection, Aida.....	Verdi
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To quote the man's own words: "The paltriness, the vindictiveness and the small malice that characterize these systematic and unprovoked attacks" upon Mr. Nikisch,

have received the most scathing criticism by the public, and I doubt whether the writer's sense of satisfaction would be quite so strong were he to hear the disgusted expressions of fair minded people against this method of work so peculiarly his own.

Perhaps the opinion of some of his readers would outweigh the doubtful success of such literary ventures, although I suppose the relief experienced by this embittered or dyspeptic apostle of mediocrity must be great, when, from the safe harbor of his "benighted spot," he can continue to attack a man far enough away to be unconscious of moles that burrow in Boston. In the article which has occasioned this letter the man has found room to criticise the English of THE MUSICAL COURIER (the other aspersions are unworthy of notice). It was, however, a bit superfluous for him to state that he does not understand the difference between "a first-rate" and a "second-rate" conductor—his articles show this so plainly that no confession is necessary. May I aid in so worthy a cause?

Mr. Nikisch is a "first-rate" conductor! If the Boston man will take the trouble to borrow a Worcester's Dictionary, he will find the word "first-rate" defined as "Pre-eminent, superior, best," and if he is gifted with a fair amount of intelligence, he can then realize the meaning of the word "second-rate" as applied to Mr. Paur—if not Worcester will again help him! In the mean time this man's refined use of the word "sloppy" is to be commended to all students of good English, commended both as an elegant term, and one calculated to make the person using it, hypercritical as to the diction of any literary work!

It really seems too bad that so much rancor should be thought necessary to insure Mr. Paur's success, but sad to relate, even in Boston where he has been most continuously "boomed" his has been but a "succès d'estime."

Should the man from Boston have difficulty in understanding either of these terms, I shall be glad to furnish him with a glossary, which, although it does not contain the delightful word "sloppy" contains others of equal force, that are less offensive to ears polite.

Now as a parting suggestion—since his motives are so patent to all—would it not be well for the man to leave all other musicians out of his dissertations and proclaim at once, "There is no god but Paur and Woolf is his Prophet?"

R. G. BROWN.

Boston, Mass., April 20, 1894.

Emil Paur—a Man to be Envied.

By CHANNING ELLERY.

FOR who must not envy a man that has the great good fortune to be the leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra?

Some years ago when Mr. Paur was first engaged by Col. Higginson for his post of high honor, and when preliminary photographs of the new conductor began to appear in illustrated magazines and music store windows, I openly declared myself to be disappointed, for on looking at Emil Paur's counterfeit presentment I seemed to behold a man who would be inclined towards angularity in his readings and who would stand at the head of his band like a graven image and direct it with metronomic precision.

This only shows of what crimes a photographer can be guilty, for it was purely and simply the fault of the man who posed Mr. Paur for his picture that I made such utterly fallacious inferences. These false impressions of mine were dissipated at once and for all time when I heard the Boston Orchestra play for the first time under its new leader's direction. In Mr. Paur, instead of a severe, formal, unbending person all angles, I gazed upon a man fairly brimming over with temperament, exhaling magnetism and conducting his band with mercurial energy; a man so full of musical feeling that stone statues even might catch the spirit of his burning enthusiasm and respond to it in kind.

But Emil Paur—enviable man!—I cannot help repeating the sentiment—had not stone statues to deal with, but four score men of flesh and blood—artists every one of them, from the first violin to the snare-drum and the triangle.

Said the great leader to me the other morning over his cup of coffee: "It's the greatest orchestra in the world, this Boston Symphony Orchestra. Every man in it is an accomplished soloist, every one a thorough musician with high ideals in art, and they have been playing together many of them for seventeen years. You cannot imagine the unspeakable satisfaction it is for a conductor to have such a body of men under his direction. It is for me ex-

actly as though I stood up in front of these eighty musicians and they were welded into one glorious instrument, upon which I play at will. So quick are they to catch my slightest meaning that it seems as though my thoughts were transmitted to them by means of some mental telegraphic process. They seem to feel my wishes before I express them either by look or gesture."

* * *

I know not why—probably the fault of that wretched photographer again—but I had fancied somehow that Mr.



EMIL PAUR'S HOME AT JAMAICA PLAINS.

Paur was a North German and was therefore surprised to hear him say he was an Austrian, a native of Czernowitz. Do any of you know where Czernowitz is better than I, or will you have to consult a map and study it for a quarter of an hour before being any the wiser? That is what I did, and to save you a like expenditure of time, I will inform you that Czernowitz is far off in the very easternmost corner of Austria, away round the corner of Hungary in a province called Bukowina, fairly bordering on Russia. No wonder that Paur has a militant musical organization, having been born in a land which is in close contact with Hungary, Russia and Roumania. The people thereabouts, even though—as the leader declares—his native town is a very German one, are infected more or less just by contact

with the fever of the Oriental and the Slav.

Talk about countries and differences of race led to an exchange of views on questions of music. I asked Mr. Paur his opinion of the Russians who are coming to the fore nowadays with compositions for orchestra. Of course he considers Tschaiakowsky a giant in music—no real musician could think otherwise—but he regards the younger men as more or less imitators and declares that while much of their music has charming melody and captivating rhythm, one is apt to tire of it if he hears it very often, "for," says the conductor, "there is but little polyphony in it and an orchestral score that is always monophonus begins, after much repetition, to pall upon those who are called upon to interpret it constantly."

"The Russian school, however," continued Mr. Paur, "is full of talent and it certainly promises great achievement in the future—more, perhaps, than the German—for really in Germany there is at present no really great man in music save Richard Strauss. Him I regard as a true genius, a veritable master in music. Of the Russians whose compositions we are now playing I think my preference is for Rimsky-Korsakoff whose 'Scheherazade' you will remember we gave the other night in New York, and whose 'Antar' we have more recently presented in Boston. This latter is to me a most interesting work."

Wagner still furnishes food for discussion, as great innovators always do for decades after they are dead and buried. I told Mr. Paur that many of The Concert-Goer's readers regard me as an anti-Wagner crank, because I confess frankly that the music of the Bayreuth Colossus palls upon me and irritates my nerves after a half hour of listening.

"That," said my host in reply, "is much the same manner in which Wagner's music affects me when I listen to it for any great length of time. In playing it I am so deeply interested in the wonders of its construction and my attention is so acutely given to the interpretation that I am not conscious of fatigue; but if I attend a performance of one of the later works, I find that I have enough at the end of one act. The more keenly sensitive a man is to music and the more intelligently he listens to it the more quickly he becomes fatigued by Wagner's music, because he is able

to distinguish perfectly all the convolutions of the orchestral score, to see the meaning of each phrase and to realize the reasoning back of it all. A man who follows this complex composition with his mind as well as his ears is bound to become weary before the first hour shall have slipped by—to have a headache and a combative feeling against Wagner and all he ever composed.

"With the 'dilettante,'" pursued Mr. Paur, "it is quite different; they do not take the thing so seriously. These absorb general effects; they hear the music as a whole, they watch the *dramatis personae* with a complacent interest and they derive immense pleasure from the stage pictures and accessories. After four hours they emerge fresh and smiling from the opera house and declare that they 'have enjoyed themselves so much' and that 'there is no one to compare with Wagner.'"

Mr. Paur thinks that only at Bayreuth is it possible for a genuinely musical listener to absorb an entire Wagner music-drama in one day without undue mental and nervous fatigue.

"At Bayreuth," he says, "one gets right into an atmosphere surcharged with Wagner; he makes up his mind to cast aside for a time the cares of his every-day life and gives himself up without reserve to art. Then, too, the dramas are presented with long intermissions between the several acts, during which the entire audience seeks the refreshment of the outer air, and the harmless glass of Munchener, and returns each time with its system toned up to meet the strain of another act."

Mr. Paur says that the presentations of the Wagner works at Bayreuth are particularly remarkable for the perfection of the stage management and the magnificence of the various stage pictures.

"Mme. Cosima Wagner is a wonderfully clever stage manager," he declares, "and her taste in that respect is infallible. As a woman she resembles greatly her renowned father, Franz Liszt; she is, like him, rather plain and unattractive until she begins to speak, and then she at once exercises a strong magnetic influence over the person whom she is addressing, and he ceases to wonder at the hold she has over people and the power which she manifests in bending them to her will."

Mr. Paur is thoroughly wedded to

Boston and agrees with me that there is much more of musical atmosphere there than in New York (I am a New Yorker and consider, therefore, that I can abuse it to my heart's content). Why should there not be a strong musical atmosphere in Boston, I should like to know, when its magnificent orchestra has been playing for it regularly twice a week for fifteen or so years past? Of course Bostonians, who, as we all know, run to culture anyway, have more real musical appreciation than the nervous, excitable, heterogeneous mass known as the "musical public" of New York.

"You people," exclaims Mr. Paur, "lose sight of principles in art while chasing after personalities. You set an artist upon an altar and fall down and worship him blindly until another comes along who appeals more strongly to your admiration, when you straightway leave your first love in the lurch and transfer your devotion to your second. Now in Boston they are far more apt to love the abstract art than the concrete artist."

All of which I subscribe to quite humbly, Mr. Paur. We are going to reform though and I see the first glow of hope in the increased audiences which the Boston Symphony Orchestra has been attracting in the metropolis from season to season. During the two past seasons the growth of public patronage for these unequalled musical entertainments has been most marked, and Mr. Paur is frankly gratified at this fact.

"Last season," he said, "I was much pleased at the large increase of our subscription; this year I have been perfectly delighted at the size and enthusiasm of our audiences."

Speaking of the permanent orchestra question, Mr. Paur declared that he thought the only system by which the plan of a permanent orchestra could be carried out was that pursued in Boston—the one-man power. He says: "Until you find a man like Mr. Higginson ready to assume the cost and the entire responsibility of such an organization, you can hardly hope for success. If there are committees and a whole lot of people all pulling different ways in order to further the interests of some particular man or men, there will result no appreciable or lasting benefit to art."

* * *

I asked Mr. Paur if he intended going abroad this summer for his vacation. He said that he had not yet decided as to what he would do. "I do not en-

joy traveling alone," he said, "and it is very costly to travel in Europe with one's entire family, and railroading over there is most fatiguing at best."

"What!" I queried in astonishment. "you a German and not prefer the European methods of traveling?"

"I can scarcely imagine a worse punishment," he exclaimed with decision, "than to take a long unbroken journey in a European railway train. You have scarcely any conveniences, it is unbearably hot, you are crowded, you cannot breathe, you open the window and in a few moments you are begrimed with dirt. Why, it does not compare in comfort with your American railroading."

"Well, I quite agree with you, but I know a young man from your country who roundly asserts that such a thing as dirt is unknown in Germany and that if there be such a thing as earthly bliss it is found in a railway train in the Fatherland." (I will say parenthetically that this young Prussian and I have more than once torn both the English and German languages to tatters in a bellicose discussion over the comparative merits of American and European systems of railway traveling. I have stood in pickle for you, my young friend.)

"Where is he from?" asks the great conductor, much interested.

"From Berlin."

"Oho!" laughs Mr. Paur, "one might have known that. Natives or residents of the Prussian capital are perfectly satisfied in their own minds that nothing good can exist out of their neighborhood. When a Berliner is visiting some other great city and you call upon him to admire its beauties, he shrugs his shoulders, assumes a patronizing air and says, '*Ja, ja, schön, schön; sie sollten aber Berlin sehen.*' (Yes, yes, very fine indeed; but you should see Berlin.)"

"Here in America I am inclined to believe in this same manner regarding Boston," continued Mr. Paur. "I think it is one of the most beautiful cities in the world; it has much of the charm of an old-world town, united with most of the advantages that accompany American civilization. For a home I know of no more delightful city anywhere."

Indeed, as I sit here in my office listening to the confused echoes rising from noisy Broadway, I think with a sigh of longing of Boston's lovely suburbs, those places where there are such beautiful homes, arching elm-trees, verdant lawns, fresh air and rest—and all but a short half hour from the throbbing heart of a great center of culture and commerce.

Emil Paur has a home at Jamaica Plains.

Now, is he not a man to be envied and is not my title a most apt one?

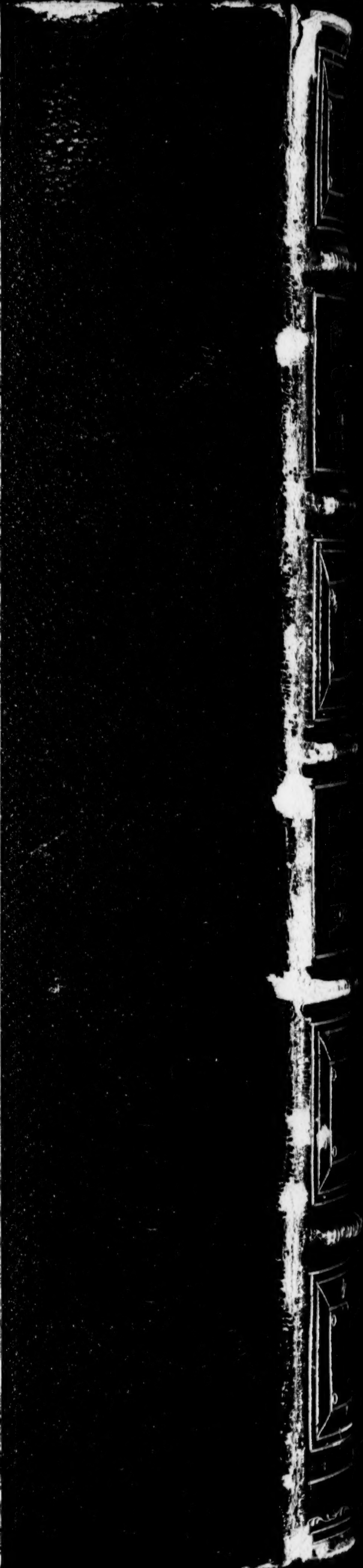
Some of the New York music critics continue to object to Mr. Paur. One of these writers inveighed at great length against him in last Sunday's *Times*, and took occasion to comment forcibly, but civilly, on what has appeared in the *GAZETTE* on the subject. The trend of his argument, however, is chiefly a defence of Mr. Nikisch. He concedes frankly that the orchestra deteriorated under Mr. Nikisch, but seems to think that this was atoned for by the "conductor's search after other and—in his mind—more important things." As far as our experience in Boston may be taken as evidence of Mr. Nikisch's "more important things," they were principally confined to the imparting of an operatic color to everything he conducted. The *Times* writer, in dwelling on the orchestra under Mr. Gericke, says: "The irresistible snap and incisiveness that were noted when Mr. Gericke first brought the orchestra here, are gone," whereas, if there was anything that the orchestra's playing under Mr. Gericke lacked, it was "snap and incisiveness." There were wonderful precision, finish and clearness, following a discipline that never relaxed; but, despite its technical beauty, the performances were pedagogic in effect. Of "snap" there was nothing. Mr. Nikisch had "snap," and subjugated all the proprieties to it. With all due respect to those New York critics who are so excited over Mr. Paur, we feel that it is not possible that they can know as much about him and his skill as a conductor, as is known by the music critics of Boston; firstly, because the latter have had the experience of twenty-two concerts directed by him, while the New Yorkers have only heard him at some half-dozen, more or less; and, secondly, because the Boston critics are fully as well, if not better, equipped to pass judgment on such matters as are the men of New York. We have had six months of Mr. Paur, and in that time he has restored the orchestra to the efficiency it lost under the showy and unconscientious control of Mr. Nikisch, who was more concerned for himself than for the music he attempted to interpret. Not only this, but under Mr. Paur the orchestra plays with greater warmth, brilliancy, incisiveness and fluency than have ever before attended its performances. The consensus of critical opinion here supports these facts. That criticism which can accept the sickly sentimental readings of Mr. Nikisch in preference to the manly readings of Mr. Paur, speaks its own worthlessness. The *Times* writer seems to think that the *GAZETTE* has objected to unfavorable discussion of Mr. Paur by the New York critics. If so, he is in error. What the *GAZETTE* objects to is the injustice with which Mr. Paur has been treated in New York, and to the apparent determination that exists there to "down him" at any cost. The sincerity and the value of New York musical criticism are not set at a very high rate in Boston, for various unpleasant reasons on which it would be painful to dwell. When it combines in a concerted attack on an artist, and treats him with insulting arrogance, after he has met with favor in a community that is quite as musical as is New York, and quite as capable of judging music and its performances, the inevitable conclusion here is, that there is considerable axe-grinding under way for somebody. Discuss Mr. Paur, by all means, but at least have the discretion to refrain from setting up such twaddling conducting as that of Mr. Nikisch as a standard by which to judge him.

Some of the statements in the *Times* are remarkable. For instance, it says: "The fact is, that ability as a disciplinarian is not all that is required

in a conductor. Neither will intelligent study be sufficient. There must be some musical temperament which can communicate its warmth to the men of the orchestra. Mr. Paur has not shown anything of this kind." But that is just what he has shown. He has musical temperament, and has communicated its warmth to the men of the orchestra, for, as we have said, they have not, under any previous conductor, played with so much warmth. The performance of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" music, last week, bore ample evidence to that fact, and, in the whole existence of the orchestra, it has never done warmer or more perfect work. When the *Times* says that the orchestra "plays smoothly, correctly, glibly, if you will, but with deadly dullness," it shows that the writer is not filled with the spirit of fairness. Nor is it any potent argument against the capacity of Boston to judge of a conductor's efficiency, by referring flippantly to her "provincial limits." By and by the New York critics will recover from the malady of Nikischitis under which they are at present suffering, and then they will be clearer in judgment, even if they should not be fairer in spirit.

The *Times* has, at least, conducted its argument with dignity. Not so the *Musical Courier*, which returned, last week, to the attack on Mr. Paur, with all the bitterness and the offensive personalities that have characterized its treatment of Mr. Paur from the outset. Not only this, but it adheres to the misrepresentations in which it has steadily indulged. However, it is something in the nature of a compliment to be abused by the *Courier*, and its power to do injury is immeasurably, almost ludicrously out of proportion to its gleeful eagerness to work it. Without any hesitation, it announces that "Mr. Higginson has grown very tired of his new man." And yet we doubt if Mr. Higginson has taken the *Courier* into his confidence. The *Courier* is probably indebted for its information to some one or more of the disgruntled violinists who have busied themselves in inveighing against Mr. Paur in return for the discipline to which he has subjected them. It repeats its offensive flat: "Mr. Paur must go," evidently firm in the faith that New York, as represented by the *Courier*, is all powerful in Boston. We are told, "New York will not have Emil Paur. Mr. Paur must go!" New York is less influential here than is imagined by the *Courier*, for according to that veracious and highly respectable periodical, New York did want Arthur Nikisch,—and yet Arthur Nikisch's services were willingly dispensed with, and musical Boston has not given as much as one sigh for his departure. We are afraid that the *Musical Courier* is not yet in a position to cause Mr. Paur's dismissal. The wonder of it all is that New York should be so agitated over Mr. Paur. That city has Mr. Damrosch and Mr. Seidl, and is likely to have Mr. Theodore Thomas. It would seem that, in its wealth of conductors of its own, it had enough to attend to without troubling itself so greatly about Boston's conductor. Perhaps New York does not trouble itself, after all, and that all this pother by a few music critics, is of a limited, personal nature, rather than an expression of general opinion. It is not long since these writers decided that Walter Damrosch "must go," and yet that gentleman is still at the fore. They have entered upon a combined opposition to Theodore Thomas, and yet the indications are that they will fail to write him down. Something must be wrong. Can it be that these writers are not so very influential, after all?

Gazette



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